Delineator. Vol. 117, No. 2 August, 1930

New York: Butterick Publishing Company, August, 1930

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/DRG7WT2GDPWEJ9B

AUGUST 1930

NOW 10 CENTS

☆

DELINEATOR

BEGINNING A SUPERBLY DRAMATIC NEW NOVEL BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

JOHN GALSWORTHY • MARGARET SANGSTER

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS • ROARK BRADFORD

AND THE FIRST NEWS OF FALL FASHIONS

Decorating difficulties vanish

when you see rooms mirrored in miniature

Design No. 170

Design No. 3220

Rooms such as *this are not hard to plan if you mirror them in miniature with Mrs. Brown's help. Here the start of the whole comfortable color scheme was Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum, No. 17.*

Armstrong color scheme set-ups tell you in advance exactly what to do with walls, woodwork, windows, and floors. Save needless expense and disappointment. Used by decorators and architects. Free to all who send for "New Ideas in Home Decoration."

THOUSANDS of home decorators have discovered a new and easy way to take the guesswork out of room planning. The secret is a simple method anyone can follow. It has been worked out for you by Hazel Dell Brown, head of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, who uses it when creating the attractive interiors you see each month in pages such as this.

Let's suppose you are sitting at Mrs. Brown's desk planning this comfortable living-room. Where will you begin? . . . Mrs. Brown's plan gives you the correct start at once.

She places before you several effects in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, all suitable suggestions for this particular room.

Walls come next. For each floor you select *from actual materials* the wall finish that looks best with it. Now each scheme needs a suggestion for wood trim. Here again we use swatches of actual woodwork effects, matching them with the floors and walls of each of our color schemes.

Draperies are handled the same way —always working with actual materials, until before us grow complete room schemes in miniature, each in good taste, all pleasingly different.

Why not try this money-saving, worry-saving method in one room of your home? Mrs. Brown will send you the samples of walls, woodwork, draperies, and floors worked out in correct combinations.

If you're visiting *Lancaster or motoring through on the Lincoln Highway, let Mrs. Brown herself show you her simple method of room planning. Or write her for the expert help that even decorators and architects find invaluable.*

Just two pleasant considerations are asked. Please see the new fashions in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors now showing at good linoleum, department, and furniture stores. And let us mail you Mrs. Brown's latest book, ***"New Ideas in Home Decoration."***

This book shows in full color how Armstrong's Linoleum Floors look in fine rooms. It also explains how their spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface saves work, why they are quiet and foot-cushioning, how quickly they can be cemented in place for lifetime wear. Just send 10¢ for mailing. Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Div., 1035 Charlotte St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Ⓐ *Product*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · · INLAID · · · EMBOSSED · · · JASPÉ · · · ARABESQ · · · PRINTED · · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Glory on the cheek.. Sparkle in the eye... Health

How a saline helps as much or more than the finest creams

FAITHFUL as they may be to their creams and cosmetics, many women still meet their mirrors with displeasure. Blemishes mar their beauty. Charm is overcast.

Yet it's folly to frown on beauty jars and boxes when they bring no loveliness that lasts. For the fault most likely lies in the failure to keep internally clean. Without internal cleanliness no complexion can approach perfection. And the way to it is safe and simple—the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Yet not as a competitor does this famous laxative enter the lists of beauty aids—but as a potent champion of their effectiveness.

Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons that bring blemishes to the cheek. It banishes the shadow of acidosis. It brings, instead, a skin of flawless fineness and the sparkle of brilliant health.

Seeking loveliness by the saline method is not new. For generations physicians, both here and abroad, have urged this natural means to beauty and well-being. The famous saline spas—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—regularly draw the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure".

Under the saline method, constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication disappear. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, by purifying the bloodstream, do generous good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better it makes you feel, and how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D80, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

AUGUST 1930

CONTENTS OF **DELINEATOR** VOL. 117 NO. 2

A GLANCE AT SEPTEMBER

GOOD STORIES, excellent stories, of adventure, of romance, of love, of everyday life . . . a story of a reckless girl in a little French fishing village, by Sir Philip Gibbs; a story of Hollywood by Dixie Willson; a wonderfully humorous story of an "angel child" by Howard Brubaker; an appealing love story of Mexico by Anna Brand; and the fine new serial by Kathleen Norris, just getting under way to its intensely emotional problems.

FINE ARTICLES, that cover a great range of subjects. Among others, William Beebe, the famous scientist, writes about that most mysterious thing—the migration of birds and animals; an American woman tells what she thinks of European men, while an Hungarian Countess discusses American men; the former wife of one of our foremost novelists asks, "After Reno—What?"; Vera Connolly interviews the brightest of the radio stars; and William Lyon Phelps tells about those students of his who have become famous.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

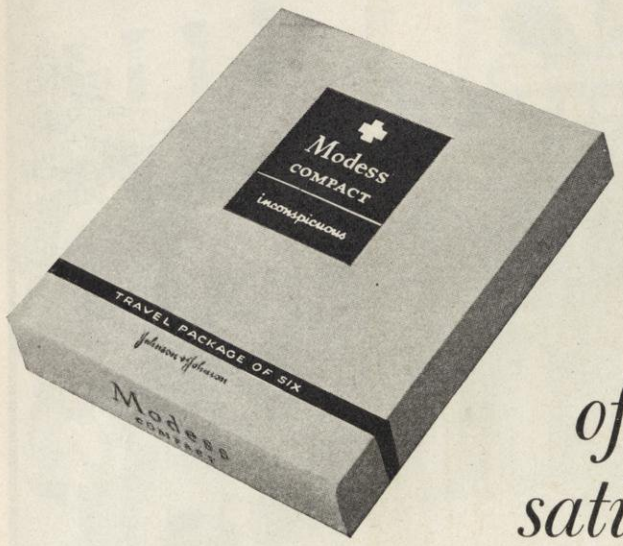
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY *The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Joseph A. Moore, Chairman of the Board; S. R. Latshaw, President; B. C. Dunklin, Secretary; Fred Lewis, Treasurer. Branches: Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Winnipeg.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

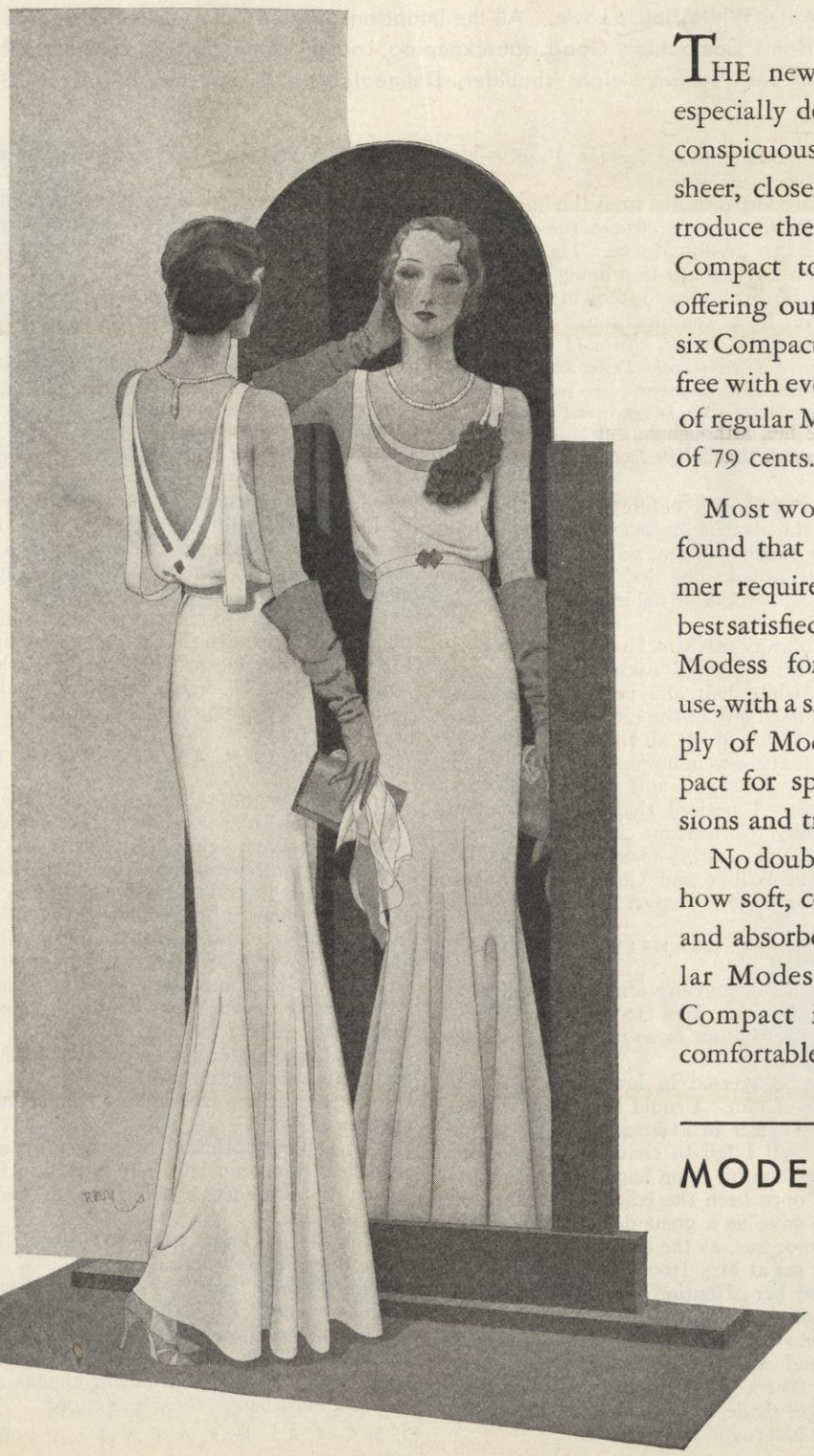
The price of DELINEATOR *is 10 cents per copy; by subscription: $1.00 per year in the United States and its possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Panama, El Salvador, Spain and its colonies, Uruguay, Canada, Labrador, and Newfoundland. In all other countries 20 cents per copy, by mail; by subscription: $2.00 a year.*

ENTERED *as second-class mail matter July 12, 1879, at the Post Office at New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Boston, Massachusetts; Chicago, Illinois; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, California; Portland, Oregon; San Francisco, California; Syracuse, New York.*

VACATION SPECIAL



With FREE TRAVEL PACKAGE *of six* MODESS COMPACTS *satisfies all summer requirements*



THE new Modess Compact was especially designed to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with sheer, closely fitting gowns. To introduce the convenience of Modess Compact to every woman, we are offering our new Travel Package of six Compacts, price twenty-five cents, free with every purchase of two boxes of regular Modess at the special price of 79 cents.

Most women have found that their summer requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions and traveling.

No doubt you know how soft, comfortable and absorbent is regular Modess. Modess Compact is equally comfortable and efficient but is much thinner. The Travel Package of six takes up so little room as to go nicely in dressing case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation. That is why this attractive offer is called "Vacation Special."

This "Vacation Special" offer permits you to learn at our expense the superiority, greater comfort and convenience of Modess and the new Modess Compact.

VACATION SPECIAL

2 *Boxes Regular Modess* 12 *in each Box* 90c

1 *Travel Package* 25c
6 Modess Compacts

$1.15

ALL *for* 79c

MODESS COMPACT *for snugly fitting summer gowns*

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. There is no sacrifice of safety or comfort, yet you enjoy an assurance that there is no unsmoothness of line.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

THE LIVING DELINEATOR

PRESIDENT HOOVER INVITES US TO LUNCHEON

Henry Miller News Service

Hungry editors on the White House Lawn. All the important women's magazines are represented in the group: Woman's Home Companion, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Pictorial Review. And peering over Mr. Hoover's right shoulder, Delineator—in the person of Oscar Graeve, Editor

A QUIET, kindly man, moving with a pleasant dignity through his manifold duties—that is President Hoover.

I am writing this the day after my return from Washington. A group of editors was invited to attend the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, and after a meeting that lasted all morning, we were further invited to have luncheon with the President. It was the first time I had been inside the White House, and as I've often wondered what lunching there was actually like, I'm assuming you may wonder, too, and to the best of my ability I shall try to tell you.

But first I must say something about this White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. It is one of President Hoover's own pet ideas and it has nothing to do, he assured us, with politics.

Simply expressed, it is taking stock on a grand scale of our children, their health, their care, their physical and mental training and their vocational guidance. It is a plan, of nation wide scope, to give every child a square deal. And the child who is handicapped socially, physically or mentally is to be given as much attention, and because he requires it, probably more attention, than the normal child.

In four sections, twenty-one committees are working on this plan. Each committee is headed by the best man or woman who could be found for the job—physicians, social service workers, surgeons, psychologists, educators and psychiatrists. Marion M. Miller, editor of our own Department of Child Training, is serving on one of these committees—that of the pre-school child.

The plan is so vast in its extent, it has so many ramifications, that, to a layman like myself, it is at first a little confusing to grasp its essentials in their simplest form. As time goes on, however, you will hear a great deal more about it through your newspapers and your magazines, and meanwhile may I repeat that homely phrase which does, I think, hit at the heart of the conference's purpose: *To see that every child in America gets a square deal.*

MRS. HOOVER GRACIOUSLY ATTENDS

AND now for the luncheon!

French Struther, formerly editor of the *World's Work*, and who, at the President's request, is now giving all his time to this Conference on Child Health and Protection, was in charge of the meeting of editors. Long before we were ready to cease discussion he said, "We'll have to stop now. We must be waiting for the President at least five minutes before he appears."

So we hurried the short distance from the huge building of the Interior Department, where the morning's meeting was held, to the White House. There we were assembled in a room adjacent to the dining-room while a White House attaché directed us to stand in a semicircle.

"Will Mrs. Hoover be at the luncheon?" I whispered to Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of the Sunday Magazine of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and a personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover.

"I think so," Mrs. Meloney answered. "I saw her this morning and she said she'd be here, although she still has to use a wheel-chair as a result of that fall she had a few weeks ago."

Presently, President Hoover entered, and introduced in turn to each by the attaché, he swung rapidly around the circle, shaking hands. Then, as swiftly, he gave his arm to the first lady in line, led the way into the dining-room, a spacious room of noble proportions, and the rest of us followed.

Just inside the doorway sat Mrs. Hoover in the wheel-chair, and she, in turn, greeted each of us most graciously. With her white hair and perfect poise, Mrs. Hoover looks as a First Lady of the Land should look.

There was no confusion about all this. One was told exactly what to do. There were no place-cards. "You'll have to take chairs where you find them," said Mrs. Hoover. Nevertheless I noticed that some attendant guided me very firmly to a certain chair. And a very agreeable chair, too. It was between Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur and George Barr Baker, who also knows Mr. and Mrs. Hoover personally.

CONVERSATION PLEASANTLY INFORMAL

THERE was no general conversation. The President sat on one side of the table, Mrs. Hoover opposite him, and the rest of us, twenty-four or so in all, in two half-ovals on either side.

President Hoover conversed in low tones with the ladies on either side of him. I could hear Mrs. Hoover discussing her son's career in aviation, but as I could not hear her very well I fell to chatting with George Barr Baker, and we soon hit upon happy ground—for I discovered he had once been the editor of Delineator, and that of course gave us a great deal to talk about. Secretary Wilbur, too, was, as the expression goes, very easy to talk to. He sat at Mrs. Hoover's right, but when Mrs. Hoover turned her attention to Dr. Shaw of the *Review of Reviews* on her left, the Secretary turned to me and we fell into easy discourse. Soon, much to my surprise, I found we were discussing "The Green Pastures," the play that won the Pulitzer prize this year. Secretary Wilbur had made a special trip to New York to see this play and had found it magnificent.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING PRESIDENT

EVERY once in a while I'd glance over at the President. His eyes looked tired. And I wondered when, in the ceaseless round of his activities, he ever found time to commune with himself and to ask and answer those questions of the soul which require solitude.

"Doesn't he ever have lunch or dinner alone?" I asked George Barr Baker.

"No, never!" said Mr. Baker. "Once in a while he manages to have lunch or dinner with only four or six, but that doesn't happen often."

Meanwhile I'm forgetting to tell you about the particularly delicious luncheon that was being served. I made a special note of it because I knew you'd be interested. The first course, a lobster salad, was followed by broiled chicken with rice, spinach, stuffed tomatoes and those delectable oranges that are preserved whole. This was followed by lemon ice with little home-made cakes, candy and fruit.

Presently the President tapped with his spoon on his finger-bowl, and then thanked us for coming to Washington and for our interest in a cause in which every one, no matter what his creed or politics, should be interested—the care and training of our children.

WASHINGTON AT ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL

THEN we rose and, the President again leading the way, went to the rear veranda of the White House, where coffee was served. How beautiful it was! I have been to Washington several times, but never have I seen it as beautiful as it was on that day when every tree and blade of grass shimmered fresh and bright in the sunlight. And from this curved veranda with its ancient white balustrade, one looked over velvet lawns to a fountain, tossing glittering spray high into the crystal clear air.

Meanwhile the President strolled from one small group to another, talking seriously but easily. This was mere routine, I imagine, and must always be done, but he gave the routine charm and individuality. At one side, Mrs. Hoover sat in her wheel-chair conversing with one or another of us.

It was all very pleasant, very friendly, and as informal as such a thing can be where a certain formality must govern the President's time and the urgent demands upon his time.

"How do we know when to leave?" Miss Roderick of the *Woman's Journal* said to me.

"Don't worry," said I, "we'll be told when to leave."

And we were. After the President had spoken to the last group, he disappeared, and soon one of the attendants said, "This way, please!" And so we filed past Mrs. Hoover's chair, murmuring thanks and goodbyes. And so a most happy event was ended.

OSCAR GRAEVE · EDITOR

HOW CAN I TELL YOU ABOUT SEPTEMBER HERE?

I honestly feel it's going to be the most readable, liveliest number of Delineator we've so far published. But look at this little space! There's not room for a shout or a murmur. So turn to the note I wrote on page seventy-nine and "A Glance at September" on the Contents Page.

Straight from spotless creameries ...so sweet and Fresh

So carefully guarded for you... this freshness! Wherever you live, you can depend on the sweet, fine flavor of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Made from tested and graded cream... in the best dairy regions... it comes *quickly* and *directly* to your dealer. Spotless refrigerator cars, refrigerated branch houses and all the resources of our organization protect its quality at every moment. Just ask your neighborhood dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter... *Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Premium Quality seal, your guide to unvarying excellence, indentifies a complete line of good foods.

The dealer who supplies you with Swift's Brookfield Butter also carries Swift's Brookfield Cheese and Eggs. You will find them of the same dependable excellence as all Swift's Premium Quality foods.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS · BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE

Then he turned to page 3 –

and this is why I received another letter from a P and G home

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GENTLEMEN: After taking from the line the whitest, sweetest wash that I've ever had, I must tell you about it!

Really, that wash can be traced back to one evening when my husband read one of your "Visits to P AND G Homes."

"Why don't *you* use P AND G Naphtha?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I told him.

"That's not like you," he said. "With your faith in other Procter & Gamble products, I should think you'd use everything with the P AND G label."

Well, I thought it over and there was no argument to his logic. So the next day I ordered P AND G Naphtha just to see. I saw!

"The Runabout," our small and lively daughter (and almost a redhead), loves to play at the brook. So every day I have a whole wash for her . . . three or four rompers and dresses, her socks and undergarments. Hitherto I have soaked them in suds—then brushed the soiled spots out on a board!

Well, today I soaked her clothes in P AND G suds. Thirty minutes later I came back armed with a brush and board, and—I can see you smiling to yourselves—*there wasn't any scrubbing to do!* Just a swish and the dirt was gone. Then I did some smiling, too—for I'd clipped 30 minutes from my work schedule. And, as I first said, the wash was so white and sweet. So Bill *was* right, of course!

Mrs. Geneva M. Vincent, Burke, Idaho.

Mrs. Vincent not only said, "Of course, you may print my letter,"—but she even sent me two photographs of her little "runabout."

Mrs. Vincent wants *everyone* to know that P AND G Naphtha is a wonderful soap! It even looks nicer—so white and firm and fine. Logically, it ought to cost more than inferior soaps. But it costs *less!* Perhaps you'd like to know *why!*

Well, Procter & Gamble buy fine soap materials at a great saving because they buy in huge quantities—literally shiploads of oils! And, too, millions of cakes of P AND G are made every year, so the price is naturally less.

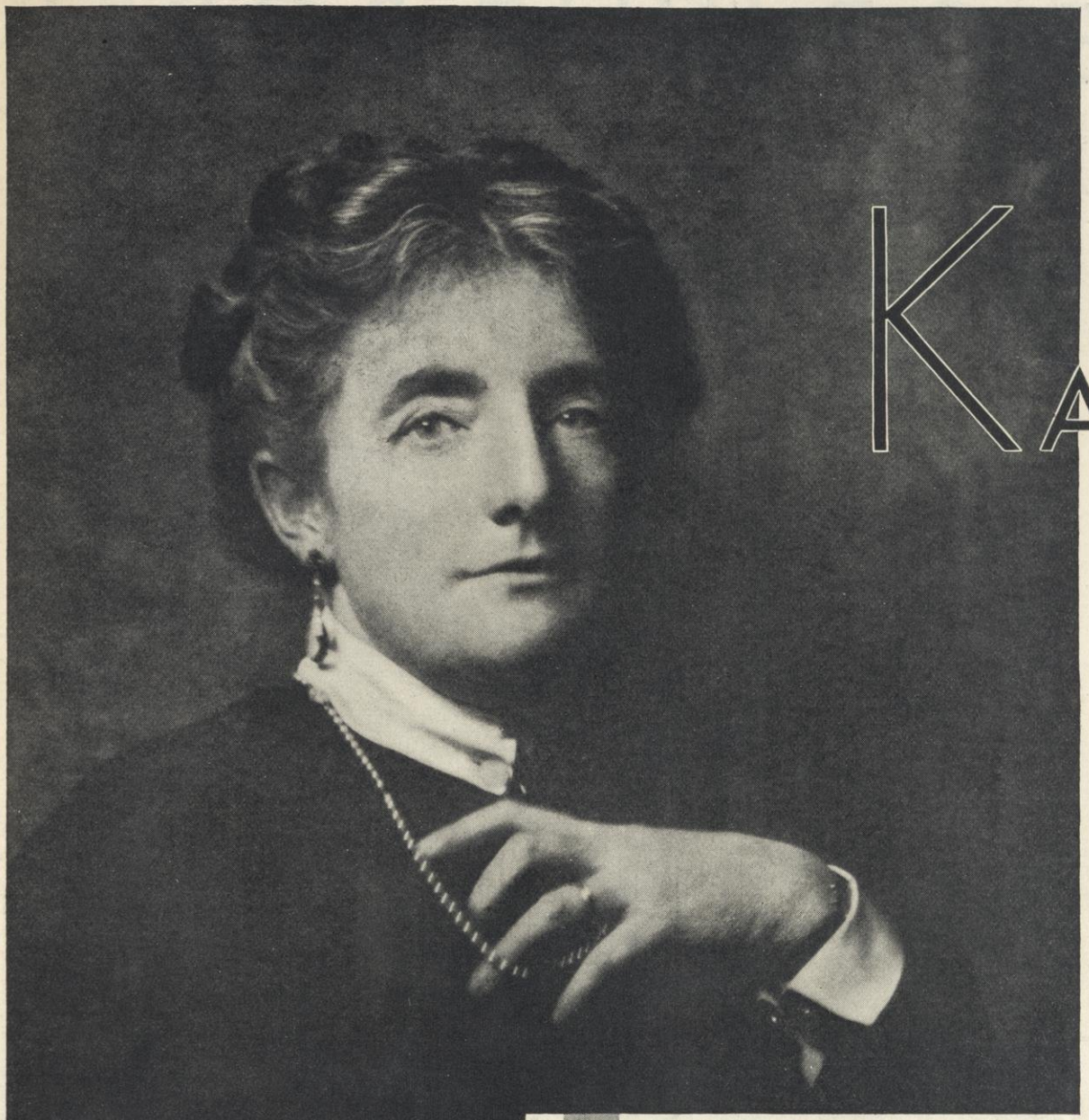
You see—millions of women buy P AND G and save money—because they know that it *really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—Every washday problem is discussed in this free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. ND-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

White soap preferred by more and more women. In a recent survey which I made in Detroit, Michigan, I discovered that as many women are using P AND G White Naphtha Soap as all other laundry soaps put together! And the reason is easy to find: good housewives everywhere have found that this fine white soap gives them easier washdays and whiter clothes!

The largest-selling soap in the world



KATHLEEN NORRIS

AN APPRECIATION BY THE EDITOR

A born story teller, but more than that, a courageous fighter for high purposes and fine ideals, Mrs. Norris is one of the outstanding women of today

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. ARNOLD GENTHE

IT IS not Kathleen Norris, the writer, whom I shall try to present in this too brief sketch, for she is known and loved wherever books are read. But, instead, Kathleen Norris the woman. Kathleen Norris, the generous, big-hearted and big-souled woman, fonder of children than of anything else in the world; wise, witty, with laughter always ready upon her lips and a tolerant word for whoever, whatever, is criticized.

As I face this difficult, delightful task of painting Kathleen Norris as she is, one trifling and yet significant incident stands clear in my memory.

It happened at a small dinner party last spring at which Kathleen and her husband, Charles G. Norris, were the guests of honor. After dinner, we drifted, chatting, into the living-room, where coffee was to be served. The colored maid entered with the tray, and our hostess said to her, "Ida, does your eye still bother you?"

Something had flown into Ida's eye, and while it had been removed, her eye was still inflamed. . . At once Kathleen Norris, all attention and sympathy, leaned forward and took Ida's hand. "Let me see it, Ida," she said. "Put a hot towel on it and keep it there. It will hurt at first, but don't mind that. Because it will help it."

Just the simplest act of kindness—something that Kathleen Norris probably forgot the next day, and yet something that the colored maid, I am sure, will remember all her life.

How foolish it is of me to write about Mrs. Norris when she has done it herself so beautifully. I am referring to her little book, "Noon," an autobiographical sketch. I have just reread it.

With humor and philosophy Kathleen tells us about the poverty of her early days when she was the second of six children almost penniless after the death of their parents.

"Thus we were left," she writes, "the oldest brother, twenty, the youngest pair hardly of school age. There was no one to help us except with affection and advice. Naturally we were a stunned little group in our new black. But it was as if the Sunday talks, the reading of Dickens and Tolstoy had all been a preparation for this. We leaped—there is no other word for it—into the breach."

Then, later, her marriage, when she and Charles came to New York, both to win fame and fortune. But there were more years of poverty ahead of them. The young couple lived on twenty-five dollars a week, which was Charles Norris's salary. Consider what Kathleen Norris writes about it:

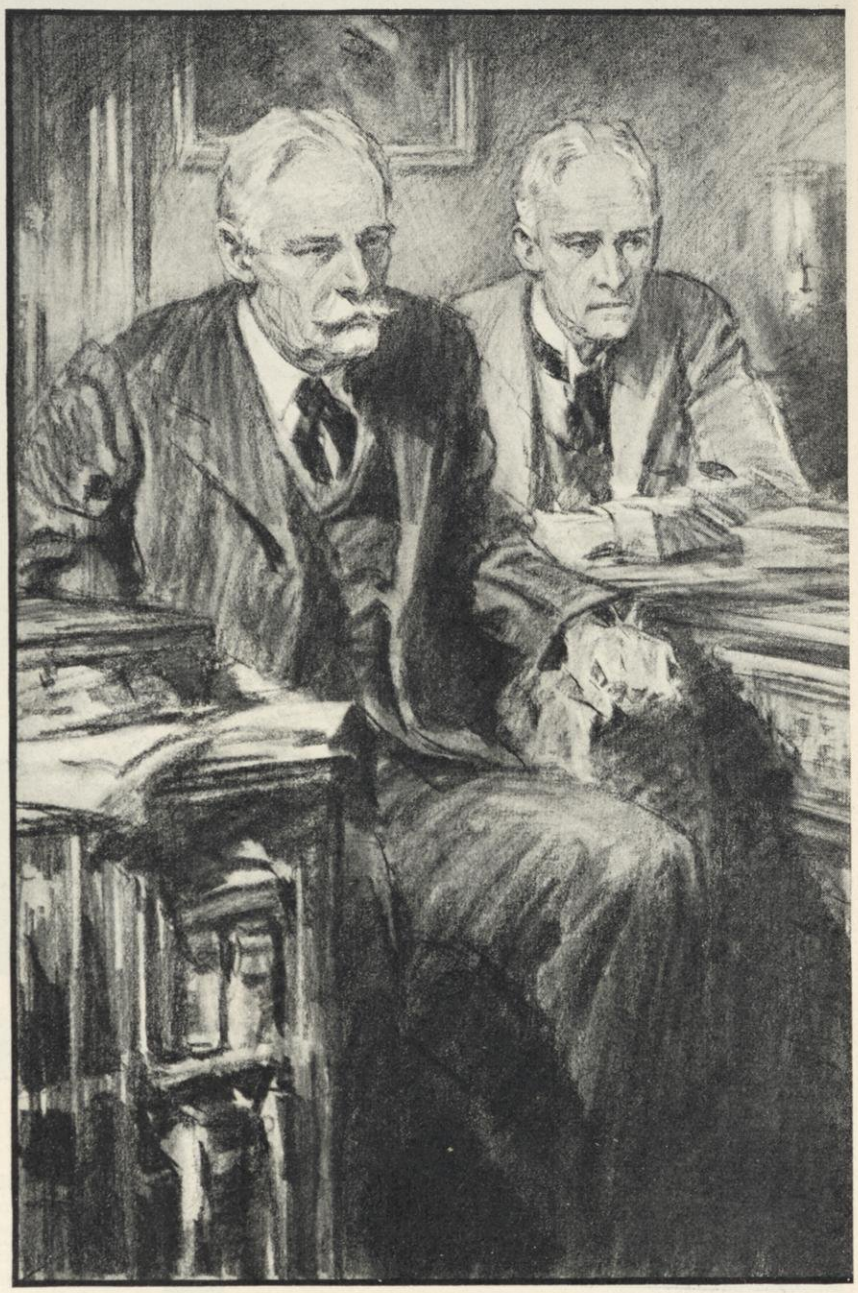
"They laugh indulgently at me when I say this, but I believe it is true. I believe that in any large city, a young husband and wife who care about the same books and the same persons may have a more thrilling experience upon a small income than the millionaire whose house they pass upon a Sunday afternoon walk, or the great prima donna whose voice they may not afford to hear. There is a vividness, a realness, a constant surprise and keenness about it that belongs to no other sort of living."

KATHLEEN NORRIS is the most popular novelist in America. More of her books have been sold during the past few years than those of any other writer. Last fall I had luncheon with her and Mr. Norris in their beautiful residence in Palo Alto, California. It is a fitting abode for the most popular novelist in an America that rewards its successful writers so handsomely. But it is a heartening fact, an inspiring fact, that the chatelaine of this splendid house is the same fine, simple woman, in no essential changed, from the Kathleen Norris who once lived in a tiny New York flat—on twenty-five dollars a week.

THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

BY

A BRILLIANT NEW NOVEL OF A WOMAN WHO ASKED TOO MUCH OF A MAN • • AND OF ANOTHER WOMAN WHO ASKED TOO LITTLE



Julie's only answer was to straighten back in her chair suddenly,

PENELOPE

WHERE the Hudson River turns eastward, one hundred and fifty miles and more above the ocean mouth and the skyscrapers and subways of the Biggest City, a seven-mile stretch of straight highway connects the busy manufacturing town of Scotwood with the lovely old mellowed brick settlement that was once the Misses Bostwicks' Female Seminary, and has been famous for a hundred years as Bostwick College for women.

Scotwood is modern—coaly, oily, grimy, dirty. It is flooded with cheap harsh light, skeletoned with railway spurs and electric signs. Its miles of grim factories pour smoke against the sky.

Block upon block of laborers' cottages irradiate from Scotwood, rigid brick dwellings that look like cheap toys. Yet Scotwood sends three hundred men to college every year, and half that many girls to Vassar and Wellesley—and old Bostwick.

On their way to Bostwick, the girls drive up the highway, with the river flowing gray and full on their left, and the western hills, dappled with fence and barns, rising in a long line across the river. They pass brick gates, and farms; and five miles above Scotwood they come to a fork by a bridge, an old, mild, hooded wooden bridge, where a dirt road branches westward, leaving the shining, metallic highway to turn graciously away between vine-trimmed, stony farm fences, under elms and maples. The road is marked simply by a faded old sign, embellished by a small, pointing hand: "BARNFOLDS. BARNFOLDS MILLS."

To turn westward, and follow this road across the long wooden bridge, is to enter a peaceful world of orchards and meadows asleep in the soft sunshine of autumn or spring.

TWO miles further, the road is suddenly caught between mellow old factory walls of seasoned brick, heavily hung with twinkling dark ivy leaves. There are wide gates where heavy trucks rumble in and out; there are electric lights here, too, when the dusk falls. But for the rest this might be an old English village, set down on the banks of an American river.

The lanes between the workmen's cottages are cobbled rather than paved, the cottages themselves are set at odd angles, and tangled in garden gates and spotted with the shadows of high branches. A factory town, unmistakably, with its eight o'clock whistle and its four-thirty o'clock whistle drawing rivers of men and women over the little main street, but a sleepy, quiet, peaceful little place, too. This is Barnfolds, and the mills are the old mills of Chauncey and Barnes, and have stood on this curve of the river, under these great elms, maples and sycamores, since the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and two.

The Barneses were wool merchants in England for prosperous centuries before the Revolution, and when they came to the new world, six years before the quarrel with the mother country, they called themselves wool merchants still. But for a while they had to be many things, and fight for their adopted country almost before they thought of her as anything but a colony, an amusing place to visit.

Then they had had clipper ships, and brought silk and wool with china and tea and matting, from China and Japan. And when the merchant trade had slackened, they had settled in Barnfolds, and established a regular manufacturing business.

IT HAD grown since then, but never sensationally; there were queer qualities in the make-up of the Barneses that prevented it from growing too fast. They were simple, gentle folk, who never prospered so rapidly but what they had time to do a great deal of comfortable living along the way. The families who came to Barnfolds to occupy the workmen's cottages, and work in the mills, were, in a way, members of the big family. The Barneses made themselves responsible for sanitation and schooling, comfort and health, long before an awakening world was at all aware of its opportunity and obligation in these ways.

THE daughters of the family were as much at home in the cottages as in the big house; the sons were merely "Con" or "George" to the men. There was no ostentation, no pride, in the Barneses. As for the other partner, the Chauncey of Chauncey and Barnes, he lived in England, and his contribution to the business took the form of advice and financial assistance only.

The whole town today is not a half mile long, nor is it a crowded half mile at that. The road curves into its southern end, and finds itself quite suddenly a street, with the big silk mills on the right, and the lanes and little cottages climbing up into the well-wooded slopes on the left. Two or three blocks of this, and then come schoolhouses, and a little hospital with a memorial tablet on it, drug stores, grocery stores, post-office, railroad spur.

Above the mills the town grows prettier, although it is all picturesque, mellowed by years, lovely with tree-shadows and its own homely aspect of prosperity and peace. Here are the handsome gardens of the directors

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

flinging up her head. Her fine hands, the long nervous hands of the aristocrat, tightened on the chair arms

TONY

CHARLES D. MITCHELL

and superintendents of the mills, and in their midst, on its own curve of river, Barnfolds House, where the Barnes family has lived for a century and a quarter.

About the old homestead the trees are so mighty and so dense, and the garden paths so winding and involved, that no slightest sign of the buildings is visible from the road. But they are all there. It is a rambling place whose inhabitants quite cheerfully mount two steps in a hallway here, or descend a runway there, who look through colonial many-paned windows, or through modern plate, with perfect equanimity.

IT IS all home, to the Barneses. It could not be different. Its very inconveniences and irregularities are dear to them.

Inside it there broods that strange sweet atmosphere of fine living—loving, planning, rejoicing, sorrowing, serving—that only an old house can know. There have been tragedies, quarrels, mistakes, there has been suffering, in this old house, but there has been forgiveness, and readjustment, too. From beneath these low old ceilings, in these cramped old rooms, men have gone forth to fight, and new-born babies and their mothers have stared together at the flowered wall-papers and painted china door-knobs. Hoop-skirts, fans, calashes, hooded riding coats, have all had their day, candle-light has given way to lamplight, lamps to whispering gas, and gas to the tempered electric lamps that Penelope Barnes selects in old colonial patterns in one of the smartest of the New York shops.

ON AN autumn afternoon in the year nineteen twenty eight, there were only four Barneses at Barnfolds. The Madame Barnes of one hundred years before had had eight children, and her sons and daughters between them another eight. But then the line had dwindled; daughters had married and gone away, taking their share of the family fortunes with them, and Colonel George, seventy-eight years old now, had been an only son.

He was the patriarch today; the whole town and the mills and the very river, with its steady noble flowing, moved around Colonel George.

He had done his share to carry on the line; there had been three sons. There had been Conrad, and Ned, and Joseph. Conrad, childless, was living; but both younger brothers had died without sons—Ned in the flu epidemic after the war, a few months after his wife; and Joe first of all. The Colonel's mighty old breast would rise and fall on a sharp unreconciled sigh when he remembered Joe, for the youngest son had been the favorite, and Joe had had a pretty young wife and baby. True, Pen was only a girl baby, but there might so easily have been others—boys, to carry on the mills.

Pen had been only a despotic, enchanting, fluffy-headed baby when her mother and father, driving up late at night after a New York visit, had been caught at the dangerous crossing on the railroad, just above Scotwood. Pen did not know nor care what had happened, but her grandfather had never been quite the same since that night.

Then the war had come, and the epidemic, sweeping men away from Barnfolds, sweeping splendid Ned away in the end. Ethel, his wife, had gone, too—there had been something frightful to the old Colonel in this sacrifice of young life. Ned and Ethel had been married ten years, with never a baby, but the woman—charming, English, nursery-loving—had never quite stopped hoping. Ethel had been Ethel Chauncey, the last—after the toll of the war had been counted—of the London family. She had met Ned when he had gone over on business, at the time of her father's death, and Ned had brought the heiress home as his wife.

IF THEY might have had sons—the ordinary, every-day joy of men and women everywhere! There was so much room at the big house, so much comfort for small creatures, so much tradition. There were high chairs and sunny porches, cribs and lawns, old servants waiting to welcome the children. But to Ned and Ethel they had never come.

Ethel had adored Pen, Joseph's baby. She had mothered little motherless Pen, and had whispered to her great promises of cousins to come, Conrad and Chauncey and George.

"Where is dose litter boys *now?*" Pen would demand suspiciously. Ethel would catch her to her with laughter and tears.

"Ah, that's just it, darling! Where are those naughty boys now!"

But Pen had a companion, of sorts. A kind, superior boy ten years older than she: Nick Barnes, Conrad's stepson.

His name was really Nicholas Barnes. He had been no more than a scrap of babyhood when his widowed mother had married her late husband's cousin, the Colonel's oldest son, and Conrad had adored him at once, as indeed the whole household had, for they all loved babies. After a while there had been a legal adoption. Nick had been Conrad's adopted son for almost all his twenty-eight years. Pen, teasing her grandfather, had often suggested that she might well marry Nick, for after all there was no blood tie, and her name would still be Barnes then, and all their little girls and boys would carry on the line. Teasing, (*Turn to page 66*)

SANDS OF TIME •

A story that stirs the deepest places of the heart. Poignant, grim, tender... and only this author, who created the famous Forsyte Saga and many other fine novels, could have written it

IN THE Spring of 1860, on the afternoon of the last day before his son went to Eton, old Jolyon hung up his top hat on a wooden antler in the hall at Stanhope Gate and went into the dining-room. Young Jolyon, who had hung up his top hat on a lower wooden antler, followed, and so soon as his father was seated in his large leather chair, perched himself on the arm thereof. Whether from the Egyptian mummies they had just been seeing in the British Museum, or merely because the boy's venture to a new school, and a public school at that, loomed heavy before them, they were both feeling old, for between the ages of fifty-four and thirteen there is not, on occasions like this, a great gulf set. And that physical juxtaposition, which, until he first went to school at the age of ten, had been constant between young Jolyon and his sire, was resumed almost unconsciously under the boy's foreboding that tomorrow he would be a man. He leaned back until his head was tucked down on his father's shoulder. To old Jolyon, moments like this, getting rarer with the years, were precious as any that life afforded him —an immense comfort that the boy was such an affectionate chap.

"Well, Jo," he said, "what did you think of the mummies?"

"Horrible things, Dad."

"Um—yes. Still, if we hadn't got 'em, somebody else would. They say they're worth a lot of money. Queer thing, Jo, to think there are descendants of those mummies still living, perhaps. Well, you'll be able to say you've seen them; I don't suppose many other boys have. You'll like Eton, I expect." This he said because he was afraid his boy would not. He didn't know much about it, but it was a great place to send a little chap to. The pressure of the boy's cheek against the hollow between chest and arm was increased; and he heard the treble voice, somewhat muffled, murmur:

"Tell me about *your* school, Dad."

"My school, Jo? It was no great shakes. I went to school at Epsom—used to go by coach up to London all the way from Bosport, and then down by postshay—no railways then, you know. Put in charge of the guard, great big red-faced chap with a horn. Travel all night—ten miles an hour—and change horses every hour—like clockwork."

"Did you go outside, Dad?"

"Yes—there I was, a little shaver wedged up between the coachman and a passenger; cold work—shawls there were in those days, over your eyes. My mother used to give me a mutton pie and a flask of cherry brandy. Good sort, the old coachman, hoarse as a crow and round as a barrel; and see him drive—take a fly off the leader's ear with his whip."

"Were there many boys?"

"No; a small school, about thirty. But I left school at fifteen."

"Why?"

"My mother died when your Aunt Susan was born, so we left Bosport and came up to London, and I was put to business."

"What was your mother like, Dad?"

"My mother?" Old Jolyon was silent, tracing back in thought through crowded memories. "I was fond of her, Jo. Eldest boy, you know; they say I took after her. Don't know about that; she was a pretty woman, refined face. Nick Treffry would tell you she was the prettiest woman in the town—good woman, too—very good to me. I felt her death very much."

A LITTLE more pressure of the head in the hollow of his arm. All that he felt for the boy, and that he hoped and believed the boy felt for him, he had felt for his own mother all that time ago. Only forty-one when she had died bearing her tenth child. Tenth! In those days they made nothing of that sort of thing till the pitcher went once too often to the well. Ah! Losing her had been a bitter business. Young Jolyon got off the arm of

"Tell me about your school, Dad," said young Jolyon. "My school, Jo? I used to go by coach—a little shaver wedged up beside the coachman. Good sort—you ought to have seen him take a fly off the horse's ear with his whip"

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. A. GEORGI

the chair, as if he were sensing his father's abstraction.

"I think I'd better go and pack, Dad."

"All right, my boy! I shall have a cigar."

When the boy had gone—graceful little chap!—old Jolyon went to the Chinese tea chest where his cigars reposed, and took one out. He listened to it, clipped its end, lighted and placed it in his mouth. Drawing at the cigar, he took it out of his mouth again, held it away from him between two rather tapering-nailed fingers, and savored with his nostrils the bluish smoke. Not a bad weed, but all the better for being smoked!

RETURNING to his chair, he leaned back and crossed his legs. A long time since he'd thought of his mother. He could see her face still; yes, could just see it, the clear look up of her eyes from far back under the brows, and rather pointed chin; and he could hear her voice—pleasant, soft, refined. Which of them took after her? Ann, a bit; Hester, yes; Susan, a little; Nicholas, perhaps, except that the fellow was so sharp; he himself, they said—he didn't know, but he'd like to think it; she had been a gentle creature. And, suddenly, it was as if her hand were passed over his forehead again, brushing his hair up as she had liked to see it. Ah! How well he could remember, still, coming into his father's house at Bosport after the long, cold, coach drive back from school—coming in and seeing his father standing stocky in the hallway, with his legs a little apart and his head bowed, as if somebody had just hit him over it—standing there and not even noticing him, till he said: "I've come, father."

"What! You, Jo?" His face was very red, his eyelids puffed so that his eyes were hardly visible. He had made a queer motion with both hands, and jerked his head towards the stairs.

"Go up," he had said. "Your mother's very bad. Go up, my boy; and whatever you do, don't cry."

He had gone up with a sort of sinking fear in his heart. His sister Ann had met him at the door—a good-looking, upstanding young woman, then; yes, and a mother to them all, afterwards—had sacrificed herself to bringing up the young ones. Ah! A good woman, Ann!

"Come in, Jo," she had said. "Mother would like to see you. But, Jo—oh! Jo!" And he had seen two tears roll down her cheeks. The sight had impressed him terribly; Ann never cried. In the big four-poster his mother, white as the sheets, all but the brown ringlets of her hair— the light dim, and a strange woman—a nurse—sitting over by the window with a white bundle on her lap! He had gone up to the bed. He could see her face now—without a line in it, all smoothed out, like wax! He hadn't made a sound, had just stood looking; but her eyes had opened, and had turned a little, without movement of the face, to gaze full at him. And then her lips had moved, and whispered: "There's Jo, there's my darling boy!" and never in his life before or since had he had so great a struggle to keep himself from crying out, from flinging himself down. But all he had said was: "Mother!" Her lips had moved again. "Kiss me, my boy." And he had bent and kissed her forehead, so smooth, so cold. And then he had sunk on his knees; and stayed there gazing at her closed eyes till Ann had come and led him away. And up in the attic that he shared with James and Swithin, he had lain on his bed, face down, and sobbed and sobbed. She had died that morning, not speaking any more, so Ann had told him. After forty years he could feel again the cold and empty aching of those days, the awful silent choking when in the old churchyard they put her away from him forever. The stone had been raised over her only the day before they left for London. He had gone and stood there reading:

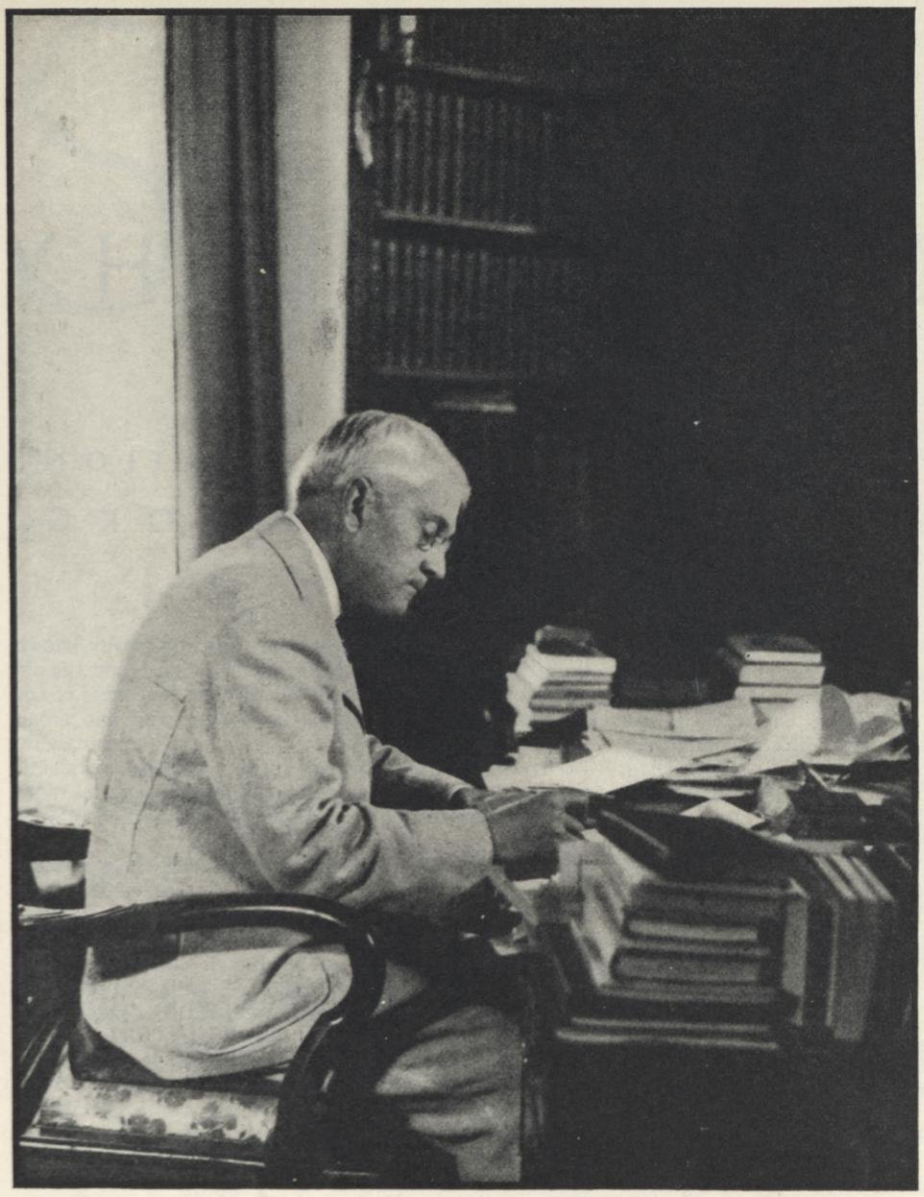
IN MEMORY OF
ANN,
The Beloved Wife of
Jolyon Forsyte
Born Feb. 1, 1780; Died April 16, 1821

A bright May day and no one in that crowded graveyard but himself.

OLD Jolyon shifted in his chair; his cigar was out, his cheeks above those grizzling whiskers—indispensable to the sixties—had colored suddenly, his eyes looked angrily from deep beneath his frowning brows, for he was suddenly in the grip of another memory—bitter, wrathful and ashamed—of only ten years back.

That was on a spring day, too, in 1851, the year after they had buried their father up at Highgate, thirty years after their mother's death. That had put it into his mind, and he had gone down to Bosport for the first time since, traveling by train in a Scotch cap. He had hardly known the place, so changed and spread. Having found the old parish church, he had made his way to the corner of the graveyard where she had been buried, and had stood aghast, rubbing his eyes. The corner was no longer there! The trees, the graves, all were gone. In place, a wall cut diagonally across, and beyond it ran the railway line. What in the name of God had they done with his mother's grave?

FROWNING, he had searched, quartering the graveyard like a dog. At least, they had placed it somewhere else. But no—not a sign! And there had risen in him a revengeful anger, shot through with a shame which heightened the passion in his blood. The Goths, the vandals, the ruffians! His mother—her bones scattered—her name defaced—her rest annulled! A stinking railway track across her grave. What right! Clasping the railing of a tomb, his hands had trembled, and sweat had broken out on his flushed forehead. If there were any law that he could put in motion, he would put it! If there were any one he could punish, by heaven he would punish him! And then, that shame, so foreign to his nature, came sweeping in on him again. What had his father been about—what had they all been about, that not one of them had come down in all those years to see that all was well with her! Too busy making money—like the age itself, laying that sacrilegious railway track, scattering with its progress the decency of death! And he had bowed his head down on his trembling hands. His mother! And he had not defended her, who had lain defenseless! But what had the parson been about, not to give notice of what they were going to do? He raised his head again, and stared around him. Over on the far side was some one weeding paths. He moved forward and accosted him. "How long is it (*Turn to page 38*)



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

who has been close to several younger generations in his work at Yale, tells their critics

WHAT HE THINKS OF

YOUTH

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT NEW HAVEN BY HAL PHYFE

I HAVE known six younger generations. I have looked forward, I have looked around, I have looked back. I may add that I have looked back only professionally, in the endeavor to understand the young men whom I teach. Personally, I have looked back very little. When I was a child, I wanted to be a man. When I was a young man, I wanted to be a mature man. And after I had descended into the vale of years, I did not, as apparently many do, look back with longing to the days of my youth. It is always the new experience I am seeking; I am wasting no time in the vain endeavor to recapture the irrecoverable past.

The body grows old, as inevitably as autumn follows summer, and winter follows autumn. This does not disturb my peace. But when does the man himself grow old? I think I can state accurately the exact moment when a person passes into old age. It is the moment when he discovers that in solitude his thoughts regularly turn more to the past than to the present or future. In the matchless Shakespearean phrase, the *stealing steps of age* overtake our slowing bodies; but they can never catch up with an alert mind.

When I was a little boy in the grammar school, the seniors looked to me like demi-gods; no truly great man today can seem to me quite so wonderful as those giants. They were fourteen years old. All I can say of the youngest generation at that time—my own contemporaries—is that they were filthy. I wonder if the small boy today is quite so dirty an animal as he was in my time. Apparently it was so all over the world. The great Russian novelist, Dostoyefsky, said the small boy used language that would make a drunken sailor blush. This is no exaggeration; it was literally true of the boys I knew.

THEN, later, playing in the streets, I looked with envy on the college undergraduates. They were dressed in those days like a modern stage caricature of a professor. They wore frock coats, tall hats, and whiskers, yet they were in the heyday of their youth. Good, bad, and indifferent they were. I shall never forget one degenerate, who offered me an unpardonable insult; and I shall never forget another, who seemed angelic. I lost the ball I was playing with; and seeing my unutterable dismay, he bent down to me, gave me a quarter and told me to go to the nearest store and buy a new ball. In an instant I rose from despair to rapture. I wonder if my benefactor is still alive. I wish I knew his name.

Some of these undergraduates called on my sister, aged twenty. As a "kid brother," I suppose I must have been insufferable. I can plainly remember how uneasy these student callers were, when, out of perversity, I remained in the room. It was clear they wished me elsewhere; wished I were in the grave. But they did not dare to manhandle me, knowing that my sister would not approve. So they resorted to bribery, and, like most small boys, I was venal. In process of time, I became myself a regular member of the younger generation. The only way I can make any appraisal of the younger generation of 1930 is to compare it with that of forty years ago. And immediately there appears a difficulty so enormous that it may destroy the value of any generalization.

Forty years ago I knew the younger generation by personal and intimate contact; I was among my peers. Today, although I am with them every day, what do I really know about them? When some one asks me if the young men of today drink more than formerly, I am the very last man to possess the necessary knowledge. That some of them get drunk is certain; but they never come into my classroom drunk, they never call upon me while drunk.

THOSE who believe the present younger generation have bad habits should consider former times. In the eighteenth century, excessive drinking was the rule. Faculty and students got drunk together. Before the Civil War in America, there was an immense amount of drinking. The growth of athletic games has had much to do with the improvement in personal habits. When I was an undergraduate, there was certainly a good deal of drunkenness, though not comparable to the excesses of earlier days.

The younger generation in my time had a narrow and provincial outlook. They were interested mainly in the affairs of their own little world. They were mainly Philistines: they had little respect for scholarship, (*Turn to page 38*)

Through Dr. Phelps' house in New Haven passes the gallant procession of youth. Portraits of his mother and sister look down on the gatherings in this room where many Yale men have met before dinner

Another portrait, a recent one of Dr. Phelps, painted by Jere Wickwire of Yale, 1906, hangs in the dining-room of this New England homestead, which radiates its owner's fine scholarship and friendliness

TWO OTHER PEOPLE

A story that offers a remarkable recipe for the cure of that ailment, the bored-with-each-other blues

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Could this woman who cooked, and burned her fingers, and listened for her husband's step, be the same Marjie whose marriage vows had become meaningless words?

AS SHE studied her husband's face, bent above the latest detective story, Marjie told herself that it might have been the face of a stranger. Even though she knew every lean, nervous line of it. It was a face that she had lived with for eight years. Mad years, thrilling years, years grown commonplace, years of tiresome peace. It was a face that she knew better, almost, than she knew her own mirrored countenance.

And yet, it might have been the face of any casual passerby. With cool, curiously detached eyes, she noticed that the outlines of it were wan, tired. That the muscles of the mouth twitched just a trifle. Well, no doubt she, too, looked wan and tired. No doubt her mouth was unsteady. Complete boredom is apt to wear one down—to make one nervous. Deliberately she yawned.

GEOFF looked up, at the sound of that yawn, from the latest detective story. But Marjie could see, in his lifted eyes, no mark of a raised gauntlet.

"I didn't realize," said Geoff, "that it was—" and he consulted the watch on his wrist—"that it was so late! I suppose it's time——"

"You're going to say," Marjie interrupted, "that you suppose it's time to go to bed. But, Geoff, that's not what—" ever so slightly she hesitated—"what I think it's time for."

ALL at once she was absurdly embarrassed, although she had carefully planned the speech in her mind. "You'll probably not understand. Sometimes it's rather hard for a man to understand a woman's reasoning."

"You needn't worry, Marj," Geoff said. "I've always understood your brand of thinking. You're different from other women, that way. It isn't any wonder that I'm—" his voice had the slightest bit of a tremble to it—"that I'm so crazy about you!"

Marjie, listening, felt her teeth clenching down into her lip. Geoff wasn't making it easy for her. This praise, from a man who seldom spoke praise. This shy thread of love-making. She hadn't exactly counted on it. It wouldn't be so simple to confess, just after a man had voiced his affection, that one's marriage was wearing very thin! That divorce was looming near—divorce seen as a solution, rather than a catastrophe.

Marjie swallowed hard, shrugged nervous shoulders.

"Don't," she said, a shade feebly. "Don't be silly, Geoff. We're too—too sophisticated for romancing. It's something more serious that I want to say." Her voice caught, stiffly, in her throat.

Geoff was absently flicking the leaves of his book.

"Out with it, dear," he said.

"I know what you're going to say," she interrupted her husband. "You think it's time to go to bed. But Geoff, that's not what—" ever so slightly she hesitated—"what I think it's time for"

BUT Marjie could not speak. Instead, the words that she had planned to say stood out before her in black, bold type, veiling her husband's face with their insolent power. Ugly words, they were, when seen that way.

"I'm restless," she had planned to tell Geoff. "I'm tired of it all. I don't love you any more. Yes, I know you've given me things. A lovely house, Sarouk rugs, and Lanvin frocks. You've given me a string of pearls and three maids and a town car. But you haven't made me happy. I'm *bored*. I want to divorce you, Geoff. We'll both be better off, that way."

So she had planned to say it. Simply, directly. Instead, over the lump in her throat, she began to hedge.

"For a long while, Geoff," she said, "there's been something wrong. Ever and ever so wrong. It's on my nerves, every moment. I can't explain—exactly, but I've been conscious of a wall growing between us. I—you know, Geoff, that I'd rather be honest than anything else in the world. I can't go on, dishonestly."

VERY, very carefully Geoff laid down the latest detective story. His face had gone rather white. Very, very carefully he knit together the long fingers of his hands.

"You're right, Marjie," he said. "You're always right, of course. It's better to have things straight, always, between a husband and wife. I was a fool, not to do it that way. Only—well, I had no idea you'd guess that anything was wrong." (Marjie's face, as she watched her husband's white one, was taking on a slightly puzzled look.) "I thought that I was a far better actor than, evidently, I am! And then, too, I thought that affairs would come straight." All at once his body seemed to slump. "Only they didn't," he said, wearily.

Marjie was sitting bolt upright. Her hands were tight on the arms of her chair. This, certainly, was no preamble to her polite request for a divorce. This was no prelude to the talking-out session that she had planned.

"Whatever are you saying, Geoff?" she questioned,

sharply. "Whatever is it all about? What affairs?"

"*My* affairs," he answered. "*My* business. It's—it's gone on the rocks, Marj. There isn't anything left. After the creditors have been paid, we won't even have the house. It's—oh, Marjie, it's entirely my fault. I trusted a couple of fellows, I made a stupid investment, and the whole thing was gone. And—here we are." He tried to smile and failed, miserably.

Here we are. Marjie, echoing her husband's words in her heart, felt an insane desire to laugh. So this was what her plans had come to! An easy divorce, perhaps in Paris. Perhaps a comfortable allowance. So her thoughts had run! But now. Why, even if there were a divorce, there would be no Paris, and no allowance. What would people say if she walked out on Geoff, in this moment of disaster? Absurdly, from some copy-book of her past, sounded a line.

"Rats—" this was the line— "desert a sinking ship!"

Rats! Why, Geoff was a sinking ship! She'd be a rat if she left him now. Her husband, for eight years. And how the eight years had bored her! And now she was caught, she'd have to stand by. Because she wasn't a rat! Her head came up, with an inbred sense of pride. She'd have to stick, to help Geoff build again. It wasn't a question of money. It was a matter founded on something more fundamental. Something that, in England, they'd call "cricket."

"Why, Geoff," she heard her voice saying, "you shouldn't have kept this to yourself. It was partly my business, too, you know. And, anyway, it'll be for only a little while. You'll come back."

Stumbling, like a man gone suddenly blind, Geoff was coming toward her, his arms outstretched.

"Marjie," he was saying, "you're the best sport in the world. You're the one they wrote the marriage service about. You know—" he gulped— "that part, 'for richer, for poorer.' I—oh, *my dear*—Marjie . . ."

His arms were around her. He was kissing her on the mouth. Hard, hot kisses. From a matter of habit, eight-year-old habit, Marjie found herself returning them.

THE little apartment seemed, at first, like a cheese box to Marjie. It was so compact, so shiny, so discouragingly new.

"I feel—" she told Geoff, as they returned from the signing of the apartment's crisp lease— "I feel strange and remote, somehow. It isn't me, or you, that we're taking the place for. It's for a couple of other people. Young married people, who have to live on a hundred dollars a week—and like it!"

Some of the tightness, in the last few days, had gone out of Geoff's face. Some of the pain. But he couldn't yet take a joke. Not quite normally.

"We'll have to live on a hundred dollars a week. Or even less. And we'll have to like it!"

Marjie's voice was gay as she replied. It was curious, the things that she had felt toward Geoff since his business failure. It was as if he were a puppy that she had found wandering forlornly along some street. A puppy that she didn't want—and yet a puppy too helpless to be left to his own fate!

"Be yourself, Geoff," she advised. "Things are coming right. You won't be a failure all your life—unless you want to be a failure! Let's—" the idea brought sudden laughter to her lips— "let's look at the matter sensibly. We're disturbed because we've allowed possessions to become too important. Let's make a game of it. Let's pretend, for a while, that we're not ourselves. Not Geoff and Marjie. Let's be the young, unafraid people who, logically, should have rented the place we've just rented. Let's get the most out of it. Until you're on your feet again."

Geoff's hand, even in the street, was stretching toward her. Even in the street his eyes were misted.

"You're a real wonder, Marjie," he said. "Some women—darn near all women—would have ducked out at a time like this. I'll never be able to tell you how——"

But Marjie was interrupting.

"Wait until you've made a fortune, Geoff," she said. "Wait until you're on your feet again. Then I'll duck out."

All at once there was a note, ever so slightly grim, in her voice. But Geoff didn't notice that note.

THE creditors were paid. The house and car and furniture were sold. The maids were dismissed. And Geoff had a job; a job that started at nine and ended at five.

And Marjie, in an orchid smock, that matched the orchid gingham of her single kitchenette curtain, was reading a cook-book. A lock of hair drifted across one flushed cheek, and a finger, slightly burned, was in her mouth.

Geoff's voice was exultant. He looked into his wife's eyes incredulously. "We'd be losing each other, maybe," she said through tears

Oddly, just as she had said to Geoff, she wasn't Marjie any more. Marjie had been a woman who had lived a leisurely, luxurious life. Who had shopped in the morning, played contract in the afternoon, gone to a theater here, a concert there. Marjie was a woman who had been bored with her husband. Who had been planning a divorce to break the thread of monotony. That had been Marjie. But she—the woman in an orchid smock smiled slowly, and blew upon the slightly burned finger. She was a different person! Who rose at seven and prepared a breakfast. Who made beds, and dusted, and went out to market.

She was a person who hadn't the time, or the money, for contract. Who hadn't the time or the money for shopping or theaters. And who—wonder of wonders—found that she was looking forward to the sound of her own husband's step in the hall, when it was the time of twilight. Somehow she wasn't bored with him, any more. Perhaps it was because they had, in some curious way, changed places. Perhaps it was because he was no longer giving her the riches and the fulness of life. She, instead, was giving them to *him*.

Giving . . . Marjie, who wasn't Marjie any more—bent back the new cook-book at the pudding chapter. Puddings, for one who is learning, are easier than pies and cakes. Giving! Perhaps that was the secret of the whole thing.

Eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, in a white and orchid bowl. Sugar added, slowly. And lemon juice, and flaky bread crumbs. Paris and divorces and discontent were very far away!

The other people who lived in the apartment house followed the same routine that Marjie and Geoff followed. The men had jobs, nine to five jobs. The women had marketing to do, and dusting, and bed-making. After the first few weeks, Marjie had come to know them by name. Mrs. Lee, second floor back. Mrs. Graham, third floor front, with the fire escape. Mrs. Treadwell, one room and bath, ground floor. And the rest. Cataloged, in the apartment house, as shoe boxes are cataloged on a shelf. At one time Marjie would have felt that they were all as much alike as shoe boxes. Square and plain and substantial. But living among them, she came to know that they were as different, one from the other, as the friends of her more prosperous days had been.

Inside every box was a surprise. Marjie, who had expected to miss her contract and theater partners (for Marjie, since moving, had made no attempt to see old friends, had left no forwarding address) found that she didn't miss them at all. For the women she had known had been bored women, idle women, receiving women. As she had been. And the women who were her new neighbors were alive with enthusiasms, bustling with activity, givers—each one. It might be only the gift of a plate of cookies. Or it might be the gift of courage.

SOMEHOW it wasn't Marjie, any more, who needed the courage. But Geoff, tired with the problem of learning to work for some one else, needed it. He it was who had to be bolstered up, in the evenings.

"Do you know," Geoff confided, after an impromptu two hours spent in the Treadwells' tiny home, "that these young fellows—" Mr. Treadwell was very young— "give me sort of a new slant on myself. I've been feeling so busted, not only financially, but mentally. I was ready to—" his voice was low— "to commit suicide that evening you guessed about me. But—" his voice was all at once more assured— "but, Marjie, chaps like this Treadwell kid still ask me for advice. Did you see how he listened when I was talking about the federal reserve situation? Why, the look on his face did something to me inside. Something that I can't quite explain!"

"That I can't explain." So Geoff had phrased it. So Marjie phrased it, in her soul, the next day when young Mrs. Treadwell ran in, for a moment, to borrow a crochet hook. Which Marjie didn't have.

"No matter," said Mrs. Treadwell happily. Marjie knew, then, that her errand had been an excuse. "I just wanted it to catch a stitch in a sweater of my husband's. It is raveling." She hesitated, and then: "My husband liked your husband so much last night. He said he'd never met any one who seemed better informed."

Marjie knew that her eyes were brightening. But she didn't exactly know why.

"Geoff is clever," she admitted.

Mrs. Treadwell went on, cheerily.

"It's nice to have a husband you can be proud of," she said. "I'm proud of Fred, my husband. We've got the cheapest apartment in the house, I guess, and the least furniture. But I don't think any one's happier than we are. And I'm saving for a tiny house in the country. And then, after the house, for a baby. I suppose every one builds toward something . . ." She laughed shyly.

EVERY one builds toward something. Every one. Across centuries of time Marjie was going back to a lamp-lighted evening in a gracious room. She was going back to Geoff's frantic desire to explain. And to her own reaction. To her swift knowledge that she'd have to stick, to help Geoff build again. To help Geoff build until he was once more a success. So that she could, legitimately and proudly, ask for her freedom.

That had been, at first, what she had meant to build for. Her very gallantry, her very good sportsmanship, her very gaiety had all been toward that end. At first!

"Yes," she answered little Mrs. Treadwell, "every one has an ambition. Success stands for something more than just success to most of us."

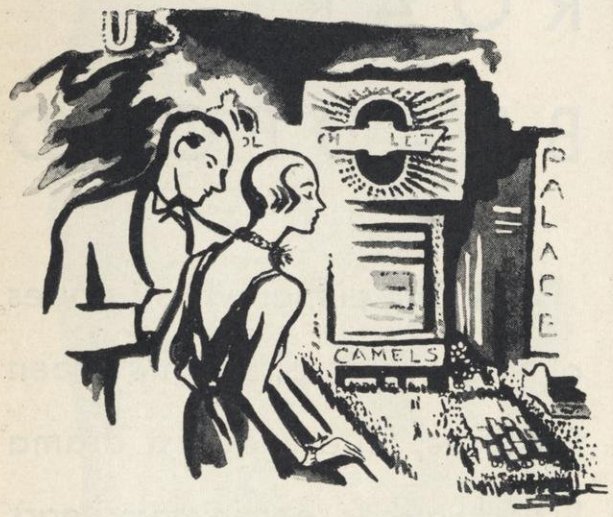
It was only a matter of months after their move that Marjie began to notice the change in Geoff. The new alert look that was, somehow, becoming a part of his face. The anxiety to get to the office before nine; the quick scanning of papers that he now carried home from that same office, each night, in a brief case.

"You like your job, don't you, Geoff?" Marjie asked, once. And her husband answered:

"I'm learning. Learning all over. And from a different perspective. There was a fellow in, today. A man I'd done business with before the crash. At first he didn't recognize me. And then, as luck would have it, the general manager called me over to give him some figures. And then—" this with a whimsical touch of arrogance— "and then, dear, I pretended not to recognize the man. But I gave him the figures straight from the shoulder. And I unsold him so fast on the deal that he'd been planning to go into, against the advice of my firm, that he could hardly catch his breath. And after I'd unsold him, and started to leave (*Turn to page 81*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

SUMMER NIGHTS IN NEW YORK



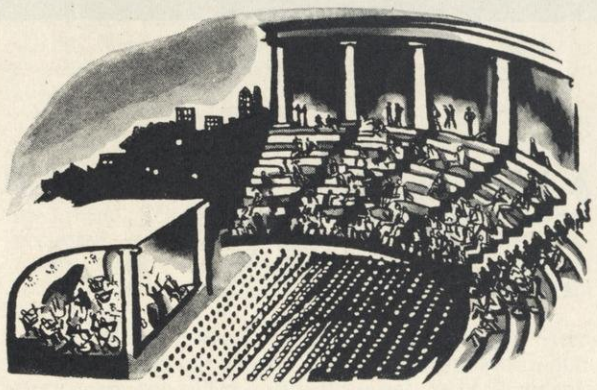
THE ASTOR ROOF

Even if you don't go this year to the largest summer resort in the world, here is what is happening in its breezy penthouse restaurants

BY ALISON SMITH

DRAWINGS BY SUE WILLIAMS

THE CASINO



THE STADIUM CONCERT

THE MAN from San Francisco and I stood on the roof-garden balcony, leaning over a precarious little railing that hung high above Broadway. It was mid-July, and the toy-like figures in the street below could be seen dimly through the twilight heat haze. There was light enough, however, to make it clear that the broad thoroughfare was packed to its gutters by a slowly moving crowd, meandering like some multi-colored snake to the point where the forked traffic meets the Times Building.

What with this thick mass on the sidewalks and the black stream of motor-cars that were hemming them in, all the population of the world seemed to have chosen that moment and that street for an evening promenade.

My friend regarded it dreamily for a few moments and then spoke. He said:

"Everybody is out of town."

I regarded him in quite pardonable alarm. "It's the heat," I answered soothingly. "It often does queer things to the brain. Put some ice on your wrists, while I send the waiter for restoratives."

He grinned sheepishly. "That came out of the past," he apologized. "Whenever I see the crowds like this in July, my mind goes straight back to my first impression of summer in New York as one who had never been there. I was about five, I think, and playing on the floor in mother's room while she was talking over a trip east with a neighbor. She was planning to leave San Francisco the end of June, stop over in Toledo for a while and come on here in July.

"The neighbor was frankly disapproving. She said, 'Don't think of getting there before September, my dear. Don't you know that through July and August there isn't a soul in New York? Everybody is out of town.'

"That fixed in my mind an irremovable impression. I saw a vast, deserted city with grass growing in the empty streets, with cobwebs hanging from the silent doorways. At that time I hadn't read Goldsmith, but this was my own original vision of 'The Deserted Village.' And when I finally saw a New York summer myself at the age of nine, I felt a sense of injustice at having to readjust my images. Even at this advanced age, a scene like this tonight is hard to believe."

WHETHER you believe it or not, the streams of humanity that pour into New York through the summer seem to outnumber the winter population. At least they are more conspicuously trailing the streets in a search for air and relaxation. The former they seldom find, except on those blessed occasions when a premature autumn breeze drifts down from the skyscrapers. But the latter greets them with every turn of the hot city streets. New York, in a frenzied attempt to justify its reputation as "the largest summer resort in the world," turns itself through June, July, and August into a blazing playground for an eager army from out of town. It is true that the permanent population starts a stampede in June for the nearest railway train, motor-car or gang-plank. It is also true that through the hot daytime the streets of Manhattan are relatively deserted. But at night the city blazes forth in new light and color, before an audience which seems to be discovering it for the first time. So much so, that if you sought direction on any given street, the chances are that you would be greeted by the bewildered answer:

"I'm a stranger here myself."

These hordes of exploring strangers have increased immeasurably even through the comparatively brief five years that I have known Broadway. Naturally they have had a perceptible effect on the summer night-life of the city. It is particularly apparent in the theatrical night-life which is changing as rapidly as the managers can adjust it to meet the demands of their new public.

There was a time when these same managers clung to the idea that with the first touch of summer their audiences turned into infantile if agreeable half-wits, whose minds could not endure any more profound idea than that involved in the musical comedy echoes of "Vo-do-de-yo-do." June still brings in its series of summer shows especially designed for the silly season. All the various "Follies," "Scandals," "Gaieties" and "Revels" flourish nightly before their delighted if sweltering audiences. But in later years the producers have made the discovery that their audiences are capable of mastering a coherent idea even under a ninety-in-the-shade barometer. To a vastly increasing degree, the summer theatrical season is being given up to that class of drama vaguely labeled "serious" or even "highbrow."

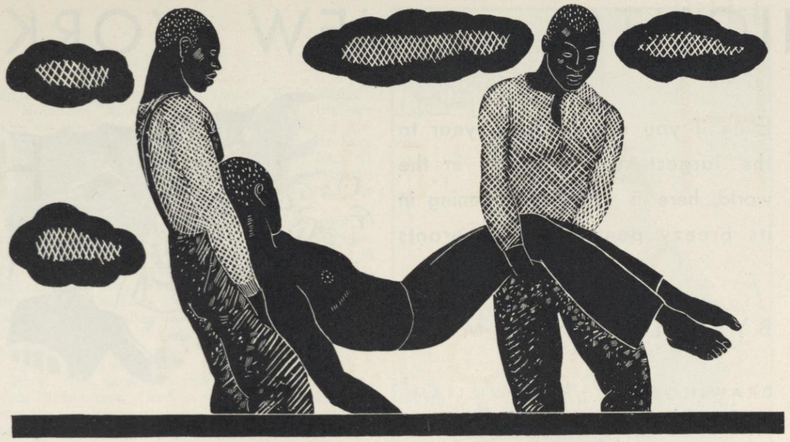
A few seasons ago, on the hottest night of the summer, we watched a packed house and a double line of standees, held in rapt attention through the nine long acts of "Strange Interlude." That unqualified tragedy called "Street Scene" played to its capacity audiences straight through July and August. This year's most conspicuous success—in fact the most astonishing hit of many seasons—is Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," and it cannot fail to continue its record-breaking run through the hottest summer imaginable. These plays and dozens of others like them are not necessarily profound, but intellectually they are many degrees above the sort of production that used to be considered the only possible material for the hot season. The idea that the summer play must conform to the summer book—the sort of book to read in a hammock—has been exploded.

THERE are summer nights, of course, when the very thought of indoors is too oppressive for any but the most ardent theater lover. The object of the others is to get as high in the air as possible, where any chance breeze can reach them. For these, there are roof-gardens, growing gradually higher and higher as the new building limits are soaring above the Woolworth. Almost every hotel has one, and they are still fairly well crowded, although in recent years a new form of roof-top hospitality has cut into their popularity. These are the penthouse cafés, those innocent looking little houses perched on top of skyscrapers.

To reach one of these, you are shot up thirty stories or so, you ring a bell and announce to the eye that appears at the door that you are a friend of Mr. Sweeney, Jones or Robinson as the case may be. Inside there is sure to be a terrace dotted with little tables, and an obliging waiter will bring you anything (*Turn to page 61*)

One newspaper columnist leaves his Connecticut farm every week-end for the lights of New York—he wouldn't miss a Saturday night parade for anything

For nights of enchantment there is nothing equal to music under the stars. At the Stadium or in shadowy Central Park, magic entertainment is awaiting you



THE HALLELUJAH WOMAN

BY ROARK BRADFORD

● The author whose stories of Negro life inspired "The Green Pastures," the greatest drama Broadway has seen in many years

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTON S. THOMPSON

HALLEY sat on her cabin porch, swaying gently from side to side. Her heart was sore and at the same time it was singing with joy. The Lord was suffering her for the time, years before, when she vexed Him by having sin with Amos, and at the same time, He was pleasuring her for the long, hard years of repentant work. "Hallelujah," the folks at Miller's Gin called her. She ever shouted and worked and sang for the Lord:

"Ha-Hallelu!
Ha-Hallelu!
Lawd, de river ain't wet no more!"

Or was it Yaller Chawley's sweet talk that made her heart sing? She wondered. She was not an old woman, either in years or in body. But in her mind she was old and keen, as the old people were in their minds. She knew things. The Lord had smartened her during these ten years of loneliness and sorrow.

YALLER CHAWLEY sat on the single step to the porch, a step made of a split cottonwood log.

"Sister Halley," he said, "you been puttin' me off mighty nigh ever since my poor Cora died, jest 'cause you say Amos is liable to come back and marry you. But now he's done drownded and he can't come back." He stopped talking, deliberately slapped a mosquito that had lit on his cheek, and then resumed talking in the same quiet tone. "I need you, and my little Cora, she needs you. She ain't had no maw for goin' on three years."

Halley sat silent for a few minutes more, trying to arrange the thoughts that were wearying her mind. Long since, she had resigned herself to taking little Cora when she took Chawley. Chawley was worth marrying, little Cora and all, she had decided. But the thing that stirred her thoughts was the latest development in the long romance with Amos.

Amos had been drowned. The Lord had drowned him, along with a lot of other evil-doing people down on Bayou des Glaise. And no wonder.

The wonder to Halley was that the Lord had put up with their sin as long as He had. When Amos ran off with that evil-doing woman from the cane country, Halley understood why. He ran off with her, not because he loved her more than he did Halley, but because the Old Satan was inside her soul, calling to Amos; calling him to his own sugar-sweet life in the slimy cane where men and women waded in mud and water to work the fields, sown thick with the devil's own crop that grew to sweeten the fleshy bellies of Godless people. The Lord had been patient to let them live that long!

Yes, old sinful Amos had been drowned like a rat. And so had been the devil-ridden woman who had lured him into a life of shame. Amos would never come back to marry Halley before the Law and the Lord, as he had married her in her heart—Halley knew that. Amos was gone, and she didn't have that excuse any more for not marrying Chawley. But there was a child!

When the word came to Miller's Gin of the catastrophe, Halley hitched her mule to a rickety old buggy and drove eighteen miles into Monroe to learn if Amos was among the victims. The white people who were running the flood did not know, but they wrote her name down, and the day after she got back home, she received word from them that both Amos and his wife were drowned, but that their daughter had been rescued and would be brought to Halley right away. The Lord had removed Amos so she could marry Chawley. But the Lord had saved out Amos' child. And for what?

"I wisht I knowed, Chawley," Halley broke out of her thoughts suddenly. "I wisht I knowed. I loves you good and I gits so lonesome down hyar widout no man or nothin' around, dat sometime hit do seem like de Ole Harry is got me on de pitchfawk. But de Lawd got His finger in dis puddin'."

"Cou'se de Lawd is," agreed Chawley. "He got tired er seein' you mope around, waitin' for dat no-good Amos to come back. Dat nigger wa'n't never countin' on comin' back, Halley. I tole you dat. But naw. You wouldn't b'lieve me. So now, de Lawd done tole you. You gonter b'lieve de Lawd?"

"Yeah, He tole me Amos wa'n't comin'," she said, "but how come He saved out Amos' child? What do dat mean?"

"I ain't studdin' Amos' child," declared Chawley.

"But I'm is," persisted Halley. "De Lawd saved dat child out for a purpose. Chawley, I sinned once, and de Lawd had me in de fryin' pan ever since. I ain't aimin' to jump out er de pan and land in de fire."

There was no answer to that. Chawley sat still a minute and then squirmed uncomfortably. "Well," he observed, "I guess I'll git along. I got to cook up some supper for me and Cora." He stood up, stretched lazily. "But I'm comin' back tonight at moon-up, and I'm gonter keep on cou'tin' you till you marries me. So long."

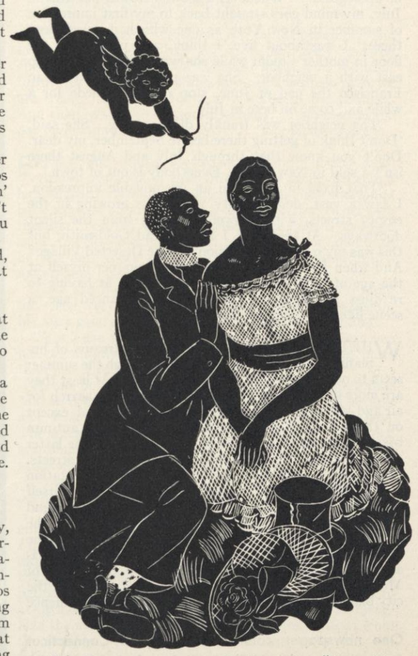
"So long, Chawley," said Halley.

SHE fumbled through her mind slowly, painstakingly, in an effort to make sense of it. The child was what worried her. The Lord had saved it from the flood for a reason. Suppose she went on and married Chawley, contrary to the Lord's plan? She had lived with Amos once, contrary to the Lord, and He had suffered her long and hard for it. She wanted Chawley—wanted him even with little Cora—the same puny little Cora that was left behind when Chawley's wife died of the wasting disease. And now, there was the other child—a child that the Lord had especially picked out and saved when He flooded out the evil-doing sugar-cane workers. What was in the Lord's mind? Halley got upon her knees.

"I sinned ag'in you, Lawd, and you sorrowed me," she admitted. "Did you save out dis child to suffer me some more? Or maybe, Lawd, hit was 'cause Amos had his good p'ints and dis child might not be all bad."

SHE got up from her knees. Her heart felt lighter. The Lord had put the words into her mouth and her pain-smartened mind was interpreting the words. She wished Chawley was there so she could explain it to him, but he wasn't. She explained it to a jay-bird that had defied the sparrows in the china-ball tree. "Dat child," she said, "gonter do somethin' for de Lawd, and she got to have a chance. Dat sugar country ain't good for grown folks, let alone de chilluns." She broke into a song, as if to add weight to that statement:

"Oh, de sin-sweet water is as bitter as a gall
And God's pet chillun can't drink hit a-tall.
Hallelu!
Ha-Hallelu!
Lawd, shine yo' light on-a me!"



"You been puttin' me off a long time," he said, "but I'm gonter keep cou'tin' till you marries me"

"I sinned agin you, Lawd, and you sorrowed me," she admitted with earnestness and humility

And into her joy-bursting soul came another idea. "Chawley, he got little Cora," she added, surprised and delighted at revelation, "and den I'll have dis Lawd-child f'm de cane country. And dat'll start us off even-up." She shook her head, marveling at the Lord's way of doing things. "I bet de Lawd had all er dat figgered out, before He busted dat levee!" she exclaimed.

THAT point settled, she got up and went into the house. She would marry Chawley, for sure. Happy tears ran out of her eyes. Even in her heart the Spirit fermented and washed out the bad feelings she had held for ten years against the woman who took her Amos. "Hit wa'n't her fault," she said. She remembered, all of a sudden, that she had seen Old Satan in the woman's soul, that day in Monroe. She and Amos had gone there to get marriage licenses. She was proud and sinful, then. But that sugar-cane woman had come to Monroe—for God knows what reason—and Amos had seen her. She was ugly and skinny and repulsive. But Old Satan was jumping up and down in her soul, grinning and calling: "Come on, Amos! Come and have joy! Quit that Halley woman and come where life is sweet and good to live!"

"Poor gal," sighed Halley. "Rid down by de devil, and I bet she's punchin' chunks in hell, right now. Poor gal."

But there was too much happiness in Halley's heart for her to feel sorry for long. She went to her big bed, high with goose-feather mattress and pillows. It, like everything else in Halley's house, was noticeably clean.

It was upon the pillows that Halley centered her activities. First she removed the white slips, folded them carefully, and put them into a cupboard. Then she pommeled the pillows with her fists until they were fluffy and soft. Finally, with a self-conscious grin that was almost a giggle, she stooped and pulled from under the bed a long, flat box.

From the box she took another pair of pillow-cases. But such pillow-cases! So stiff with starch that they stood out in her hands like a board. And white like new flour! White, that is, except for the embroidery in blue and pink that Halley had put into them with her own hands, more than ten years before. But the pillow-cases had never been used. Halley had worked them when she first "took up" with Amos, and she was romantically saving them until they were regularly married. The morning she and Amos left for Monroe to get the licenses, she put them on the bed. But two days later, when she returned alone, she took them off, unused, and put them away.

On two other occasions they had come out. The first was when the handsome itinerant preacher, who redeemed her soul from sin, began making marry-talk to her. She took them out and laundered them afresh. But she never used them. The handsome preacher's wife, whom he had neglected to mention to Halley, arrived at Miller's Gin unannounced. Halley returned the pillow-cases, and told her soul that the Lord was suffering her for her sin with Amos.

The other occasion was when, five or six years later, she determined to marry a inful gambler to reform him. Once more the pillow-cases came out to be laundered freshly for the bridal bed. But the gambler got mixed up with the Law, and they took him away to jail. He never came back.

And now she was putting those pillow-cases on the bed for the Lord's own hand-picked child that had been saved from the flood.

When she finished adjusting the pillow-cases she raised her eyes to heaven: "Calf rope, Lawd," she said with a soft, chuckling voice. "You hyared me holler 'calf rope.' Dese is for yo' child, and not for Chawley. And you needn't jab me in de heart for proudin', too. 'Cause dem pillows'd a looked mighty good on me and Chawley's bed."

Mellow with happiness, she returned to the porch. She gazed benevolently across the green stretch of grass between her house and the river bank. On either side of the house was cotton—God's cotton that soon would burst out of its greenishness into pure white, and Christian people would pick it, and take it to the gin. Then the white folks would take it and make it into cloth. But God had His hand in that, too. God saw that the cloth was used to hide the shame of His people. God had His hand in everything—white or black. Not a thing escaped Him.

Just at sunset Halley heard the put-put-put of a motor-boat, and she walked down the slope to the river bank. The boat came in quickly and pushed its nose into the soft mud among the weeds. A white man sat in the stern, operating the motor, and a white woman sat in the center. But Halley's eyes were riveted upon the shapeless form that was huddled in the prow.

Suddenly, remembering her manners, she smiled in friendly fashion at the white woman.

"I'm Halley," she announced. "I come down to git God's special."

The man and woman exchanged glances, and the woman replied, "Well, luck to you, Halley. She needs you, I expect." Then, to the form in the prow of the boat, "Get out, Skeet. Get your bundle. This woman will look out for you now."

THE girl got up, picked up a bundle of clothes the rescue workers had given her, and stumbled out of the boat. She was tall and thin like a sugar-cane, and when she walked she swayed her shoulders from side to side in an undulating movement.

But Halley scarcely noticed that. What Halley noticed was her ragged dress, dirty with back-water mud. And her hair, bushing out in places and plastered to her head in places where mud had dried upon it. "Ain't never been breshed and wropped," decided Halley to herself. "No mind. Dat's gonter be my business." And her large bloodshot eyes, squinted from sunlight, worried Halley. She couldn't tell whether they were mean eyes, or devilish eyes, or vicious with a sort of defiance born of terror.

"So yo' name is Skeet?" Halley greeted. "Well, I'm yo' new Aunt Halley. My, but you's big for yo' size. But come on, and le's go git de dirt off'n you and some hot victuals in yo' insides, and den us kin talk all about dat."

They went to the house and Halley busied herself preparing a bath. A tub was filled with water from the cistern, and dragged before the fire. "So Amos got drownded, did he?" Halley was chattering merely to make talk. "Well, don't you fret, honey. De p'int is, de Lawd saved you out for somethin'. Dat de way de Lawd do. Hit ain't never yit been nobody got drownded when de Lawd had 'em picked out for some kind er job."

"Yas'm," agreed Skeet, politely.

"And yo' mammy got drownded, too, huh?" pursued Halley. "And a heap o' yuther sinners, too, 'cause de Lawd got vexed wid all dat sin and stuff." She took a kettle from the fire and poured hot water into the tub.

"HIT was a mule got drownded," volunteered Skeet. "I seed him. I was skeered but he wa'n't skeered." She started speaking in a halting, soft drawl, but soon a nervous note came into her voice. "I was in de tree, and de mule, he come swimmin' twarge de house. His years was laid back and his forefeet was a-pawin' up de water some. But he wa'n't in no hurry. He was jest swimmin' along. So he swum up to de house and pitched his forefeet on top er de roof, like he was fixin' to climb out and rest hisse'f some. But quick as he tetched de roof, well, de house fell in, and floated off. And de mule, he let out a beller. Like a—like—" She buried her face in her hands and shivered.

"No mind de mule, honey," soothed Halley. "No mind de mule." She stepped into the kitchen and returned with a can of soft soap. "De (*Turn to page 82*)

In the far future, will Canaan's Land give Halley the happy home she longed for?

"Keep right on driving till we can pick up a cop," Gib whispered. "I'm looking for trouble tonight, and I don't want to find it!"

THE TREMBLING

An exciting new novel of love and youth and the treacherous grip of the underworld

A BOY of wealth and good family, attractive, idle, the town's scapegrace—that was what Gilbert Parke had been, only a few months before. And what was he now? A murderer? Well—Gib had not known there was going to be murder, but there he was, driving the car, part and parcel of the New York criminal gang that shot and killed some rival crooks. Gib sometimes wondered how his descent to the underworld had come about—yet it was perfectly simple. When a boy's rightful inheritance goes to his uncle, who drives him out of the house, and his only friend turns out to be a professional crook, there doesn't seem to be much choice.

Only one thing really bothered Gib—he was throwing away his last chance to win the love of the only human being he cared about—Lyn Castaigne. She was young, beautiful, rich, but more than these, she was a real person—and she believed in him. Yet here he was ostensibly leading the life of an art student, but actually he was the understudy of a group of criminals whose locale was a rowdy night club. And these gangsters, five minutes before, had fired a fatal volley of shots. *Here the story continues:*

GIB choked on brandy, between a splutter and a gasp heard an embittered grumble: "Whyn't ya swaller the flask?" and consciousness went into its first consecutive flow since those opening pistol shots.

Gib winked his eyes clear of their hot mist and discovered that the Packard was at rest on one edge of a drive in Central Park, that wide, main-traveled spur which thrusts southwest from the Mall. Dead ahead, the dark was banked with golden windows, rising tier on tier to that livid sky which nightly bends to the Fifties. A little wind stole whispering across the lawns to fumble at his face and cool it. The boy shivered.

Lefty said: "Feelin' better, kid?" and getting an uncertain nod, pursued: "You're funny—goin' strong till you cracked all of a sudden and purty near run into a taxi—would've if I hadn't grabbed the wheel. But you're a' right now, aincha?"

"Whyncha take the wheel yourself?" This was a growl from the after seat.

"I'm all right now," Gib quavered, and starting the engine, he engaged the gears again. "Where to?"

"Right on like we're headin', and out by the Sixt' Av'noo gate."

"But there's a traffic cop there, and another at Fifty-seventh——"

" 'At's why you're where y'are, kid, doin' all the swell drivin'."

HE KNEW what that meant. If the hue and cry were up already, its driver would be the first to be marked and remembered; he needn't hope to escape identification with these butchers whose accomplice foul play had made him. His loyalty was thus insured, his mouth forever sealed. In the sight of the law he was equally guilty with the actual killers and—the law was right. Unless and until he could muster enough manhood to denounce them, he must remain, in his own right, too, a murderer.

The officer he had thought to find at Central Park South was for some reason missing from his post, and the green lights on Sixth Avenue didn't change till the Packard had slipped past Fifty-seventh Street. Gib cheated the red flash at Fifty-sixth and pulled up at the next corner only because he couldn't buck a crush of cross-town traffic.

He scrubbed his palms on his trousers to dry them, and licked parched lips before attempting to speak. It was beyond him to look at Lefty.

"Where now?"

"Right back to where we borrowed this boat, kid—'bout six doors past the Calico Cat."

"Isn't that pretty risky? Maybe the dicks will be waiting there to take us——"

"Not a chanst."

"But that was Stitch Manter, wasn't it, that you—you——"

"Gettin' to be right bright, aincha? There's the lights—step on it."

GIB got the car under way again.

"But—I should think—they must know, Lefty, you and Stitch were out to get each other?"

" 'At don't prove nothin'. Anyway, it'll be hours before they quit runnin' round in circles and start thinkin'. Don't s'pose we headed out to take Stitch t'night wit'out gettin' the good ol' alibis all set first, do you? Yours, too—all set and waitin'!"

The Packard wheeled off the avenue, in view of the fire-fringed canopy of the Calico Cat. It was still a little early for the after-theater crowds. The statuesque shape at the door was consequently idle. But Gib was sure he saw it stiffen when the yellow car hove round the corner. Whether or no, the fellow showed his back to the street the next instant. He couldn't have seen the Packard slip by.

Lefty pointed out a stretch of vacant curb before an untenanted dark house. "Nice work," he added, as Gib neatly fitted the Packard into this space.

Nails tumbled out and darted back toward the club, and Mouse followed, hugging the machine-gun under his coat; but Lefty made no immediate move, while Gib on his part fell into a deep slouch at the wheel, feeling all at once as though he had just been kicked in the chest by a mule.

"What d'you mean," he thickly asked, " 'all set and waiting'?"

" 'At's what your alibi's nothin' but. Called up Bela tonight, dincha, and ast him to hold you a table?" Bela was the maître d'hotel of the Calico Cat. "Well, you been settin' at it an hour, only you don't know it. But Bela knows it—knows it so hard he'll climb on the witness stand and take his oat' to it any time he has to. Here, stick this in your poke." Gib blinked stupidly at the key to the ignition switch which Lefty was seeking to press upon him. "Take it—I'll wise you up, kid. Plant it in your right-han' vest pocket—'atsa stuff. You're gettin' better every minute. Listen now: this automobile belongs to Carrie Shaw, see?"

"Who?"

"Carrington Shaw—you know, the movie man. He's inside, cuttin' up wit' the kittens. Your l'il pal Maida's stringin' him. It was her picked this key off him while they was dancin'. Now you gotta go in and give her the once around so's she'll get a chanst to lift it off you and plant it back on Big Boy Carrie. Then if it turns out some un was smart enough to spot the license number, over on First Av'noo, the dicks 'll only find the Packard settin' patient out here, waitin' for young marster right where he parked it—and the key in Carrie's poke and more'n a hundred witnesses to swear he ain't took a roseful of fresh air any time 's evenin'. Chase on inside and slip Maida the high sign."

LEFTY dropped down to the street; but Gib felt, for another moment, powerless to move. Hopeless to ask him to play out this new business in the night club. How could he, with terror curdling the blood in his heart, with memories of the hour just past crawling in his brain like worms?

"Come on! L'il speed, kid! I'm here to see you show it."

He found himself quite unable to recall having left the car and making for that garish portal. The distance wasn't more than forty yards at most, yet he was a strangely long time getting there. He was strangely interested, too, in the workings of his legs. Like clockwork. Like living a slow-motion sequence in a movie. It was funny. It was horrible. He couldn't remember that he had ever been body-conscious like this before. He supposed it was because he was being driven. It wasn't his will at whose behest his body was taking him where he didn't want to go, but a will beyond and stronger than his own. Lefty's, he shouldn't wonder. But Lefty was no longer at his side. The collective will of the mob, then?

THE doorman pointedly didn't see him. Tony, the coat boy, taking wraps, marked Gib's entrance in one flash, and immediately reeled into the coat-room, not to show his nose again so long as Gib remained in evidence.

Gib waited for Bela by the arched opening which gave on the restaurant proper. The long, thin neck of the room he looked into was packed with midget tables, of which none as yet was taken. But the whanging of the jazz band in the main body of the room had a heavy undercurrent of voices to testify that the night club had got away to a good start already. Another party romped in from the street, and Gib felt his heart stumble. He stared incredulously at a young man who incredulously stared back from the wall mirror set opposite the archway. Hard to believe it was himself he saw there, so trim and well set up in dinner clothes by a master tailor, so newly come from figuring in one of the massacres of underworld warfare: himself, Gilbert Parke of Signal, felon . . .

His face, the mirror said, was white as his shirt and almost as rigid. He licked his lips to ease their tension, and moved on into the restaurant.

Bela met him. "The little table you usually have, Mr. Parke. You'll find an unfolded napkin at your place and a drink; but they don't mean anything except you just stepped out for a minute. And you don't have to order."

And Gib perceived that his legs had got in motion again of their own accord and were leading him through the tables round the dance floor. The air was enough to stifle a fellow. And the racket! Gib said to himself: "Enter the first murderer."

There were even ashes in the ash-tray on his table, and the end of a forsaken cigaret. Gib caught up a glass half full of undiluted whisky and took it at one pull. He was afraid to look for familiar faces at the tables or among the dancers. Any stranger that chanced to catch his eye, anybody at all, might pick his mind before he could dissemble it. And he couldn't seem to turn it from its consternation. The doorman, Tony of the coat-room, Bela, Maida Leslie, and now this waiter who had been instructed to serve him as soon as he sat down—the whole staff had apparently been taken into the murder plot! He didn't get it. It was as good as asking for a one-way ticket to the Death House up the river.

" 'Scuse, gentleman."

Gib violently started, then moved his arms, that a waiter whom he had never seen before might place a dish before him.

"What's that?"

"Chicken chow mein, gentleman, what you ordered."

His favorite supper fare—Bela never forgot anything. But Gib had no hunger in him tonight. And that long drain of whisky might have been so much water. "Fetch me another highball, will you, and tell 'em a stiff one."

He must find something to do to stop himself from thinking. Otherwise people would think it funny to see him sitting there with that dead white, set face, keeping himself to himself, never daring to look up and see anybody—sunk.

He sat up, helped himself, and ate. Later he discovered that he had consumed the chow mein to the last shred. He couldn't recall that the food had had any taste, but he did feel a good bit firmer for it. He took a deep swig of his second glass, lighted a cigaret, and forced himself to glance round the room.

THE floor held a mob so densely packed that to term its gestures dancing was at least broad-minded. Gib kept close watch on it till its millings threw a pretty young person within his range of vision. The girl was nestling to a pigeon-breasted animal whose spirit of high humility illuminated the features of the screen's newest princeling. She made a naughty face at Gib and meaningly glanced at her wrist. This wore no watch, but the boy understood: it was getting on to midnight; and she would have to retire presently to change for the revue. (*Turn to page 46*)

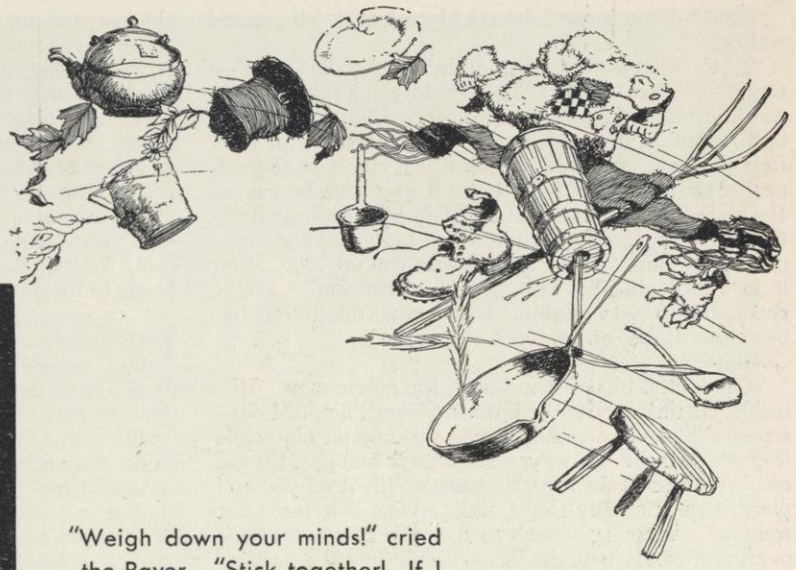
FLAME

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Gib was hardly aware that his partner was speaking. He found himself looking into the smiling eyes of Lyn Castaigne. Of course it would happen just like this! It had to be this night, of all nights, that his wish came true and he gazed into those true eyes again

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. BRYSON

THE WEE MEN



"Weigh down your minds!" cried the Paver. "Stick together! If I only had an eyeful of moonlight I'd tell you which way we are going"

BY ARTHUR MASON

Strange things can happen in Ireland—and begorrah, they did, on the night of the big wind when even the fairies were blown away . . .

OLD DANNY O'FAY and his donkey lived in a hut by the sea, and Danny sold fish through the country.

People wondered how he got his fish. He was never known to buy from fishermen, nor did he ever fish himself. But before he went to bed, he put the wee saddle on his donkey. Another thing he did, and he never missed a night. He would fill his clay pipe and light it, and puff on it for a bit. Then he'd open the door and lay the smoking pipe on the doorstep, saying, as he yawned: "A fine night it is, with the sea talking and the corncrakes singing. Well, have your smoke and take your donkey ride. You'll not be forgetting my fish for the morning. Good night to yez all."

Then he'd close and bar the door and lie down on his bed of straw, and sleep until Jerry, his donkey, heehawed him awake. Then up he'd get and open the door, and out to his two-wheel cart he'd go to look at his fish. There they'd be, fresh from the sea, every one of them. Old Danny would smile. "Ah, and it's a fine catch they had last night," he'd say.

This had been going on for quite a while, and old Danny and his donkey thrived fairly well. He had his bowl of red tea and potatoes and cabbage, and once in a while the leg of a duck. Old Danny was happy as he drove through the country, shouting his song:

"*Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!*"

Then came a day when Danny's customers questioned his honesty.

"Say, Danny O'Fay," they asked, "where do you get your fish? You never buy from fishermen, nor do you ever fish yourself."

"Is it stealing fish you're thinking I am?"

"Oh, the Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Blaney, "and us eating every morsel of them. It isn't that at all, at all, Danny O'Fay, but worse! Our eyes we've been keeping on you lately, and it's said, by word of mouth, that in the dark of the moon, wee lights are seen dancing round your hut. Now, Danny O'Fay, if it's harboring Willie the Wisp you are, and all of his clan, not a fish will we buy from you!"

"TUT, TUT," said Danny. "You're all astray in your mind. It's eating too much oatmeal you are, and not enough fish out of the sea."

"Away with you, Danny O'Fay," they scolded. "Look at the saddle marks on your donkey! How do you explain that?"

"I do a bit of riding in my sleep," answered Danny. "And as for the wee lights you do be seeing in the dark of the moon, sure it may be the flicker of your own candle lights that you haven't blinked out of your eyes."

"Oh, no, Danny O'Fay, it's pious men have seen the lights, and they have warned us to buy no more of your fish. Away with you now!"

"Get up!" said Danny to his donkey. "It's terrible times we do be having, with people not believing, nor buying my fish. Well, well, what will become of us, anyway?"

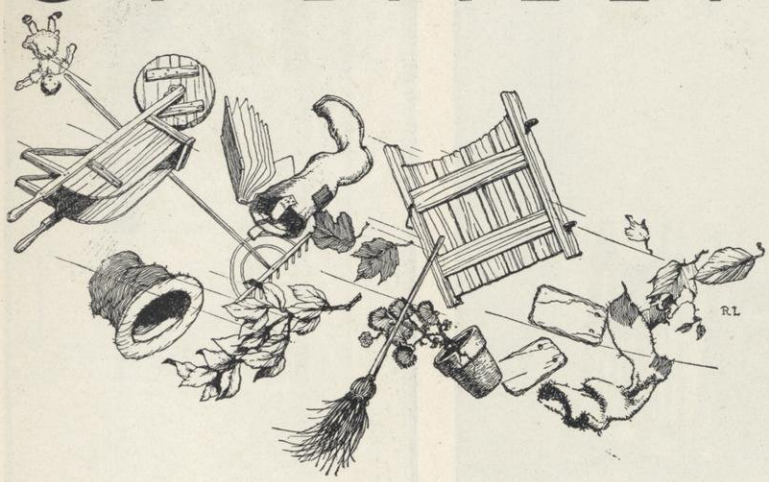
All day long he drove through the country, but not a fish could he sell. Nor would the farmers speak to him when he passed. They looked the other way. So, heartsore and weary, he turned his donkey homeward, and by the time he reached the four roads, a mile or more from his hut, a wall of clouds banked the setting sun.

Old Danny looked up at the cloud-growing sky. Said he to himself, "I hear the crows scolding on the wing to their nests, but not a sign of one do I see. Put longer strides into your steps!" he shouted to his donkey. "Is it blind you are, that you can't see the clouds falling? Don't be listening to the frogs croaking or the crickets a-singing. Can't you hear the wind starting a fight in the whins? On with you, I say, before the pitch of the night swallows us up!" And Danny trudged on behind his donkey cart, thinking the while of the wind and the power of it, and of the morrow with the fish in his cart left to rot.

THE ROAD now ribboned itself along the strand, and Danny looked out at the sea.

"The wee men will be doing no fishing tonight," said he to himself, "not with the waves coughing the hearts out of themselves the way they are. Ah, and sure and I'll have to be telling them to put their wee nets away. I can't sell a fish. There's a blight upon me. But they'll have their smoke and their donkey ride just the same!"

OF BALLYWOODEN •



Night came in, like a crow lighting on a nest of eggs. Danny was home, unhitching his donkey.

"Ah, what a night, what a night!" he was saying. But he couldn't hear himself talk, for the wind stole the words out of his mouth as fast as his tongue could twist them.

"Ah, there'll be a world of trouble tonight. I, with my five and seventy winters, have never listened to the lung-moanings of the wind like this before." He fumbled for the buckle on the donkey's collar. "Keep your ears away from my hands, bad cess to you, and me trying to get you out of the wind!"

HE OPENED the door of his hut. There was a wee turf fire burning in the grate.

"Good evening to yez all," he said. "My eyes don't see one of you, but sure and that's nothing at all, with a night of nights outside. Come in, Jerry," he said to the donkey, "and be thankful you have a roof over your head." At that moment the wind lifted a blanket of thatch off the roof. "I may have spoken a bit too quick; anyway, there's a fire in the grate, and your stall is over yonder."

Danny closed and barred the door. The wind tumbled through the hole in the roof and filled the hut. Danny tried to light a candle but the wind wouldn't let him. He pulled off his cap, scratched a wisp of hair over his ear, and looked up at the roof.

"Where's the moon tonight? Bad luck to her, the hag that she is. You never can see her when you want her. But it's feeding the donkey I'll be doing." He felt his way to the stall. There stood the donkey eating oats.

"WHAT!" exclaimed old Danny. "Did they feed you before they left? Well, well, God bless every one of them! May the roots of the trees take a good grip on the ground while the wee men hold on to them, for it's something firm they'll be needing tonight. Ah, and why don't they have houses like human beings? But it's not for me to tamper with things that are, and things that are not. Anyway, they'll have their smoke, even if the wind lifts the world on its wings!"

Danny sat down by the fire and lit his pipe. He smoked for a bit, then he got up and opened the door to lay his pipe down on the doorstep. The storm, like a byre full of bullocks chased by bumble bees, knocked the pipe out of his hand, and the mouth of the wind gulped its sparks.

"You gluttonous villain!" shouted Danny. "May the sparks burn a hole in your thrapple!"

He placed his back against the door and with his sharp shoulder blades he closed it.

"Sure," said he, "it feels as if the tops of the mountains were playing hop, skip and jump! Oh, what a night for my wee friends to be out in! No shelter, no smoke, and the world rolling under them!"

As old Danny hobbled over to the fire, the only window in the hut blew in and crashed around his feet. A roar ran up the chimney and the wee fire chased after it. And to make matters worse, the thatched roof was stripped off completely. Danny was blown against the door, and he stood there, rubbing his hands.

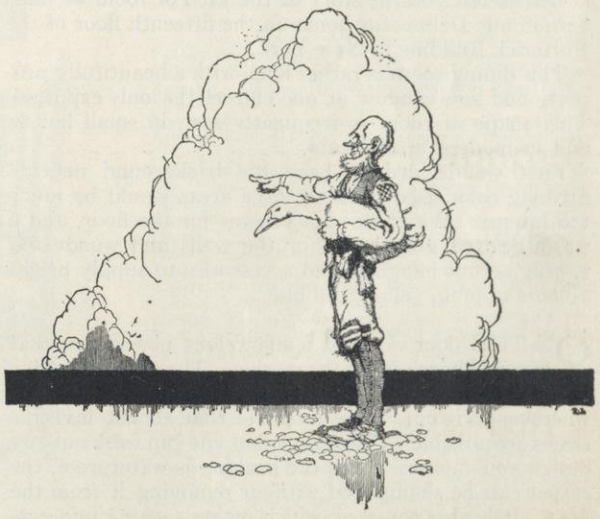
"Is it afraid I am?" he cried. "Tut, tut, Danny O'Fay, put that thought out of your head. It's not the wind you're listening to at all, it's the music from the big tumbling waves you're hearing."

He crawled on his hands and knees to the donkey stall. "Get over there, Jerry. It's Danny that's talking. Don't you hear me? Get over, I say. Shake the roar out of your ears. There isn't an eyecup of sleep in the world tonight, but it's lying alongside of you I'll be doing. If the wild mane of the blow leaves the walls standing, we'll both be here in the morning. Whist! Is that whispering I'm hearing, or is it the wind counting the spokes in the wheels of my cart?"

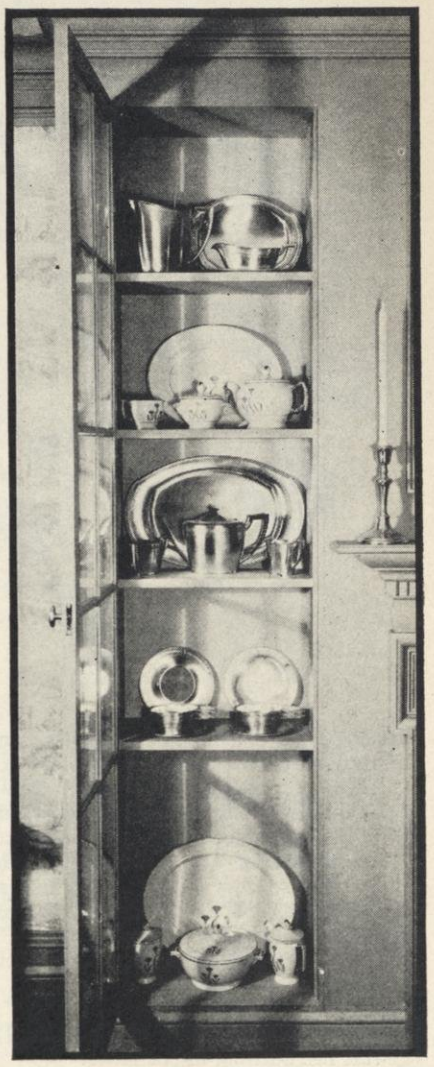
Old Danny lay down under the manger, talking to himself, and closed his eyes.

THE BIG WIND wrought havoc through the country that night. Nothing escaped. Cattle sheds were upended. Chimneys tumbled down. Sheets of bog water went flying through the air. The Four Roads were choked with jaunting cars. Thorns and whin bushes were plucked out by the roots. Hedgehogs, wheelbarrows—all sorts of things—were loose and on the run; and things that were here were there. Mrs. Blaney's rooster, (*Turn to page 55*)

"I've talked to that old drake of mine," Danny told the humming-bird. "'Fly away,' says I, 'and find the wee men—they know the lone note in your squawk'"

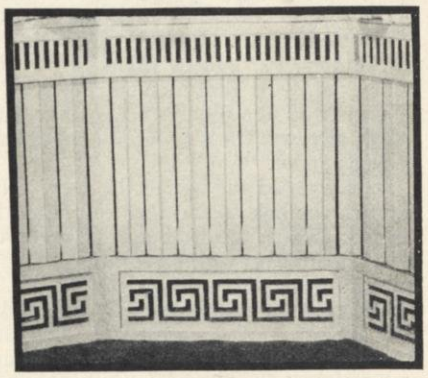


ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LAWSON



DINING-ROOM DETAILS

A New Recipe which Creates Hospitality for Your Family and Friends



Above: By their hospitable personality, the chairs of this handsome dining-room group key the ensemble of the room. Chairs, sideboard, and mirror are excellently designed and honestly constructed. Notice that we have interrupted as little as possible the peaceful rhythm of this background of scenic wall-paper

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF INTERIORS
JOSEPH B. PLATT, DIRECTOR

AS WE were planning and building and equipping this friendly dining-room that we present to you this month, Delineator Interiors had an especially thrilling adventure. The world of building and decoration seemed never so teeming with ideas and suggestions that we wanted to show to you at once. Practical ideas, every one of them, and practicable. Every one of them a perfect union of common sense and beauty. Every one, too, contributed to the spirit of friendliness and comfort and hospitality, the perfect mood for a dining-room. And —and who of us isn't interested in *this* fact?—every one not expensive.

Let us tell you the story of the kind of room we built here in our Delineator home on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building in New York.

This dining-room is rather long, with a beautifully proportioned bow window at one end as the only exposure. This shape of room is frequently seen in small houses and in modern apartments.

First we decided to keep the background neutral. Striking color used on such large areas would be much too intense. We chose rich browns for the floor, and a warm-hearted gray beige for the walls and woodwork, relying on our hangings and accessories to supply bright accents of pink, yellow and blue.

ON THE floor we used a marvelous new carpet that has just been put on the market. The rubber backing locks the pile so that the carpet forms its own selvedge wherever it is cut. The result is that almost invisible seams are possible. This means that you can work out any design you choose. Since the backing is waterproof, the carpet can be shampooed without removing it from the floor. It is also non-skid, which makes tacking unnecessary, and suggests the use of this carpet for scatter rugs.

We have become so absorbed in the virtues of this kind of carpet that we almost forgot to tell you what ours is like. It is a warm dark brown, with a lighter shade of brown inlaid in a simple design in the center, and forming a deep border all around the edges.

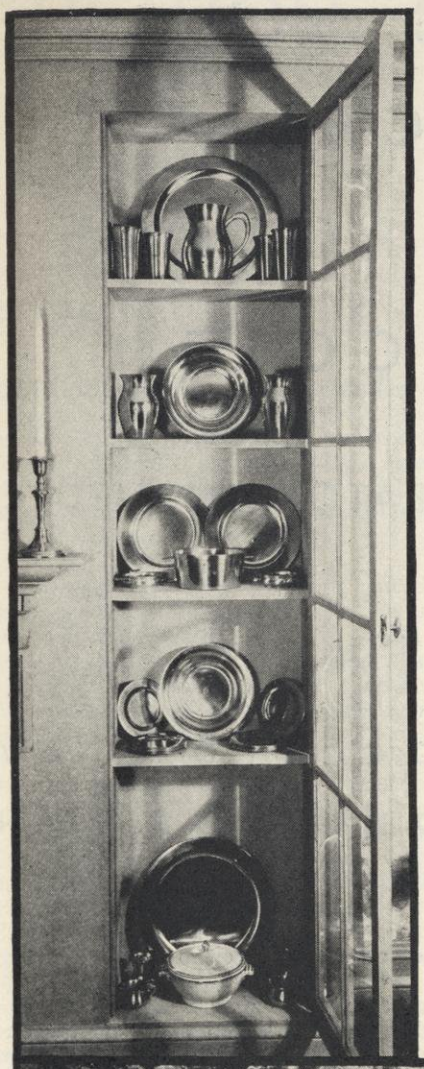
A sunny bow window. Yesterday's ugly radiator pipes, usually exposed under a bow window, may now be decoratively concealed. (See close-up above, right)

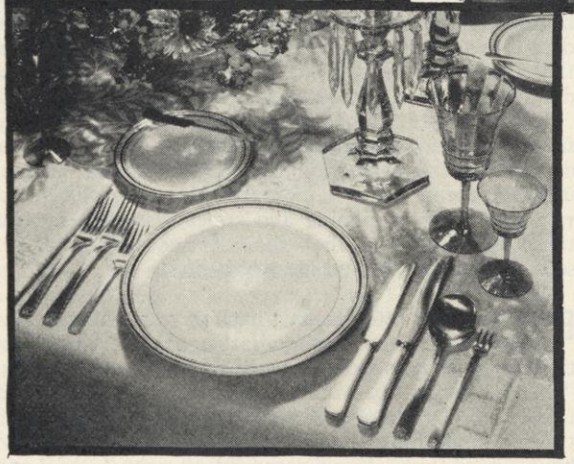
One long wall of the room is broken by two doors, which are, fortunately, symmetrically placed.

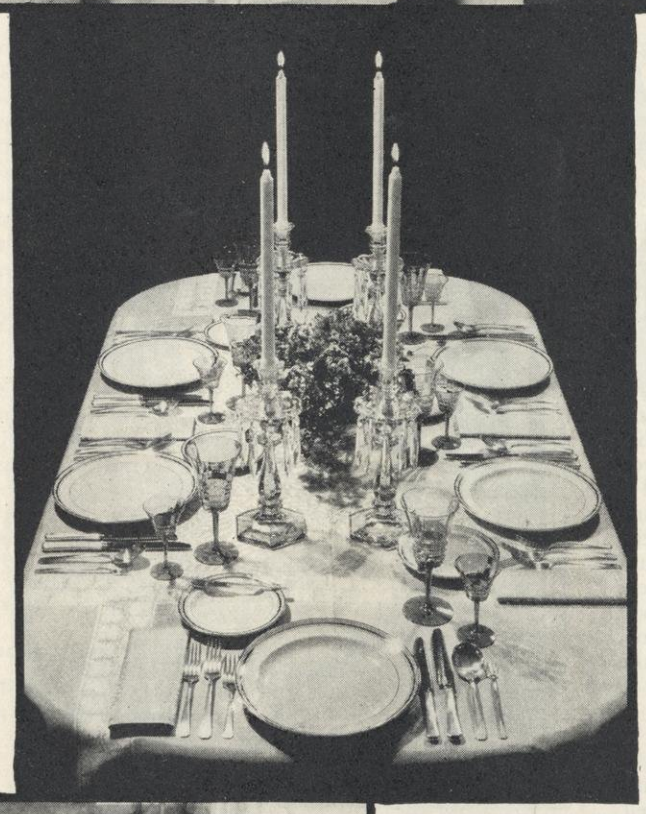
The wall opposite was just one long, unbroken expanse of plaster. Something had to be done about absorbing this space—and it was.

HERE was the perfect place for a beautiful wooden mantel that is an exact copy of one in a lovely old Connecticut house. The mantel was flanked by two tall cupboards with long glass doors. When we saw the beauty of it, and thought of what a good time we could have equipping the cupboards with beautiful things of great convenience to a dining-room, we ordered this unit and installed it in the center of the long, unbroken wall. Now we have a handsome architectural unit that is superbly decorative, breaks the space, and yet subtracts almost nothing from the width of the room.

A unit such as this is a perfect solution for a room where a real fireplace would not be feasible. You could use, as we used, a clever arrangement of charred logs and a rosy electric light that flickers convincingly with the glamour of a real fire. Only the heat is lacking, and often heat is superfluous in a steam-heated house. (*Turn to page 64*)







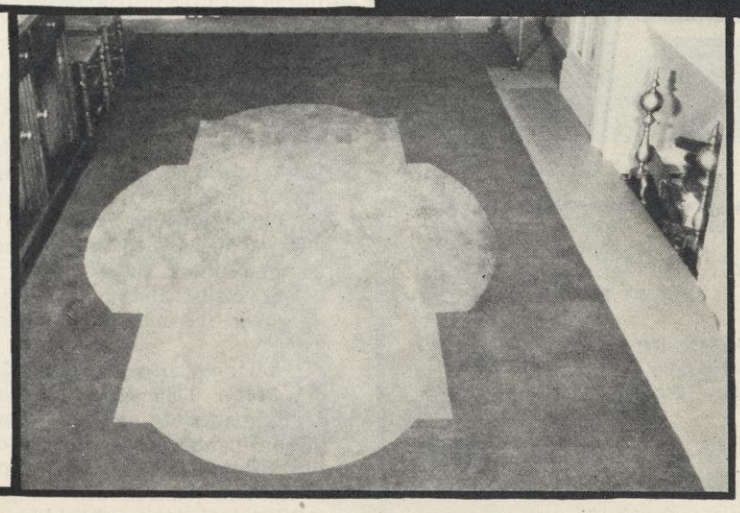
"The pleasure of your company"—these are the warm-hearted words that seem to be the theme song of this graciously assembled dining-room. Every detail contributes to the spirit of the decoration and to the friendly well-being of the room. The handsome mantel keys this side of the room. Of new manufacture, based on old designs, are the beautiful mantel clock, the lustre pewter, plate silver hollowware, blue willow ware, sconces, candelabra. Below, the armchair of the dining-room group

Above, a place set for dinner when the family dines informally. In the designs of the table ensemble there is harmony: the squared pattern of the cloth, the simple lines of the plates, and the planes of the glasses combine happily with the recessive outline of the design in the "Skyline" silverpieces. Below, the photograph shows specially designed inlay in carpet, a design emphasizing the pleasant proportions of the room and appropriate to the oval table

TABLE ACCESSORIES SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY HELEN UFFORD, HOSTESS EDITOR, DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS GRATEFULLY MADE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ROOM:

THE BACKGROUND: Windows, Doors, Trim, Mantel Unit, Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Iowa.—Paint for Woodwork, The Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, O.—Wall-paper, M. H. Birge and Sons Company, courtesy of The Wallpaper Association of the United States, New York.—Inlaid Carpet, Collins and Aikman Corporation, New York. THE DRAPERIES: Glass Curtains, Puritan Fabrics from F. A. Foster & Company, Inc., Boston.—Overdraperies, Colonial Drapery Fabrics from Marshall Field and Company (Wholesale), Chicago. THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT: Fantom Radiator, American Radiator Company, New York.—Magiclog Fire and Andirons, H. A. Bame, New York.—Lighting Fixtures, Cephas B. Rogers, New York.—Radio, Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia.—Electric Clock, Seth Thomas Clock Company, New York. THE FURNITURE: Dining-room Furniture, Berkey and Gay, Division of the Simmons Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan. THE EQUIPMENT FOR TABLES: Tudor Plate Flatware, *Skyline* design, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, New York.—Goblets, Centerpiece, The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, Ohio.—China, *Pelham* design, Leigh Potters, Inc., Alliance, Ohio.—Pewter: William A. Rogers, Ltd., Niagara Falls, New York.—Dinner Tablecloth and Napkins, *Portia* design, Breakfast Cloth and Napkins, The Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild, New York.—Candlesticks, A. H. Heisey & Company, Newark, Ohio.—Candles: Waxels, Will and Baumer Candle Company, Syracuse, New York. THE ACCESSORIES: Blue Willow Ware, E. W. Hammond, New York.—Linen Runner for Sideboard, Italian Needlework Guild of Hamilton House, New York.—Vases, Ash-trays, Cigaret Box, The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, Ohio.—Candelabra, A. H. Heisey & Company, Newark, Ohio.—In cupboards flanking fireplace: Hollowware, *Paul Revere* design, Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, New York.—China, *Cornflowers* design. Leigh Potters, Inc., Alliance, Ohio.—Pewter, William A. Rogers, Ltd., Niagara Falls, New York.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER • DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL

It longs to reflect beauty from every member of the family. If a mirror could speak, here is some excellent advice that it would give to father, mother, and the younger generation too

BY
CELIA CAROLINE COLE
DELINEATOR INSTITUTE
DECORATION BY WITOLD GORDON

"*Mirror, mirror on the wall,*
Who is the fairest one of all?"
asked the wicked Queen. And for years the mirror, who was the very soul of truth, answered gravely, "You are the fairest of them all."

And then, one fine morning, the truth had changed, as truth does in this world of progression, and the mirror, with the same unruffled gravity, told her that she was all right but that there was one who was better looking—her stepdaughter, Miss Snow White. And then there were ructions. But the mirror didn't care. Mirrors are not concerned with one's *amour propre*—they deal in truth.

There they hang, shining and decorative and apparently unmoved by what looks into them, seeing all, remembering, knowing more about the family that lives in the house than anybody else—even more than the family physician or the servant in the house, though they know a lot.

Only think of the fund of things a mirror has to think about upon its off hours! Of the way father caught a glimpse of himself the other day in a strong light, and came over close and looked and looked! And his thoughts seeped into the mirror, too, and sank down and stayed there (that's the reason mirrors grow dim and speckled—bad thoughts work the havoc). "My Lord, I'm getting *old!* I feel just as young as I ever did, but look at the way my hair is thinning out on the temples, and that bald spot on the crown!" He can't see that, but his fingers feel it. "And my chin and cheeks are sagging! Good Lord, I'll have to start in using some of Mary's fool lotions! *Not me!*" He says this last stoutly, but the mirror knows that his secret heart is already planning to take a look at those bottles in the bathroom.

AND then he stands sidewise and sees his silhouette. He pulls in the middle of himself sharply—why should *he* be getting a bow window? He doesn't eat much . . . well, not so *very* much, and he takes exercise—well, now, he does, really. The right kind? And faithfully? No, he doesn't. He looks once more into the mirror, and his heart feels a little pinched. He pulls his hat on and slinks quietly out of the door.

And that day when mother caught a new light on herself. She was patting around the room, setting things to rights, a touch here, a little pull there, and then, suddenly, she saw herself—while she was thinking. She stopped short and her heart sank down like a rock in the sea. Was that *she?* Is that what she looked like when she was off guard? Why, she was *old!* A puffy look under the eyes, her mouth down at the corners—little, hard, straight lines coming there. And her chin! Loose! And that old, crinkled look in her eyelids! And her tired, faded-looking eyes! And worse than anything, her face, off guard, was *hard!* Well, life was hard. But she didn't *feel* hard—she felt strained, and that life was too much—it ought to be simpler and easier. She didn't feel old—why, she hadn't done anything yet, she hadn't been what she had always meant to be, yet; she was just beginning to know how to live, the inside of her was just beginning to find its way into expression. Oh, no, *no*—the outside of her mustn't get old and block her way! Oh, no, no!

And the mirror looked back at her unmoved. But behind its smooth face it was thinking: "You should have begun ten years ago to do something about it. But you didn't, and now you will have to give much more time to those bottles and jars in the bathroom. Ah, I know how depressing it is when I send back a face that is losing!"

But it was to young Mary that the mirror departed from its character and gave sympathy. It had seen the desperate tears in the eyes of young Mary as she glanced into the mirror, and saw, looking back at her, a face that would have been winning and sweet if it were not for those ugly blotches that marred her skin—and her sensitive young soul and her whole life.

BITTER, desperate thoughts back of young Mary's face—why didn't her mother or father do something about this thing that was spoiling her life! How *could* they say: "Oh, it's nothing to worry about—acne often comes at this time. Dr. Blank says that it will all clear up in time. Don't think about it—forget about yourself and have a good time. You'll come out all right." As if any one could forget herself when her self was ugly, when every time any one looked at her, she was conscious of every spot on her face, conscious that she looked *unclean* and unlovable, and youth was here, "the happiest time in your life," and it wasn't happy at all—it was full of shame and helplessness, and it *hurt!*

And the mirror dropped one, two, quicksilver tears down its back because it knew even better than young Mary what those splotches on her face were doing to her—settling her face into forlorn, rebellious lines, so that the mouth which should have been gay with laughter was sullen and drooped, and shame and defiance looked out of her eyes instead of eagerness and joy.

And if the mirror had lived in the good, old, exciting, Hans Andersen days, it would have said these things:

"You, father and mother, you're pathetic enough, but you have had quite a lot from life, and your souls are strong through experience to meet trouble, but young Mary is just beginning, and the most frightening thing in the world is eating at her heart—the fear that she is one of those women who will walk the path of life alone, unwanted, unloved by love, no romance, no home of her own, no husband to hold her hand close in bad times, no children to love and to help. You take her to a good skin specialist, and if necessary, sell all that you have to make her free and unashamed, and equal to her peers!

GOOD, old, all-seeing mirror! Let's begin with young Mary. There isn't a good salon in this town that isn't doing wonderful things with acne. And the skin specialists are banishing acne every day with ray treatments and with prescriptions, and control of diet and insistence on rest and quiet, normal living.

Whoever has acne should not use cold creams—except those medicated ones especially (*Turn to page 52*)

THE HOLE STORY ABOUT HOSE

DRAWINGS BY WALTER STEWART

If the wear-out-ability of your hose is causing you worry, Lucile Babcock's interview with Miss Gay Walton, well known hosiery expert, will give new hope

BY LUCILE BABCOCK

PERHAPS, sometime within the last few years, you have had this experience in buying hose. An absurdly youthful but very brisk-moving girl waited on you at the hosiery counter. Mentally you approved the quiet perfection of her attire, the burnished beauty of reddish brown waves, but above all you responded to the alert, sparkling quality of her hazel eyes. Quite wonderful eyes. Attentive. Interested . . . in *you*.

You warmed to her sympathetic attitude and told her that your hose wore at the instep. She suggested a new size, and miraculously, upon trial, it did seem to have been the trouble. You told her what beiges you like and what gray you hated, and after a pleasant purchase of three pairs of hose all in the same color (at her suggestion), you hastened to tell all your friends: "I've found the most *marvelous* hosiery girl at X's," and then the very next time you went back to patronize her again, she was gone —and you've been bemoaning her loss ever since.

Undoubtedly it was Gay Walton who waited on you—Gay Walton in one of her semi-annual back-to-the-customer tours. She never guesses about what you and I want. She gets behind the counters of department stores all over the country and asks us. The directness and simplicity of her methods are a very good reason why she is advertising manager and stylist of one of the largest hosiery concerns in the world.

She looks so like a schoolgirl in appearance, when you first see her in her office, that it is hard to believe that she holds this important position. I liked the simple subtle crêpe frock, with its crisp white frillings around the collar, that she was wearing the day I called on her. I liked further the Vionnet black wool crêpe coat and dull black bangkok hat that I saw nearby. I liked, still more, the brisk tempo with which she met and answered my question: "How can I make my hose give me adequate wear?" It was another very apparent reason for her success.

"Half of the wearing quality of hose," said Gay Walton, "lies in the care you give them, and the other half in the buying. When I was working behind hosiery counters I discovered that women buy almost anything more thoughtfully than hose. You hardly ever, for instance, hear a woman go to a toilet goods counter to say: 'I'd like a big jar of cold cream.' Not at all. She asks for the vanishing cream of so and so, the skin food of such and such. In a word, she asks for a certain brand because it is reputed to accomplish certain results. In place of coming into a hosiery section to ask for *a* pair of hose, beige, nine and a half, it is a much safer proposition to ask for a certain brand of hose. Then the woman has back of her the guarantee of a reputable make. It claims certain things, and if the claims are not lived up to, then she has a very definite come-back to the manufacturer. To buy hose by name is the first important rule, I think.

"Then, next, I think length is the most important consideration in buying hose. If you get them too short—and cheap hose are quite apt to lack length—you are due for difficulties. A twenty-nine inch hose is a reliable length, although, if you are extra tall, you ought to buy them even longer than this.

"The width of the hem is another important point to consider. Cheap hose will always skimp on the hem and then you lose an anchorage for your garter. From three to four inches is a sufficient hem, but certainly no less.

"Then, having purchased hose correctly, tubbing is terribly important. They should be washed after every wearing, and always with a bland soap in lukewarm water. If the hose are the sheer evening variety, it is a good plan to wash them before wearing at all, because they are apt to shrink a little. Very sheer hose should also be purchased a little larger than service weight, so as to allow for this extra shrinkage.

"If, despite all your care, your hose develop a run, the new hosiery repair machines can do perfect wonders in reweaving. Just see this pair of evening hose. Fifty-four gauge, and they're so gossamer fine that in hurrying to put them on, the run happened. But the reweaving is so perfect that you would never guess.

"Personally, I think that the greatest message of hope in the whole hosiery business," said Gay Walton enthusiastically, "is the new dull weave hose. They're knitted with what—perhaps you know—is called the grenadine twist. One thread is twisted one way and one the other, and the two are twisted together, so that upon weaving, you get a thread which is twice as strong and gives practically double wear. Because it has a dull surface, it looks twice as sheer and is actually slenderizing. At any rate, what with care, and hosiery repair machines, and a new weave, it begins to look as though we might say '*Long live our hose*,' and find that there is a good chance of it coming true."

"What about colors for fall?" I asked.

"Colors?" she parried, with that fashion-wise look in her eyes that I have come to recognize. It means: "I know, but I'm not quite ready to divulge." So, with that I had to be content, until another month at least. In the meantime, you may meet Gay Walton, in your own particular city, checking with you to make certain of what you really like, for a manufacturer may create and a fashion magazine approve, but, after all, it is you, who, by accepting or rejecting it, make or break a fashion.

Miss Gay Walton says that the new dull weave in hose wears better, looks twice as sheer, and the effect of it is actually slenderizing

Tub after wearing and tub with bland soap and lukewarm water

New evening hose should always be washed before wearing

The width of the hem should be at least from three to four inches

"Buy hose by name" is an important rule for purchasers to observe

"Never buy short" is an excellent admonition for us all to remember

3357

3371 3366

THE SILK SUIT

3371 The silk suit—particularly this one—is ideal for midsummer days in town. You will notice that the frock is sleeveless and that the jabot collar is worn outside the coat. The skirt flares in front and a wheel of shirring on the bodice gives a high waist effect. Sash bow. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

LIGHT AND DARK

3366 This jacket costume in a dark print has a light top on its sleeveless frock—a new fashion—and light and dark meet in scallops. The skirt flares in front, the bodice blouses at back, and you can place the belt where you want it. The collarless jacket is crushed by its own tying. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE **SOFTER** SILHOUETTE

HERE IS A SEMI-SHEER CRÊPE FROCK WITH A FRENCH LABEL

3357 Can't you see Paris in every line? Each one means something. The crossed bands that start at the hips widen to form the bolero, those on the skirt make the peplum and extend into sections of the flared skirt. The narrow tailored belt should be worn at the normal waistline. There is a separate slip. Designed for 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE DRAPED NECKLINE IS THE MOST FLATTERING OF ALL

3363 Here it is on a printed crêpe frock, and the effect is at once soft and feminine. An all-around flaring skirt is joined in a deep point in front. This frock has the back blousing that is so important to the high waistline, and the flared three-quarter sleeves that are so new. The belt can be worn where you like it. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

LACE IS A FEMININE TOUCH ON THE BLACK CRÊPE FROCK

3345 It is simply pulled through slots on bodice and sleeves, so that it may be laundered and replaced with little effort. However, the thing that makes the frock stand out from most others is the one-sided flare—this is new and different and it makes the hem uneven at one side. Tucked and draped waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

3363 3345

3361 3383

3353

3347 3357

GARDENIAS PREFERRED

3347 Natural flowers are a charming touch against gleaming white satin, and at the belt is the place to wear them. This frock is designed on princess lines, fitting the figure becomingly by the use of diagonal sections which widen into a beautifully swirled, scalloped skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

CROSS-OVER LINES

3357 You will find them on everything by autumn—often just as you see them here, in the design of the bolero and peplum blouse. This is one of the most popular French gowns, with its narrow belt at the natural waistline and an even instep-length skirt. Separate slip. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE **GRECIAN** INFLUENCE

THIS GOWN IS A GOLDEN SHEATH OF CHIFFON LAMÉ

3353 Striking, flattering, and altogether lovely, and as you see, nothing at all to make. The irregularly long skirt is subtly flared from the diagonal line of the corsage and vivid ribbon flowers accent the cross-over closing where it ends at the natural waist. There is a wide V décolletage, tucked and draped waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 48.

THE SCULPTURAL FOLDS OF THE NEW GRECIAN DRAPERY

3361 Belong to a frock of classic lines and beauty. The drapery is simply contrived, being a part of the bodice, crushed and held by a pin, and forming a one-sided cape at back. The belt, defining the natural waistline, disappears at the sides. The limp flared fulness of the long skirt is very charming. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 40.

THIS IS BROCADED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MANNER

3383 A lamé taffeta, flowered in an antique design, enhances the loveliness of this evening gown. The skirt is unusual, being flared, and at the same time having unpressed plaits at front and back which hang in soft folds. The diagonal peplum rises almost to the natural waistline on the right. Shoulder flowers. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40.

FROM THE MORE **TAILORED** SIDE OF CHIC

3350

3369

THE UBIQUITOUS DOTTED SILK

3369 You find it on hats now, and even in bags, and it is very nice for this scarf neckline held by a buttoned tab. Plaits, narrow belt, arched hipline, and a bloused back are also important. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

FALL SUITS HAVE LONGER COATS

3354 This is the correct new coat silhouette—belted high, fitted in the body and flared in the skirt. It has a quaint Elizabethan collar and triangular insets. Skirt with yoke and front plaits. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

3354

3343

3359

A NEW TYPE OF TAILORED FROCK

3359 A sleeveless sports frock with suit-like smartness. The collar of the jacket-like bodice does its best to become revers and the buttoning is very convincing. Bloused back, and plaits. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE NEWEST COAT IS FITTED

3350 It is in princess style with gores from shoulder to hem and it conforms to the natural graceful lines of the body. The collar is new—it crosses over and fastens with one button. Belted. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CROSS-OVERS

3343 The midseason collections stressed cross-over details like this. The three tabs button over on this one-piece frock which combines a flared front with a bloused and plaited back. New neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

GREAT CHIC FROM SIMPLICITY

3341 Belted, bloused at back and tailored, and very smart with its extreme diagonal closing at the neck and laced fastening. This is one of those coat-like frocks that will be so nice for fall. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

3341

EMPHASIZING **PRETTINESS** IN CLOTHES

3376

NICE THINGS ABOUT ORGANDY

3376 It looks so cool. It finishes the wrists and neck of this dark print and makes a perfect town frock. A diagonal yoke, set in between the bloused bodice and the flared skirt, is crushed and tied. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

WHITE AT THE NECK

3365 Is ever so important. It accents the deep blackberry color of which this frock was originally made. Notice the unusually flared skirt, cut in four pieces. Tucked waistline. Flared cuffs. Designed for sizes 14 to 18, 32 to 44.

VARIATION ON THE POLKA-DOT

3347 We find it perfect for this frock as dots do not obscure the smart diagonal seamings. These sections give the bodice a semi-fitted princess line, and widen into a flared skirt, belted high. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

BROWN ACCESSORIES

3351 Are worn with pastel silk frocks like this one. It is shirred and bow-tied at the neck and sleeves, and a wide girdle is set in at the natural waistline, between bodice and flared skirt. Back bloused. Designed for 14 to 18, 32 to 44.

3365 3347

3351 3373

3353

THE FORMALITY OF BLACK

3353 Is especially chic for this tea-time frock, and every one understands the flattery of a white frill. The cross-over closing runs down to the high waistline and the skirt flares unevenly. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 48.

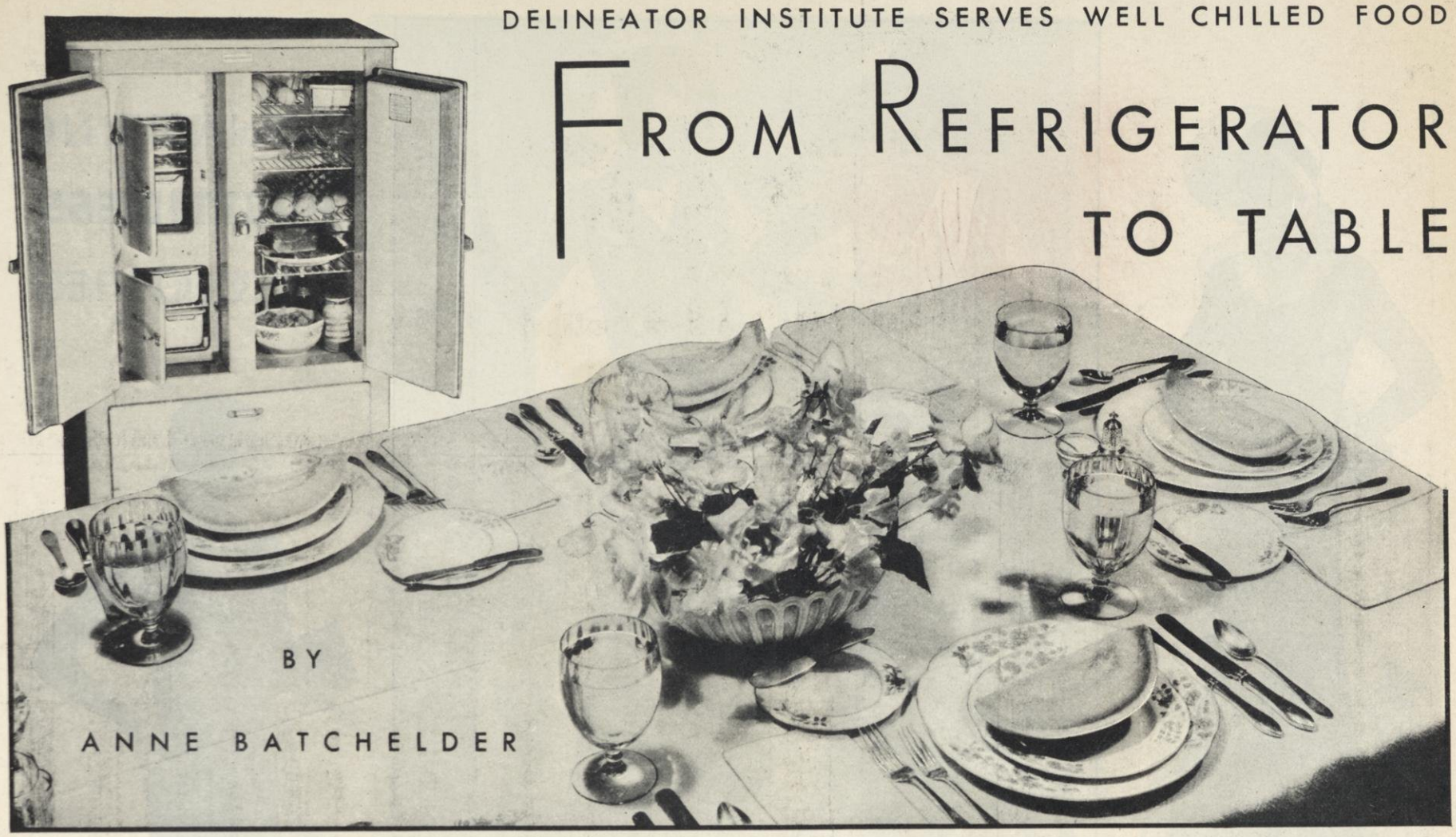
WE'VE NOTICED PLAID LATELY

3373 There is not very much of it around, but when you see it, it looks chic. It's a pastel plaid in this frock. The bow-tie matches the white collar and cuffs; the skirt flares from the hipline. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

FASHIONS CONTINUED ON PAGES 72—78

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE SERVES WELL CHILLED FOOD

FROM REFRIGERATOR TO TABLE



BY

ANNE BATCHELDER

Cold, crisp and delicious with tart and snappy flavor—and this is how we do it

No, of course we don't keep our refrigerator in the dining-room. We are just reminding you how useful a refrigerator is in serving food these hot days

SPEAKING of comfort—as who would not—makes us wonder, in hot weather, how our fore-mothers, resourceful and ingenious as they must have been, got along without refrigeration. They must often have been up against it.

But to us the modern refrigerator spells comfort in large letters. Comfort and security and a sense of peace of mind as regards food and its preservation, such as our forebears never dreamed of. The hardy souls—they got along somehow, and made the best of it. We need not be so hardy today. We are living in an age of progress.

Having disposed of this dissertation on the present versus the past, let us get our feet back on the old familiar ground and talk about food, from refrigerator to table.

It is hot. The bees are droning in the flowers; the light touch of bud time has changed into the mature opulence of full summer; and the August sun is very high in the heavens. We are eager for ice and long, cold drinks, for the sumac has lighted its August fires and the goldenrod is dusty in the summer lanes. This means that not only cold dishes to eat and cold beverages to drink are engaging to the mind and appetite, but ease and facility of serving are helps in time of need, and the refrigerator becomes well-nigh indispensable.

So let us talk of dishes that might please any one after a good hot day. All so easily done and all ready in the morning. Right from the refrigerator to the table, all cold and crisp and delicious, with plenty of tart and snappy flavor—and this is how we do some of them.

For instance, jellied consommé. You will use one of the excellent canned consommés. No one goes from shank bone to jelly these days and give thanks for this. But there is more to it than sticking a little gelatin into a can of consommé and letting it congeal. Heat the soup, soak two teaspoons gelatin to each cup of consommé in a little cold water and add to the soup. Dissolve well and strain. Then season. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of tabasco. Add about a teaspoon of lemon juice to each cup and just a dash of onion juice. Then pour into a shallow dish, not forgetting to strain it first. When it is set, chop it up and serve in cups. Garnish with a thin slice of lemon. Consommé—cold—needs pronounced seasonings. So have it a little snappier than you would serve it hot, and be sure to give it the lemon treatment.

A well decorated platter of cold meat is one of the summer meal's greatest attractions. Have the slices very thin, and serve plenty of prepared mustard, worcestershire, horseradish sauce, pickles and spiced things with it. Garnish with cress or with stuffed celery, and don't forget to add sliced oranges, grapes, or any cool-looking, cool-tasting fruit.

For the ravigote sauce take a few shallots or young onions and chop them very fine. Crush a clove of garlic and add. Chop a dill pickle, and when these are well mixed, add one tablespoon of prepared mustard, one tablespoon vinegar. Mix in a few sprigs of parsley if you have it. Cutting it fine, add a dash of thyme and a little bay. Beat the yolk of an egg until light and add to the sauce. Serve very cold. It makes cold chicken, turkey or game stand out as a new experience. And it keeps perfectly if made in the morning and eaten for supper. Give it a beat or two before serving.

The combination of lemon and tomato salad is about as cool a proposition as we can think of, and the process is simple. There are two ways to do it. Scoop out ripe tomatoes, salt them slightly inside and invert in a dish in the refrigerator. Prepare a tart lemon jelly by using one cup of lemon juice, one half cup orange juice and one half cup of water. Add one half cup sugar and bring to a boil Soak one tablespoon gelatin in a little cold water, add to hot juices and strain. When set, cut in small cubes and fill the tomatoes. Serve with cress or lettuce and mayonnaise. Or you might set the tomatoes in the lemon jelly, in individual molds. This is especially good when chopped olives are added either to the jellied dish or to the mayonnaise. The salty olives are a great idea in summer salads. They have that pick-me up something.

JAM custard—just for a change. Scald four cups of milk, add one half teaspoon of salt. Melt one half cup of sugar to a caramel and add to the milk and dissolve. Beat six eggs and pour the milk, slightly cooled, on them, strain, flavor with two teaspoons of vanilla and bake in custard cups, set in hot water in very moderate oven (300° F.) and until a knife inserted comes out clean. It takes about forty-five minutes. One may vary the flavor by adding a little strong coffee, or just plain vanilla and almond. Put into the refrigerator, and when ready to serve, cut out some of the center, fill with jam, replace the top and serve. Don't take them from the cups. If you bake them in glass custard cups they won't need any better serving dishes. Cold, surprisingly yielding jam or jelly when cut into; or if one likes them so, topped with whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, they furnish every element of cool, delightful and refreshing dessert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEINER IN DELINEATOR STUDIOS

OF course we cannot forget ice creams, mousses and frozen fruit things that the freezing trays are simply hungry to supply to the waning appetites of summer. Fruits from the cans may be frozen therein, removed, sliced, and served in their pristine splendor, or dolled up with fruit syrups of contrasting flavors, with cream, with simple sauces made from other fruits. One such is a banana sauce, so subtly summerish and delectable that, served on an orange ice, it made one of our guests say, "This banana concoction is the best part of the ice."

This is how we did it. Ripe bananas were put through a potato ricer to make two cups of purée. To this we added just a little sugar—about one tablespoon. Into this went the juice of two lemons. And it was all beaten until very light. Then, in its bowl, sprinkled with lemon juice to prevent discoloration, it was thoroughly chilled.

Raspberry ice is a thoughtful contribution to a summer menu. Just open two cans of raspberries and drain off the juice, reserving half a cup. Add the juice of four lemons, one cup of water. Sweeten with strained honey to taste and freeze. Take the half cup of reserved juice, add one half cup orange juice, two tablespoons sugar, and bring to a boil. Drop into this some of the berries, cook two or three minutes and remove the berries. Cook the juice three minutes longer. Pour over the berries, put into the refrigerator and serve on your raspberry ice. One trial usually makes a raspberry addict!

The refrigerator will take care of the ginger ales, lime and lemon and orange bottled beverages, iced tea, iced coffee and all the bright galaxy of lovely beverages, delivering them instantly in perfect coldness and scintillant temptation right to the table.

And let the sky be cloudless. Let the breeze die in the still heat of August. After all, the old Mother Earth is but preparing for the harvest ahead. Soon we shall be looking back to these honey-laden days, these long hot afternoons, with a vague sadness, a half-born regret. For autumn is just beyond those purple hills. Already summer is on the wane. Still it is hot, and we must have a cold supper. Have you noticed the sumac in the mowing?

Soup is an ideal summer luncheon!

In the middle of the trying summer day you need a luncheon that braces and invigorates you. There's nothing like delicious soup to tempt a sluggish appetite and revive your drooping energy. Especially since so many of your summer meals consist of cold foods with iced beverages. Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its fifteen health-giving vegetables, invites you by its delicious flavor, satisfies you with its substantial nourishment. And there are 20 other delightful Campbell's Soups for your selection! Already cooked, a convenience so welcome in summer. 12 cents a can.

Look for the
Red-and-White Label

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

My very next jump
Is simply great—
From where I sit
To my soup plate!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

How Mississippi river boats put new pages in our cook books

The last time I was in St. Louis, gathering together some Crisco recipes, I met an old settler who "remembers way back when" Mark Twain was a river-boat pilot. And he told me how Mississippi river towns came to have and keep their enviable reputation for good cooking.

Most of the river packets that used to swish-swish up and down the Mississippi carried passengers—but no kitchens. So they pulled into shore around mealtime at towns where the best food was served. Rivalry that existed between the towns produced some of our choicest American recipes—young fried chicken, corn fritters, huckleberry muffins—recipes so good that I've brought back several for your Crisco files.

What modern chefs know about flavor

The river packets and river-front eating houses have passed—but in a St. Louis hotel I ate fried chicken that was as good as Mark Twain ever ate in the "old days." Every piece was wrapped in a coat of golden crunchiness, sweet-tasting and crisp, and covered with creamy, rich chicken gravy.

I knew instantly that that chicken had been fried in Crisco. No other fat I've ever used wraps fried food in such a brown appetizing crust. The best chefs everywhere, and fine bakers, too, know what Crisco does for food. That's why so many of them use this sweet, fresh shortening in their cooking and baking. If *you* want to make a vast improvement in your fried chicken, make this simple change—fry it in Crisco. *Anything* that's fried will taste better fried in Crisco.

This St. Louis fried chicken was accompanied by a corn fritter that the chef told me could be pan-fried or deep-fried. But it has to be fried in Crisco or I can't promise that it will have the delicate flavor that a good fritter *should* have.

A recipe from Huck Finn's town

Then there was a huckleberry muffin recipe given to me by a woman in Hannibal, Missouri, which I think you'd like to know about. Perhaps you call them "blueberries." But anyway—in Huckleberry Finn's town, this muffin is a huckleberry muffin. If you like you can use other fruits in this same batter. I wouldn't use any other fat but Crisco in the batter, though. For I've found, after all these years, that I always have better baking results with Crisco. Crisco's quality is so uniform. It's always sweet and pure—just like unsalted butter fresh from the churn.

And it's so easy to work with. You *never* need to cream Crisco separately, then add (oh so slowly) the sugar . . . then eggs . . . You can put Crisco, eggs and sugar into the mixing bowl together and blend them with *one operation*.

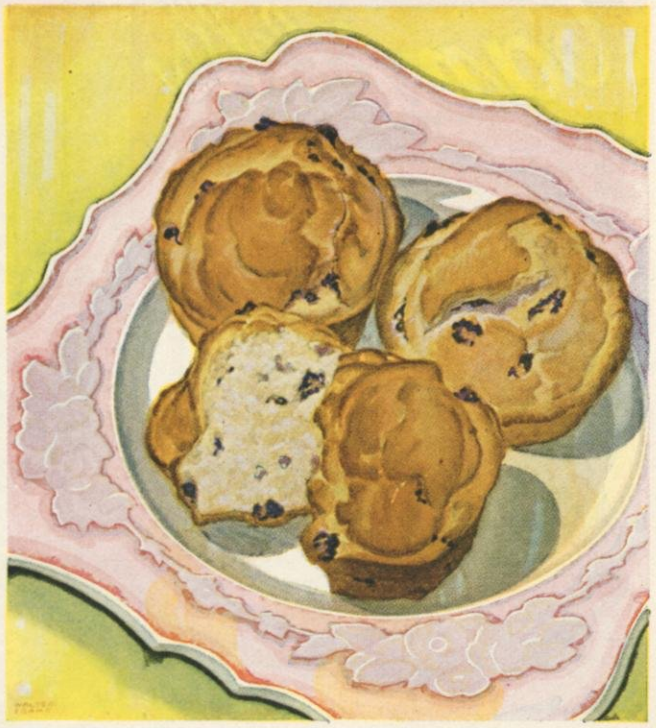
I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," I'd like to send you. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XD-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour — ¼ cup milk — 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs — ¾ teaspoon salt — 2 teaspoons melted Crisco
1½ cups drained, canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob

Sift dry ingredients together; beat eggs well; add milk and combine with first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add corn and melted Crisco. Drop by tablespoons into deep, hot Crisco, 360° to 370° F. (or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds) and cook from 4 to 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on crumpled unglazed paper. If you wish to pan-fry these fritters add ¼ cup additional flour to batter.



HUCKLEBERRY MUFFINS

4 tablespoons Crisco — 4 teaspoons baking powder — 4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt — 1 egg — ¾ to 1 cup milk
2 cups flour — ½ cup huckleberries (or other small, firm fruit)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg together in one operation. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix lightly. Don't try to smooth out the batter. Dredge berries with ½ cup flour and stir in gently. Bake in Criscoed muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 12 muffins.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF HUSBANDS

BY

ANNE BATCHELDER

AND

DR. ESTHER

LORD BATCHELDER

A. B. You know, it seems to me that children have had all the best of it from the angle of scientific advice and instruction to mothers on care and feeding, but I've been wondering why you don't do a little advising on the care and feeding of husbands. After all, the husband is pretty important to the family, and so far as I have observed, he doesn't rate too high when it comes to the matter of feeding him with something of the same care expended on the children. I'll wager that more than one big business deal has fallen down and a lot of promotions gone by the board just because some man wasn't feeling up to par. This makes me think there's something in this feeding business. What do you think of the idea?

E. L. B. I think it's good. It is true, as you say, that many a child is already benefiting by what his mother has learned about his nutritional needs. I believe a husband, too, would profit if his wife studied and applied a right system of care and feeding for him.

A. B. But perhaps he wouldn't like it. Men hate to be fussed about, don't you think?

E. L. B. She would need to be diplomatic, perhaps, but she shouldn't and needn't do much talking about it.

A. B. You agree with me, don't you, on the point about jobs and business deals and men feeling low because of wrong food or food eaten under wrong conditions?

E. L. B. Yes, I do, and as you say, husbands are important, and in more than an economic way. Speaking of economics, I don't believe people realize the economic effect of illness on the business of life, nor that much loss from illness comes because the lives of so many men don't consistently provide for proper food and rest as well as recreation and exercise.

A. B. Well, I think a wife can see to it that her husband is fed right, at the same time making him want to eat the food that's best for him—through paying plenty of attention to the appetite appeal, setting the stage right, you know, and making the food not only correct from the standpoint of nutrition, but so colorful and enticing that he won't rebel because he thinks he's getting only what's good for him. However, he shouldn't know too much about that. It would queer the whole thing.

E. L. B. Yes, the wife can see that her husband gets sufficient food of the right kind, and enough relaxation and peace in the home so that he will look forward to his meals, no matter what food prejudices he may have.

A. B. This interests me more and more. But what I want to know is how she will do it. I'm looking for a sort of bill of particulars. It's well enough to say, "Right food and enough of it," but what food, and why?

E. L. B. That isn't so hard to answer. If she serves well planned meals, tempting to the eye and also good to eat, she can adapt her menus to his special needs. For instance, if he is too thin, he needs starches, fats and sugars along with the vegetables, milk and fruits. Or, if he is too fat, she can help him cut down on the non-essential, fat-forming foods, at the same time seeing that he gets plenty of vegetables, milk and fruits, which spell minerals and vitamins, and which are necessary to a man as well as to a child if he is to function perfectly—both physically and mentally.

A. B. Men who eat away from home a good deal would soon undo all this good work, wouldn't they—unless they cooperated on the right diet scheme with their wives?

E. L. B. Yes, but this handicap could be overcome if the husbands were interested enough to find out what they ought to eat, and also if wives made an effort to find out what kind of meals their husbands got elsewhere. Then they could plan more intelligently, so that home meals would make up for deficiencies without taking away everything men like and want to eat.

A. B. This is fine, but you haven't given me a very good brief yet.

E. L. B. You want to know what the husband should eat, and I can tell you in a general way, even though the physical characteristics of the individual have to be taken into account. Sometime during the day he should have a pint of milk. It may be taken on cereal, as a beverage, or in milk soups or desserts. Most any food that includes milk could account for that pint. He should have two servings of fruit a day, too, and one of these ought to be orange juice or grapefruit or tomato juice, but this is easy, for every one likes one of these for breakfast, anyway. The other fruit serving may be had at any meal and in any liked way.

A. B. He'll want fruit if his wife does right by it. Fruit juices, cold and fresh, with their faint bouquet, can be made lovely in crystal and clear glass. And there are a thousand ways to make fruits so beautiful and so good that I can't imagine any man turning them down.

E. L. B. Then you know how we are always talking about vegetables. And really they are about as important as anything. If I were to give you a rule to go by, I'd say two good servings of vegetables besides potatoes every day is first-rate advice. Under most circumstances it is better to have servings of two different vegetables, but this is not necessary. However, you will approve of this—a variety from day to day should be provided. A green salad every day is, of course, desirable, and green leaf vegetables like spinach have an important place.

A. B. You are getting good now, and I think of another question. Supposing that wives attend to all this, how can one go about building up or shading down, be her husband too thin or inclined to an attention-compelling waistline?

E. L. B. If he weighs about what he should, a wife knows that he is getting the amount of fat-forming foods he ought to have, and that if she is providing the fruits and vegetables and a pint of milk a day, she needn't worry over the fat-forming foods such as bread, cereals, fats and sweets. But if he is too thin, she must try to increase the amounts of these foods, and try to get more rest for him as well. Here she can serve breads and desserts, cream and well-buttered vegetables, and have a clear conscience. But if there is a tendency to overweight, what she has to look out for is exactly the opposite. She really doesn't have to serve bread at every meal. She should see that vegetables aren't too liberally buttered, and as for rich sauces, gravies and starchy foods, they are distinctly out of it. He will need one serving of protein food, such as eggs, meat or cheese every day, but she can make sure it is lean instead of fat meat or cottage cheese instead of the "full cream" varieties. She can have fruits and leave out sweets for desserts and serve plenty of celery, lettuce and crisp greens, which are bulky but not fattening, and go a long way toward helping out the meal in this case.

A. B. A good working plan, if you ask me—and you know I think that all the things you've been talking about can be made just as good and just as attractive as the most highly evolved rich food. You know my favorite theory, that this food and feeding game is largely a matter of seasoning, flavoring, good cooking and beautiful appearance, and with this in mind I think any woman can feed her husband rightly without a protest from him—particularly if he didn't know it was being done.

E. L. B. But there is more to the subject than just food. The matter of rest and relaxation comes in here, and the question of sleep and recreation. All these are involved in the care—not to mention the feeding—of husbands!

A. B. Oh, well, I have written reams about the leisurely meal, the diversion of conversation, the making of the meal-time a pleasure-haunted memory, and if that is what you mean, I'm for it.

E. L. B. Exactly what I mean. And for the man who comes home tired, a chance to rest and relax even for a few minutes before dinner will prepare him to enjoy the pleasant meal-time you have outlined. This is not usually difficult to accomplish at dinner. But sometimes breakfast is a hard proposition. A leisurely breakfast schedule is much to be desired, and any wife who can manage to get both her family and her breakfast to the table early enough to avoid the usual hurried meal and dash to the train is a real help to her husband.

A. B. One thing you haven't spoken of, but I'm going to. It always seemed to me that the last place to bring up a little matter of bills, unpleasant news, bickering and fussing about this and that, was at the table. So I'm for fun at meals, and no bills!

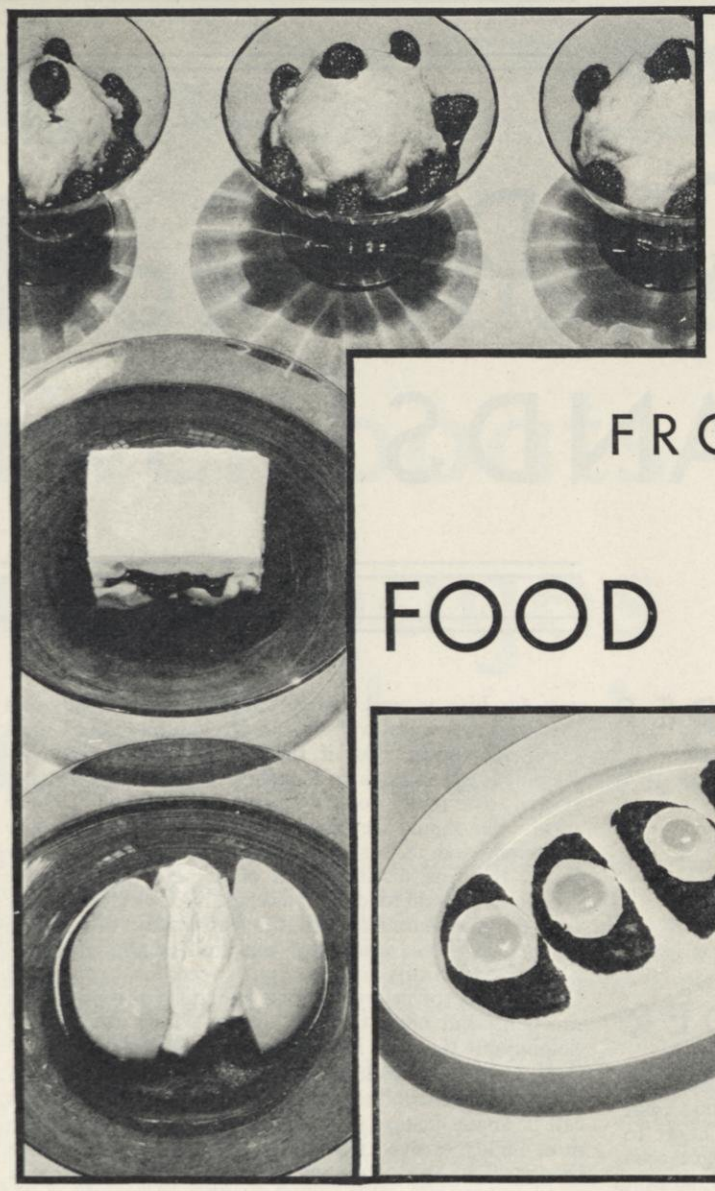
E. L. B. You are right about this. A pleasant atmosphere not only helps digestion but the disposition, too, and does a great deal toward maintaining morale, both physically and mentally. That is an accepted fact.

A. B. I suppose sleep—just to jog your memory about what you said was an important consideration—is pretty well dependent on the individual, isn't it?

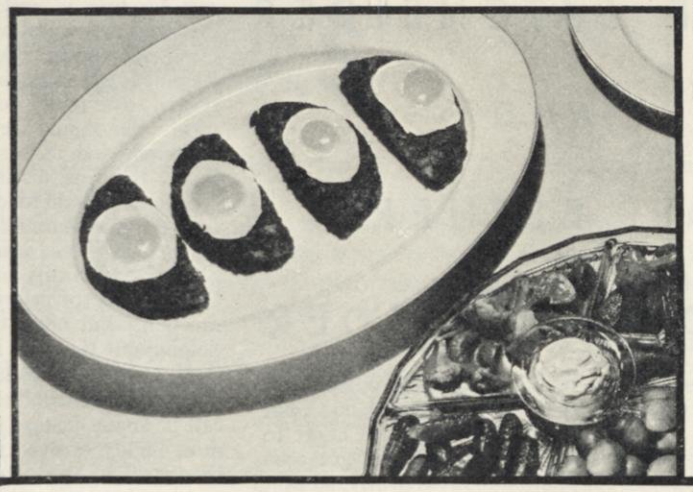
E. L. B. Well, people do differ somewhat, but, in general, eight hours sleep for husbands—and for wives, too. Perhaps the husband may not think he needs it. But it is a good rule, just the same. Eight hours of sleep, and what a difference it makes! So, with the right food, recreation, rest, pleasant leisure, exercise—if the husband and father has these, he has a tremendous advantage.

A. B. He ought to. But before you and I continue this discourse, let's see what's in the refrigerator. And let's go out in the garden. I thought I heard a mocking-bird.

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE ASKS YOUR IDEAS ON THIS SUBJECT



ANOTHER PAGE FROM OUR FOOD DIARY



BY ANNE BATCHELDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER IN DELINEATOR STUDIOS

AUGUST, 1930

MONDAY:

Keeping a food diary is good for the soul. A sort of confessional, observatory and "backward glance o'er traveled roads," all rolled into one. Today, for dessert, we had an ice cream jam sandwich, made simply by spreading raspberry jam on a thick slice of ice cream, covering with another slice and serving with raspberry sauce. I vary this by serving ice cream between halves of canned peaches and using the raspberry sauce made from canned raspberry syrup. The flavor may be changed by using syrups made from canned apricots, plums or strawberries, poaching and chilling some of the fruit.

TUESDAY:

Decided to have just two things for luncheon and so cast about to have them good but not too heavy. Opened a can of corn and heated it. Seasoned it well with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Scalded three cups of milk and added to corn. Thickened it with two tablespoons of flour blended with two tablespoons of butter. Took from the stove, added yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and served with browned croutons. Salad completed this meal, and so made a lovely one with tomato slices and canned figs. Dressed it with mayonnaise and served with a spot of cheese and crusty rolls, and iced coffee, of course.

WEDNESDAY:

Although we must have our orange juice, somehow prunes do appeal of a morning; in fact, we are for them at any time, stewed, puréed, made into whips or pies or gelatin molds. Stewed prunes, or any other dried fruits, don't have to be subjected to the old-time overnight soaking. Wash them, cover with water, add about two tablespoons of sugar to each cup of prunes when cooking is nearly done, and cook until soft. Sometimes I add lemon juice; in fact, any dried fruit is improved thereby, and the whole process is mightily quickened by the non-soaking method. Results are always just as good, and I think better.

THURSDAY:

Ordered summer squash, as it is so good right now. Peeled it and cut into slices about one-fourth inch thick. Seasoned slices with salt and pepper, added a dash of sugar, grated a bit of onion on each piece, dipped in fine crumbs, beaten egg, crumbs again, and fried in oil in the frying pan. This is one of the nicest ways to do this vegetable. It tastes a little like eggplant, but is easier to prepare, and a real summer dish, going well with any meal, for it is very delicate. One may leave out the onion if desired, but always season it well.

FRIDAY:

News for today, and that is on the question of sandwiches. Have always been bothered by having sandwich fillings such as chicken salad, fish and tomato soak through the bread and be sort of oozy and messy. Wondered if a little quick-cooking tapioca mixed with the filling wouldn't do this trick as it's done so many others. Tried it and it did. Cooked the tapioca until clear, first. Then mixed in a small amount with the filling; it keeps the sandwich in perfect condition. As picnics, teas and porch suppers are here, this is a first aid to the injured sandwich that is well worth remembering and putting to use.

SATURDAY:

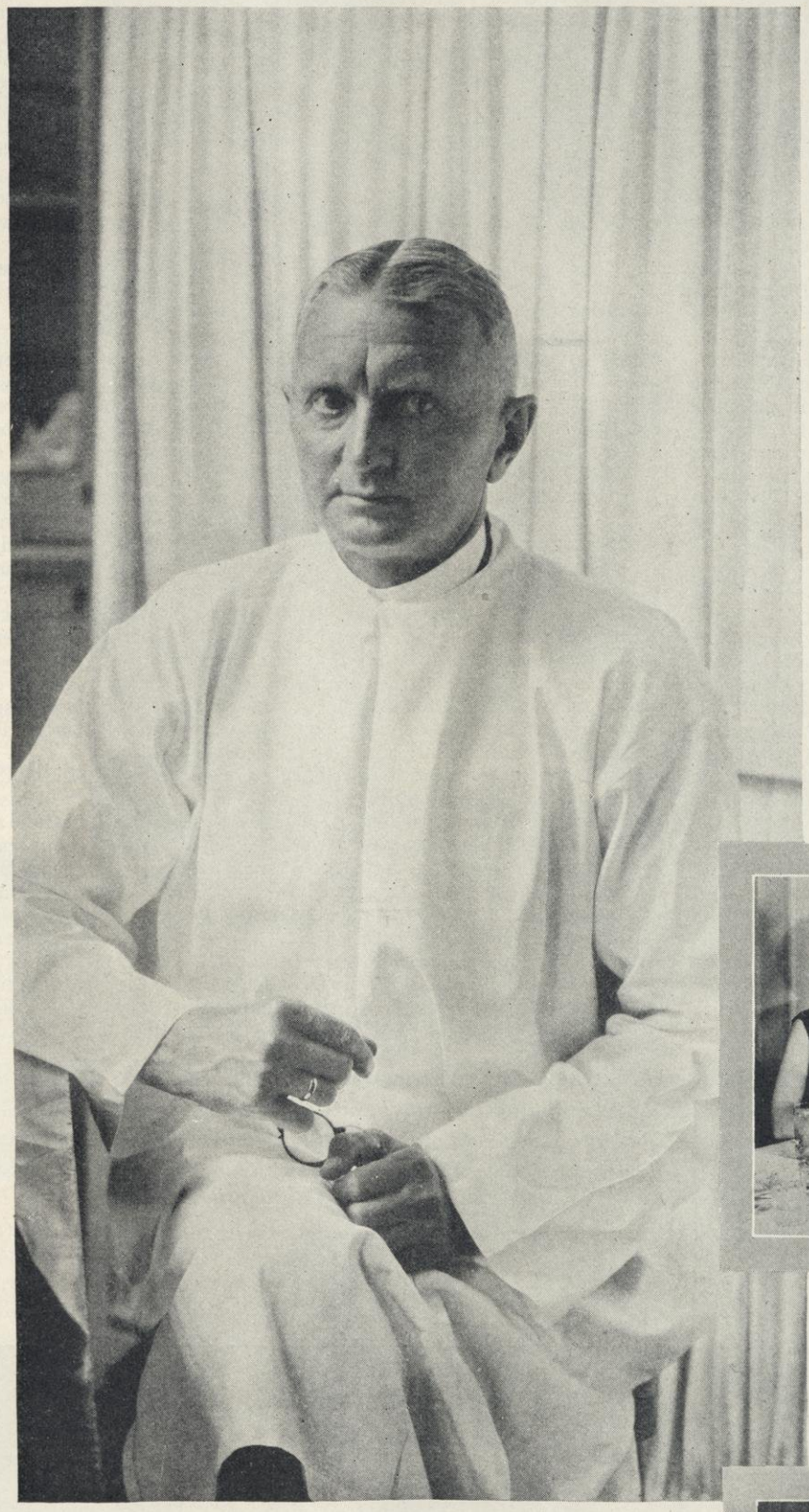
Sally had a luncheon the other day and asked me for an entrée. I suggested macaroni. Not just macaroni, but a hand-illumined edition, thus: One cup macaroni, cooked. One cup scalded milk. One cup soft bread crumbs—fine. One-half cup melted butter, a chopped pimiento, a little chopped parsley, one tablespoon chopped green pepper, salt and pepper, and one-half cup grated cheese. Three eggs, slightly beaten. Put together, adding milk last. Bake in a moderate oven until like a soufflé. It takes about twenty minutes. Delicious with a salad, shrimp mayonnaise in pepper case, with latticed cucumbers.

SUNDAY:

Sunday again and a good hot one. A frozen dessert, for that may be made and forgotten until dinner time. Did what I call a Black Tulip, and it certainly was good. Scalded three cups of water and one cup milk with four squares chocolate. When chocolate was dissolved, added one cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt and cooked in the double boiler for twenty minutes. Beat thoroughly, added two teaspoons vanilla and froze to a parfait consistency. Served in tall glasses topped with whipped cream, and a little grated chocolate. Avocado salad dressed with lemon, lime and preserved onions.

Keep Stomach in shape *this way..*

urges Norwegian Authority



Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. Johan Edwin Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is an honored member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have employed fresh yeast over the course of many years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition," he explains. "It stimulates the intestines and corrects constipation.

"Fresh yeast," he adds, "contains valuable vitamins necessary for health."

Leading doctors everywhere now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It actually "tones up" the sluggish bowel muscles, till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Try this sensible way to check indigestion! Watch appetite grow and energy return as Fleischmann's Yeast purifies your system!

Remember—Fleischmann's Yeast is a food and must be eaten regularly . . . 3 times a day. You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The famous Italian nutrition authority, Dr. Cherubini, explains: "Yeast performs the double and wonderful rôle of aiding two body functions—assimilation and elimination."

Europe's outstanding stomach specialist, Dr. Delort, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the gastric and intestinal movements. It is a very effective way of treating digestive ills."

Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, head of well-known Vienna clinic, says: "A good fresh yeast will keep the digestive processes active and the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

Her experience bore out what great doctors say

(Below) "I was always bothered with indigestion," writes Miss Jeanne Johnson of Los Angeles. "Then I noticed a lot of the peppiest girls at school ate Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it—and my indigestion was forgotten. My complexion improved, too."

(Below) "When I returned from the War I couldn't eat without indigestion," writes Willard Davis of Atlanta, Ga. "I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast, tried it, and soon lost my sluggishness and indigestion."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

Recent Time and Labor Saving Equipment for the Home Gives Us a Higher Standard of Living

BY

GRACE L. PENNOCK

HERE at the Institute there is seldom a day that does not bring us some new household product that indicates progress, saves time and effort in the routine of housework, and serves to point out how rapidly our standards of living are changing. Certainly we could not keep up to date and well informed on what is new and what is good without our Institute workshop.

Take for instance the refrigerator. A refrigerator isn't just a refrigerator any longer—at least not what refrigerators used to be. It is much more. One new refrigerator automatically provides different degrees of cold for varying needs: a tray which maintains a temperature below freezing, anticipating the need for storing the new frozen foods, a tray for very quick freezing of ice cubes or desserts in addition to the regular freezing trays, and a satisfactory refrigerating temperature for food in the food compartment. Another refrigerator also provides a compartment which is below freezing, freezing trays which can be speeded up by a temperature regulator for ice and desserts, and ideal storage for greens and vegetables in ventilated pans which secure just the right amount of moisture, combined with sufficient air circulation, to keep these articles perfectly. Still another refrigerator has a conveniently located water tank from which one can draw cold drinking water and still not be using food storage space for water bottles. This same refrigerator has the temperature regulator to speed up freezing when necessary, and it also has an electric light on the inside, as do several others.

THE need for greater laundry conveniences has not been forgotten, and washing machines, irons, and ironers have come in for their share of improvement. One new washing machine is provided with a means for pressing water out of clothes. This method of removing water from clothes seems to combine all the advantages of the wringer and the centrifugal dryer. Another washer provides the dryer basket, so arranged that no extra space is necessary for the dryer. This machine provides a pump so that the tub may be emptied into the sink without lifting water.

An iron which appeared recently has a slot close to the sole near the point, so that one can iron around buttons easily and completely. This iron is also provided with the automatic heat control which is becoming so common and so universally liked. One of the newest small ironing machines, a most attractive one to look at, has the easiest of hand controls and also a foot control for operating the roller. Not that foot controls are altogether new—but this is a particularly convenient and effective mechanism to operate, and is in an inexpensive ironer which takes up only a minimum of space. This same ironer appears in a portable form—identical except for foot control and stand. Another durable, convenient and thoroughly satisfactory portable ironer, which can be supplied for either gas or electrically heated shoe, has interested us greatly.

STOVES have come in for all sorts of improvements—modern designs, new finishes, new burners, new types of broilers and other improvements. Gas burners which will not blow out when turned very low have proved themselves valuable in one stove. These same burners are so constructed as to be proof against clogging up if food is spilled. An electric stove with burners which can be removed easily for cleaning or replacement, and which are decidedly fast, is giving excellent results. This stove has beautiful smooth surfaces and is the easiest stove to keep clean that we have yet seen.

The newest thing in dishwasher sinks has rubber-plated racks. It is a machine of remarkably large capacity, one which operates easily, washes efficiently and is attractive in design, and the rubber racks are a decided advantage in packing dishes. They give confidence in handling the dishes, and loading the machine proceeds very rapidly.

A small vacuum cleaner which is very easy to carry around or push on the floor is provided for use with the regular attachments of one machine of usual size. It may take the place of the larger machine in using attachments and be easily used on stairs or difficult corners, and it is particularly desirable for cleaning the automobile. A small hand-cleaner of the same family has just appeared, and this has particularly good cleaning efficiency for a small machine and is very attractive.

Cleaning utensils bring to mind a new cleaning closet which really has room in it for everything one can wish for, including the vacuum cleaner and its attachments and the mop pail. An ironing board may be concealed in the door and easily pulled out to ironing position.

We have just tried out a new device for removing finish from floors. The device is a roll covered with sandpaper which replaces the brush on one of the well known polishing machines. The polishing machine with its sanding roll is run over the floor. It is not difficult at all to do this, and it gets rid of the old finish promptly.

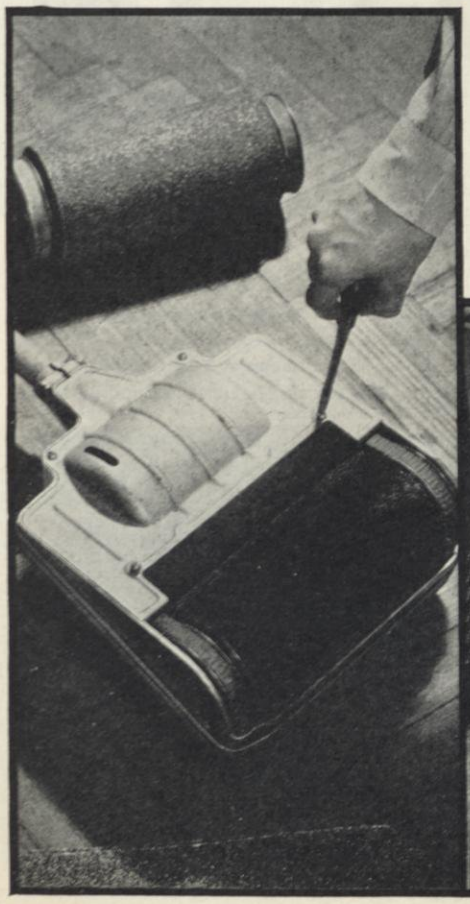
CORNERS in kitchens are often awkward spaces. They sometimes aren't used at all, and frequently aren't used to good advantage. We have recently seen two excellent ideas for putting these corners to work—one a complete corner section which can be added to a kitchen cabinet section. Then we have found a smaller corner section, which goes over either table or sink and is fitted with all the utensils—spoons, egg-beater—anything, in fact, needed in cooking.

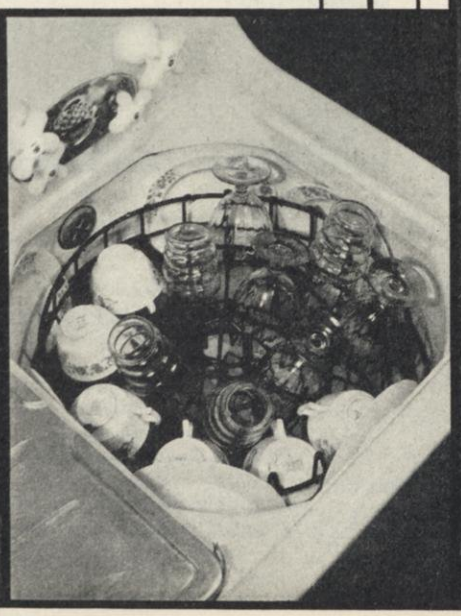
An adjustable rod for the clothes closet, one that can be put up without nails or hammer, is also useful.

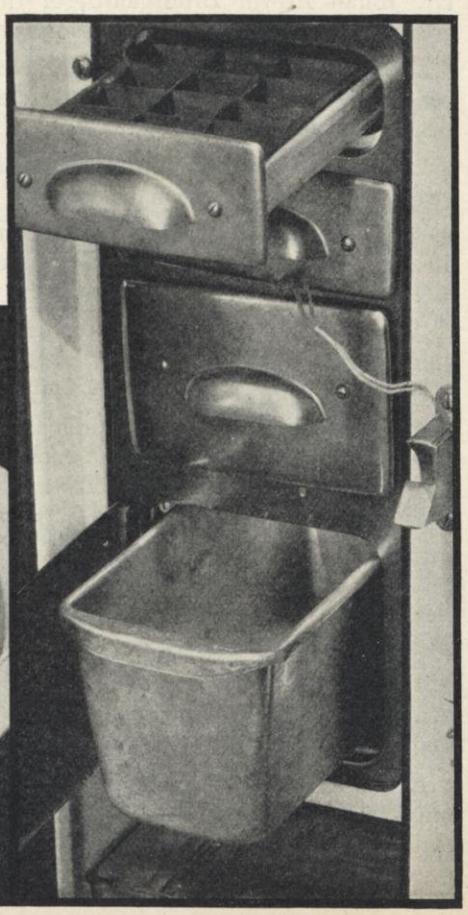
Then things of paper—picnic cups, of course, for hot and cold foods, in interesting new shapes and colors, paper containers for storing left-overs in the refrigerator, and paper polishing-cloths, slightly oiled so that dust and dirt are easily collected. This paper crumples up easily, is soft, so it does not have any creases to scratch, and best of all, can be thrown away after the cleaning is done.

STATISTICS show that an alarming number of accidents take place in the home, and a big percentage of these accidents take place in the bathroom—in the tub, too, because of slipping. To prevent this, a rubber mat with a fabric surface has been made. This same sort of mat is made to put on the drain board of the sink. Here it is a pleasant surface to place dishes on.

These and many more items indicate something of how fast the wheels of progress are turning to help the housewife in her work, and how necessary it is for her to keep up to date on all matters pertaining to her household.







New things for the home. A sanding roller for a floor polisher, a stove with attractive lines, a smooth surface, and efficient, easily cleaned burners; a dishwasher sink of large capacity with rubber racks. New conveniences in refrigerators, quick freezing trays and deep trays for storing the new frozen foods

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEINER · DELINEATOR

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

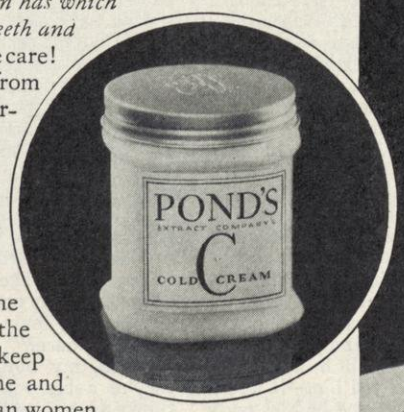
A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

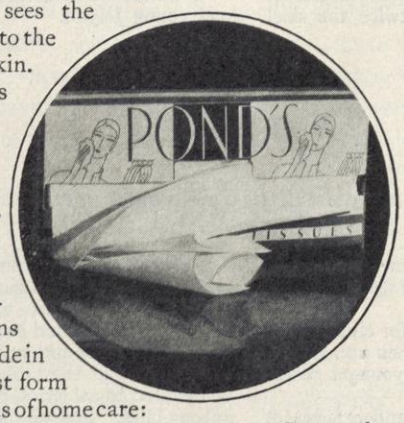
"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands*. So—let us take care!

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.



Skin fine as Silk

"I myself always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:



That Alabaster look

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, safe, super-absorbent for removing all the cream and dirt.

Fresh Natural Color

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener . . . which banishes oiliness and shine and keeps the skin young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind. And this Vanishing Cream is precious, too, to keep your hands smooth and white.

A Peach-Bloom Finish

"Try them! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine L'Engle Iselin

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. H, 115 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

SANDS OF TIME

Continued from page 11

since they put that railway here?"

The old chap had paused, leaning on his spud.

"Ten years and more."

"What did they do with the graves in that corner?"

"Ah! I never did 'old with that."

"What did they do with them? I asked you."

"Why—just dug 'em up."

"And the coffins?"

"I dunno. Ax parson. They was old graves—an 'undred years or more, mostly."

"They were not—one was my mother's—1821."

"Ah! I mind—there was a newish stone."

"What did they do with it?"

The old chap had gazed up at him, then, as if suddenly aware of the abnormal, on the path before him:

"I b'lieve they couldn' trace the owner—ax parson, 'e may know."

"How long has he been here?"

"Four year come Michaelmas. Old parson's dead, but present parson 'e may 'ave some information."

LIKE some beast deprived of his kill, old Jolyon stood. Dead! That ruffian dead!

"Don't you know what they did with the coffins—with the bones?"

"Couldn' say—buried somewhere again, I suppose—maybe the doctors got some—couldn' say. As I tell you, vicar, 'e may know.

And spitting on his hands, he turned again to weeding . . .

The vicar? He had been no good, had known nothing, or so he had said—no one had known! Liars—yes, liars—he didn't believe a word of what they said. They hadn't wanted to trace the owner, for fear of having a stopper put on them! Gone, dispersed—all but the entry of the burial! Over the ground where she had lain, that railway sprawled, trains roared. And he, on one of those trains, had been forced to go back to that London which had enmeshed his heart and soul so that, as it were, he had betrayed her who had borne him! But who would have thought of such a thing? Sacred ground! Was nothing proof against the tide of progress—not even the dead committed to the earth?

He reached for a match, but his cigar tasted bitter and he pitched it away. He hadn't told Jo, he shouldn't tell Jo—not a thing for a boy to hear. A boy would never understand how life got hold of you when you once began to make your way. How one thing brought another till the past went out of your head, and interests multiplied in an ever-swelling tide, lapping over sentiment and memory, and the green things of youth. A boy would never comprehend how progress marched inexorably on, transforming the quiet places of the earth. And yet, perhaps the boy ought to know—might be a lesson to him. No! He shouldn't tell him—it would hurt to let him know that one had let one's own mother—! He took up *The Times*. Ah! What a difference! He could remember *The Times* when he first came up to London—tiny print, such as they couldn't read nowadays. *The Times*—one double sheet with the Parliamentary debates, and a few advertisements of places wanted, and people wanting them. And look at it now, a great crackling, flourishing affair with print twice the size!

The door creaked. What was that? Oh, yes—tea coming in! His wife was upstairs, unwell; and they had brought it to him here.

"Send some up to your mistress," he said, "and tell Master Jo."

Stirring his tea—his own firm's best Soochong—he read about the health of Lord Palmerston, and of how that precious mountebank of a chap, the French Emperor, came over on a visit. And then the boy came in. "Ah! Here you are, Jo! Tea's getting strong."

And as the little chap drank, old Jolyon looked at him. Tomorrow he was going to that great place where they turned out prime ministers and bishops and where they taught manners—at least he hoped so—and how to despise trade. H'm! Would the boy learn to despise his own father? And suddenly there welled up in old Jolyon all his primeval honesty, and that peculiar independence which made him respected among men, and a little feared.

"You asked just now about your grandmother, Jo. I didn't tell you how, when I went down thirty years after her death, I found that her grave had been dug up to make room for a railway. There wasn't a trace of it to be found, and nobody could or would tell me anything about it."

The boy held his teaspoon above his cup, and gazed—how innocent and untouched he looked—then suddenly his face went pinker and he said:

"What a shame, Dad!"

"Yes, some ruffian of a parson allowed it, and never let us know. But it was my fault, Jo; I ought to have been seeing to her grave all along."

And again the boy said nothing, eating his cake, and looking at his father. And old Jolyon thought: "Well, I've told him."

Suddenly the boy piped up:

"That's what they did with the mummies, Dad."

THE mummies! What mummies? Oh! Those things they had been seeing at the British Museum. And old Jolyon was silent, staring back over the sands of time. Odd, how it hadn't occurred to him. Odd! Yet the boy had noticed it! Um! Now, what did that signify? And in old Jolyon there stirred some dim perception of mental movement between his generation and his son's. Two and two made four. And he hadn't seen it! Queer! But in Egypt they said it was all sand! Perhaps things came up of their own accord. And then—though there might be, as he had said, descendants living, they were not sons or grandsons. Still! The boy had seen the bearing of it and he hadn't. He said abruptly: "Finished your packing, Jo?"

"Yes, Dad, only do you think I could take my white mice?"

"Well, my boy, I don't know—perhaps they're a bit young for Eton. The place thinks a lot of itself, you know."

"Yes, Dad."

Old Jolyon's heart turned over within him. Bless the little chap! What he was in for!

"Did you have white mice, Dad?"

Old Jolyon shook his head.

"No, Jo; we weren't as civilized as all that in my young day."

"I wonder if those mummies had them," said young Jolyon.

YOUTH

Continued from page 12

were innocent of culture, knew nothing of good music or art, and cared not at all for international affairs.

In many things that make for civilization, modern youth—both young men and girls—is incomparably ahead of the younger generation forty years ago.

A large number of modern undergraduates have traveled in Europe; they are well acquainted with good literature, good music, good plays; they know not only books, but the various editions of books; many of them indulge in intelligent conversation. In all these things there has been an amazing advance.

A lady from out of town told me she came to New Haven to attend an important concert. She hurried into a restaurant to get a hasty meal. She had happened to enter one filled with students; and she supposed the conversation at the tables around her would be devoted to athletics, motion pictures, and automobiles. She was amazed to find that most of the talk was excellent, interesting conversation on interesting themes.

There is a straightforward frankness and honesty about young people today that should command the admiration of older men and women. Outwardly they are (*Turn to page 40*)

Here's That New Way of Removing Arm and Leg Hair

So Many Women Are Asking About

By a total and altogether delightful lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably!

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 256-S

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

YOUTH

Continued from page 38

not so religious; it seems impossible to maintain prayer meetings and religious exercises, which, even though they were slimly attended in the old days, were still a recognized part of college life. But I think the younger generation today *think* more about religion than they used to. They are eager to find out the truth about everything, and cannot be put off with any subterfuge. If people today are worried about the large amount of religious skepticism in college, they should remember that youth has always been more or less skeptical. It has outgrown some of the things it has been taught in childhood, and it has not yet reached a maturer view. The *Yale Literary Magazine* for the year 1879 contained an article called "Religious Skepticism in College," written by an undergraduate, which, if printed word for word today, would be considered up to date. There is an attitude toward religion much worse than either skepticism or hostility; and that is indifference. There is certainly today a good deal of outspoken skepticism and a certain amount of downright antagonism. But there is not so much indifference.

WHEN I hear old graduates and old people who are not graduates "view with alarm" the condition of the young people of today, I say to myself, "I only hope that the modern boys and girls will have as fine ideals when they are forty and fifty as they have now."

A recent book by an accomplished head master in England gives the following five pillars as the necessary foundation of education: religion, discipline, culture, athletics, public service.

Whatever we may think of the first four, there is no doubt that the last is an essential article in the creed of modern youth. They do not want to lead a selfish life. They really long to be useful to their community, to their country, to the world. They may not always listen eagerly to the gospel of orthodox religion; but to the gospel of selfishness they will not listen at all. If you should tell them merely to make the most of themselves, that the wisest life is a life of personal aggrandizement, they would look upon you with scorn. My one earnest hope is that life in the world will not dull the beauty and freshness of their ideals; that they will not become callous; that they will not compromise with their conscience. When they have reached middle age, will they still hold fast to these ideals? If so, the world will be safe in their hands.

We must remember that in every age the average member of the older generation has looked with distrust on the new. Why is this? Is it because as we grow older, we grow out of sympathy with youth, forget our own youth, and delude ourselves with the idea that boys and girls are going to be as sober and self-restrained as their teachers? Remember the splendid warning of Browning, which he put into the mouth of the great Pope of Rome:

Irregular noble scapegrace—son the same!
Faulty—and peradventure ours the fault
Who still misteach, mislead, throw hook and line,
Thinking to land Leviathan forsooth,
Tame the scaled neck, play with him as a bird,
And bind him for our maidens! Better bear
The King of Pride go wantoning awhile,
Unplagued by cord in nose and thorn in jaw,
Through deep to deep, followed by all that shine,
Churning the blackness hoary.

The spirit of youth will never, never be like the spirit of old age.

Is it because as we grow older we grow more serious, and are a little afraid of happy, high-hearted, careless laughter?

Is it because we are jealous? We must soon leave the active participation in the great game of life, and we cannot bear to have the game go right on, played by our successors? The younger generation, said Ibsen, are knocking at the door. Shall we cower in silence until they break it down, or shall we open and admit them gladly?

I think the chief reason why older people shake their heads dubiously over the younger generation is because there has been a steady increase of *informality*. Easy intimacy of manners seems to many serious elders akin to promiscuity in morals. "I don't know what our girls are coming to!" If any one is depressed today over what one thinks may be a shocking loss of modesty, if any one thinks that our boys are irresponsible and our girls without reticence, let me insist that this is the way the younger generation has always seemed to venerable eyes. Now if the typical representatives of the older generation had always been right, the world would have gone to the dogs long ago; for in every period of history, prophets have announced that the world is bound dogward.

The poet Homer, who flourished many centuries before Christ, remarked constantly on the degeneracy of the young men of his time, as compared with their noble and splendid ancestors. Some one dug up a rock in Egypt that had been buried about three thousand years. On it was an inscription, which a scholar interpreted. It announced that contemporary young men were effete, not at all like the hardy fellows of the good old times.

An undergraduate at Yale made what in my judgment is an original valuable contribution to this perennial discussion.

I put the question in the classroom: "Why is it that old people have always thought that young people were going to the devil?"

He suggested: "Perhaps the young people all would have gone to the devil if the old people had not always thought they were going there." Think that over.

Before the Great War, I heard constantly from older men the statement that college boys were no good; that they were lazy, irresponsible, not serious, unfitted for an emergency. Then came the war, and these same boys endured hardships that no Spartan or no Roman could ever have sustained. Furthermore, if they were used to luxuries, think what they had to give up; whereas, in the days of our ancestors, going to war was in many respects like going on a picnic. The difference between ancient wars and the Great War may be summed up in a phrase: *From camp fires to poison gas.* Yet there was only one thing modern boys were afraid of; they were afraid they would not get there in time.

There is a passage in the gospel of St. Luke, which I call upon all older people to consider. It is a prophecy of the coming young man, John the Baptist: "And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, *to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children.*"

Many fathers are trying to make their sons resemble them. Is it not possible that one reason for the misunderstanding between the older and the younger generation arises from the fact that we do not turn our hearts to them?

If a son or a daughter shock the parents by announcing that he has lost his religious faith, it will not do to sneer or to laugh. Profound sympathy and intellectual respect are what will help.

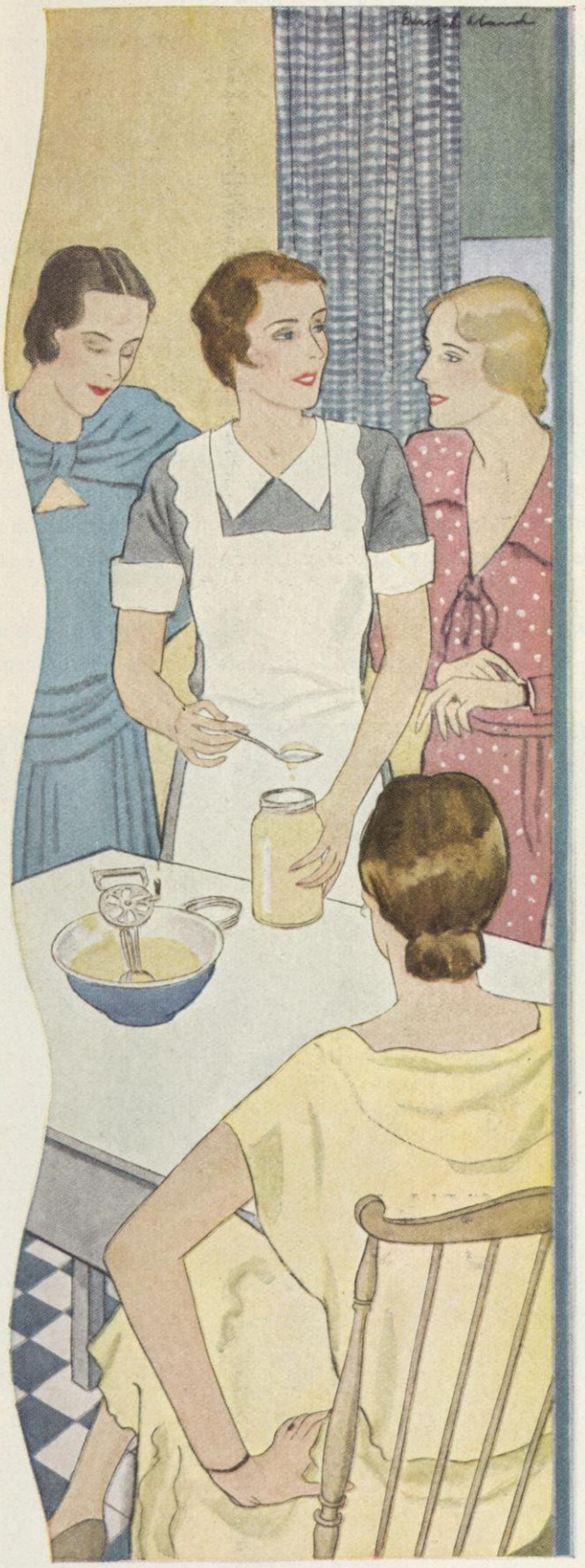
And there is something that will help far more. If a son says he no longer believes in the Christian religion, what is the only convincing reply? *It is to live like a Christian.* This is more difficult than any verbal rejoinder. But the life is the only proof. From love and dependence on parents, children quickly pass to criticism. If fathers and mothers will live, in the presence of their children, up to the standards they profess, they will not have to worry.

Let me repeat. I only hope that modern boys and girls will have as fine ideals when they are forty and fifty as they have now.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Most famous of all the war correspondents, Philip Gibbs has since made a great name for himself as a novelist and short story writer. His first Delineator short story—"Witch Woman"—will be one of the chief features next month

Compare them !



See what you'll save IN TIME . . . IN WORK . . . IN MONEY
when you use these Magic Recipes

MAYONNAISE

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
20 MINUTES	4 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	7 INGREDIENTS
5 UTENSILS	3 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 7 cents less.

MAYONNAISE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

¼ cup cider vinegar — ¼ cup salad oil
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten) — 1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt. Few grains Cayenne

Place ingredients in a pint jar in the order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for a few minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, place jar in refrigerator to chill before using.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
20 MINUTES	5 MINUTES
7 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	5 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 6 cents less.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon — 2 egg yolks

Blend together Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated rind, and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating until very stiff two egg whites and two tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.), 12 minutes. Cool before serving.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
15 MINUTES	6 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	4 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 3 cents less.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt — ½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and ½ cup or more hot water, depending on consistency desired.

YOU certainly ought to have the complete collection of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes. Mail the coupon today—and back will come a recipe booklet that will be the joy of your life! Such quick and easy methods—short cuts to sure success—economical ways of making dishes richer and more delicious!

Eagle Brand, of course, isn't plain canned milk. It makes new cooking methods possible because it's *two ingredients in one*. A delicious blend of full-cream milk and finest sugar, double-rich and velvet-smooth, like heavy, heavy cream. (Incidentally, Eagle Brand is simply wonderful in coffee—and it costs just *half* the price of separate cream and sugar.)

FREE!

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. E-4, Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave., New York

Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen," and dates of Jane Ellison's broadcasts.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Print name and address plainly

How much of a cake is SHORTENING?

The recipe for Golden Gate cake calls for a quarter of a cup of shortening.

Piecrust is one-third shortening.

In fact, shortening is such a considerable part of the things you bake that it has much to do with their goodness. The shortening you put in these things you bake is the shortening you and the family are going to *eat.* Cooking makes no magic change in its *quality.*

Shortenings look much alike, but that must not make one careless in one's selection. Eggs look a good deal alike too, yet a good housewife doesn't buy "eggs", but insists on "your very best eggs".

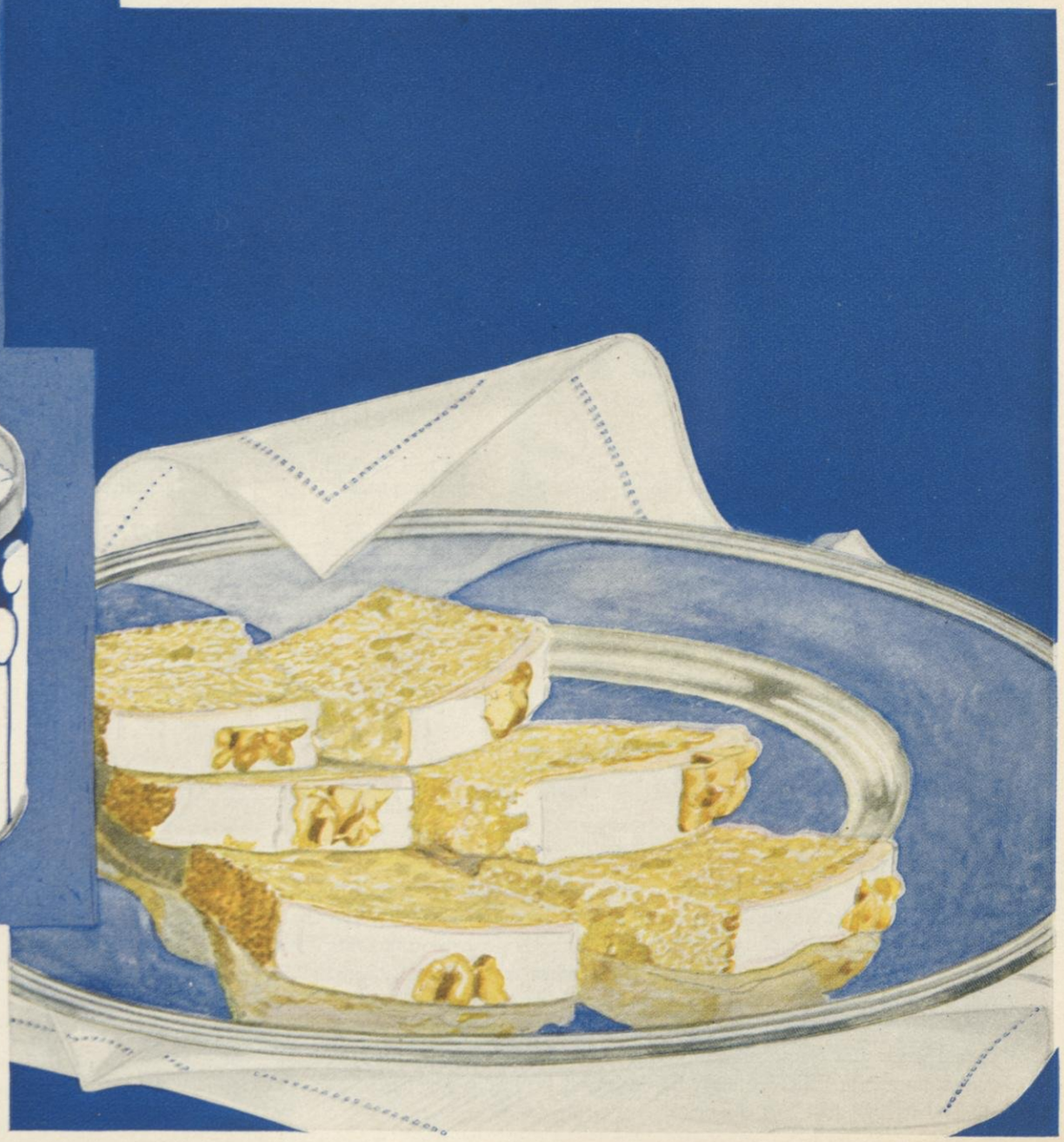
The Wesson Oil people make Snowdrift for the woman who, when she goes into the store, asks for "your best eggs", "your best butter" or a favorite brand of coffee—knowing that things are not all alike, but that there is an opportunity for discriminating choice. And the difference in cost between Snowdrift and the cheapest lard out of a tub is less than the difference between the "best" and "just eggs".

Snowdrift is made entirely of oil as choice and appetizing as a fine salad oil—snowy white, creamy and fresh in its air-tight can. Nothing you put in your cake will be better than Snowdrift.

GOLDEN GATE CAKE

¼ Cup Snowdrift · ¾ Cup Sugar
2 Tablespoons Chopped Orange Peel · 2 Eggs
2 Teaspoons Baking Powder · 1 Teaspoon Salt
4 Tablespoons Orange Marmalade
1 Tablespoon Grated Orange Rind · 2 Cups Flour
½ Cup Chopped Walnuts · ⅓ Cup Water

Cream Snowdrift and sugar together, add egg yolks, orange marmalade, grated and chopped peel, and nuts. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with liquid. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in loaf pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 55 minutes, or until cake is well browned on top and shrinks slightly from sides of pan.



Try Snowdrift in your own favorite recipes. Or write us that we may send you, with our compliments, a book of Snowdrift recipes. Address the Wesson Oil and Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

DELINEATOR HOME INSTITUTE

KEEPING UP TO DATE ON NUTRITION

BY DR. ESTHER LORD BATCHELDER

TODDLERS' PARTIES

LIKE the child, after an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, who said, "Put I to bed, but don't bend I," many of our youngsters who have looked forward eagerly to a party are either just plain cross the next day or have a sad remembrance of stomachaches, bad dreams, or other troubles that followed the good time.

New games, new children, a changed schedule all require considerable adjustment for our toddlers; and some smart young mothers, realizing this, have decided that the gaiety of social life for their littlest ones need not be complicated by fancy foods. Their children have a wonderful time at their parties and are perfectly happy eating together even such refreshments as cereal—there are some very modern forms—or jellied fruit juice. We hope this means that fashion will soon discard the custom of indiscriminate serving of ice cream, cake and candy as soon as two or three children, no matter how young, are gathered for a special afternoon of play.

VITAMINS OLD AND NEW

ALMOST every one has heard of vitamin B. Many even know that it is good for the nerves and the appetite and realize that it is present in the germ and bran of grains and other seeds as well as in milk, fruits and vegetables. In other words, vitamin B is no longer news. Vitamin G (or B_2), however, which has heretofore been a hidden partner in its activities, has only recently been receiving general attention. This newly discovered vitamin is necessary for growth and well-being. When the food of a community is very deficient in it, the people develop a disease called pellagra, much dreaded in our own southern United States and in southern Europe.

As to foods which contain this new vitamin, we have until recently been able to say only that it was probably present in the foods known to contain vitamin B. We are just beginning to get more accurate information concerning certain foods.

Yeast is rich in both vitamins, but many foods are richer in one than in the other. For instance, whole milk and whole wheat, which, in proper proportions, make an almost complete diet, were both formerly considered good sources of vitamin B. We now find that whole wheat is much richer in vitamin B than we realized, its vitamin G content being small, while milk is much richer in vitamin G than in vitamin B. Further experiments in many laboratories indicate that not only wheat but other whole seeds, such as soy-beans, corn, dried peas, red kidney beans, rice, and peanuts, are relatively rich in vitamin B but are poor in vitamin G.

Of the fruits, very few have yet been tested, but bananas have been found relatively richer in vitamin G than in vitamin B. Beef liver contains about as much vitamin G as yeast; kidney and heart have about one half and muscle only about one tenth as much.

Although we still have a great deal to learn, we do now know that milk, eggs, and green vegetables are important in supplementing grains and other seeds so that the diet may be complete in both our old acquaintance, vitamin B, and the newer vitamin G. This aspect of our knowledge has particular application in those communities where wheat, corn, rice or beans are the staple foods, for it is then important to know that, in addition to other things, the people need vitamin G from milk, from green vegetables or from any other available sources, if they are to be kept in good health and avoid disease.

But how about children who are getting plenty of milk, fruits and vegetables? Presumably they are getting all the vitamin G they need, but are we sure that they are getting enough vitamin B? Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan and Miss Margaret Barry have recently submitted arguments to the contrary and have gathered some evidence to support their conclusions.

According to their reasoning, our new knowledge that wheat germ and other grain embryos are rich in vitamin B—much richer than we suspected—is coming at a time when the amount of sugar in our diets has increased at the expense (in part at least) of grains, and when a considerable part of the cereals and breads we do eat is made from highly milled products from which bran and germ have been removed. This would indicate that, the amounts of other foods remaining the same, the amount of vitamin B in our diets is decreasing.

In children's diets especially, these workers feel that where refined grain products are used extensively, it is desirable that the germ which is so rich in vitamin B be marketed for human consumption, instead of being used chiefly to make animal feeds, as heretofore, and made available in a form suitable for use in the home or bakery. They made a short experiment on undernourished school children, eleven to thirteen years old, in which no change of diet was made except that half the children got two ordinary white rolls at noon while the others got rolls made of one half wheat germ and one half white flour. The latter rolls had four times the vitamin B value of whole wheat bread. The children getting this relatively large amount of vitamin B as wheat germ made markedly better gains in weight and height than the others.

It is possible, then, that this aspect of our children's diets deserves more attention, and that in addition to the milk, eggs, fruits, and vegetables which afford protection as far as most minerals and vitamins are concerned, extra vitamin B, from wheat or rice germ, from yeast or other rich sources, may also be desirable in combating lack of appetite, constipation, and nervousness, which are far too frequent at the present time. This is particularly true when refined flours cereals, and sugar largely replace the whole grains.

DELINEATOR'S DEPARTMENT OF MODERN CHILD TRAINING

Should children spend money before they earn any? The answer, we are told, is a great big "Yes"—according to the experienced author of this article who is the Director of the Child Study Association of America and who has written many books on Child Training

MONEY IN THEIR POCKETS

BY

SIDONIE MATSNER GRUENBERG

MONEY has always meant magic. Until quite recently most people never had any, but everybody could see the wonderful effects that might be produced with it. Today, even a rather young child will discover that the little discs can be converted, by exchange, into everything the heart desires, and that all men prize them and make great efforts to obtain more and more of them.

Although money is now in everyday use, most of us have not been educated up to it. Increasingly, parents are becoming aware that adequate skill in its management cannot be acquired in the haphazard manner of the past. They are accordingly asking hundreds of questions about allowances, and savings, and penalties, and fines.

Should a child spend money before he earns any? This question produces in many of us the same kind of feeling as the question, "Should anybody spend money that he hasn't earned?" Of course the answer to the latter question, we feel, is a great, big *No*. And yet the answer to the question about the child's spending is just as decided a *Yes!*

A child begins to use up food and to wear out clothing and furniture on the day he is born. And he keeps this up, on an ascending scale, for years, and years, and years. Of course he has not *earned* anything of all he gets. Since all that he needs is being provided, the young child needs no money. Experience has shown, however, that it is desirable for children to have money to handle and to spend long before they can understand the *cost* of money as the result of effort, or the *value* of money for the various goods and services that it may buy. For it is only by handling and spending that the child can learn the fundamental lessons as to the value and the limitations of money, and develop his skill, his intelligence and his discrimination for a better management of it.

THE ALLOWANCE

IN MANY families children are doled out varying amounts from time to time, on special occasions, or in response to special importunings. But the "allowance" is coming to be accepted as a sound and effective device in the financial training of children. There is nevertheless a great deal of confusion as to just what the allowance is.

First of all, this allotment of money is best considered as for the child's complete and exclusive control. Any restriction may mean that the child is acting merely as a disbursing agent, and takes from him responsibility for the outcome of his purchases. At the same time, the child needs continuous guidance as he becomes acquainted with money.

In the next place, the allowance is neither compensation for service nor a reward of merit. It should not be treated as earned, or made conditional upon good behavior. Further, the allowance cannot be considered a gratuity, or a privilege, for which we expect the child to be grateful.

The exact amount is important, but equally so is the length of time over which the child's management has to stretch. The younger child should therefore get his allowance at shorter intervals than the older child. The regularity is also part of the training, since it makes possible the planning or budgeting of expenditures in advance.

ALWAYS GRADE IT

THE beginning allowance, which need be only a few cents at a time, and which may come as soon as the child is able to count, and manifests desires in terms of buying or money, is for the child's free indulgence. In the course of time, however, the allowance comes to include more and more money intended for various personal needs. This progression is desirable both for the experience in buying and for the child's satisfaction.

As the allowance increases to include purely disbursement items, it is important that there should be a clear and growing margin over which the child has complete control and discretion.

One little girl, for example, who got into difficulties by stealing a book from a store to present to her teacher, was found to have an allowance of some two and a half dollars a week. Her control over so much money made her offense seem even worse. But from further investigation it appeared that the disposal of this vast sum had been carefully prescribed, except some ten cents—so much for this and so much for that, until the child's discretion was narrowed down to the pitifully small amount that made her feel quite helpless when confronted by the need for a substantial sum.

We have then to grade the allowance and anticipate the child's needs and his articulate request for an increase, just as we would constantly encourage him to undertake more difficult tasks in his various activities, whether at work or at play.

Eventually the allowance is converted into a comprehensive allotment for the child's share of the family's expenditures, covering such necessities as clothing and furnishings, amusement and travel, savings and contributions. The age at which this comprehensive allowance is attained in most cases would be, roughly, between fifteen and nineteen years.

LET THEM SPEND

THE foolish spending of money is not confined to children. Many parents feel, however, that they might save children from such folly either by withholding the money or by directing its expenditure. Children buy candy, for example, or too much of it. In such cases the child is not getting the full benefit of his allowance, whatever we may think of the candy. It would be well to make sure that there is an adequate supply of sweets at home, and to encourage the child to feel that he can make better use of his resources in other directions.

We must expect the child to spend his money foolishly, since thus alone can he learn to discriminate. It is better for him to do the preliminary experimenting while he is still young and while the scale upon which he operates is still small. Moreover, the child's purchases must have some relation to his own needs, his own tastes.

NEVER BRIBE THEM

MONEY has become so universal a medium of exchange that we tend to translate all values into money terms, and to rely upon money to get what we want. It seems to many parents, for example, as quite in the normal order of things to give a child a gold piece for being promoted, or for making a perfect attendance record. If we believe that attendance at school is valuable to the child, or that the work is worth the effort, why should a child be paid for attending, or for exerting himself on the school tasks? Obviously, there is here a confusion between values and duties.

Should children be paid for useful work done in the home, such as dishwashing? A good general rule would seem to be that where the housework is done by members of the family, children are expected to do their respective shares, without getting special compensation for it. On the other hand, children may legitimately receive pay for tasks which some outsider would ordinarily be hired to do. The catch in using money to induce children to do what is not particularly pleasant lies in the (*Turn to page 62*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENA G. TOWSLEY

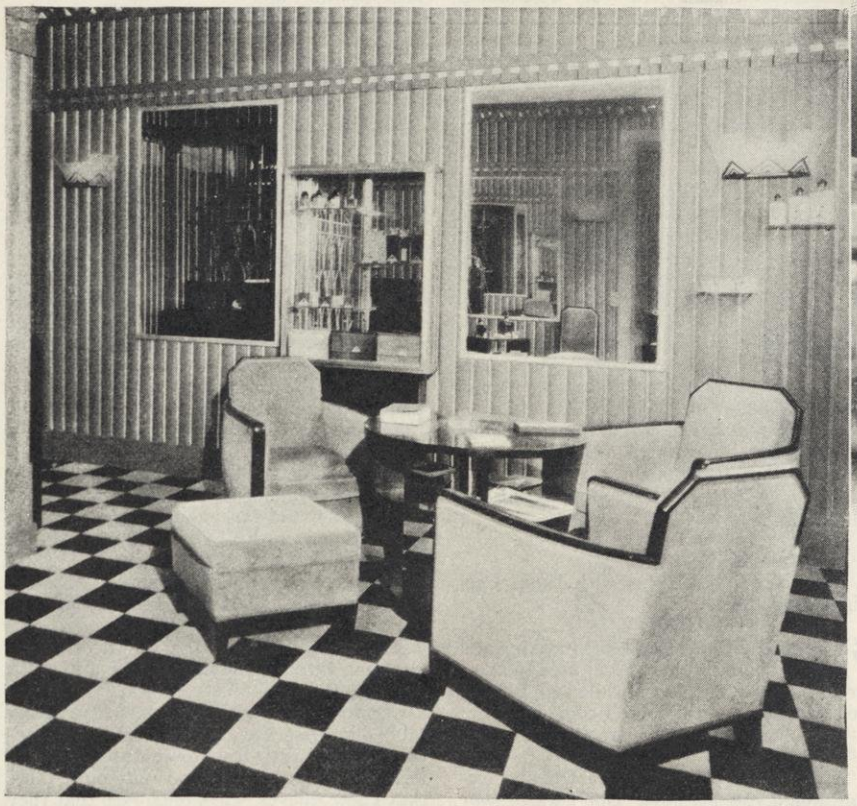
"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne



"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE, PARIS

Mme. N. G. Payot finds that Palmolive Soap complements her own "physical culture of the face" and her good preparations in keeping skin lovely.

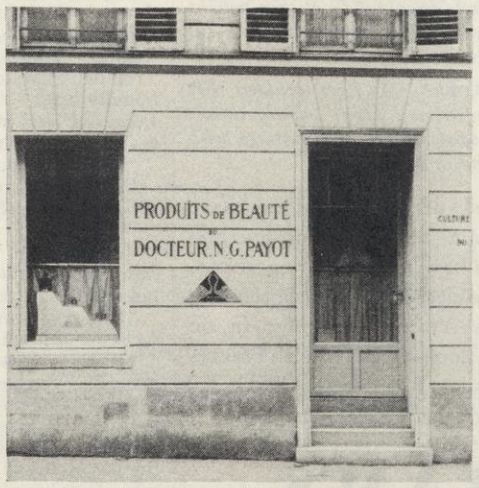
"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, Parisian beauty specialist to the elite.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

You have probably heard of Mme. N. G. Payot

Certainly if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. N. G. Payot. And in this country you no doubt know her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.



Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

5197B

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 19

Then she lifted adoring eyes, her lips moved in an intimate murmur. The two slipped off the floor and disengaged, and Maida Leslie, picking her way back to the dressing-rooms, dropped a charming eyelash to Gib. After the briefest of disappearances she returned to find him ready.

"Well, big boy!" she fluted, snuggling up with professional fondness. "Did you get a nice little peep at the great, wide open spaces?"

So she, at all events, didn't know yet for what ends the mob had borrowed Shaw's car!

"It was interesting," Gib said.

"You certainly looked like it was, when you come in—like you'd just seen a ghost."

"Did I?"

" 'S all right, with me, big boy. I didn't know it was anything you had to take so serious. I thought, first time I met you, you were too much a kid to be training with that bunch upstairs. But that's your funeral."

"I shouldn't wonder." Gib felt oddly steadied by this unintentional coup of gruesome humor. "Picked my pocket yet, sweetheart?"

"Ages ago."

"I was only wondering. You haven't got too much time——"

"You're a serious-minded kid, I'll say." She laughed. "Don't fret your head about me, big boy. That shrimp's so sure of me he won't remember he ever had a car till closing time!" She was sensitive to the fact that Gib was once more in the throes of a strong emotion. "Now what's eating you?"

Gib was hardly aware that she was speaking. He was staring over her head into the smiling eyes of Lyn Castaigne.

It would happen like this! It had to be this night, of all nights, that his wish came true and he gazed into those true eyes again! And she did look so glad, so very glad to see him!

The grind brought her nearer. Her partner, a young man of the right sort, Gib saw with a pang, her sort, clean drawn and sure of himself, looked over his shoulder with a half smile, surprised but amiable, when Lyn called, as happily as to a dear old friend refound: "Hello, Gib!"

Still nearer at hand, she continued to smile as though this unexpected meeting afforded her a deep and true delight.

"Don't go away without stopping at our table, Gib. Promise!"

"I won't—I mean I'll try—I will."

Other couples came between.

"How come you're pals with Henri Castaigne's daughter?"

GIB looked down to dark eyes mocking and puzzled but not unkind. "I used to know her—I mean, I met her a while ago, back in the country, up-state, where I come from."

"Sort of all gone on her, aren't you?"

"No such fool."

"You wouldn't try to kid a trusting woman, would you, big boy? Don't waste your time. I was in love myself, once."

He couldn't be deaf to a ring of sincere feeling. "That sounds as if you meant it."

"I do." Maida, nodding, lifted earnest, friendly eyes. "What's more, I'll prove it. Because I kind of like you. Besides, it can't get me in wrong anyway."

"Don't get you."

"I mean, I won't be cramping anybody's style I'm strong for."

"How?"

"Tipping you off. Look: You wouldn't want to see anything happen to Henri Castaigne's daughter tonight, would you?"

"How do you mean? Why do you keep on speaking of her like that—'Henri Castaigne's daughter'? How does it happen," Gib demanded, "you know her?"

"She was pointed out to me when she came in with her gang. Know who Henri Castaigne is, don't you? You must know he's the big exclusive jeweler over on Fifth Avenue. Didn't you know? On the level?"

"No," Gib faltered.

"I should think she'd have told you. You know now, anyway. And when you go over to talk to her and get a line on what she's wearing in the line of rocks tonight—I don't mean too much for a girl, but stuff that's simply priceless—maybe you'll understand why I'm telling you, if you really care much about the kid, that you'd better get her out of this dump the quickest you know how—and make sure that she gets home safe, too."

"Why, Maida? If you know so much——"

"Listen, big boy." The girl spoke with lips so close to Gib's chest that he could barely follow. "Dapper Dan Coyne's here tonight and Pug Callahan's with him. Those are the two that held up Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe in her own limousine last month and took her for a hundred-grand haul of cracked ice. They're the same guys that took Dot Mayne in her apartment last year—remember how the bulls never could figure who killed her? I know they're trailing this Castaigne kid because I happened to be looking when they come in, Dapper Dan and Pug. Nobody ever wasn't seen so hard as they didn't see Henri Castaigne's daughter."

DISMAY took Gib by the throat, choked him speechless, shook him out of step.

"Keep right on dancing, big boy," Maida enjoined.

"Where are these birds?" Gib refound his voice to demand. "Dapper Don and Pug—where are they sitting?"

"Soft pedal, for Pete's sake! How come you don't know them by sight? Don't look when I tell you their table; wait till you get back at yours. And don't then except by accident, sort of, and like you haven't any idea who they are."

"But you're crazy!" he expostulated. "If those are the guys that took Dot Mayne——"

"Ask Nails if you don't believe me—ask Kinky, ask anybody, and see if they'll tell you different."

"But if you know it and everybody knows it, the cops must. Why! It's at least a year since Dot Mayne was found dead and her jewels gone, and Centre Street threw up its hands and swore the killers hadn't left a solitary clue."

"It's a shame," the girl alleged, "letting a nice child like you run loose in a big city. Listen, baby: They had Dot Mayne's murder pinned on Dapper Don so fast they was only one way he could buy himself loose. Maybe you don't remember how they let the case ride about the time they blew the Whittemore mob right off the map. Well: Don Coyne and Whittemore used to be thick like Lee and Jake. They'd never have got within a mile of Whittemore if Don hadn't snitched on him to save himself the hot squat."

Just then the dance music blew up in the conventional crash of discords, and Maida, leaving the floor, lightly brusqued Gib's stammers of gratitude. "Forget it. Anyway, I kind of wish I hadn't tipped you off."

From his chair Gib could just see, over against the farther wall, a crown of amber gleaming through the haze. Like a halo, he thought, that had missed its way.

Of two who sat without women at a nearer table his view was unobstructed. To untaught perceptions the two were on unfriendly terms or bored and talked out; only those that knew thieves' ways might see that they were keeping up an intermittent give-and-take after the method of their kind, looking at each other never and speaking virtually behind the teeth, with little stir of lips or none. Neither, while Gib was watching, looked once toward that amber glow; and such care to betray no interest in that quarter was the more significant in his sight.

Bela minced along presently, and Dapper Don beckoned him with a glance. The maître d'hotel bent a ready ear, but Gib could tell that he didn't much fancy the tenor of Coyne's proposals. His eyes took on a stony glaze, he shrugged as who should say: 'What would you? I am helpless!' He even offered to pass and call the question closed. And at this, Dapper Don lost patience. His final speech was pitched, of course, for Bela's ears alone, but caused the famous smile to slip and let blue funk glimpse through, if only for an instant; the next saw it in place again, as firmly false as ever.

Gib made to finish his second highball but stayed the glass at his lips, and in the end left it undrained on the table. It was going to take all the cool address and ingenuity he could drum up to extricate Lyn without giving the cutthroats who were stalking her an excuse for assuming that his interference was of malice aforethought, or giving Lyn any inkling of his mob affiliations.

Yet never for an instant did he imagine he would be able to be of any real use to her without paying; and of (*Turn to page 49*)

"Mother, listen! It talks out loud!"

No wonder Kellogg's Rice Krispies captivate children. The minute you tilt the cream pitcher, these nourishing rice bubbles begin to crackle and pop. And how good they taste!

Serve this delightful cereal for breakfast tomorrow. All the family will welcome its crunchy crispness, its flavor of toasted rice. Extra good with fresh or canned fruits or sweetened with honey.

Rice Krispies are fine for lunch or dinner. Ideal for the kiddies' supper. Easy to digest. Wholesome. You'll like to munch them right out of the package.

And try the recipes on the carton. Macaroons, candies. Buttered Rice Krispies! Sprinkle on ice cream. Put them in soups. Order from your grocer. Always in the red-and-green package. Served by hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, on dining-cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

French Coffee House in London, after an old water color drawing by Thomas Rowlandson

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 46

the two costs he must count the spite of the crooks the cheaper. The only clean thing he had left in life was that friendliness which had shone to him across the dance floor a few minutes since. He wouldn't mind the cost at all, he felt, if only he might feel sure of going under in her sight gallantly. As go under he surely must. The bulls would get him if those two killers didn't.

He took his fate in his hands, then, and crossed to Lyn's table. Bearing in mind how Dapper Don and Pug, by being too ostentatiously blind to the presence of Lyn Castaigne, had betrayed to wits of their own school the very animus they were anxious to dissemble, Gib obliged himself, in passing, to cast a speciously idle eye on the pair. But these had their heads together over a newly uncorked bottle and were seemingly engrossed in relishing its contents. He found himself bowing over Lyn's hand and doing his best to make mannerly acknowledgment of his presentation to the others at her table.

Cordelia Tallant was an able-bodied mondaine, almost as handsome on the dark side as Lyn on the fair; her husband, a soft-spoken ironist ten years or so her senior; John Mansing—Lyn's cousin—the personable youngster with whom Lyn had been dancing. Mrs. Tallant was running a strong flow of sprightliness, Mr. Tallant bearing up with brows whose whimsical apprehensiveness might have been permanent, Mr. Mansing in form for a late evening and a lively—on this closer acquaintance so unmistakably a cub that jealousy was no more a rankle in Gib's bosom.

Very soon the band came to life with a bang, young Mansing whisked Mrs. Tallant off to the floor, her husband was good enough to raise an acquaintance in the offing with whom he wanted a chat, and Gib was left to his first free words with Lyn.

He turned with a countenance whose ease was now almost unforced. He knew too little about jewels—those which Lyn was wearing might or might not be as Maida had appraised them—he couldn't say; but he did know that the show, gauged by the value the chorus girl had given it, seemed tolerably unpretentious. He saw only two rings, one carrying a pearl of no great magnitude, the other an emerald which he reckoned quite modest; a string of lesser emeralds that coiled Lyn's wrist like a slim green snake; a single necklace of pearls which, though it boasted a biggish green stone in its clasp, didn't look a whit more precious than the forgeries that the novelty shops sell for a song. But then he had what he had just been told to remember, that Henri Castaigne was a famous jeweler; and the Henri Castaigne he had met hadn't impressed Gib as a man who would be likely to trick his daughter out in gimcracks.

He risked a glance across the room that surprised Coyne in the act of studying him askance.

IT WAS forever mysterious to Gib how he had managed to refrain from wincing so sharply that Lyn couldn't overlook it. He was curiously preoccupied with thinking that he knew now what the eyes of the basilisk were like, that fabled monster whose very gaze was death to mortals. The eyes of the basilisk were like Dapper Don's. Gib had read his death in them as plainly as though the decree had been written in letters of fire.

"You know you think it strange yourself, Gib! You needn't look at me like that. I don't care if I do sound silly. I've thought of you so often since that time, and wondered how things were turning out for you in Signal, and what you were making of yourself, and always, I don't know why, with the surest feeling that you would look me up some day and tell me. And now to run across you here in town, and utterly without any warning, and in a rowdy place like this!"

"Well," Gib found himself able to fence with a laugh, "you'll never hear me calling my luck hard names just because it didn't give me my choice of places."

He began to refind his self-confidence.

"But what are you doing here, Gib?"

"Pretty much the same thing that you're doing, I expect—trying to sell myself the idea that this sort of thing is fun."

"I mean, here in New York. Looking so very prosperous, too, and smart."

"If it comes to that, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me what right you've got to be sitting there and looking so beautiful—like an angel that's taken the wrong turning and come up in Hell's Kitchen——"

"DON'T use such strong language, Gib!" But the girl wasn't really trying to conceal her pleasure. "Besides, it's perfectly simple, about me: this is my home town when Lenox isn't; John always puts up with us when he runs down from Yale for a football game—he's going back tomorrow—and the Tallants are old friends. So there's nothing in the least weird in our dropping in here after the theater; nothing half so weird as finding you here, all dressed up and on your toes—the boy who'd just about come to the end of his rope, the last I saw of him in Signal!"

"Guess I'd better come through with the missing continuity, then, before you meet anybody who knows the truth and might be mean enough to tell it. I just had a bit of luck on top of that rotten break back home," he romanced, "that's all. A distant relative, a sort of granduncle, cashed in out in Minneapolis. He hadn't any family, so I came into what he left. It wasn't an awful lot, but enough to pay the one way fare from Signal and get me started at the Art Students' League."

"Studying art, Gib? How wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you had a bent in that direction?" Lyn leaned forward eagerly.

"You never asked me."

"But I'm so surprised, and glad for you. I was afraid you might let yourself go, up there, and never be anything better than——"

"I don't blame you. I must have looked a pretty hopeless proposition, pretty much the way I felt——"

"But I knew there was something in you, something worth while that was bound to come out as soon as you gave it a chance. Tell me: What are you studying?"

"Just trying to learn to draw, to begin with. That's the first thing, of course. Though I haven't been able to make much progress up to now. You see, there's only been the afternoon sketch class in the summer months; but now that the League is running on its full-time winter schedule, I'll have the life class every morning, and afternoons I'll be painting."

"Splendid! Father will be interested. He was studying in Paris when his father had a stroke and called him home to carry on the business; and then he fell in love with it. It's a sort of fascination that comes of handling them, and once it takes hold of a man there seems to be no cure for him, really. Ever since I can remember, father has been planning to sell out and go to live in France and get on with his painting again. But he simply can't keep away from the shop long enough to get well of the fever. Sometimes I think it's because, deep down, he doesn't want to; he was meant to be an artist-jeweler."

Gib heard himself producing sympathetic noises. Any cue would do, he gathered, that Lyn might take as encouragement to go on talking about her adored father. But he envied Henri Castaigne her worship less than Lyn her capacity for worshiping. His life, he saw, might have been another story if it had left him a parent to admire with all his heart and try to live up to. This envy, however, was only a by-product of his humor. He was possessed of the wildest impulse to cut in without more (Turn to page 50)

EXTRA!

Interviews with all the prominent radio stars—William Damrosch—Rudy Vallée, Amos 'n Andy—in next month's Delineator, by that most skilful and charming of interviewers and great Delineator favorite, Vera Connolly. The first of two articles is called "Bagging Radio Lions"

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 49

ceremony and lay the whole truth before Lyn. Better to lose her now than go on living a lie to her. Lose her he was bound to in any event.

In relief, he saw it was too late; Mrs. Tallant and John Mansing were already returning.

"SOMEBODY please for pity's sake open that wine." Delia Tallant, half-winded, dropped into her chair. "I'm perishing."

Gib, watching the deft work of the waiter who was dislodging the bottle from its bed of ice and swaddling it, saw the doctored cider which the Calico Cat purveyed in the name of champagne to the indiscriminate. It popped a loud cork; the rest of the story was thirty dollars on the bill and a wrecked digestion. Gib firmly diverted the neck that threatened his glass.

"Religious scruples?" Mrs. Tallant asked.

"Superstition," Gib corrected. "It's always bad luck with me to pour wine on top of whisky." And seeing Lyn in turn foil an attempt on her glass, he queried: "You, too?"

"It's low vanity here: I don't drink, ever, just to be different."

"It's one sure way, in this town."

She nodded. "There's a waltz at last! I think I want to dance, Gib."

He was happier on the floor with her than he had believed he could be. Everybody in the night club knew him—every waiter and musician, all the people of the revue and, at least by sight, most of the regulars among the patrons; knew him in the character Kinky had invented for him, of a moneyed calf infatuated with night life, or else as what he was, a pupil in the hard finishing-school upstairs; and it was more than likely that almost everybody by now knew Lyn as Henri Castaigne's daughter, and was watching him in envy, or in wonder.

But Lyn made him forget all that. Lyn was the dance its very self, all its poetry in terms of elemental loveliness. She was in his arms—and even in the first steps awareness of her as a woman waned and left awareness only of contact with the spirit of the dance incarnate.

"WHAT'S become of the pretty girl you were dancing with, Gib? I don't see her anywhere. You didn't heartlessly desert her?"

Gib thought it most likely that Maida had gone to the dressing-room to undress for the revue. She was not his guest for the evening, then? He explained that the Kittens of the Calico Cat Chorus were bound to dance with all comers, and fudged a yarn about a brother art student who was to meet him for supper and failed unaccountably to honor his engagement. So much the better, Lyn declared; now nothing could prevent his spending the rest of the evening at her table.

Thankful to be spared the strain of inventing pretexts for attaching himself to the party, but reminded at the same time of the grim reason why he must not let the girl out of his sight that side of safety, Gib ventured a compliment on her jewels. But did she think it prudent to parade them in resorts of shady reputation?

"Are you serious, Gib? They're not many, and so simple. Besides, imitations are all the rage today. I defy anybody to tell whether my pearls are real or copies."

"But you're your father's daughter."

"What of it? and how many people here know that?"

"But those emeralds aren't synthetic—?"

"Of course not. But what could happen with you and John Mansing and Ned Tallant to take care of me?"

Gib was reduced to uneasy demurs: you never could tell—in a town like New York anything was possible. Lyn was still laughing when a ruffle of drums cleared the floor for the revue.

Tallant and his wife returned at the same time; and the evidence was plain that Delia Tallant had taken more aboard then she knew how to carry. Mansing on his part was bending a fixed stare to his glass and sporting a sullen blush, as of embarrassment.

Tallant sat down, closed a strong hand over his wife's, and said something to her in undertones that drew a retort ribald and defiant. The band obliged with the first flourish of the overture, and Gib gladly availed himself of the excuse to turn a shoulder to this by-scene and concentrate on the antics of the Kittens. The room was darkened to let the leading lady make a stealthy entrance and be pounced upon by a sudden spotlight; and Tallant waited for her to break into song before saying across the table: "I'm going to take Delia home now, Lyn, and send the car back for you. You'll be all right, of course, with John and Mr. Parke here." Lyn lightly agreed, the Tallants effected an inconspicuous departure, and Gib wondered why Tallant had told him and not John Mansing, on leaving, that he would settle the supper bill with Bela on his way out. When the lights went up again, however, one look confirmed his guess at the reason; and Lyn was ready with a rueful grimace to add her testimony.

"It begins to look as though we were wiser than we knew." She nodded toward the bottle. "I never saw Delia like that before. Poor dear! As for John—!"

She checked to make sure that John wasn't listening. And John wasn't. With an elbow planted on the table to prop up a head which the crooning tenor had bowed down in woe, he was sniveling openly and without shame.

"How perfectly ghastly!" Lyn giggled in spite of herself. "Gib, what on earth are we to do with him?"

"Get him to bed as quick as we can. How long will be it before that car gets back? Is it one of yours or the Tallants'?"

"Theirs. They only live a little way across town. What do you think? Had we better take a taxi?"

"No. Let's wait."

"I'm sure Ned Tallant didn't dream John, too . . . Why is it, Gib," the girl pursued, "that every time we meet I'm in an awful fix and there's nobody but you to help me?"

"I don't know—unless I'm a lucky fool."

"More likely, because I am."

"I hope you'll always think so."

"I'm sure I will!"

Gib swallowed a groan that would have been too eloquent of inability to share that confidence, and drew on his courage for another look that at once became all but a gape at a deserted table across the room. It wasn't three minutes since Dapper Don and his pal had been sitting there and watching the show.

"What are you studying about so darkly, Gib?"

"Wondering if it wouldn't be a wise move, perhaps, to phone your father."

"I wouldn't know where to ring him. He's playing contract somewhere tonight, I know, but I haven't the first idea who's giving the party."

"That's out, then."

"But why so tragic? You and I can take care of John, I'm sure."

"All the same, I wish— It's no job for a girl like you."

SHE called that nonsense; but Gib was moodily watching Tony thread toward them through the crush, bringing word that the car was waiting for Miss Castaigne.

John proved gratefully tractable. Too far sunk in sorrow to care what happened to him, he offered no objection to being helped to his feet and guided by an arm to the foyer, and stood without hitching while Bela lent Tony and Gib a hand to get him into his top-coat.

"What's become of Dapper Don and Pug Callahan?" Gib demanded of the maître d'hotel, aside.

"I do not know"—Bela hitched both shoulders to his ears and his brows almost to his crown—"I have not see."

"If you're lying to me, God be with you! And if I ever find out for certain there was dope in that wine—damn you!—I'll wrap a club round your head if it's my last act."

"But I am sure," Bela alleged without visible perturbation, "you are too sensible to believe any such thing or—do anything foolish."

Gib gave Lyn a sign to hang back till he had bundled John into the car. As they emerged, the brigadier of the bronze door ranged up on John's other side, and Gib searched anxiously the nearer shadows. These held no skulkers that he could see, however. The last straggler from the theaters had long since passed, and between the avenues the illuminated jaws of the Calico Cat alone, with the rank of waiting cabs and private cars, proved that the night life of the quarter was still running. The Tallant town car had a man at the wheel who looked not only quick and sturdy but apt to be useful in a pinch. Gib took a sigh of relief, and resigned to the brigadier the task of planting John in a corner of the car.

"You know where Miss Castaigne lives?" he asked the chauffeur. "Get us there as sharp as you can—and if you should see anybody hanging round the house as we drive up, don't stop, keep right on till we pick up a cop. Get me? I'm looking for trouble tonight, and the last thing I want is to find it."

The chauffeur cheerfully touched his cap. "I'll be on the lookout, sir," he said in a clipped British voice, "never fear."

There was just room enough for Gib between Lyn and John. The brigadier slammed the door, the car hauled off.

"What did you say?"

Gib gave a blank face to the girl. "Did I say something?"

"I thought I heard you say 'Thank God!' "

"I shouldn't wonder. I felt pretty jumpy about getting you out of that joint——"

"I don't see why."

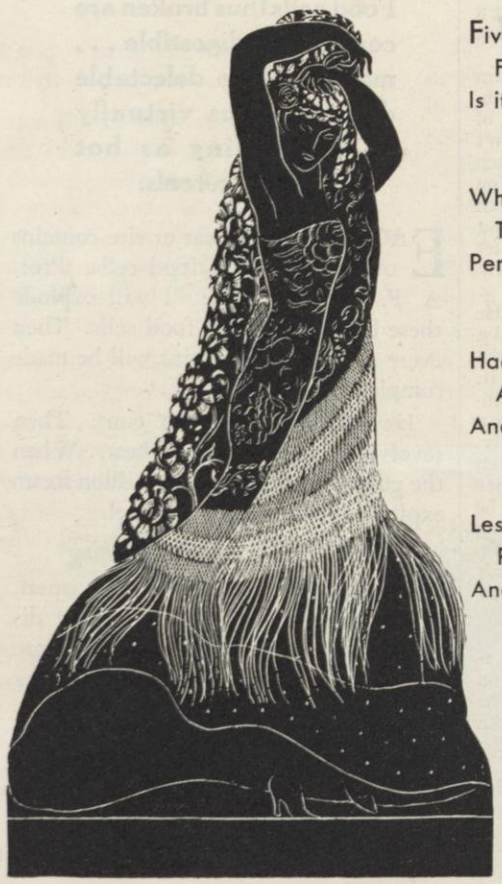
"Well! It's a dive, you know—and I was afraid it would be more of a job, maybe, to —well—get you out all right—with your cousin like this, I mean— Oh I don't know!"

Lyn thought for a moment. "It didn't take you long to learn your way about New York, did it, Gib?"

He was fishing for a safe retort when the horn gave an angry squawk and the town car a wild swerve. The lurch threw Gib forward to sight a taxicab of the old high-shouldered type standing across the bows, and the two vehicles came together (*Turn to page 52*)

A SPANISH SHAWL

BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

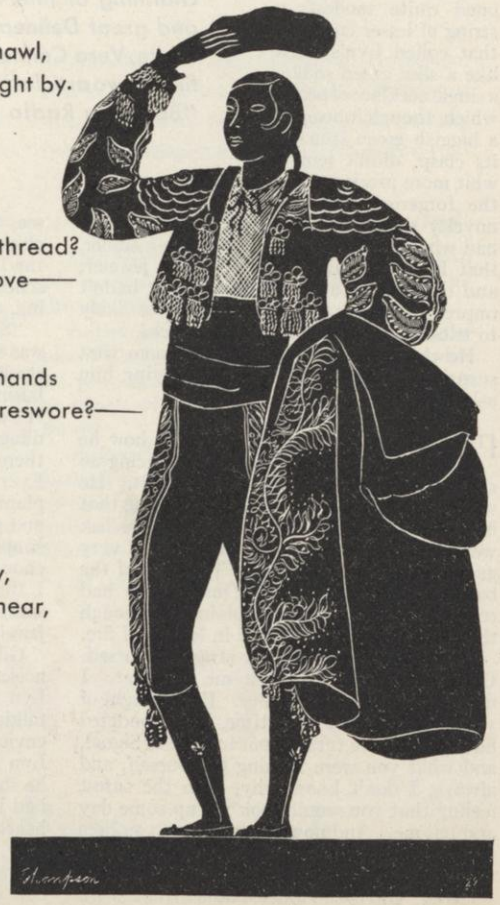


Five times I've worn you, lovely shawl,
Five times I've wept the whole night by.
Is it for tears your folds recall
That I must cry?

Whose Andalusian fingers wove
The fringe and roses, thread by thread?
Perhaps they broidered in their love——
Or was it dead?

Had some one kissed those little hands
And whispered words that he foreswore?——
And did he sail to other lands
Forevermore?

Lest lurking sorrows reappear,
Reluctantly you're packed away,
And with your phantom no more near,
I laugh today.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTON S. THOMPSON

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces . . . thus cleansing teeth completely.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest-selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

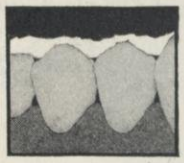
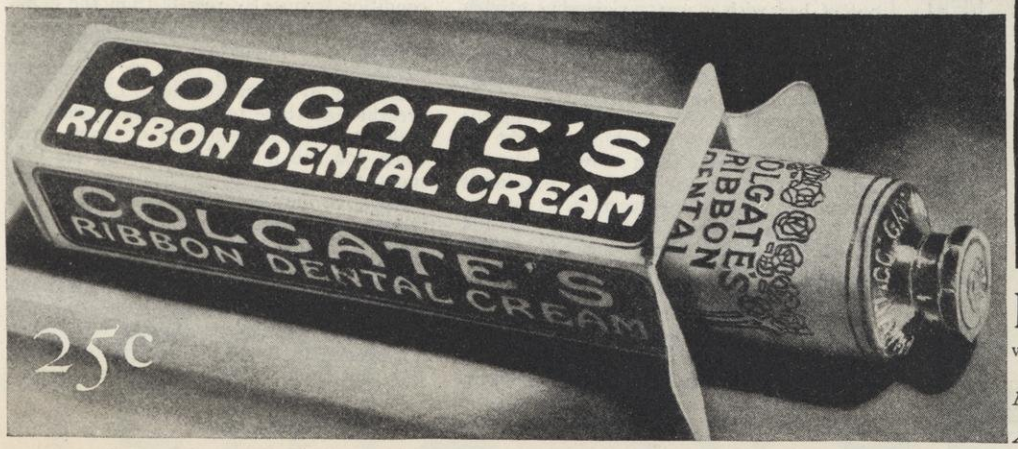


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low Surface - Tension") penetrates deep down into the Crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-542, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

THE TREMBLING FLAME

Continued from page 50

with an impact that cast him back on the hospitable bosom of John. Lyn cried out, but Gib couldn't stop. He kicked the door open and was poised on the running board while the street was still bandying echoes.

The door of the rammed taxi flew wide simultaneously and a man leaped down, a deadly animal in a dinner jacket, catlike in every action, most of all in the cleverness with which he used his feet. A street lamp across the way struck ugly gleams from salients in the features of Dapper Don Coyne and something of metal in his hand. But not even for that would Gib falter; his one thin chance lay in being too quick for one whose quickness was a byword of the mob world. He flung himself from the running-board while Coyne had still to brace a firm stance.

The pistol barked in his face, its fire scorched one cheek, but the bullet went an inch too wide to break the force with which he fell upon the man, who buckled and broke under him as if dropped by a bolt. The shock must have cost him his weapon, for Gib was aware, in an instant of blind scuffling, of two empty hands clawing at him. Then his own fastened on the throat of the killer, his knee drove into Coyne with pitiless force, and the man howled and curled up in pain that wrung his strength out like water from a clout.

Gib, casting off and trying to refind his feet before Pug Callahan—wherever he was—could seize the situation and take steps to annihilate him, was all but up when a flame licked at him over the hood of the stalled cab and something like a white-hot stiletto stabbed his shoulder and threw him back in a broken sprawl. As he went down he caught sight of Pug's rough-hewn head and torso beyond the hood, and fingers catching convulsively at the pavement closed upon the pistol Dapper Don had lost. Then the tongue of fire spat at him again, the bullet seared his ribs—and with a scream and one last heave Gib left off squirming and lay like a stone.

Through lids crimped by suffering, he saw Callahan vanish from beyond the hood. The ache of his shoulder made him feel dizzy and sick, there was a thundering in his ears as of surf through which shouts seeped like the calling of gulls in a gale. He set his teeth to stave off complete collapse—and Callahan lumbered into view behind the taxi.

Gib fired as he lay, lifting only his forearm for aim. The first shot stopped the thug in his tracks, the next made him pivot like a whipped top, the last felled him squarely on top of the writhing, yelping Coyne.

Gib permitted himself the luxury of a whole groan. Consciousness was slipping now, and no mistake. He felt more than heard a flutter in the darkness that was flooding over him, breathed that same enigmatic perfume which, since his dance with Lyn, he never would forget, knew the warmth of two hands on his cheeks, and heard a voice crying to him: "O Gib! Gib! Are you badly hurt?"

He found just strength enough to say: " 'S all right me . . . only guess . . . have to call it a night." And it was night.

The black shadow of Gib's underworld creeps nearer and nearer to his friendship with Lyn Castaigne. Will he let it soil that one clean spot in his life? Read the September instalment of Louis Joseph Vance's new novel

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

Continued from page 24

made for it; use soap and water to cleanse, and alcohol rubs. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and cooked and uncooked fruit, no sweets, little fats. Do all those things that will quiet nerves—plenty of sleep, and walking in the open, breathing deep. Escape into books you enjoy and the kind of parties you like best and plays that make you laugh. Happiness helps acne because nothing abets all the smooth, magnificent functioning of the body like laughter and love and fun.

One of the pet day-dreams of the mirror is that a time will come when nothing ugly will ever look into it. If there weren't so many noises in the world, we probably should hear it cry out at the uglinesses that look into it: "Go away! I don't want that in me! Take it away!"

"Take it away!" Well, why not? Take it far away, out of existence. Bad expressions: religion, faith, philosophy, love can take those away. Bad silhouettes: exercise, correct posture can take away those. Bad skins: proper food and fresh air and sleep, and cleanliness and cosmetics (creams, ointments, lotions), can take those away.

What a good, self-respecting mirror would like to see is to have the whole family start the day right—not just wake up and crawl out of bed with a weary sigh—but stretch and stretch in every direction before they get out at all—stretch *hard*—and then all of them together take a few setting-up exercises—take them because it's fun.

Deep breathing first, arms brought up the sides until they are stretching straight up over the head, lower them more quickly, exhaling and tensing the abdomen, pushing it out as you exhale, drawing it in as you inhale. Spread a sheet on the floor and roll clear across it, fifty times—make it snappy. It reduces the hips, buttocks, abdomen, dowager's hump between the shoulders, upper arms, and aids the intestines.

Touch the floor with the palms, knees straight, abdomen tensed as you go down. Loosen the shoulders by stretching the arms out from the sides, shoulders high, elbows stiff, hands bent up from the wrists, now turn the arms clear around until the hands are once more pointing up, with the back of the arms facing front.

Now bend the head straight over the right shoulder, pull; now over the left, pull. Wake those glands up and make them work.

You cannot hothouse yourself and be strong and well and wholly alive. Do your exercises as if you had plunged into a cold sea and liked it.

ALL the hair that looks into mirrors would be lovelier if it had a few minutes' faithful care each day. There are no rules that fit all heads—except cleanliness. Some hair can be washed every few days and thrive on it, providing warm instead of very hot water is used and always a mild soap or shampoo—and the sun and air dry it. Some hair gets along beautifully without much brushing, but most hair is lovelier texture if brushed daily.

TONICS are good, but it's massaging them in that does the trick—that loosening of the whole scalp by the firm, circular movement of the cushions of the finger-tips, or of the palms all over the head until it feels glowing and alive. Blood and its nourishment are what the scalp is asking for. There are sweat glands all over the scalp, and an oily condition frequently results from the elimination of body poisons through these glands, perspiration elimination. They need to cleanse the hair with tonic or a shampoo every day in warm weather. Let the hair breathe—all those body excretions cake the scalp and the hair—get rid of them. And when you rub fatty ointments on the thin spots, massage them in until you get the blood up or they won't do a bit of good. And in this month of vacationing, remember always to rinse your hair after a salt bath.

Why shouldn't father use these creams and lotions that mother buys? (I hope she does.) He doesn't like wrinkles and large pores any better than she does, really; he just thinks it's effeminate to do anything about them. But why is it? What a silly idea! Beauty (and mirrors) don't pay any attention to sex—and loveliness is (*Turn to page 55*)

First — *Delicious!*

Every child delights in this new cereal by HEINZ of "57" fame

Second - *A new effect!*

. . . one of vegetables' best, and never offered in any cereal before

We offer here a boon to Mothers whose children "don't like vegetables" and, therefore, do not eat enough of them to keep health-habits regular. HEINZ experts spent eight years in perfecting it. Some of the world's ablest scientists collaborated.

Strange as it may seem, this new efficiency comes in *oven-toasted, crunchy, crisp delicious rice flakes* — the most alluring breakfast food your young folks have ever known.

Not only will the flavor of this luscious food win your entire family's immediate approval, but these benefits will *surely come;* because HEINZ retains in this delicious cereal an edible, pure *vegetable-cellulose* which provides a bulk-and-roughage content of *practical proportions.*

ALL BRAN REMOVED

No, it isn't a bran food. HEINZ has *removed* all bran to eliminate harshness—to make this bulk and roughage *mild* and *gentle;* suitable for all; children especially.

As HEINZ prepares this vegetable-cellulose, its bulk in the rice flakes increases *four to six times* when moisture is absorbed after eating.

As used by HEINZ, its cost of preparation is several times that of the rice grain itself, yet you pay no more for it.

ONE WEEK PROVES

Simply let your family *know the flavor* of HEINZ Rice Flakes, and all the benefits will follow . . . *cordially invited* by the smallest tot.

Serve *twice daily for one week* — in the morning and for dessert at lunch or dinner —to *start* the regulating "vegetable effect"; once daily thereafter to maintain it. Conclusive tests by authorities have proved its efficiency beyond all doubt. Naturally all of the fine, energizing food value of rice—the most nutritious of all cereals—is included in HEINZ Rice Flakes.

The right diet . . *"is the material on which to build the foundation of success", says a well known food expert.*

Don't use in place of vegetables, of course, but in addition to them—*to complete in a delightful way* an adequate amount of bulk and roughage that people who don't like vegetables are liable to miss.

BE BETTER PALS

Serve HEINZ Rice Flakes and see your children brighten and improve. Note that no urging or reminding is required. Enjoy that great relief. Become better pals and have more *fun* at the table. If not entirely satisfactory in every way your grocer will refund your money gladly. We have arranged for that.

Be sure in ordering to specify HEINZ Rice Flakes, for no other cereal of any kind can offer the same advantages due to patented processes owned and used by HEINZ exclusively.

Just as good for grown-ups as for children, so let the entire family enjoy it and get these good effects. Mail coupon below for free booklet, "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

*E. R. HARDING, M. A., (*Scientist*)
says this in a recent article:

"That cellulose is both a natural and valuable food constituent is evident. That it is practically essential is not too extravagant a claim. It is found widely distributed in nearly all natural vegetable foods, particularly in such vegetables as celery, lettuce, cabbage, spinach and asparagus. Fruits like oranges, grapefruit and others of this type contain considerable amounts of it."

**Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • DEPT. E-3
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please send **without charge** your booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

Enjoy these radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

READY TO SERVE
HEINZ RICE FLAKES
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

CHILDREN CAN'T RESIST THIS FLAVOR SO THEY DON'T RESIST THESE BENEFITS

a new delicious kind

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

Continued from page 52

quite as welcome in a night sky as it is in a rose!

Things that produce beauty in the human race are the same things that produce health of mind and spirit and body—and life. We all have in common that mysterious gift, life. It is to be used—not buried, or wasted, or crippled. It can be beautiful even when it is very hard—and to some of us it does seem so hard that we feel we are here in it only to show how much courage we have. Well, we're all equipped with courage; let's show it by a brave, gay exterior and a steady, inner faith in there being some purpose back of whatever is happening to us, and an unswerving belief in ultimate beauty.

A gallant old lady in her eighties, whom life is still buffeting harder than it should, it seems to me, wrote to me not long ago: "Those who truly live well are those who daily perform the miracle of making something fine by an adventure of the creative imagination."

If she should ask her mirror (which I'm sure she never would):

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"

I am sure it would speak straight up and say: "You. Because you are one whom nothing can defeat!"

Are you? Look into your mirror and see!

THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN

Continued from page 21

that weighed a stone and could crow louder than any rooster in the parish, got stuck in the garden gate. The wind nibbled him naked. The old windmill on Murray's brae that hadn't run for years was spinning tonight, and the squeaks from it sounded louder than a drove of hungry pigs.

DOWN by the sea, where a mossy rock lipped over a cove, swarms of wee men were hanging, clinging to the moss. The chief of the clan—the Paver of Caves—was renowned among the wee men for his ability to blend moonflakes with white heather for the flooring of the caves. Tonight he was so fearfully frightened that he could hardly make himself heard.

"I hope the moss on this rock holds," he cried. "Were there any of you scratched when the oak tree fell?"

"No, no," came wee whines, "but we're all warped and twisted. Our eyes are webbed with eyebrows, and our beards are whistling tunes such as we never heard before!"

"That's to be expected," answered the Paver. "Keep your heads! Don't let the belching waves or the sky wheezings upset you. If the moss holds, well and good. If it doesn't, keep together—whatever happens!"

A wee wail of a voice reached the Paver's ears. "The moss on this rock is as straggly as the down on a young linnet's breast!"

"Weigh down your minds!" commanded the Paver. "Weigh them down well, with the work you've left undone—and trust to that to hold you to the rock!"

The wee men had no difficulty weighing down their minds, but even that weight was no match for the night. All of a sudden, without the yelp of a warning, the arms of the wind began wrestling with the rock.

"Let go!" roared the Paver, "before we're tossed into the cove! Unballast your minds! Take hold of each other!"

A buzzing of wee voices hummed through the blackness.

"Oh, where are we going?"

"That," shouted the Paver, "is a question I can't answer."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the tail of the wind wound itself around the wee men and lifted them high into the air.

"We're all right so far!" the Paver cried out. "Stick together! Don't let go of each other! If I only had an eyeful of moonlight I could tell which way we are going."

"The sea is under us," screamed the Crane Chaser.

The Midsummer Mower, who had hold of the Paver's hand, cried out in a tremble, "Have you no power at all?"

"Power?" shrieked back the Paver. "With my feet off the ground? Why, man, what are you thinking about? Power? I'd have you know that with the stars mired and the moon choked, I can do nothing but blow away with the rest of you."

The gale was sweeping them out over the sea. The wee Cradle Rocker began to cry. "I'm getting dizzy," he whined.

"Stop your crying!" commanded the Paver. "There's noise enough in the world tonight."

"If only I had a light," called out the Cradle Rocker, "I could find myself."

"Hold on!" shouted the Paver. "Is Willie the Wisp among you?"

"That I am," piped up Willie, "but I haven't a spare breath to blow my light lit."

"Where do you think we are now?" spoke the Stooker of Wheat Sheaves.

Grunty the Fisherman answered, "Over Dundrum Bay."

"If the clouds should let go of us," shouted the wee Weaver, "I won't have to do any more weaving!"

"Stop your complaining," ordered the Paver. "I'll need a new suit the minute we alight."

"How about me?" It was the Quarryman's voice. "My schisty shirt is slit up the back. My cap is gone and my pulse heaters, too. How are we going to get back? Can you answer me that, Paver of Caves?"

"We're speeding so fast," answered the Paver, "that my mind can't keep up with me."

There was silence among the wee men for a long time, for they had little breath to put into words. They held tight to each other's hands, while the Big Wind made serpentine curves out of them, as on it swept over the sea, driving them ahead of it.

But after a while the Counter of Lark Eggs spoke. "I smell the morn."

"Good," said the Paver. "I thought we were nearing something, for I just bumped my chilblain on the top of a mountain."

Far, far away, the tired eye of the morn squeezed through the clouds. Ribbons of sunken sunlight fluttered up and into the sky. And then something happened that brought cheer to the wee men—they found themselves astride the arch of a rainbow.

"Let go of hands!" commanded the Paver. "Now every man of you slide down the rainbow legs to the ground. But mind and keep your heads, for we don't know what's waiting below."

The wee men began to argue about what colors they would choose to slide down.

"Look here!" said the Paver. "There are enough colors for all of you. I'm going down on the peacock band."

"I'll follow you on the purple," said the Weaver. "I might even do a bit of weaving on my way down."

"Good!" cried the Paver. "I'm in need of a cloak." He looked over his men. "Are you all ready?" he asked.

"We are!"

"Then let us slide down to the ground."

The wee men lay flat on their little bellies, and each one twisted his short legs around the color band he liked best. Then down the rainbow legs they banistered.

The Weaver was the last to land; he had a bundle of woven rainbow web under his arm.

THE wee men landed in a strange country of trees that cast tall shadows. The Paver of Caves, chief of the clan, was without power to do anything.

"We're all out of sorts," said the Counter of Lark Eggs, "but we're not a bad little band. We'll get back to the land where my larks sing, and we'll hear Mrs. Blaney's rooster crow again. And the Midsummer Mower shall mow the mists off the meadows, and Willie the Wisp shall (*Turn to page 56*)

THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN

Continued from page 55

hunt for the goats that have strayed far away, and the Stooker of Wheat Sheaves shall stook his wheat. Yes, and the Cradle Rocker shall rock the farmers' babies."

Tears began to dribble out of the Paver's eyes. Said he, "You've forgotten all about the caves, and the time I've spent tamping white heather and moonflakes."

"You have missed me, too," piped up the Crane Chaser.

"Silence!" ordered the Paver. "You're getting things mixed. The Counter of Lark Eggs has put the heart back into me. Now for business. How many of you are without boots? Put up your hands. What? Have all your boots blown away?"

"I still have mine!" shouted Willie the Wisp.

"And how happens that?" asked the Paver.

"Well," said Willie, "that's simple enough. I tied them fast to the warts on my knees."

"Good," said the Paver. "I might give you all warts to tie yourselves to." Then the Paver turned to the Weaver. "Did you weave enough out of the rainbow to make cloaks for all the wee men?"

"I did," said the Weaver.

"Get cloaks on them, then," commanded the Paver. "And remember, men, no arguing about colors. There's a green one for me, and that settles that."

IN NO time at all, the Weaver had fitted each man with a cloak. The matter of boots was not such an easy thing. But with the help of the Meadow Sniffer, the Paver thought of a recipe. He looked up and saw some tree mushrooms overhead. They were lug-eared and leathery. He commanded his men to climb the tree and measure their feet for mushroom clogs. Then said he: "When you're satisfied as to size, each of you hunt for a spider's web and insole your clogs. Stick them to your feet so that we can mush along and away from here before the shadows shorten."

And they did. The wee men shoed themselves with mushroom clogs and off they set—to find out where they might be and what sort of a country they'd been blown to.

The Paver and the Sniffer took the lead. Like a river of colored butterflies the wee men streamed away through the green forest.

They had mushed along but a wee man's mile when the Mower began to grumble. He called to the Paver: "Say, are we getting anywhere, or is it just trees, trees, trees? I'm hungry, and these clogs hurt my feet. My insoles are slipping, my ankles are turning, and my tongue is as dry as a midsummer well."

The Paver gave his rainbow cloak a flip and looked back over his shoulder. Just as he did, somewhere ahead, a dog barked. The Paver stopped and held up his hand for a halt. There were strange squeakings in his wee voice.

"Men," he said, "the Mower's loud mouth has brought this upon us. But enough of him. There's danger ahead. Stop your shivering. Shivers will never get us back to our own Ballywooden, with her sods and her bogs, and her caves and her thorns."

The Counter of Lark Eggs began to cry. "You're forgetting the larks and the linnets, the cuckoos and the blackbirds," he wailed.

"Stop crying, all of you!" commanded the Paver. "Don't you hear the dog barking?"

"He's coming this way!" cried the Meadow Sniffer.

The Paver's knees wiggled. "He's coming this way, did you say?"

"I can sniff his hot breath."

"Let us run!" screamed the Crane Chaser.

The Mower spoke up. "What! Run from a dog? Not me, in these mushroom clogs."

The Paver stabbed the Mower with a stare. "I've always thought well of you," he said. "You are good at mowing lanes through the morning mists for the children to see their way to school. But now your mouth is mutinous, and here comes the test. Run ahead, I command you, and meet the dog. If he is color blind, well and good, but if he is not, I'll have one wee man less to look after."

A murmur of dismay went up from the wee men. But to their amazement the Mower obeyed the Paver's command. He mushed away from the clan without a word, and was soon out of sight. They waited and listened. Sounds of barking and yelping came to their ears, followed by dog silence. The wee men began to cry, and the Paver himself swallowed sad lumps without tears.

The Quarryman was the first to clear his throat. Said he, "The Mower's calf muscles will be hard to crack. We all know that when he is in the mood he can carry a bigger load of moonflakes than any man in the clan. And when it comes to mowing morning mist, his swath is so wide that two men can walk it abreast."

The Counter of Lark Eggs interrupted. "I have a good word for the Mower, too," said he. "He'd not only leave a funnel of fog over a lark's nest, but when it came to shunting daylight out of the caves you could always rely on the Midsummer Mower."

The Crane Chaser stared at the Paver. "May I have a word?" he asked.

The Paver nodded.

"My job is chasing wading cranes, and that keeps me limber. And I can run—you all know that. But the Mower, when he wants to, is the swiftest of the clan."

Willie the Wisp scratched the warts on his knees and straightened up, saying: "When the moon gets choked and won't shake flakes, it is then my work begins. Many a night, on the rim of a hill, I, with my light, hunt for lost things. It may be a strayed goat or a young thrush fallen out of its nest. But when there's a doubt in my mind of things I can't find, I always call on the Mower."

Grunty the Fisherman wiped his eyes. "You all know my work," said he. "The job is wet and scaly. Once in a while a crab crawls into my net. It is then that I whistle for the Mower."

The Stooker of Wheat Sheaves was a quiet little man. He always coughed before he spoke. "In the fields on harvest nights," said he, "I gather stray heads of wheat, and when there's enough sheaves, I stook them. Many's the time the Mower would come. 'Here,' he'd say, 'have a puff from old Danny's clay pipe.' But now he's gone, and so is old Danny's clay pipe."

THE Meadow Sniffer, who was used to showering tears on wilted flowers, spilled a wee drop on his rainbow cloak, then dried his eyes and spoke. "We'd better be moving," he said to the Paver, "or grass may grow under our mushroom clogs."

The Paver raised his hand and gave a command. "Every man of you shake the tears from your eyes! The Mower is gone—we all know that—but he's not worth a wail from one of you. Straighten your spines! Get ready to march! Ready? Then, we're off!"

On through the thick forest they mushed again. Their only guide was the Meadow Sniffer's sniff.

"Whist!" hissed the Sniffer. "I sniff a waft of speed from somewhere!"

"Good!" cried the Paver. "As like as not it's my power that's speeding to me—breaking its way through the tops of the trees. There's just one thing to do, and that is to catch it." The Paver wheeled and faced the clan. "Men," he said, "we're going to do some running. My power is adrift in the forest."

THEN away they sped, trusting to the Sniffer's sniff to find the Paver's power. And when they had run a long while they came to a creek that they could neither wade nor jump. By this time they were so tired that they all sat down and cried again.

"If the Midsummer Mower were here," said the Quarryman, "he'd find a way to cross this creek."

"Yes, indeed," wailed the Cradle Rocker. "*He* could think he could."

Then all at once the Sniffer spied a bridge—a rainbow bridge that spanned the creek. "It looks safe enough," said he.

"And why wouldn't it?" queried the Quarryman. "I know who made this bridge. It was the Midsummer Mower. Can't you see that it's his rainbow cloak he's slung across?"

The Paver looked puzzled and scratched his eyebrows. "If that's the Mower's bridge, why didn't he pull it after him? And where's the dog that should have swallowed him? There are too many things happening for me to think clearly. But anyway, I shall lead you across the bridge. One at a time!"

The Weaver was the last to cross. He lifted the bridge after him and tucked it under his arm, saying, "This shaving of rainbow may come in handy. If we ever stop running I'll weave the North Star into it and it may point a course somewhere."

"You're right," said the Paver. "You're the only man that has kept his head since we were blown away from Ballywooden."

Then on through the thick forest they mushed again. All day they mushed and well into the night. Then all of a sudden the moon's beams filtered through the trees, and the Paver opened his mouth to give a command, but he shut it again with a click.

The words of a song were coming to their ears, and the singer was none other than the Midsummer Mower. Quickly they made their way to where, not a wind's whisper away, lay a wee lake. Swimming about in it were a stray dozen of loons. On the bank of the lake stood an old cabin, and nearby sat the Mower, thinking into a pot.

As they came up to him, the Paver addressed the Mower. "Hello!" he said. Then: "What a sight you are! Clogless and cloakless! And mud between your toes! What's in the pot?"

"Loons' eggs," answered the Mower.

"Loons' eggs?"

"Yes, and I've been waiting for Willie the Wisp to kindle a fire under the pot."

Willie the Wisp stepped forward, and soon the loons' eggs were cooking. And while they ate them the Mower told them how he'd got away from the dog.

Dangling from his neck on a string was a magpie's neckbone. "Do you see this?" he asked, holding it up before the wee men. "Limpy the Hummer gave me this—that is, before the Paver turned him into the humming-bird he is now. He told me to keep it for a time of need, and I did. I never needed it so much as when that dog was chasing me. When I felt his hot breath as he tasted the tail of my rainbow cloak, I jumped clear of my mushroom clogs, and how I ran! As I crossed the creek I didn't have time to pull my rainbow bridge after me, but he knew well enough it wouldn't hold him. He plunged in and swam to the other side. On we ran, he almost on top of me. It was then that I thought of my magpie's neckbone. And after a while I noticed that the dog was dropping behind. Then he disappeared entirely." The Midsummer Mower laughed softly. "And then I came upon this lake—and I found the loons' eggs, too."

"They tasted good," said the Cradle Rocker, "but I feel so funny."

Grunty the Fisherman jumped to his feet. "There is something in me that wants to fish" he said.

"There is more than a loon egg in me," said the Weaver. "I'm full of twitching. Do you mind," he asked the Paver, "if I borrow a skein from the moon and weave it into the shadows?"

"Not at all," munched the Paver. "Even I feel as if something were happening."

The Paver began to argue with himself as to whether or not he was just one of the clan or the Paver of Caves who blended white heather with moonflakes. All of a sudden he gave a command. "I'll test myself," he said, "and see just who I am. Every man of you take off your rainbow cloaks and put them into the pot." Every man obeyed.

THE Paver folded his arms across his wee breast. "Now, then," said he, "we'll soon see who is the Paver of Caves."

The wee men encircled the pot and every eye was upon it. Pretty soon, without any warning, the head of the rainbow rose out of the pot. It wriggled, uncertain of what course to take.

"Stand back, men!" shouted the Paver. "Don't get in its way, for if my thinking is right, it should arch towards the sea."

"The Paver's mind is clouded," said the Quarryman. "He ate two loon eggs, and if I'm seeing right, the head of his rainbow looks straggly."

As they talked, the bulk of the rainbow trailed out of the pot. Up it rose, straight over their heads. The Mower looked at the Paver. "If you are the Paver of Caves," said he, "put a curve into that rainbow."

The Paver's pale face showed a thousand summers of wrinkles. He opened his mouth to give a command, then closed it again. A shout went up from the wee men, for the foot of the rainbow was lifting itself out of the pot. Slowly it soared upwards, and tears began to drop from the Paver's eyes.

"I don't know where I left myself," he cried. "I can't be the Paver of Caves after all." And he wept so hard that most of the wee men joined him.

The Paver, in a last attempt to establish himself again as chief of the clan, ordered the wee men to bring him load after load of moonflakes from the lake, so that he might tamp them to the floor of the cabin. He had no tamper, and with his mushroom clogs he was unable to make the moonflakes stick. So he told them all to bolster themselves with moonflakes and take a sound sleep.

Then every one of the wee men heaped for himself a mound of moonflakes, and in a little while a gentle sound, like the susking of a wee river, came from the depths of the moonflakes, and once again the wee men were lost in the depths of sleep.

MEANTIME old Danny O'Fay was up on a ladder thatching the roof of his hut. For the lack of company he was talking to himself.

"Ah, what a fine morning it is! Sure, a griddle in the sun would bake a bannock of bread, and as for the sea, it's oversleeping itself. When I think of that night, and the way it carried on, with its coughing and rearing, and the extravagant way it was spilling itself—ah, well, the poor devil in it must be resting today."

The donkey, grazing below, flattened his ears along the back of his (*Turn to page 58*)

These photographs show you a new way to save dishwashing time

Pictures through glass dishpans* show how Super Suds dissolves instantly, completely, washes dishes faster . . . saves dishwiping.

Fast-Dissolving Super Suds

Slow-Dissolving Chips

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

THESE photographs convinced thousands that Super Suds is the fastest dishwashing soap ever made! They were taken through glass dishpans.* They show for the first time exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives . . . it's the instantaneous rich soapiness in the water below that keeps water from getting greasy. Gives you the help you need *right at the start.*

Why instant dissolving is important

Slow-dissolving soaps can not give you this instant all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows you that in spite of top suds, the water below the surface—down where the real job of dishwashing is done—is clogged with gummy particles that can't get to work, because they're not yet completely dissolved. While—in exactly the same length of time—in the Super Suds pan every tiny "bead" of soap has dissolved like a flash. You can fairly feel the rich soapiness that has flooded every drop of water in the pan.

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes nor powder. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

4 times thinner. Dissolves 4 times faster

It's because Super Suds is so thin—so instant dissolving—that it cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways. (1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick, rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

Super Suds 10¢

5972

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN

Continued from page 56

neck, and straightening his tail, heehawed.

"Now, Jerry," said Danny, "what ails you—with green grass up to your ankles—and not an ounce of work have you been doing these many days. Well, if your song gives you pleasure, heehaw all you like. But if it's a welcome heehaw you're giving for something my eyes don't see, then more power to ye, for it's lonesome I am since the wee men are gone. Try as I may, I can't keep my mind off the wee men. Poor darlings, where are they at all?"

Danny's old drake squawked up at him from the foot of the ladder.

"Get out of my sight!" shouted Danny. "If you knew the bad thoughts I had of you, it's far you'd be traveling, and be losing yourself entirely. Away to the bog with you, and quack to the frogs. There is emptiness inside of me. I may forget myself and pluck you and drop you in the pot."

WHILE Danny and the drake were arguing, Mrs. Blaney came along the road with a shawl over her shoulders and the worry of the county in her face.

"Is that you up there I'm seeing, Danny O'Fay?"

"Sure and it's not the wraith of me you're seeing, Mrs. Blaney."

"Come down out of that, Danny, for it's a word I want with ye."

Then, as Danny came down from the ladder: "Ah, it's terrible times we're having," said she, "since the night of the Big Wind. My rooster, the pride of the parish, hasn't crowed since."

"So I've been hearing," said Danny.

"Ah, but that's not the worst," she went on. "The cows don't give down their milk, and the goats don't come home any more, and the fogs in the morning are as thick as frog spawns. The schoolmaster complains of the children being late. That's terrible in itself, Danny O'Fay, but when you think of the hay that's scattered over the county, with the farmers fighting over its ownership! And that's not the worst. There isn't a young mother hereabouts that hasn't a child with its earache since that night. And the mothers, God bless them, have to rock them all night! Isn't it strange, Danny, the way things have changed here?"

"It is, it is, Mrs. Blaney," said he.

She laid her hand on his shoulder as he sat on the rung of the ladder. "Danny, it's whispered around that all the fish in the sea blew away. Now, Danny O'Fay, I have my eye on your eye. Is it true there's no fish in the sea?"

"Mrs. Blaney, it's not for me to say what is and what isn't. But from the way the sea behaved the night of the Big Wind, I'd not be surprised at anything."

"But, Danny, the sea's not to blame."

"Of course it is, Mrs. Blaney. Sure'n it didn't have to notice the Big Wind at all. But it did go ranting and raving, and I suppose the fish grew tired of it and swum away to another sea that had the grace and goodness to mind its own business."

"Oh, Danny O'Fay, don't tell me that! What's to become of us, with no fish in the sea? Ah, strange things do be happening! Could it be there's a curse on us, Danny O'Fay?"

"Well," said Danny slowly, "things may be different if ever *they* come back again."

"Now what do you be talking about, Danny O'Fay?"

"Oh, it's just a word with myself I be having, Mrs. Blaney."

"Now, Danny, there's something about you that we whisper awhile, and that's why I'm here this morning. Word has been passed around that your donkey no longer trots the roads at night, and pious men have been keeping an eye on your hut. They say that ne'er a wee light do they see any more. Well, I've come to you for a word of advice. But first, let me promise you that if ever the fish get back in your cart, we'll welcome your song and buy all your fish. And there'll be never a question as to whether you buy from fishermen or if you never fish yourself. Now, Danny, what's to be done with the curse on the county?"

Danny arose from the rung of the ladder.

"Mrs. Blaney," he said, "it's poor advice I have to give, for I'm heartsore and weary these days. But go home, Mrs. Blaney, and tether your cows in deep clover. As for your goats that's gone astray—maybe they'll be driven home some day. When ye get over yonder by the bend in the road, throw three clods into the sea. And hereafter, never bar your door at night, and always leave a wee bit of food on the table. Good morning to you, Mrs. Blaney."

"Good morning to you, Danny O'Fay."

Danny stuck a bundle of straw under his arm and started up the ladder again. A wee humming-bird buzzed around his head.

"Well, well," said Danny. "In the name of the highest mountain in the world, where did you come from? Is it looking for straw to build a wee nest you are? Now stop your humming, so I can hear myself think. How did you escape the Big Wind? Ah, sure, what ails the mind of me, talking to the likes of you? Now, get away from me, I tell ye, before I forget you're an innocent humming-bird."

But the humming-bird was not to be driven off. He lit on the rung of the ladder. As Danny looked at it, he sighed. "Ah, what a darling you are, after all! Sure, I ought to get off this ladder and dig you a worm. It's the wee men, God bless them, that you ought to know. They're not exactly the kind of men that a man can talk to; their wee hands are small, but they'd always reach out to a creature like you."

The humming-bird sat staring into old Danny's eyes. "You're a queer little bird. It's strange, the way your wee eyes look at me—there's something about you that charms me. Come down off that rung and let me scratch your wee head. Sure and I wouldn't hurt you, any more than I would one of *them.* Oh, don't look so saucy. It's the wee men I'm talking about. And since you're a good listener, I'll tell you some more.

"I have searched every pocket of my mind, trying to find out where the wee men are, and I've come to believe that the Big Wind blew them away from this land. Ah, what a terrible calamity it is! Not to me alone, but to the whole county as well. I have talked and talked to that old drake of mine, trying to get something into his head. 'Fly away,' says I, 'and find *them,* for they know the lone note in your squawk.' I took the old drake up in my arms and pointed across the sea. 'Do you see that bit of land over there,' says I. 'It lies waist deep, there in the sea. They must be over there, or somewhere.' And up in the air I flung him. 'Now, be gone with you,' says I. Ah, but did he go? He did not.

"And there's something else I want to say to you," Danny said. He looked at the top rung of the ladder, but no humming-bird was there. Danny scratched his head.

"I wonder," said he, "if I'm myself at all. Wasn't I talking to a bird that had eyes that spoke words? Well, if I wasn't, then I'm not thatching the roof of my hut."

THE HUMMING-BIRD was none other than Limpy the Hummer. Long, long ago, he had been changed from a wee man by the Paver of Caves for the trouble he made with his humming. Following Danny's clue, he took wing and flew over the sea till he met a straight rainbow. That was another clue, and it took him to where the wee men lay sleeping on their heaps of moonflakes.

They were deep in slumber, and Limpy the Hummer had trouble waking them up. The Mower was the first to come to himself. Together they waked up the Cradle Rocker and told him to cry and rouse the rest of the wee men.

"Cry!" urged the Mower. "Cry as you never cried before! Limpy the Hummer is here, and he carries lost news for the clan."

"But I can't cry," whined the Cradle Rocker, "for sleep makes me tearless."

"Come, come," said the Mower, "you're not sleeping now. Where do you think you are?"

"I know," nodded the Cradle Rocker. "I'm resting after a night's hard rocking of something."

"Don't you know you're lost, and the clan is sleeping and can't wake up?"

"Yes, yes," said the Cradle Rocker. "I remember. I ate a loon's egg. Now I do want to cry."

The Cradle Rocker began to cry, softly at first. Then louder and louder the crying came out of him till there (*Turn to page 61*)

New... utterly different!

This rare delight in CHEESE FLAVOR

It's a toss-up whether it tastes more delicious outdoors or in!

People who love the mellow flavor of finest Cheddar cheese . . . people who've never worked up any particular enthusiasm about any sort of cheese—*all* pay tribute to Velveeta.

And with enjoyment you have that comfortable feeling that you're eating something *good* for you!

Velveeta is as easily digested as milk, because it *is* a pure milk product. In making it—a secret, patented process—Kraft-Phenix restore the valuable milk elements . . . milk-sugar, calcium, vitamins.

That's why Velveeta is a food for young and old. One that you may eat freely in any form, at any hour.

If yours is an appetite responsive to the bubbling golden lure of toasted cheese—Velveeta will claim you. Or perhaps you like your cheese flavor uncooked, spread on bread or crackers. Velveeta does that too. If you long for a subtle, blended cheese taste in endless variety of cooked dishes, Velveeta still rises to the occasion. Versatile Velveeta!

Few pleasures are so easy to get. Just ask your grocer for a half pound package.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

For summer days, Velveeta with fruit dessert or cold meat with sliced Velveeta. And for something light yet substantial, you'll find the addition of Velveeta to hot, cooked dishes gives fresh urge to appetites

* Digestible as milk itself!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" CREAM CHEESE

KRAFT Velveeta
The Delicious New Cheese Food

*Velveeta—A Product of Scientific Research

Velveeta, the delicious new cheese food, is a product built up as the result of scientific research. This research was carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy.

FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of suggestions for varying the old favorites. Many recipes for novel new dishes. There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft Cheese. Send for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 402-F, Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

A sprig of the Sapota tree, the beauty tree of ancient Mexico. Chewing gum from this tree, as brought to scientific perfection and delight in Wrigley's, helps keep lips young and pretty

K-53

The FLAVOR LASTS

OF course a garden party hat lends artistic fervor. But everybody knows that the real fascination of any charming woman centers in her possession of a pair of pretty lips. Keep lips young and you keep them pretty. And, one of the oldest and most inexpensive of Beauty Secrets for this is merely chewing gum from the Sapota tree, which is what you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's at least ten minutes a day. Note the added loveliness in texture and contour that gradually finds its alluring way to your lips. Try Double Mint—delicious peppermint flavor.

THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN

Continued from page 58

wasn't an empty snail-shell of tears left in him.

One after another the wee men waked up. After they had greeted Limpy the Hummer, a chorus of cries went up from them. "The Paver has no power! We're no better off than before you found us!" And once again their tears began to flow.

All of a sudden the humming-bird flew off the rafter and around the Midsummer Mower, humming, humming.

"What's that around your neck?" he asked.

"Why, that," said the Mower, "is the magpie's neckbone you gave me a long time ago."

"H'm," answered the Hummer, and he winked at the Paver.

The Paver of Caves gave one jump and landed beside the Mower. The Paver's eyes glowed with the color of a dawn. Without any questioning, the Paver undid the magpie's neckbone from around the Mower's neck. And he rubbed it and rubbed it between his wee hands while he muttered strange words.

"Look!" cried the Quarryman. "The magpie's neckbone is turning into a tamper! He's getting his power back!"

The Paver's beard began to wriggle and the wee men gathered round. Then he lined them up on the shore of the lake and began to spin. And he spun so fast that the wind from him rustled the leaves of the trees. All of a sudden he stopped and shouted:

"Gray geese!"

At that, every man but the Paver turned into a gray goose. The Paver mounted the Mower's back and away they all winged for Ballywooden.

Later that night, the flock of geese alighted beside old Danny's hut. The Paver dismounted and changed them all into what they were before.

"How about me?" said the humming-bird, from the top of his head.

"Will you promise to smother your humming?"

"I promise," said the Hummer.

"Well, then—" said the Paver, and he turned him into a wee man again.

Then away went Limpy the Hummer, with a wee limp in his leg, smothering his hum over the moon-lit brae.

AS THE new day pulled its window-blind up, Mrs. Blaney's rooster crowed three times.

Danny O'Fay rubbed his eyes.

"Is it dreaming I be," he said to himself, "or is it hearing Mrs. Blaney's rooster crow I am? But it's up I'm getting, anyway."

As he pulled on his brown breeches, he heard Jerry, his donkey, crunching in his stall.

He scratched his wisp of hair. "Jerry," said he, "I must be all twisted this morning. Sure and I know where there is not a thimbleful of oats within a mile of you, and I could have sworn I heard Mrs. Blaney's rooster crow, into the bargain."

Then, as he stooped down to lace his boots, his old eyes spied a wee fire in the grate.

"By the power of the sea, and the height of the mountains—it's a jig I'll be doing this morning!"

And up jumped Danny O'Fay and jigged. Then he heard a wee rap.

He opened the door. There on the step lay his clay pipe full of tobacco. A smile came into his face of plowed wrinkles.

"A fine day to yez all!" said he. "While I don't see a man of ye, God bless every one of ye!"

He picked up his pipe and walked out to his cart. There were fish that were fat in it, and every one of them fresh from the sea. Old Danny hurried into his hut.

"Come, Jerry," said he, "get into your harness. There's fish in the cart—there's a fire in the grate—and red tea on the hob."

LATER that morning, old Danny drove up to Mrs. Blaney's, shouting his song:

"Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish from the sea, every one of them!"

Mrs. Blaney came down the garden walk with a smile on her face.

"Good morning to ye, Danny O'Fay."

"Good morning to ye, Mrs. Blaney. Is it fish ye'll be wanting today?"

"Troth and it is, Danny O'Fay. Did I tell you the news?" she went on.

"You did not," answered old Danny.

"In the first place, the rooster crowed this morning. And that's not all, by any means. The cows to a cow gave down their milk. And would you believe it, all the stray goats are home. And the mists in the meadows have lanes again. I'll be taking a dozen of your fish, Danny O'Fay."

"To be sure, Mrs. Blaney. Help yourself to what you want."

"Has there been any change in things for you, Danny?"

"There has, Mrs. Blaney. I can hear the larks singing and smell the primroses, and feel the sea's breath on my cheek. And there's grand notes in the lilt of the wind. Good morning to you, Mrs. Blaney. Get up, Jerry! *Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish out of the sea, every one of them!*"

SUMMER NIGHTS IN NEW YORK

Continued from page 15

from pink lemonade to the sort of fantastic concoction which is always presented as "just off the boat" and which ranges all the way from excellent to terrible.

For nights of true enchantment, there is nothing in Manhattan's summer schedule that brings the delight of the Stadium concerts. The Metropolitan Opera House has been long since closed. Apart from an occasional wandering band of singers who come to the polo grounds for one night of "Aida," New York has no summer opera. Some day, an enterprising impresario may try his hand at this with the object lesson of Cincinnati's immensely popular "Zoo Opera" before him. But at present the New York musical population through the summer is dependent on orchestral concerts, and first Stadium programs have assumed something of the importance of the opening of the Metropolitan in November. Even in the five years that I have followed them, they have gained immeasurably in attendance and serious musical aspect. I can remember the time when the Stadium audiences regarded these performances as a sort of out-of-door picnic, and when the popping of soda-water bottles used to mingle with Siegfried's "Sounds of the Forest." Growing appreciation has changed all that: the vast mob that packs the Stadium is now far more silent and sensitive than the average indoor concert audience, and the trip uptown is regarded as a sort of musical pilgrimage.

It is a long trip for the downtown city dweller. Special buses are put on for the season, and the ideal prelude to the concert is the ride along Riverside Drive on top of one of these big, lumbering green caravans. When you get there, the field is almost always comfortably filled. An all-Wagner evening is certain to be packed to the gates, and with the announcement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony you will find practically all of Manhattan massed together under the stars.

Not that the stars can always be relied upon. Often, in the midst of a symphony, a sudden summer storm comes up, threatening disaster to strings and brasses. When this occurs, there is something curiously dramatic in the rush of the orchestra for shelter in City College Auditorium across the field. And since most of the instruments are bigger than their musicians, the effect under the arc lights is amazing. You see huge bass viols and mammouth bassoons scurrying all by themselves through the rain as if terror had endowed them with feet. It is a scene that the author of "Alice in Wonderland" might have invented, and one that never loses its fantastic novelty.

Echoes of this musical festival also come from the innumerable (*Turn to page 62*)

SUMMER NIGHTS IN NEW YORK

Continued from page 61

open-air band concerts in every available park of Manhattan through the summer. The big brass band in Central Park blares out its semi-popular strains in tones loud enough to reach the continual procession of young lovers strolling far back in the shadows.

The newly opened Casino in that same park offers a less artless and more expensive form of amusement. This rambling building, almost a century old, has been turned into a modernistic jet and silver rendezvous for summer dinners and after-theater parties. There is a veranda, edged with tables, stretching around it, and the sweep of the open windows is designed to catch whatever breeze may be lurking among the trees. While at present the Casino is the most conspicuous, there are several of these fashionable and expensive establishments for dining and dancing in hot weather, most of them hanging over the East River or stretched along Riverside Drive.

The private penthouses which have been fighting off snow and wind through the winter come into their own with the summer months. These cottages raised high in the air by the mounting skyscrapers are gloriously refreshing even on the hottest night. There is nothing more delightful through the summer than an evening party in one of their lantern-hung gardens, or an impromptu gathering where friends group themselves along their ship-deck verandas.

I KNOW one newspaper columnist who spends the week at his Connecticut farm but who comes in town for the week-end; he insists that he wouldn't miss the Saturday night parade for anything. That spectacle is one of the most thrilling and colorful of New York's constantly changing aspects. Thousands may be seeking diversion and relief from the heat on roof-gardens and in parks and open-air concert fields. But, viewed from above, you feel sure that the entire city has chosen this evening to stroll up and down Broadway just as dozens of gigantic and invisible hands start writing out the charms of tooth-paste and shaving cream in letters of fire across the sky.

It seems a far happier, far more excited gathering than that which fills the same street at the height of the season in December. Apparently delight in "the good old summer time" is a fairly universal feeling, and not confined to the lyric writer. And it seems fairly evident that one of the surest ways to recapture it is by following the crowd into the magical realm of Manhattan Nights Entertainments.

MONEY IN THEIR POCKETS

Continued from page 44

nature of the commercial relation. If I get paid for washing dishes, or for taking my medicine, or for being honest, I may decide some day that I would rather forego the money than do the work.

MONEY NOT THE ONLY VALUE

Closely related to these problems is that of paying with money for injury to others, or of imposing fines for various misdeeds. If the child is made to feel that money is a proper measure of all values, he will himself try to use it where it does not apply.

Two little girls were given some paint to beautify their express wagon; but they were warned to do the work on the lawn because of the danger of spilling and spattering the paint. When left to themselves, they transferred their project to the porch, and as luck would have it, they tipped the can of paint. When they realized that they had caused serious damage, they eagerly offered to empty their saving banks to make up for it. The mother convinced them, however, that money was powerless to undo the harm, but suggested that vigorous work might. They set to work willingly, and learned something about the limitations of money.

Having ourselves learned the value of saving, many of us give our children fixed amounts expressly to put into a bank or box. Certainly this procedure may result in a habit of saving; but what does it mean for the child?

The child has to begin by learning the value to *himself* of postponing a purchase. If at first he spends each nickel as he gets it, he must be given a chance to find out that some of the attractions on display are beyond his reach because they cost two nickels, or three. That means, if we save today's resources, we can buy one of those next time. Gradually the span of interest and the child's ambitions enlarge; he learns to save for something he wants, over a longer and longer period.

In so far as saving means self-denial, such saving is significant educationally. In so far as it means the routine movements of putting something into a box, it is an empty ritual. In so far as it means acquiring a fear of some remote but vague danger, it is an arbitrary and potentially hurtful imposition, upon the child, of a distinctly adult attitude.

The danger of seeking quick results in the rearing of children sometimes shows itself where schools are trying to teach thrift by means of school banks. The formality, the pressure of authority and the normal rivalries among children frequently result in making children deposit more than they or their families can really afford. Or there results unnecessary humiliation. In extreme cases children have been known to steal money in order to make as good a showing as their fellows.

On the other hand, many schools are doing excellent work in teaching thrift in theory and in practice.

CHILDREN NEED GUIDANCE

It is impossible to construct a "system" for teaching children and young people how to manage money. An extended analysis of the problems connected with education in the use of it has been prepared by the Child Study Association of America, Incorporated. This helpful pamphlet may be obtained postage prepaid by sending ten cents in stamps to the Association, at 54 West 74th Street, New York, N. Y. The few practical hints, which have grown out of the experiences of many parents, are merely suggestions of how much may be involved in everyday situations. The important thing is the continuous guidance which the child may get from his parents, toward the development of attitudes in relation to money, in relation to values, and in relation to other people.

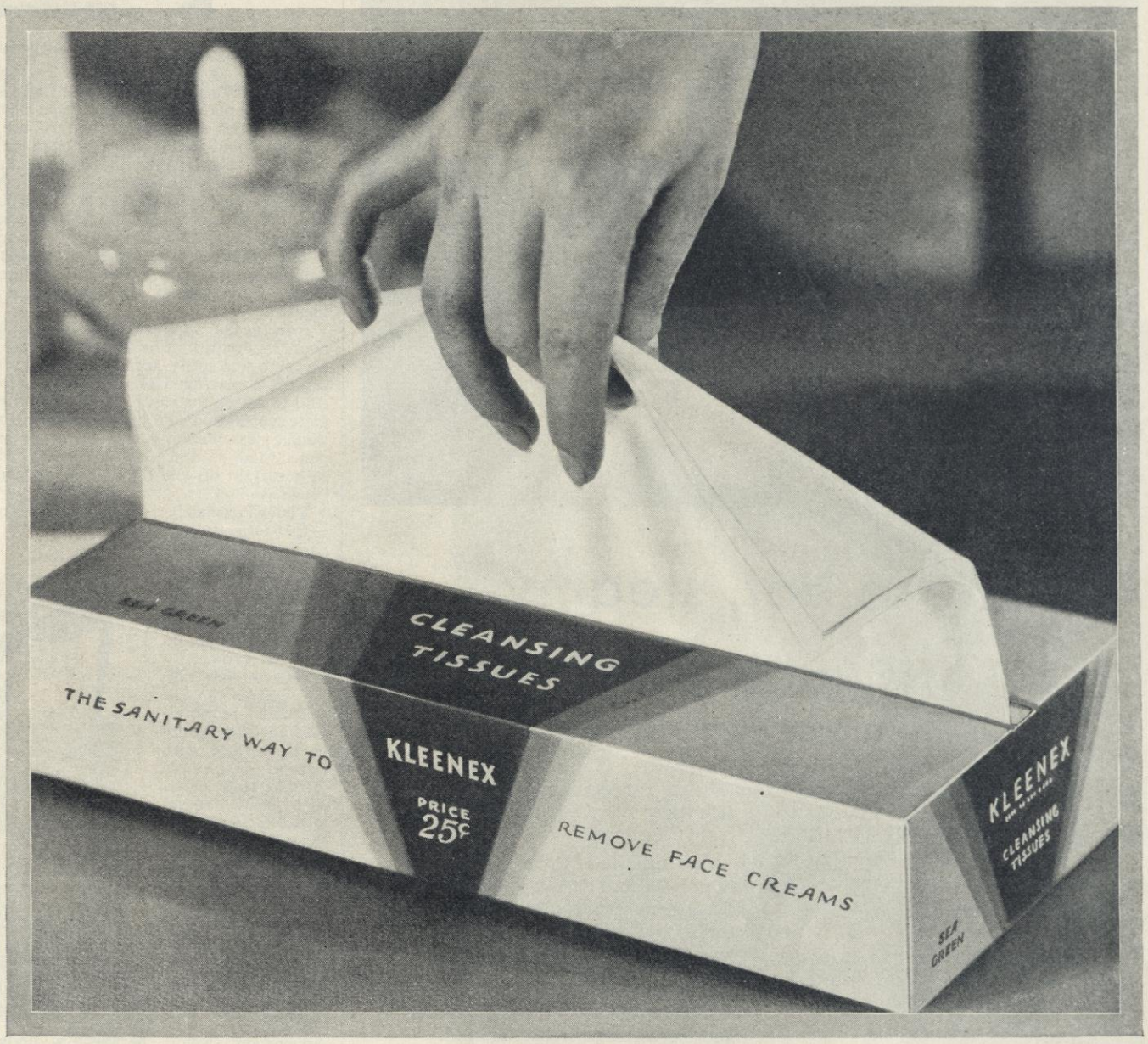
Money is at present of increasing significance in our complex life. And it is important that parents establish sound relationships with their children in regard to it.

"San Antonio, Texas.

"My dear Mrs. Miller: Delineator's new department of Child Training is just what I have been searching for in every magazine without result. I might have known that Delineator would be first to lead the way . . . Mrs. W. P."

That is just one sample of the many letters which come here every month to the editor of our popular new department for parents. Mrs. Marion M. Miller, its editor, will give an intelligent, modern answer to any special problems of parents who write to her. She asks only that you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelop for her reply.

You'll enjoy the Kleenex way to remove cold cream



VERY SMART *are these Kleenex tissues in softest pink, green or yellow. The colors are guaranteed pure and harmless. There's white, of course, for those who prefer.*

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Deane Boardman

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away surplus cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads! Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is so injurious in itself. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and even premature wrinkling, many experts believe.

Kleenex just can't irritate the skin in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots up* every bit of surplus cream, and lifts up impurities from the pores.

More and more people—men, women and children—are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Cold germs are discarded, too.

Kleenex comes in lovely tints, as well as white, at drug and department stores. Colors are pure and safe.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

D-8

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

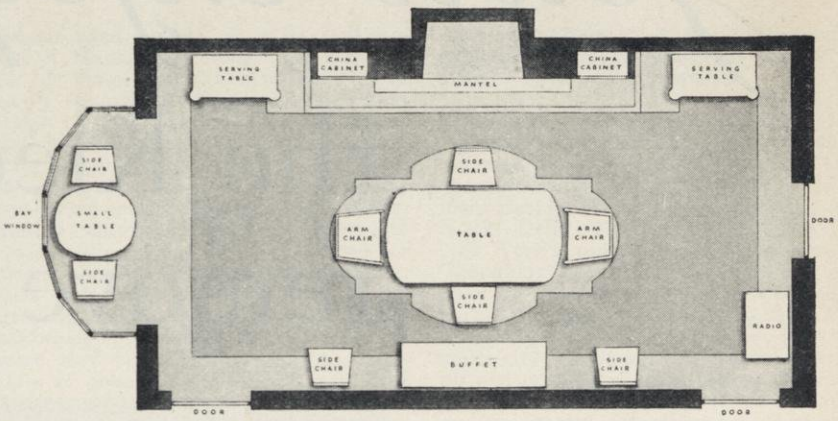
Name .....

Address .....

City .....

DINING-ROOM DETAILS

Continued from page 22



Above is the floor-plan of the dining-room we built and furnished this month

SINCE the carpet was not figured, and since we were planning to use window curtains and draperies that had no pattern, we felt that we could indulge in a pattern on the walls. We chose paper, therefore, in an all-over scenic design in tones of beige. We hung it from cornice to baseboard, and surrounded each unit of wall space with a narrow molding that makes a lovely frame for the scene.

The linings of the china cupboards we painted coppery pink. Then the background of the main part of our dining-room was finished.

Now the bow window. A perfect breakfast nook, we decided. The delightfully generous exposure was softly angled so that it would capture a maximum of morning-bright sun. And to assure the sun that we were in complete cooperation with his golden friendliness, we put glass of a delicate yellow in the small-paned windows, and hung each window with a sash curtain of gold-colored rayon Spanish gauze.

You will remember—at least *we* remember—that formerly bow windows were lined, under the windows, with exposed radiators. Heat was heat in those days, and it had nothing to do with decoration.

But our bow window was not to be of this kind. It was altogether too lovely to be flanked with exposed and awkward-looking pipes. The new Fantom radiators were the answer. We installed these decorative heat units in the recesses under the windows—both decorative and inconspicuous they were, with perfect efficiency in giving the best heat and the proper ventilation to the room. Now we knew that our breakfast nook would have the heat necessary for a good-natured breakfast on a cold morning, and that our dining-room would be always perfectly heated.

The sunny nook was just large enough to accommodate a small oval table and two chairs. The table was set for breakfast with a natural linen cloth, rose-embroidered, on which we placed shining place silver, lustre pewter, and sparkling green glass. The pewter plates we used are new, and very smart. All the pewter in this room is modern pewter, you know, with a bright finish that will not tarnish.

In the evening, at dinner time, this alcove can be closed off by drawing long, straight curtains of coppery pink cotton Jaspé taffeta which hang from a traverse rod that is concealed by the cornice. The curtains are unlined, and each is trimmed with four narrow, pert, box-plaited ruffles of the same material.

The furniture in this dining-room shows the early colonial cabinet-maker in a very gracious mood. It is of modern manufacture, of course, but it is remarkably true to its inspiration both in the excellence of its design and in the honesty of its construction. All this furniture can be purchased throughout the country, and is not expensive.

The sideboard, of good height, has plenty of space for linens, and is equipped with velvet-lined drawers for silver. The two graceful consoles that flank the fireplace are notable on account of their versatility. Used as they are here, they make excellent serving-tables, but they would be equally appropriate as hall tables, desks, dressing-tables, card tables, or even as dining-tables in a small room.

OUR dining-table is, of course, the climax of the room. Its arrangement has the mannered charm which we like to associate with dining hospitality in our homes. The cloth is an interestingly-designed, pale bronze linen damask that tones in perfectly with the scheme of the room. The china, of light umber background, is decorated simply and smartly with bands of silver. Goblets of an unusually rich deep blue repeat the color of the willow-ware plates hung over the mantel, and this color is echoed again in the cornflowers that are combined with other quaint flowers of rich golds and pinks in the low centerpiece. From delicately yellow crystal candlesticks, copied from early American designs, rise candles of natural-colored wax.

The handsome dining-table, with convenient folding leaves

On a table of such enchantment, the silver, to be in keeping, must be of an unusually effective and vivid design. We think that the pattern we have chosen is just this. The new design of the plated silver is called "Skyline" because it suggests, ever so delicately, the recessive outline of modern buildings. And it cost very little.

We chose the details of the table so that they would live harmoniously together: the rhythmic design of the table-cloth makes an appropriate background for the simply-lined plates, and for the silver pieces and glasses, both with clear cut designs suggesting planes.

THE hostess will, we are sure, be delighted with the lighting plans for this room. Seldom have we seen more effective-looking sconces, adaptations to electric light of the globes formerly used in colonial lamps. The federal eagle decorates the top of the sconce.

For the occasions, too, when the charm of candle-light is to be captured and delightfully dramatized, we have provided glittering towers of crystal loveliness to hold many candles. The table candlesticks hold one candle each; and of the same design, with prisms shimmering in the light, are the two-branched candelabra on the console tables, and the three-branched ones on the sideboard.

In the radio and the electric clock, mechanical efficiency is combined with good design. This attractively designed clock, once it is attached to the electric light socket, will tick away the minutes with unusual accuracy, and chime away the hours in rich, resonant tones. To contain an Atwater Kent radio set, Delineator Interiors designed a cabinet as a small table, convenient to use in any part of a room. While this cabinet is not procurable, the idea of a small cabinet is a very interesting trend in radio manufacture.

1st year—The first teeth are appearing. Are they strong, well shaped, sparkling?

3rd year—Time to start seeing the dentist—also to use Pepsodent morning and night.

6th year—The 6-year molars appear—the most important teeth. Have your dentist examine them every 3 months.

10th year—Are teeth crowded? Show signs of decay? Don't neglect them now.

16th year—A few more years, and decay will be less apt to occur. Keep them sound and gleaming by daily care.

During These Years, Mother, Take Them to the Dentist Often

Many troubles seldom laid to teeth originate here nevertheless. Only your dentist can recognize and correct them.

DO you know that the backwardness in school of a great many children is caused by neglected teeth? When the teeth are repaired and the mouth and gums are again made healthy, these backward children become alert, attentive and industrious. Dullness is usually based on a depleted physical condition whose source may be difficult to find.

Decay, crooked teeth, and various germ infections of the mouth— all can be corrected by your dentist. At an early stage they may be treated successfully with slight discomfort and children will not mind it.

Home care of teeth

Because your children's teeth require extra care have them use Pepsodent, the gentle tooth paste, regularly every day. For Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit, or crude abrasive. It is safe.

Pepsodent is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. It is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and "dinginess."

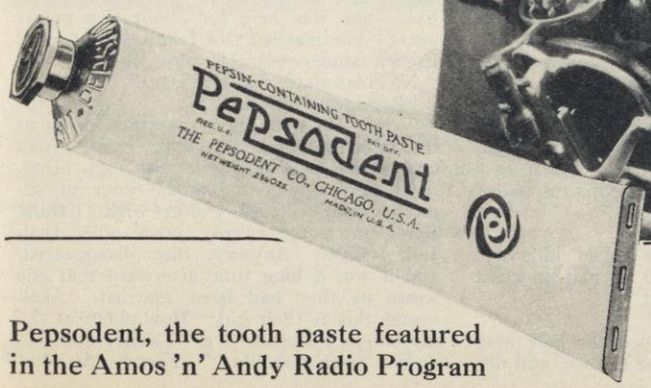
Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice —is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth in later life.

Use Pepsodent twice a day —see your dentist twice a year

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

The trip to the dentist may be made interesting and enjoyable. Never suggest to the child that it may be otherwise.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

Continued from page 9

because there was no real sentimentality between the two. At eighteen and twenty-eight they were not interested in each other, except affectionately, as brother and sister.

Nick was not working in the mills. He was a doctor and absorbed in his practice in Barnfolds. The mills would go to Pen some day, and she would probably sell them—it was too bad. But Nick could hardly, with any propriety, assume a son's place in the family business, generous as they all were to him and dearly as he loved them. Nick would inherit his stepfather's directorship, in all probability, and advise Pen to the best of his power; that was all.

The old Colonel and his first-born son, Conrad, and Conrad's wife's boy, Doctor Nick—they were three Barneses, and the fourth was eighteen-year-old Pen. They were the last.

COLONEL George always got up at seven o'clock. He dressed with leisurely precision, and walked downstairs, a fine ruddy, old man, just as the clock on the landing and the old clock down in the hall and the whistles at the mills were sounding eight.

Dew was rising from the lawns and the rose-bushes, on a certain autumn morning, when the Colonel began his day with a little round of inspection in the garden. The air was deliciously sweet and soft, with a hint of thinning, of crystallizing, already tinging it. Above the tree tops and the roofs the sky was a dreaming blue. Sounds of whistles on the river, and of cock crowing and the barking of dogs, came mellowed and far away through the morning air.

There were always dogs on the place; two of them walked with the old man. Zuzu, a friendly English bull, waddled about with jerking tail, knowing that he was not, strictly speaking, the Colonel's dog, but showing an agreeable friendliness, none the less, and giving every possible right of way to Brownie, the setter, who was never—if she could help it—more than a few inches away from the only master in the world.

The three looked at the grape arbor, and walked through a paddock, where Pen's riding horse was idling, to mount a little rise under apple trees and get a view on far meadows in which woolly flocks were grazing.

Coming back to the house, the Colonel chewed vigorously on an apple. Zuzu panted away dutifully at the door, and went on a cruise to find other company, but Brownie came in, and lay under the breakfast table, her adoring nose on her master's shoe.

"This is what I call reg'lar Indian Summer, Colonel," Nina, the colored maid, said, setting the rolls and the egg-cup and the steaming silver coffee-pot in their places.

"Indian Summer!" the old man agreed absently, his eyes on newspaper headlines. "I didn't see Doctor Nick's horse out at the stable," he said to her presently. "Maybe they kept him down at the shoer's.

"I guess he's ridin' now, ain't he?" Nina countered, surprised.

"Oh, I guess he is, I guess he is!" Colonel George said, brightening. But immediately his fine old face darkened again. "Miss Pen didn't get up to ride, eh?" he suggested.

"Her and Mr. Dullarfanny, from Bostwick, was talkin' quite late," Nina said.

There was a moment's silence, in which the man returned to his paper.

"De la Ferronays, eh?" he presently asked, heavily.

"Dullarfanny, *I* call him," Nina responded firmly.

"Did he stay overnight?"

"No, sir, although she asked him to," said Nina. "But he said he had an eight o'clock class this morning."

The Colonel only sighed.

The clock had just struck the half hour when a man rode on to the terrace, and dismounted from a big bay mare. Zuzu, the tawny bulldog, was in ecstasies at recovering his own master, and circled about him as he crossed the terrace and entered the dining-room at one of the French windows.

"Hello, Gran," the newcomer said, with a sudden, pleasant smile.

"Hello, Nick," the older man responded.

"Thanks, Nina, that's fine, Nina," the younger man said, falling upon his food.

"There is a telegram for you, Doctor."

"Oh, is there?" He took it.

"Ah, that's fine!" Nick Barnes said heartily. "Hicks," he explained to his grandfather, "is coming up to look at the Billings kid."

"Very decent of him," approved the Colonel, wiping his silver mustache.

"I suppose he's the finest spine man in the world," Nick observed simply.

"Is the Billings boy in such a serious fix?"

"Can't tell without an X-ray, and we have no proper equipment up here. Looks to me like a fracture, but our plates don't show it. I wrote Doctor Hicks about it a week ago, and asked him what he thought of having the child brought down to New York, but he's against it. Thinks it's too risky, if it *is* a fracture. Offered to come up."

"A boy that age has no right to drive a car!" the old man growled, shaking his head as he turned to take a thick handful of mail from a second maid who came in.

The conversation proceeded with comfortable silences and inconsequential monosyllables. Nicholas attacked his own letters.

"I suppose there is at least one there written in perfect French," Nick suggested later, with a rueful little smile, glancing at the letters the old man was tossing toward the empty place between them that waited for Penelope.

"He was here last night, damn him!" Colonel Barnes said immediately.

"Who was?"

"De la Ferronays."

NICK raised thick eyebrows, pursed his lips as if to whistle.

"Right out in the open, eh?"

"Oh, he's after her all right!" said the old man, in bitter discontent.

And for a long while there was silence again.

"That's a funny letter, Nick," the Colonel said suddenly, breaking the pause.

He tossed it over to Nick. It was a sheet of very white paper, covered with very black writing, in a fine woman's hand.

"Touch, huh?" Nick asked.

"In a way. Sounds like a nice woman, though."

"She says her mother was Julia Oliver. Remember her at all, Gran?"

"Remember Julia Oliver!" the Colonel echoed, surprised. "Why, don't you? She was here when your mother married Conrad. Well, no, you wouldn't remember—you were only a little fellow. How old were you when you came here, Nick?"

Nick pondered. "About ten months."

"Ah, yes! Well, now, you see, Nick, that's twenty-seven years ago. She was here then—Julia Oliver. Fine girl. She was a sort of coach for the boys, at first, and then she stayed on as companion to your grandmother. Yes. She was here for about five or six years. She married this fellow—what is it? French name——"

Nicholas glanced at the letter.

"Borel," he supplied.

"Yes. He was one of our men down at the mills—nondescript young chap. Julia Oliver and he fell in love with each other, right here under our noses—your grandmother didn't like it—I forget why. I think Borel was some twenty years older than Julia Oliver. Anyway, they disappeared, and it was a long time afterward that she wrote us they had been married. Well—and this is their girl! How old does she say she is? Twenty-five? Twenty-five! It doesn't seem possible." (*Turn to page 68*)

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of **OLD GOLDS** reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

Continued from page 66

"Shall you do this for her, Gran?"

"What's she want, now? I forget——"

"Wants you to give her a letter to the Dean at Bostwick—wants to teach there."

"Why, yes, yes, I guess so," the old man said mildly. "I'd do that for Julia Oliver's girl. What's she want to teach?"

"French, I gather."

"Oh?" said Colonel Barnes, with elevated eyebrows and a suddenly awakened face. "Oh—is that *so*?"

They looked at each other, with faintly ironic smiles.

"De la Ferronays has that job, now—has he?"

"Yep."

"Ha! And I'm a director at Bostwick," the old man mused, his jaw tightening.

"As a matter of fact, I believe they want an assistant French professor," Nick said. "Old Madame Loinville's about done."

"Assistant nothing! I'd bounce that little frog so fast——"

Nicholas laughed as he saw the other man deliberately working himself into anger.

"Cool down now, Gran. You can't go about it that way! Pen would simply follow him."

COLONEL George controlled himself, with a cautious glance toward the hallway.

"She might prove to be the better teacher in time—" Nick offered slowly. "In which case, he'd get the sack anyway."

"But damn it, Nick, time's the one thing we haven't got!" the older man broke out.

"We're bound to lose, if we show our hand."

A silence.

"Yes, you're right, you're right, of course, Nick! Well," said Colonel George, taking back Julia Borel's letter, "let's have a look at this. Shall I have Williams get in touch with the girl?"

"Doesn't she say she's coming in to see you in a day or two? I gather she's anxious for the job," Nick expanded it. "She's going to visit an old friend, now teaching at Bostwick, and drive over here the first morning she can make it."

"Well, I'll have Williams see her. Her mother was a fine girl," said the Colonel, studying the letter. "Creamy-skinned, red-headed girl—this girl sounds like that. Determined. She fell for this young Frenchman the way a girl of twenty or so does fall for a handsome older man. I don't know what they lived on. Both dead. Doesn't this daughter say that they're both dead?"

"She says her father died six years ago, and her mother when her little brother was born—that would be almost ten years ago."

"I wish she was French enough to show this De la Ferronays up," the Colonel said viciously, leaving the table. "I wish he'd transfer his affections to *her*."

IT WAS almost half past nine o'clock now, and the housemaids and trades-persons were coming and going on all sides. The Colonel put on his gray, broad hat, with the wide curling brim, and walked down in hot autumn sunshine to the mills.

He went through the ivied gates of the mill yard, and up a wide flight of outside stairs to a doorway lettered in faded old gold, "OFFICES." There were a dozen offices on the wide floor to which it gave entrance; the Colonel's was in the southeast corner, beyond a glass-paneled door marked "PRESIDENT. PRIVATE."

This was a rather old part of the building; the room inside was big, with an old-fashioned effect of highness and narrowness.

Carlotta—or, rather, more recently, Carol—Batta, twenty years old, handsome and firm and capable, came in to take letters. The Colonel regarded her with satisfaction—she was American born, she was all American, from her Deauville pumps to her wind-blown bob. Francisco Batta's girl. Francisco had fled shuddering from mafia, knives, vendetta, from poverty and hunger and filth, only twenty-five years ago. Now his children played golf and tennis, and drove battered Buicks, and clicked typewriters with the best of them——

"You'd want to see him first, wouldn't you, Colonel?"

"I'm sorry. I wasn't listening."

"Mr. Bottomley's here," Carol repeated.

"Mr. Bot—well, well!" the Colonel said, amazed. "Mr. Judson?"

"No, sir. Mr. Francis."

"Why, you don't tell me, Miss Batta!" the repentent Colonel said, concernedly. "When'd he come up? Why didn't he let them know at the house? Where is he now?"

"He just got here, Colonel. He's in Mr. Rugger's office——"

"Well—well—" the old man said. "Show him right in! Or no, I'll go get him——"

AND he hurried along the dark old narrow hallway, past office doors, and entered the manager's office, both his hands extended.

"My dear Frank! I wouldn't have kept you waiting for anything in this world! We could have put you up——"

"My dear George," the tight-knit, wizened, broadly beaming old attorney said warmly, "don't give it an instant's thought. I could easily have telephoned your good Nina; I knew that——"

They were working their way back along hallways to the Colonel's office now, still occasionally exchanging double hand-shakes, still beaming upon each other.

"Well, this is something like!" Colonel Barnes exclaimed, in great satisfaction, as he sat down at his desk again, his sunrise face one broad glow of pleasure.

"I thought I'd surprise you!"

"Surprise me! This little Miss Batta, my old janitor's girl, nice little thing, but no particular judgment," said the Colonel. "She came out with it as calmly as if it was just the usual thing. 'Mr. Bottomley's here, Colonel.' 'Judson?' I said, thinking maybe that he and Blanche had come up on some trip. 'No,' she says, quietly, 'Mr. Francis.'

Well, my dear Frank, I didn't let the grass grow under my feet, I can tell you that!"

THEY looked old friendship and pleasure at each other. "I've only been here ten minutes," the visitor said. "Rugger telephoned up to the house, but you'd just left. The truth is, George," he added, on a somewhat hesitant note, "I had a kinder bad night, last night—couldn't sleep. Molly and I were up at Hudson, with her nephew's family, and about six o'clock this morning, when I was roaming about—couldn't sleep—Molly woke up. 'Why, Frank,' she says, 'you aren't but twenty miles from Barnfolds. Why don't you wake Nokes up—he hasn't done a thing for a week—and drive over there and have a talk with George Barnes. You'll settle more that way in ten minutes than you could by fifty letters!"

A sobered look had come into the Colonel's rosy, smiling face, and a certain setness of jaw with which all his acquaintance was somewhat fearfully familiar.

"Something turned up, Frank?" he asked

"Pen," the family attorney answered

"Yep—I s'pose so," Penelope Barnes's grandfather said, resignedly. "What's up?" he asked.

"Well, it may be nothing, George," the other man answered. "I may be getting all worked up for nothing. But it begins to strike me—for the first time—" he went on, "that Pen may be in earnest with this young Frenchman."

Colonel Barnes was eyeing him steadily, the red color coming up in his bronzed cheeks.

"I think she is, Frank."

"Ha!" the other exclaimed, discontentedly. There was a pause. The moving sun battered obliquely at the old shutter bars, dropped and was gone.

"Know anything against him, George?"

"Not—no, not exactly. But I don't like him. I'll be damned if I like him!"

"How old's he?"

"Twenty-eight—thirty, maybe. He's half American, you know," Colonel Barnes added.

"That so?"

"Quarter, maybe. His name is Antoine Alcott de la Ferronays. He claims to belong to the Boston family, and the old French royalist family," said the elder man.

"Claims?" the lawyer echoed, alertly. "You mean you don't think he is?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" George Barnes said, impatiently.

"What d'you suppose they pay him, over here at this girls' college?"

"Twelve hundred."

"And he's after Penelope?"

"Well—" the Colonel had to admit honestly—"a good many of them are that!"

"Pen will be twenty-one in exactly thirteen months, George."

"I'm aware of that," her grandfather said.

"Ha!" ejaculated the little lawyer. "Nick think she loves him?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know. Yes, I guess Nick thinks as we think. I don't think she loves him, Frank. She's in love with love, that's all."

"Is he handsome?"

"Good-looking feller enough. Yes, I guess the girls think he's handsome," the older man conceded ungraciously.

"I happen to know that he hasn't a penny," said the lawyer, firmly.

COLONEL Barnes studied his face.

"Found out something about him, Frank? I wish it was a murder!"

"He wants twenty-five thousand."

It was dryly, briefly said. But the effect, in the quiet office, was that of a bursting bomb.

"He—!" sputtered the Colonel. "He—well, the little whippersnapper! Well! Wait until Pen hears of this! He touched you for twenty-five thousand, did he? Ha! I guess that's the last of our little frog-eating friend!"

"I think it was for him," interrupted Bottomley, in his quiet, dispassionate voice. "Pen wants it."

A sudden change came over the Colonel's rubicund visage. His incoherent, triumphant flow of words ceased abruptly, he sat staring blankly at his companion.

"You've got to take this quietly, George," Frank Bottomley said warningly, in a faintly anxious voice. "For Pen's sake—for her father's sake . . . She's Joe's girl," he added, as the older man did not speak, nor attempt to speak. "Pen's not my granddaughter, George, but I don't believe you care about her any more than I do!"

Presently the Colonel spoke, in a tired, broken tone.

"She's the only one I have, Frank. You've got a house full of 'em! But Conrad's fifty this year—he can't marry again, while poor Paula lives, and Ned and poor Joe are both gone. Pen's the last of 'em," he added.

"Well," said the lawyer, in a lighter tone, "it isn't as if she was dead!"

"I'd rather see her dead!"

"There's no use talking that way, George. As you say, Con's not going to marry again and have sons, and Ned and poor old Joe are gone. Nick isn't a Barnes, except by adoption, and probably won't marry, himself—anyway, he's not going into the firm. He's a born surgeon. That leaves Pen . . . What you've got to remember, my dear old friend," Frank Bottomley went on affectionately, "is that Pen is going to marry the man she wants to marry, and if you quarrel with him, you're going to cut off your nose to spite your face! If she marries this De la Ferronays he'll be

in the saddle, here at Earnfolds—she can make over all her interest in the place to him, on her wedding day, if she wants to. And it's some interest!" the lawyer added dryly.

"It's a controlling interest, of course," the Colonel conceded, quickly.

"She gets it all some day," the other man summarized it. "She gets all the Chauncey stock, through Ethel's will, and she gets all of her Uncle Ned's. Ethel's stock was worth more than all the rest of your stock put together," he reminded his companion as an afterthought.

"Yep. Chauncey's interests," the Colonel conceded.

"Well, then Pen naturally gets her father's third of the Barnes stock," Bottomley pursued, "and I don't know who else you can leave your interest to, George. Conrad, of course, may fix Nick up, but Nick's doing pretty well as it is—that won't be serious. What we have to think of is that Pen, one of these days, will probably own every stick and stone of the place!"

Presently, with a long sigh on a gentle, wearied note, the Colonel said, "Frank, I don't want her to marry that little Frenchy!"

"The whole question," the other man said briskly, "is whether he loves her, or whether he's after her money."

"He's after her money," George Barnes said decidedly.

"D'you think he knows how much it is?"

"No. I don't think she does, either. She doesn't care much about money," her grandfather said. "She wants some one to play tennis and golf with, and go to football games with—that's her idea of a husband."

"She used to say she was going to have ten children," the lawyer said, smiling as he recalled the fair-headed, gay little chatterbox who had been queen of long-ago Christmas parties.

"She doesn't say much about that now!" the Colonel said grimly. "She's going to want what he wants from now on. He hasn't got any use for America—she told Nick that. Told Nick he thought it was a raw, vulgar sort of place."

"HA!" Frank Bottomley ejaculated, taken unawares. "Well, now, to get down to recent developments," he presently added, rousing himself from an unhappy fit of musing. "We've got to consider. In thirteen months Pen comes into her property. She seems to be infatuated with this fellow, and I don't suppose he'll have the slightest difficulty in getting the whole thing away from her. Oh, not all at once," he interrupted himself, as the Colonel winced, "not all at once. But I've seen too many estates frittered away to have any doubts of what'll happen."

"She loves Barnfolds," her grandfather said, in a voice of pain.

"Yes; but you see, he won't. It's only an American factory to him. Now I don't *know*, of course," the attorney developed it, "I don't know that he's been gambling—races, or Monte Carlo, or what not. But when a man asks a girl for twenty-five thousand dollars——"

"Sure she wanted it for him, Frank?"

"No, I'm not. You don't happen to know of any money trouble he's in?"

"He's just back from spending his vacation in Europe, I know that."

"Well!" said Bottomley triumphantly.

"She didn't have any idea you were going to tell me, Frank?" the Colonel hazarded.

"I didn't leave her in any doubt!" Frank Bottomley answered promptly. "I telephoned her at once that I would have to discuss it with you."

"What'd she say?" asked the Colonel, alarmed.

"I could just hear her say faintly, 'Oh!' then she hung up."

Penelope's grandfather said nothing. He seemed to hear that faint little panicky "Oh!" still in the air. That was exactly like her. Lion-hearted, but with the mind and manners of a scared little girl.

"She said she wanted it for a friend."

"Didn't say who?"

"Didn't have to!"

"Lord, Lord, Lord, what a mess!" the Colonel lamented.

"I don't suppose, Frank, we could trick him?" the Colonel asked, looking up.

"Trick—?"

"De la Ferronays."

"How trick him?"

"Well, just let it get about that Pen isn't coming in for such a fortune, after all."

"It mightn't make any difference, George. He may be honestly in love with her."

"Well, if he is," reasoned the Colonel, "then God knows he can have her, French or no French! . . . There couldn't be a Chauncey, suddenly showing up, with a claim on the place?" he asked, feeling his way, watching the other man's face for encouragement.

"What? With a better claim than Ethel? She was old Peter's only child, you know."

"Yes, I know. But—well, suppose Ethel had had a child, a son before she married Ned and came to America?"

"Mrs. Ned," the lawyer said, with the slight shadow of a wry smile, "was not the sort of woman who suggested——"

"Good Lord, man! I mean by an earlier marriage," the Colonel amended it hastily.

"I see!" The lawyer, from looking extremely doubtful, began to warm to the idea in his turn. "If Ethel Chauncey had made an early—an unfortunate marriage," he pondered, "her son would naturally inherit not only her half of the property——"

"More than half, Frank. Chauncey had slightly more than half."

"Well—that, and Ned's third of the Barnes half. Yes," conceded Frank Bottomley, with a quizzical, half-startled look at his old friend, "yes—an heir of Ethel Chauncey's, turning up, could put in a pretty strong claim."

"If we could get some fellow—" the Colonel began eagerly.

"My dear George, we don't have to get him. We have to let this young De la Ferronays *think* we've gotten him!"

THEY looked at each other, eyes kindling.

"You don't mean you think it might work, Frank?"

"I don't know. I don't *know*." The lawyer fell into thought, lip bitten, brows knitted, Colonel Barnes watching him eagerly. "Here I am, your attorney, coming up here because Pen wants to borrow twenty-five thousand," Frank Bottomley began, feeling his way. "I have a serious talk with her. I say, 'Now, look here, my dear Penelope. Something—something has developed, very recently, regarding your inheritance from your Uncle Ned and your aunt, Ethel Chauncey Barnes. Your own inheritance,' I say, 'is quite safe. Your father left you his property——' "

"But in trust, Frank!" the Colonel almost shouted, in his rising excitement. "I hold Joe's share—her father's share!"

"That's true, that's true, I'd forgotten that," Bottomley said, his own rather grim face brightening. "Well, now, well, now, let's see where we are."

And he began the dry-washing of hands that marks the interested lawyer.

"If there was a prior claim to Ethel's estate, and through her to Ned's," Frank Bottomley said, "and if you hold Joe's share in trust for Penelope——"

"As I most assuredly do, Frank!"

"Then what—what *does* Pen get when she comes of age, George?"

"Ha!" commented the Colonel, in a tone of deep satisfaction, after a thoughtful pause.

"She'd tell him right away, I suppose, if I dropped some pretty strong hints?"

"Yes, I think she would!"

"Supposing of course that De la Ferronays is the man she wants the money for, she'd certainly tell him. She'd want him to know why there was a hitch about it."

"Poor little girl," said her grandfather. "It may break her heart."

"Better now than later!" the lawyer said.

THERE was an interruption. Carol Batta came into the room.

"You asked me not to interrupt you until twelve o'clock, Colonel."

"My gracious!" ejaculated the Colonel. "Is it twelve o'clock?"

And instantly, as if in answer, all the whistles and noon-time bells of Barnfolds Mills sounded cheerfully together.

"Anything important, Miss Batta? Mr. Bottomley and I want to play some golf this afternoon."

"No, nothing important, Colonel. Except that there was a young lady to see you—she said she wrote you, but it didn't go through *my* office," said Carol Batta.

"Called here! How'd she get here?"

"She drove over from Bostwick, Colonel. A Miss Borel."

"Oh, yes, yes—I know what all that's about!" George Barnes said, with sudden enlightenment. "Yes—she did write me. She wants something over at Bostwick."

He turned toward the other man.

"Remember a Miss Oliver we had here a good many years ago, when the boys were in college?"

"Perfectly," said the lawyer. "Miss Julia. That's what they used to (*Turn to page 70*)

THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

Continued from page 69

call her. Big tall red-headed girl, she was."

"That's the one! Well, this," Colonel Barnes said, glancing at the card he held in his big palm, "this is her daughter."

"No!" Frank Bottomley said.

"Yes. It seems that Miss Julia's dead, and the man she married is dead—Borel; he worked here in the mills for us, remember?—and this girl wants a job to teach French at Bostwick. You got her address, Miss Batta?"

"I can get it," Carol Batta answered, with her efficient, quiet air.

"*Can* get it? Is she here?"

"She waited, Colonel."

"Here, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, show her in—show her in!" The Colonel glanced at his visitor. "D'you want to go up to the house, Frank? This won't take long."

"No, I'll wait here. I'd like to see her," Frank Bottomley said.

A MINUTE later Julie Borel entered.

The two elderly men got involuntarily to their feet. Colonel Barnes extended his big hand to her, and afterward she was introduced to Frank Bottomley, who shook hands with her, too.

"I remember your mother perfectly," the old lawyer said.

The girl's serious face brightened at once.

"I knew Colonel Barnes would remember her," she said, in an odd, rich voice. Her manner was quiet, there was almost an impression of strain in her air of self-control.

"Oh, Miss Julia was a member of the family!" George Barnes said.

"She used to tell me all about it," said Julie.

"You lost your mother?" Colonel Barnes's voice was sympathetic.

"Nine years ago—just after the war. It was when my brother Louis was born."

"Why, he's only a little fellow!" the Colonel exclaimed.

"There are fifteen years between us. I was old enough," Julie said, "to be his nurse."

"From the very beginning?"

"My father and I brought him home from the hospital when he was four days old. He never had—any one but me."

"My *goodness!*" ejaculated the old Colonel. "And you teach French, my dear?"

"I have a position in a girls' preparatory school in Brooklyn."

"And your brother with you?"

"No. He has been in the Orthopedic Hospital. He has—something the matter with his spine."

"Spine! Ah, that's bad," said the Colonel.

"It may be nothing," Julie said.

"You're having good advice?"

"The best. They're very kind to him."

"Well, that's quite a responsibility—" the old man said, in a troubled voice.

"Oh, no," Julie protested, with a smile. "Not Louis. He's a very good little boy."

"One of my son's children has some such trouble," Frank Bottomley said tactfully.

"My brother was in a sort of school home, and it wasn't good for him," Julie explained. "He didn't like it. It had been recommended to me, but we think—*I* think, the trouble began with undernourishment there."

"Yet he preferred it to being in a girls' school?" the Colonel said cheerfully.

"Oh, no—he would rather have been with me," the girl said. "I couldn't have him."

"Ha!" the old Colonel said, discomfited.

"Not at a girls' school," Julie said, with a characteristic wide-open, unsmiling look. "He has never been any *trouble*," she went on, as neither of the old men spoke, "but he has kept me from being free—in a way. So last year when Miss Bell made it a *point* for me to take six girls to Europe, I felt I had to go. But it was then that Louis—I think it started then!"

"Bostwick would be the very place for him—quiet country place, good air," the Colonel said.

"Oh, that's what I thought!" she said eagerly.

And turning to the older man, she went on, "I know that I could do it. I *know* I could—you see, French is my mother-tongue. I think in French! And it would mean so much to us. They pay almost twice what a private school pays," she explained, with a glance for the lawyer. "There is a vacancy, I know, or there is going to be."

"There is?"

"Well, Miss Blundell," the girl explained, "who was house mother at Miss Bell's last year, is at Bostwick now, as matron. And she wrote me the other day that there might be a vacancy in the French department at any time. Their assistant French professor was in Europe this summer, and may go back at Christmas time," Julie said.

("De la Ferronays—" both old men thought together. "They are going to wait," the Colonel's fears added, "until Pen's of age. Christmas, eh? She has a birthday right in there.")

"And what about your brother, my dear?" he asked, after a moment.

"That's just it!" the girl answered eagerly. "He could be with me at Bostwick. Miss Blundell said that Dean Rivers liked to have the faculty use the little cottages—some little brick cottages that have been rather abandoned——"

"The windmill cottages," the Colonel said.

"You know them, of course! Well, Miss Blundell is in one of them," Julie said, "and there is room there for Louis and me, too."

"He'd go to Saint Luke's School," the Colonel suggested.

"If he were well enough." She looked anxious.

"How long is he to be in the hospital?"

"Well—" her face clouded. "He is there for observation," she said. "But he was there before, and they couldn't do anything for him, couldn't even tell what was the matter."

"And you'd like to have the little boy with you, of course?" the Colonel asked.

Her only answer was to straighten back in her chair suddenly, flinging up her head. Her fine hands, the long nervous hands of the aristocrat, tightened on the chair arms. The thick dark lashes blinked quickly, she caught her lower lip slightly in her teeth.

A tall girl, this Miss Borel, slender and dark, but in no way the usual flat, boyish, clipped-head type. There was, rather, an air of delicate opulence about her, something old-fashioned and charming that suggested the word "elegant."

HER very dark hair rippled under her shabby hat, and was caught in a tight knot on her white neck. But it was unruly and slipped free into delicate little feathers and trickling tiny curls here and there. Her skin was almost startlingly white, her wide-open, black-lashed eyes, deep shining purple blue, and her mouth wide almost to ugliness—except that it stopped short at a point of surprising beauty. It was especially lovely when she smiled; otherwise, the face was a serious face, for a young girl.

"I am afraid I am interrupting you," she said, painfully, as both men were silent, contemplating her.

"No, no, no—you're not interrupting me at all!" the old man said, shocked at the mere suggestion. "I only feel sorry," he went on, "that I didn't keep an eye on Miss Julia's children—however, we'll try to make up for that!"

"For I *can* teach French!" Julie said, with the first touch of lightness she had shown.

"I know you can, I know you can, my dear!" Colonel Barnes assured her warmly. "And now the next thing is lunch," he said, briskly changing his manner. "Will you come up to the house with us for lunch?" he asked.

But she shook her head, smiling.

"Thank you, no! I must go back. Thank you so much!"

"You can go right back afterward. As a matter of fact, we're going to play golf this afternoon!"

"No—but thank you so much," Julie said, resolutely, her face unwontedly rosy with surprise and emotion. "You're too kind!"

"You'll be at Bostwick tomorrow—that's Sunday morning?"

"I'll be there till noon."

"I'LL telephone—I'll come over and see Dean Rivers," the Colonel said. "And now"—he glanced at the other man. "There was just one more thing—" he added, embarrassed.

"Yes, yes! I'll wait downstairs in the car for you, George!" Bottomley said. The other old man fidgeted about for a moment, until he and Julie were alone, and then, rattling the change in his baggy pockets, said nervously: "It was this, my dear. You've taken an expensive trip—you've got your little brother to support—I would gladly be your banker——"

She was taken completely by surprise by the sight of the big hands fumbling with the big wallet, the sound of the trembling old voice that tried to sound so brusque and matter-of-fact. She backed away from him a little, putting both her hands, and her own shabby purse, between them, against her breast.

"You would do me a great favor! Come now," he said, uncomfortably, confusedly. "You must let me do this—you can pay it back—you would do me a great favor——"

"No, no—it isn't as bad as that!" she said, her lashes sparkling, her eyes and lips trying to smile. "It—no—really—I cannot——"

For a minute they fenced, Julie backing away, the Colonel handling bills. Then suddenly his wallet and the greenbacks fell to the floor; she made a quick sweeping motion, and he felt her wet cheek against his hand, her fingers catching for an instant at his fingers, and was conscious of the flying rush of her and the noiseless closing of the door.

"Ah, no—I didn't know any one—any one could be so kind!"

The words, spoken low, were in the air. The rich voice seemed to linger. He was alone.

"Damn such a girl!" the Colonel said, standing perfectly still in the middle of the floor, wiping his eyes, blowing his nose, before he stooped to recover his wallet, and somewhat shamefacedly went forth into the big mill yard, to rejoin his friend.

AT THE house, Pen came vivaciously across the hall to greet them.

"You big tattle-tale!" she accused the attorney, holding both his hands, after she had kissed her grandfather with the deliberate graciousness of a little duchess. "What did you tell on me for? A girl at school wanted some money, or rather her family did," Pen elucidated, turning toward the dining-room, with an old man on either side of her, "and this cold-blooded legal—traitor, that's what you are!—wouldn't give it to me."

"I want to talk with you later about that," Bottomley said, smiling at her.

"Oh, she got it somewhere else!" Pen returned casually.

They were in the dining-room now, and the conversation became general. Conrad Barnes, fifty years old, dreamy, musical, heavily-spectacled, was at the end of the table, Nick at his right, and the two visiting physicians on the other side. Pen put the lawyer next her grandfather, and settled in between him and Nick.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Bottomley," Nick said with his sunny smile. "How's every one at your house?"

Nick looked tired. He and the doctors fell into a semi-professional conversation; the others listened, fascinated by the problem presented by a little boy's spine, down in the village. Pen ate peas one by one at the end of a silver fork; played with her chop.

"Nina, any more of the peanut butter?"

"I'll see, Miss Pen."

She was nineteen; she seemed like a little girl among them all, with her shiny golden

hair scalloped into a cap, her round, innocent little face and hazel eyes. There was a countrified sweetness and youngness about her; she wore no powder, needed no artifice of any sort. Just an old-fashioned, sweet little girl, her grandfather thought her, and she looked it today, seated demurely among the men, in her becoming, youthful golf attire, her loose white shirt open with a frill at the throat, her sturdy sweater meeting the plaited sturdy skirt, her feet planted fairly in low-heeled oxfords.

It would be a pity for this child to make an ignorant, unconsidered marriage, the lawyer thought, and go away from Barnfolds——

"I wonder why Nick isn't in love with her? I wonder if he is," he thought.

"Remember the companion your mother had, when you boys were in college, Conrad?" the Colonel suddenly asked his oldest son.

CONRAD Barnes looked up, interested.

"The one we called Miss Julia?"

"Julia, yes."

"Perfectly," Conrad said. "She was here when Paula and I were married—as a matter of fact she held this young fellow here in her arms, while his mother gave him a step-father!" he said, with a smile for Nick.

"I remember that perfectly," the Colonel said.

"I have no recollection whatsoever of being held in this lady's arms!" Nick stated firmly, and Pen's laugh rang out to reward him.

"Did you know she married, Conrad?"

"Remember something about it—she married a Frenchman."

"Borel."

"I wouldn't have remembered the name," Conrad said, looking thoughtful. "That must have been some time after she left mother."

"Not so much. This girl is twenty-four or so."

"What girl?"

"Her daughter. She came in to see me today about getting a position at Bostwick."

"Is that so?" Conrad asked, surprised. "Yes, that's right," he added, after consideration. "Nick's mother and I were married twenty-seven years ago. Well! Can you do anything for her?"

"Oh, I think Dean Rivers will make a place for her."

"What does she teach, Gran?"

"French," Colonel Barnes said, non-committally.

"Ha!" Pen exclaimed involuntarily. "But they have an assistant to old Madame Loinville," she said quickly. "That's what Tony—what Mr. De la Ferronays is, Gran."

"Well, they might find something for her somewhere else," the old man said mildly.

"Because I know they're *perfectly* satisfied with him!" Pen pursued, alarmed.

"She looks as if she could teach anything," Frank Bottomley volunteered, in his dry voice.

"She looks like a fine girl," the Colonel added, and the subject dropped.

Much later, passing her in the hall, Nick stopped to say to Penelope:

"After I take these men to the train, Pen—say about half-past four, could you ride?"

"Oh, I'd adore it, Nick! Only—" Pen hesitated, "only I asked Tony to ride with me then—he's coming over after his two o'clock class. We've been trying and trying to fix a time—and this was the first we could manage!"

There was no visible change in Nick.

"I'll tell you," he said. "If I can make it, I'll be here at four. And if I'm kept at the hospital, you two go ahead without me."

"But don't be held at the hospital!" Pen coaxed, generously.

"I'll try not to!" Nick said, going on his way. He felt a little sorry. She was certainly seeing a good deal of that fellow——

PENELOPE and her young Frenchman rode alone at half-past four. Nick telephoned a little before that to say that he could not join them. The girl rode her own bay mare; Tony De la Ferronays was mounted on one of the Colonel's horses.

They rode away from Barnfolds, up the winding leafy roads toward the low mountains, in the northwest. It was a mellow blue autumn day, but not as hot as it had been in the morning; there was a veil over the westering sun, and the sky was a soft,dreaming gray.

Penelope Barnes had been in a dream of heaven for some weeks now, ever since the reopening of Bostwick College had taken her back for her junior year, and brought Tony De la Ferronays home from Europe to take up his French classes there.

She looked at him shyly, now and then, as they rode, utterly content to be in his company. She was happy.

"We have our ride at last," she said.

"Yes—hasn't it been funny to have to wait for it so long!"

He spoke English easily, but with a faint accent. His ambition was to be taken, occasionally, for an Englishman or an American.

"Where did you learn to ride so well, Tony?"

"On my uncle's place," he said.

"In France?"

"At St. Cloud."

"He had a big place?"

"Oh, yes—he had a very old place!"

"And horses?"

"Beautiful horses. Some of the most beautiful horses in France."

"Is he dead, Tony—your uncle?"

A beautiful white smile flashed in his copper-brown face, under the clipped black line on his upper lip.

"Oh, but of course they're all dead. My uncle, my cousin, who would have been the Vicomte—all of them."

"Did you inherit the title, Tony?"

"I inherited nothing, because I did not inherit money," he said, a little bitterly. "You must know that if you haven't money you haven't anything, because you have to start with that. I inherited my Uncle Etienne's title, and my grandfather's, and a few more—and not a penny! So, as I couldn't start driving a taxi, like the poor Russians in Paris, I had to come to America, and teach."

"Then you're Vicomte Antoine de la Ferronays," Pen said, in satisfaction. "One of the girls told me that."

"It doesn't mean very much in France nowadays."

"No," she said, "I suppose it doesn't. But I—kind of like it."

"You're very nice!" Tony told her, as they rode on.

"Oh, come—that's not very much to say!"

"Well, excuse me, I think that's a lot to say! I mean that I could very easily say that you were beautiful, or that I adored you. But when I say you are nice, I mean that you are comfortable, lovely to be with, and a very sweet, pretty friend of mine—in short, *nice*," he persisted, laughing.

"I like to be a friend of yours," Pen said shyly. The man gave her a swift look that might have had the hint of an awakening idea in it, and made no reply.

AFTER a while, like every other man and maid who ever rode together, they dismounted and walked along a strip of ridge road, looking down on the factory roofs of Barnfolds below, and the distant beautiful walls of Bostwick College, and the farms and woodlands and rivers, all lovely in late afternoon blueness and haziness. A cool wind poured over the world, and Pen shivered.

"It can't be going to rain, Tony?"

"But it is, though!" he said. "However, we'll get home all right! But tonight we'll have a storm."

"I hate to have the summer over," Pen mourned.

"Your summers will be more and more wonderful now. Next summer, who knows?—your fiancé will come, and after that you will be married, and then you will look back and think how silly you were to want this summer to stay!"

"Shall you go back to France next summer, Tony?" Pen asked, after a silence.

"Oh, if I can!"

"And would you stay, if you could?"

"In France? Surely!" he said, surprised.

"But I want you to love America!" Pen said wilfully.

"But of course I do!" the man answered.

Something amused, teasing, in his smile, fretted her, and she said, with a little real feeling:

"If you go back, some managing rich mama will capture you for a son-in-law!"

"Well, if she is only rich!" the man agreed, laughing.

"I hate you when you talk like that!" Pen said, reproachfully, proudly. Instantly she mounted, and rode off down the road without looking back to see whether or not he followed.

Immediately his horse's big flanks were moving smoothly alongside, and his voice was repentant and serious as he said:

"No, now, but let me tell you something about this. You see, marriage is quite different in France. You speak about a managing mama—she wouldn't feel herself a good mother at all if she didn't take a hand in her daughter's settlement. Marriage lasts for life there, among decent (*Turn to page 79*)

3309 3367

FROCKS THAT TAKE YEARS AWAY

THE CRUSHED NECKLINE IS YOUTHFUL
3309 And besides, it is flattering and much a part of this vogue for softness. Here it is quite a simple V, crushed into a soft bow like those on the cuffs. The high waistline is made easy to wear by the dip of the pointed corsage, front and back. Four-piece flared skirt. For 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch flat crêpe. Designed for 34 to 48.

A FROCK WITHOUT A WAISTLINE
3367 Especially good for difficult figures is this frock with underarm gores that help to fit it to one's own individual curves. And the absence of any waistline helps. The uneven hem is flattering and correct for formal afternoon frocks. Short ruffled sleeves and contrasting flat neckline. For 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch print. Designed for 34 to 48.

IT HAS A CERTAIN TAILORED DIGNITY
3377 If you want a tailored frock that you can also wear this fall, you will like this one with one-piece front and back and a sort of rickrack closing that relieves its plainness. It has a contrasting collar and matching cuffs, button trimming, especially good, and plaited skirt. For 36, 2½ yards 54-inch wool. Designed for 34 to 52.

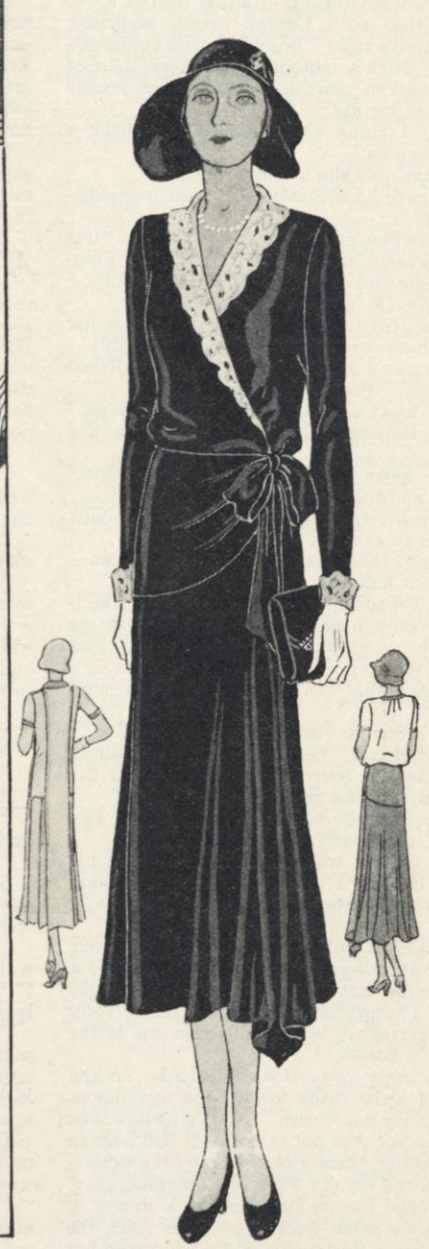
3375

3377

IT IS NEW AND WEARABLE
3375 You will find this frock easy to wear because it has a bloused back, making the higher waistline more becoming, and a cleverly cut hipline with plaited skirt. The little tabs match the collar and cuffs. Three-quarter sleeves. Designed for 34 to 48.

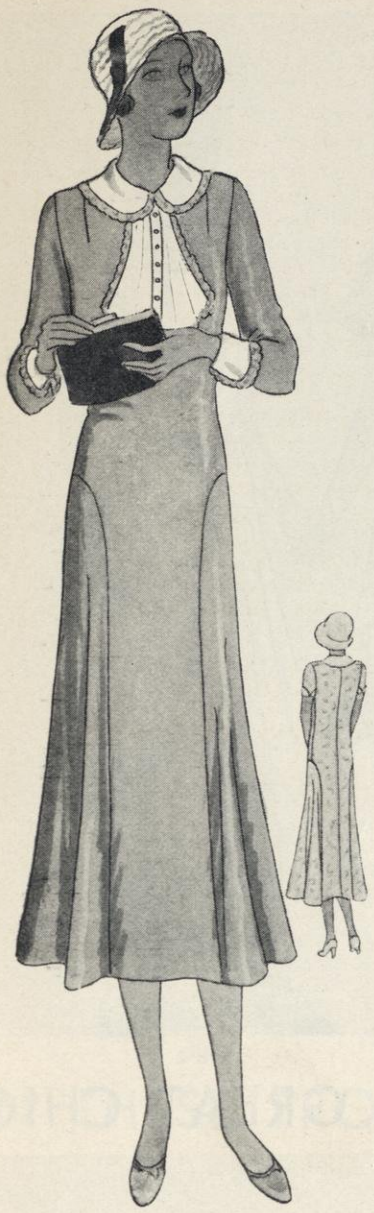
IT HAS CROSS-OVER CLOSING
3379 And, therefore, with its bloused back it is very wearable and flattering. The curved up yoke-line with its slight crushing under the bow is also softening and the skirt has a flare and slight dip. The collar which continues to the waistline, is, like the cuffs, of lace. Designed for 34 to 52.

FASHIONS CONTINUED FROM PAGES 25—29



3379

FORECAST FROCKS FOR AUTUMN



3355

THE BIB COLLAR

3355 A little round lingerie collar and a bib edged with narrow frills add prettiness and chic to a simple crêpe frock. Its gentle princess line is created by a molded bodice and curving flares inserted at each side. Beltless waistline. Designed for 14 to 18, 32 to 44.

BOW KNOTS

3349 How much smartness one detail can give a simple crêpe dress! On this frock it is bow knots—at the point of the neckline and on the short sleeves. It has the gentler princess line and it flares at the hem. It is designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

3381

BETWEEN THE FORMAL AND INFORMAL

3381 Between dark and daylight the lace frock, made informally, is just exactly right. And—something women do not seem to know—it is very easy to make with its picot edges. A jabot falls from one shoulder and a drape from the left hip. Bloused back, yoke at normal waistline, and straight skirt. Designed for 14 to 18, 32 to 44.

A NEW FROCK THAT LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE

3385 Right now without a coat and later on with one. Either way this frock is chic, it's so simple—just a flared skirt attached in points, a tucked waistline, and short sleeves and jabot bound with bias folds. The hemline is evenly-uneven. For 36 (size 18), 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

THE BOLERO IS KIND TO CURVES

3323 It conceals them entirely if they are too sudden—making the normal waistline possible for all. The bolero is separate here. The bodice, apparently a tuck-in blouse, is actually attached. Flared tiers. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch flat crêpe (skirt cut crosswise); 1 yard 39-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 44.

3349

3385 3323

3342 3352

FLOWERED DIMITY

3342 With an organdy double collar, gives an angelic look to even the most irrepressible. A bow sash in back matches the collar and a tie matches the frock. Inverted plaits at each side of the front and back. Designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

PINK TAFFETA

3352 Makes the exciting event of a first party even more so. Especially when it's got a flared skirt, not to mention tiny ruffles, pouf sleeves, and scalloped hem! Like grown-ups', it has a natural waistline. Designed for 21 to 24 (sizes 2 to 6).

3374 3382

IN THESE LITTLE **CAPES** LIES GREAT CHIC

THE SUNDAY BEST

3374 What fun to get all dressed up in a pretty frock like this! Its pastel print is accented by dark bias-fold binding at all edges. There are capelets in place of sleeves, revers in place of a collar, and flared skirt. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

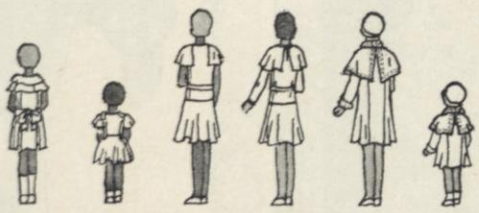
3382 This little girl wears her pink flat crêpe frock with inset capelet-collar, and has the perfect assurance that she is just as pretty as she can be. The brief skirt is fully flared, and there is a narrow belt. Frock designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

SETTING AN EXAMPLE

3384 To her small sister, and to all the other little girls who want the smartest of fall coats. It is black and has a flattering bit of white fur. Cut on princess lines, full at the hem, and with capelets, of course. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

ALL MATCHED UP

3380 There is only one dress problem with two children (or six children!) since it is the fashion to dress sisters alike. Made of the same crêpe and fur as big sister's, but it has much briefer princess lines and capelets. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).



3342 3352 3374 3382 3384 3380

3384 3380

3362 3348

3150 3364

ALL FIXED UP

3150 All washed, and combed and in a fresh brown linen suit. He won't object to the ruffles on his collar and cuffs at this age, and he'll like the idea of the creased button-on shorts. This little suit is designed for 21 to 23½ (sizes 2 to 5).

PINK AND WHITE

3364 These modern little girls being very particular about their clothes, we suggest this frock. It's pink with white collar, cuffs, gilet, and belt—they tell us white is *very* smart for belts. Plaited skirt. Frock designed for 24 to 28 (sizes 6 to 10).

IN THESE FROCKS **PLAITS** SCORE A SUCCESS

3360 3358

PLEASINGLY PEASANT WITH SMOCKING

3362 We believe that no young wardrobe is complete without a smocked dress. This one is especially nice with its saddle shoulders and its fulness pressed in plaits. The smocking and stitching are red. Frock designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

YOU CAN'T DOWN THE POLKA-DOT

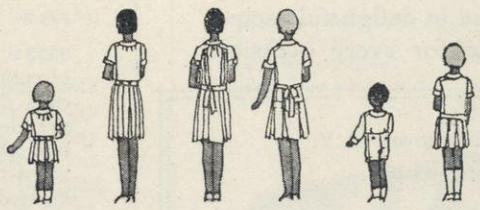
3348 If it isn't used for the frock itself it crops out in a saucy little bow and adds a chic touch to a quite tailored frock. We like this frock because of its tab lines, all around plaits, and contrasting collar and cuffs. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

LITTLE SISTER'S FROCK

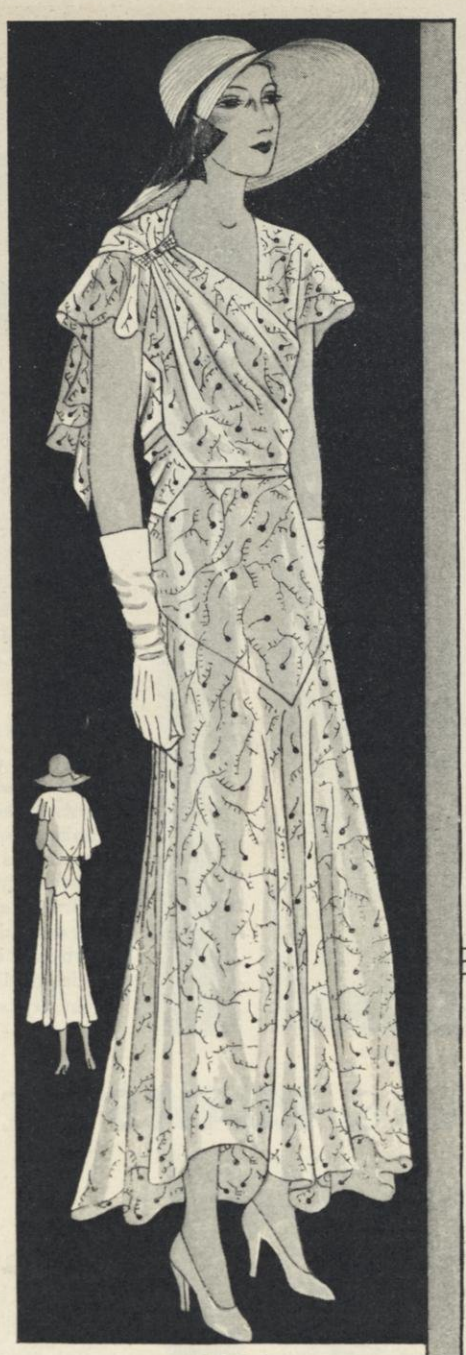
3360 It is really very small, but she feels grown up in it because it is like her big sister's dress and because it has a separate bolero jacket. The straight plaited skirt buttons to a blouse that has the tiniest of frills. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

BIG SISTER'S FROCK

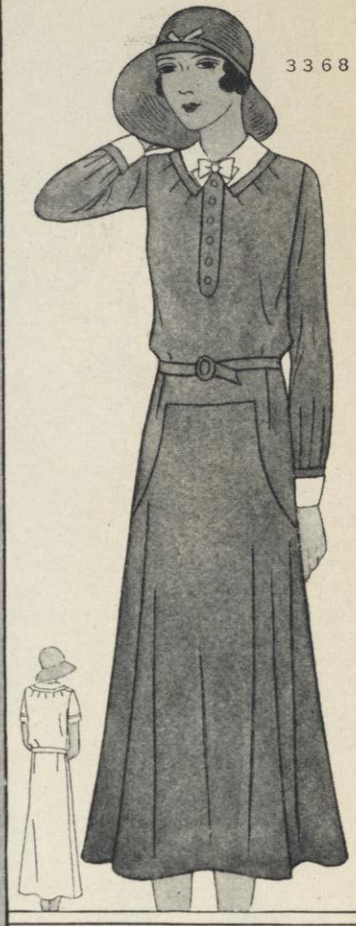
3358 And the envy of "all the kids" at school. It is like her little sister's with a straight plaited skirt that buttons to the blouse, and a separate bolero jacket. Narrow ruffles and buttons trim the blouse. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).



3360 3358 3362 3348 3150 3364



3361



3368

FROCKS FOR AVOCATIONS

3378

FOR LATE AFTERNOON

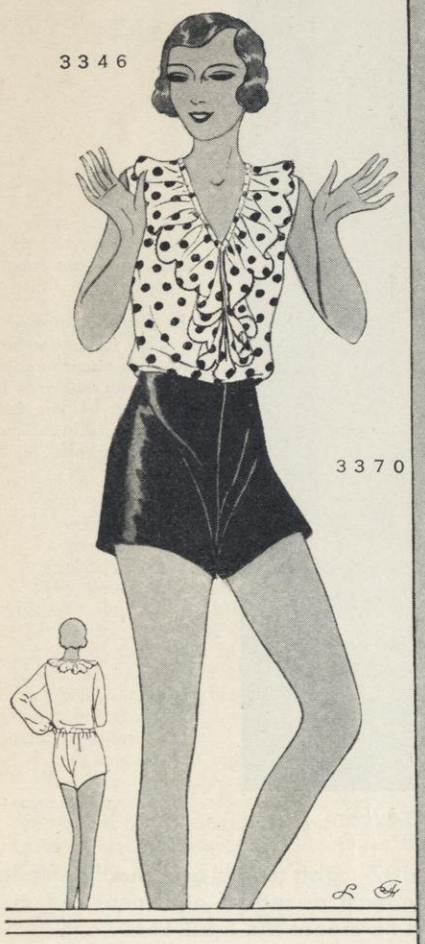
3361 The Grecian influence is of great importance. You see it here in the draped bodice held by a diamond pin in lieu of the ancient fibula. The frock has an irregular flared skirt, one cape end at back and capelet sleeves. Narrow belt. Designed for sizes 14 to 18 and 32 to 40.

FOR WEEK-ENDING

3368 Smart for traveling, and smart when you get there. This adaptable "morning frock" is one-piece in back and slightly bloused there, and flared across the front. Double collar and cuffs, with the piqué one detachable. Dart trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 38.

FOR TOWN SHOPPING

3378 Youthful, and cool, and exceptionally smart. The frilled cuffs of the bolero match the sleeveless blouse and its choir-boy collar. The flared skirt has a new type of yoke, crushed and knotted at the waistline. Designed for 14 to 20, 32 to 38.



3372

3344

CLOTHES FOR
VOCATIONS

FOR DANCING CLASS

3346 If you are studying tap —and all young people are— you'll need these velveteen shorts and the sleeveless blouse with a frilled collar. Designed for sizes 6 to 20 and 24 to 38.

FOR BUSINESS

3370 Nine-to-five chic can mean blouses like this to wear with your suit. The scarf collar is pulled through pointed slashes and long sleeves tie at the wrists. Designed for 32 to 48.

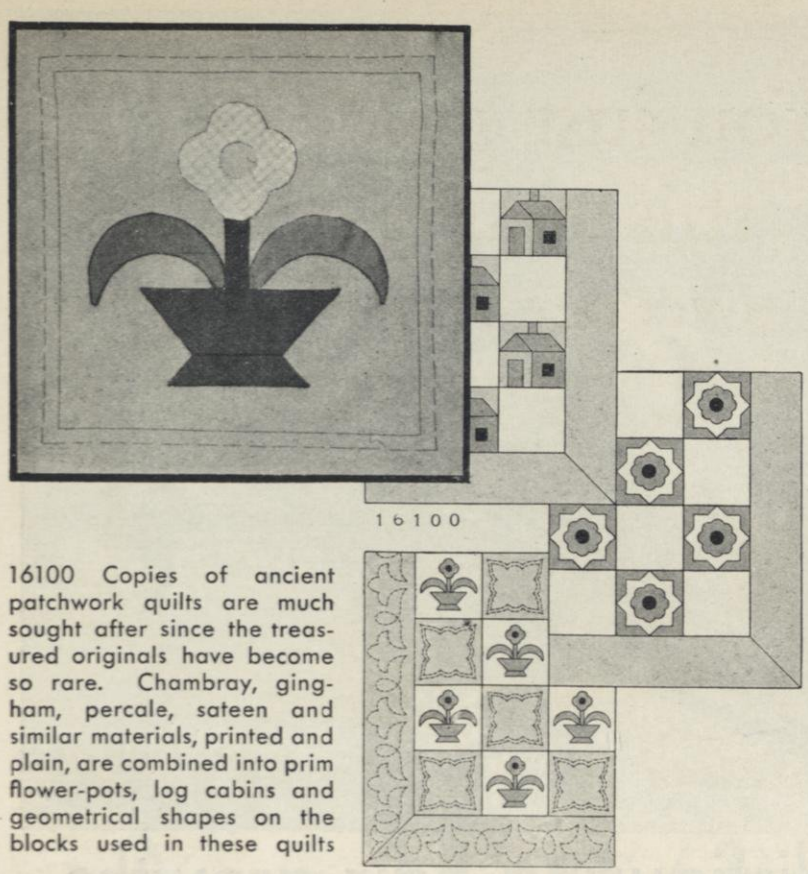
FOR THE CLUBWOMAN

3372 A white crêpe blouse with tucking down the front—chic, trim and elegant. Neck and tucked sleeves finished with tied bands. It may be a tuck-in. Designed for 32 to 44.

FOR THE HOUSE

3344 A yoked smock, with pockets, rolled-collar and an inverted plait at back, is very practical, and very pretty if you select a nice print. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20; 34 to 44.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR PICTURE INSTRUCTIONS FOR CUTTING, PUTTING TOGETHER AND FINISHING MAY BE PURCHASED AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. AT PRICES GIVEN ON PAGE 80

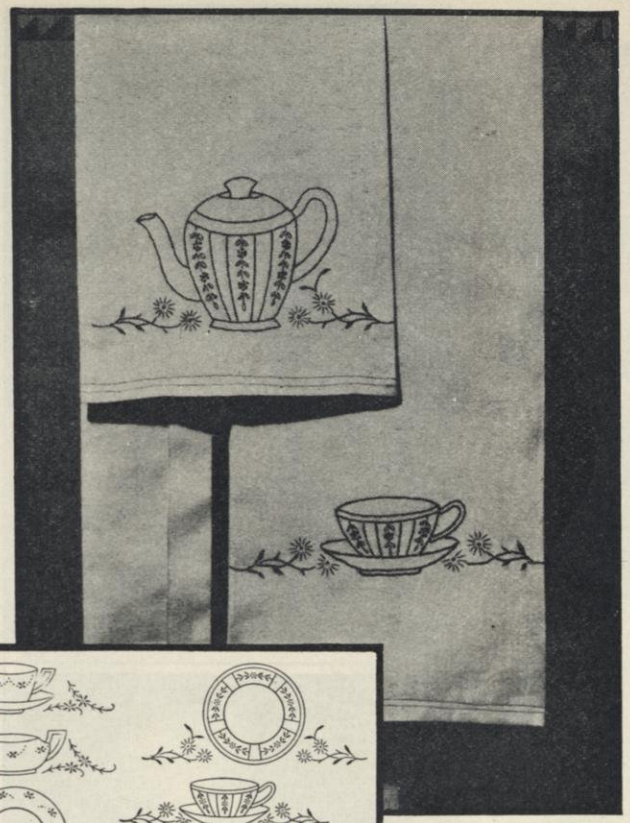


16100

16100 Copies of ancient patchwork quilts are much sought after since the treasured originals have become so rare. Chambray, gingham, percale, sateen and similar materials, printed and plain, are combined into prim flower-pots, log cabins and geometrical shapes on the blocks used in these quilts

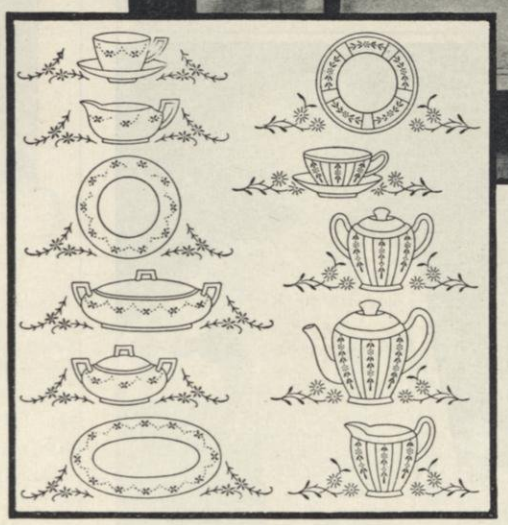
GAY PATCHWORK •

AND SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH

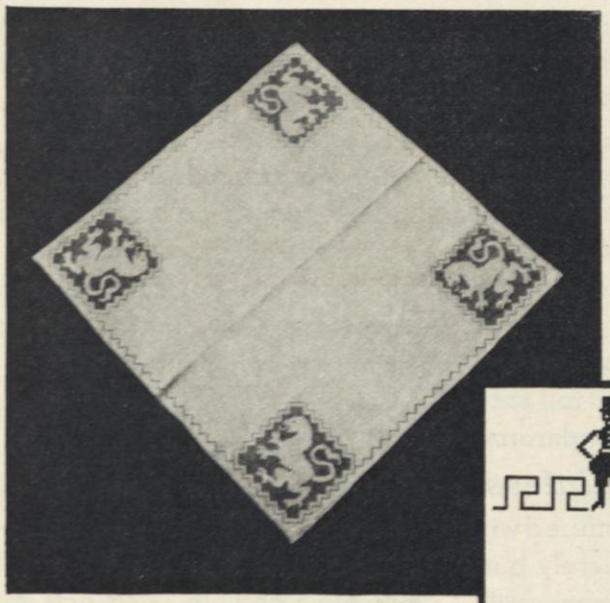


16102

Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any questions about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.



16102 Dish towels are usually among the least prized of our linens but are by no means the least important. Embroidering them with a gaily colored teapot and cups and saucers from the same charming tea set makes them much more interesting in very little time and with exceedingly little trouble—for with the new decorative and boil-fast cottons they may even be done by machine

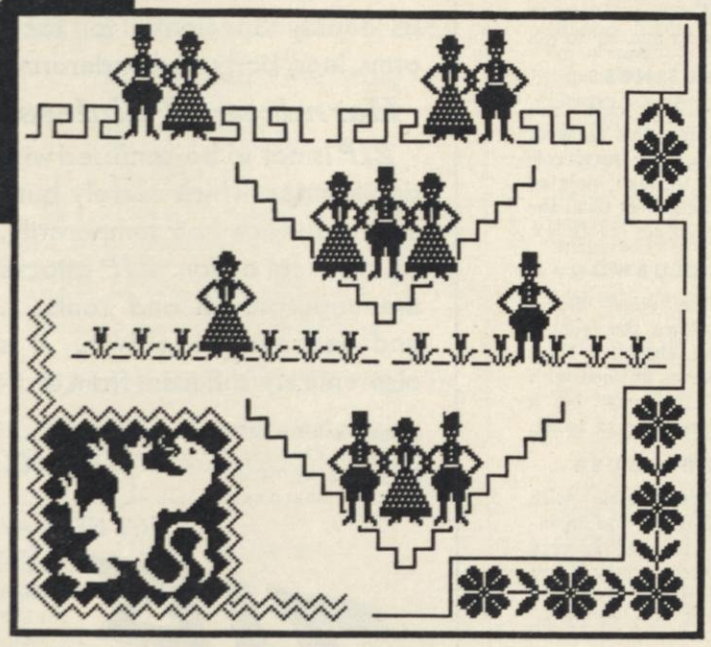


16101

16101 Frocks are of uniform length among the cross-stitched ladies that one embroiders on cloths, scarfs, curtains and similar linens. These are usually, though not always, accompanied by a quaint escort and yards of banding, in which they take their place at regular intervals. Other equally interesting subjects for cross-stitch include a rampant lion and conventional flowers. Care should be taken always to cross the stitches in the same direction

16099 Morning glories in shades of blue and orchid vie with pink and yellow tulips on a bedspread that is appliquéd with these popular flowers. The spread may be of colored sheeting, and the flowers of gingham, chambray, percale or handkerchief linen. French stemming is a neat and effective method for the appliqué and the edges of the spread may be hemstitched. Other bedroom linens may be made to match

16099



THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

Continued from page 71

people, and it's a very grave affair, I assure you!"

Pen had slowed her horse down from a trot; they were moving very slowly, under and over the bright leaves. She glanced at him without speaking.

"Our men have to serve in the army, they have to finish their education," Tony argued. "They would never get married if they had to wait for plenty of money."

"I hate money!" Pen exclaimed, her head high.

"Then you're very silly. Money is the only thing that makes life beautiful and dignified."

"But why does it matter who has it!" she said resentfully.

"I don't understand you."

"I mean whether the husband or wife has it."

"Oh, I see! Oh, well, you see in France it *doesn't*," he said in his flexible, swift way. "In France, if a man has money, he is delighted to take care of his wife, and if he hasn't, and her father has—why, that works very well, too—fifty-fifty!"

"And I think it's a very good way!" Pen said defiantly.

"Yes, so do I, too, mademoiselle!"

"But you don't seem to think it would work in America?" Her breath was shortened by her own daring; she seemed to herself to be in an inexplicably reckless mood this afternoon.

"Of course it wouldn't! Over here the whole world would say that he was a money-hunter, a fortune-seeker—I don't know what they wouldn't call him!"

"Well, I shouldn't think, if he had any character at all, that he would care what they call him!"

There was a moment's silence, during which they quickened the step of the horses, coming down the last stretch of hill toward the home paddock. Smoke was rising hearteningly from the chimneys of Barnfolds House, in swift thickening dusk; there was a warning crispness and chill in the air.

"And there you show that you don't in the least understand a man of honor!" Tony presently said, in a voice with an edge on it. Pen trembled; she was afraid that she was going to cry. They did not speak again until they came around the side of the old house, and Tony dismounted and turned, with the bridle loose over his arm, to help her down.

He was a tall, lithe man, wide-shouldered; he caught her as she slid down, and for a minute held her against his heart, tumbled and breathless and sweet; there was light enough left in the side garden for him to see the glint in her hazel eyes, the caught underlip.

"I hate you!" said Pen, with a laugh and a sob.

"I wish you did!" Tony answered.

It made her begin to shake again, deliciously, helplessly. Nothing in the four little words, if any one else had said them. But said by Tony, with the little catch of his French pronunciation behind them, and with her small self crushed up against his chest as he lifted her down, they sounded in Pen's heart like bells.

The restless twilight wind was moving like a wall through the dusky dooryard, leaves were rustling overhead, other leaves sailing down to scatter themselves on the darkening lawn. From the massive bulk of the old house behind her, dim pink lights streamed out in bars; there was a smell of damp earth and brush fires in the air.

"I can't ask you to come in to dinner!" Pen breathed, still close against him.

He quite definitely put her away, steadying her on her feet, and relinquishing her hands.

"I understand, of course," he said softly.

"Well, I don't then!" Pen protested with spirit. "I don't know why I shouldn't have *my* friends, just as they all do."

"Some day, perhaps, your grandfather will ask me to dine, and I shall be most happy to accept," Tony said, bringing his heels together for a military bow.

"Some day it won't matter whether he does or not—some day I'll be twenty-one!" She nearly said it, but not quite. Instead she laughed an uneasy, schoolgirlish laugh that made her despise herself, and began again awkwardly:

"But when do I see you again?"

"Monday, ten A.M., French three," he quoted, smilingly.

So handsome, so tall, so generously sweet-tempered! Pen looked up at the brown face and the black-browed dark eyes, and caught once more the flash of his white teeth under his little mustache. His big hand held hers firmly.

"Oh, then, of course!" she said discontentedly. "But tomorrow—tomorrow are you busy all day?"

"Tomorrow I will be correcting all the papers I should have been correcting tonight and this afternoon," he answered with the good-natured tone one uses to an importunate child.

"Shall I take these horses, Miss Pen?" asked old Daniel Patrick O'Connor, appearing beside her.

"Oh, yes—please do, Pat. I must go in!" Pen glanced up with a laugh of farewell at her companion, tightened the grip of her fingers on his before releasing them, and fled into the house, bewildered, happy, excited, as only nineteen can be bewildered, excited and happy.

Antoine de la Ferronays walked slowly the hundred yards to the lane where he had parked his modest little car. He was somewhat excited, too, although his years were exactly ten more than Penelope's, and he had been accustomed to the admiration of women all his life long.

For seven years now, ever since his tedious bout with war-gas asthma had succumbed to the Arizona sun, Tony had known that almost any one of the young ladies at Bostwick College would, or at least might, be glad of his attention. Why not? He was young, he was tall and strong, athletic and handsome, clean and intelligent, he was titled, well-born, he danced, rode, played tennis well, and he spoke three languages. Certainly he had not a penny, but these girls were the last of all the girls in the world to consider that.

It was only lately, it was only during these last few weeks, that he had been thinking of Penelope Barnes as different from all the rest.

For one thing, he had been in France, he had seen Clotilde Soule this summer for the first time in eight years, and had discovered that there never could be any carrying out of the family's arrangement there. No, not after eight years of tall, lithe, clean-skinned, active young American girls! Never Clotilde, built solidly like a column; dark, guttural, faintly mustached. Not even with all the Soule fortune behind her!

From Clotilde he had returned to Pen, blond and fresh and childishly dignified, with this background of great trees, great mills, great estate, lending romance to her, even in unromantic America. Clotilde had told him, awkwardly, bashfully, that the De la Ferronays place at St. Cloud was again on the market. If she married her cousin Basil they would perhaps buy it.

"And if I married Pen," Tony had thought, "we could buy it with one year's income!"

All this was in his mind tonight, as he drove back to Bostwick, (*Turn to page 80*)

DEAR READER

Next month, we're planning to give you the finest issue of Delineator ever published, and we say that even though it sounds a little more egotistic than we like. These authors will contribute the fiction: Sir Philip Gibbs, Kathleen Norris, Dixie Willson, Louis Joseph Vance, Howard Brubaker and Delineator's own "discovery," Anna Brand. And there'll be amazingly good human interest articles by Vera Connolly, William Lyon Phelps and William Beebe

PRICES OF BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Including the New Deltor

Buy Patterns at the nearest Butterick Agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, if order is accompanied by remittance, from the main office of the Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or the branch offices listed below, at the following prices:

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
3188	45	3225	40	3262	50	3299	50	3336	35	3373	45
3189	35	3226	40	3263	50	3300	35	3337	50	3374	35
3190	45	3227	50	3264	35	3301	50	3338	50	3375	45
3191	35	3228	35	3265	50	3302	30	3339	50	3376	45
3192	50	3229	50	3266	30	3303	45	3340	50	3377	45
3193	35	3230	30	3267	50	3304	35	3341	45	3378	50
3194	50	3231	45	3268	25	3305	50	3342	35	3379	50
3195	30	3232	45	3269	45	3306	35	3343	45	3380	30
3196	50	3233	45	3270	35	3307	50	3344	35	3381	45
3197	45	3234	40	3271	50	3308	30	3345	50	3382	35
3198	30	3235	50	3272	45	3309	45	3346	35	3383	50
3199	50	3236	25	3273	45	3310	35	3347	50	3384	35
3200	35	3237	45	3274	35	3311	45	3348	35	3385	45
3201	45	3238	50	3275	45	3312	35	3349	45		
3202	50	3239	50	3276	50	3313	50	3350	50		
3203	50	3240	45	3277	45	3314	50	3351	45		
3204	35	3241	45	3278	50	3315	45	3352	30		
3205	45	3242	45	3279	50	3316	45	3353	50		
3206	45	3243	40	3280	45	3317	50	3354	50		
3207	50	3244	25	3281	50	3318	35	3355	45		
3208	30	3245	50	3282	35	3319	45	3356	40		
3209	50	3246	25	3283	50	3320	35	3357	50		
3210	35	3247	50	3284	45	3321	45	3358	35		
3211	45	3248	35	3285	45	3322	50	3359	45		
3212	35	3249	50	3286	25	3323	50	3360	30		
3213	45	3250	35	3287	35	3324	30	3361	50		
3214	35	3251	35	3288	35	3325	45	3362	35		
3215	50	3252	35	3289	50	3326	50	3363	45		
3216	35	3253	35	3290	45	3327	45	3364	35		
3217	50	3254	50	3291	45	3328	25	3365	50		
3218	30	3255	45	3292	35	3329	45	3366	50		
3219	35	3256	45	3293	45	3330	25	3367	50		
3220	35	3257	45	3294	30	3331	50	3368	45		
3221	45	3258	35	3295	30	3332	35	3369	45		
3222	50	3259	45	3296	35	3333	45	3370	35		
3223	50	3260	35	3297	45	3334	45	3371	50		
3224	30	3261	45	3298	50	3335	45	3372	35		

TRANSFER DESIGNS

16091	35
16092	30
16093	50
16094	25
16095	35
16096	40
16097	35
16098	30
16099	40
16100	40
16101	40
16102	35
16103	30
16104	35

PRICES IN STERLING

PATTERNS MARKED	BRITISH ISLES	NEW ZEALAND
25c	1	1
30c	1/3	1/3
35c	1/6	1/6
40c	1/6	1/9
45c	2	2
50c	2	2
75c	3	3

We guarantee every Butterick Pattern to be correct in every detail.

PUBLICATION AND PATTERN SALES OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., 465 West 22nd Street — ATLANTA, GA., 70 Fairlie Street, N. W.
DALLAS, TEX., Santa Fe Bldg., Unit. No. 2 — TORONTO, CAN., 468 Wellington Street, West
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 350 Mission Street — WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, 50 Charlotte Street
LONDON, ENGLAND, Devon House, 173 Great Portland Street, St. Marylebone

THE LOVE OF JULIE BOREL

Continued from page 79

and to an informal dinner in the handsome old brick house of the professor of mathematics, who had two pretty daughters. He had not told Pen of this engagement; he had made it, indeed, with a proviso that he should be excused at nine o'clock to get at some papers. That seemed to make it almost like not having a dinner engagement at all.

MEANWHILE, at Barnfolds, Pen went upstairs with head and heart in a whirl. She hummed as she entered her big room, hummed as she tore off her riding regalia and began to assemble the details of her evening costume.

She loved everything tonight—the gusty October dusk, the big house full of lights and glooms, with her grandfather and Uncle Conrad and Nick, and old Mr. Bottomley brushing up for dinner.

Penelope soaked luxuriously in a hot bath, thinking about the ride and handsome Tony, with his long legs astride of Gran's roan. A man in whipcord riding breeches, with a belted sports coat, riding among autumn leaves—she had never liked his aspect so much as today. He was quiet, responsive, no Frenchied smirkings and bowings about him—he was just like a fine American in everything that was desirable, with all the charm and polish of his own race and rank added.

Nick was in the sitting-room when she came in. Of ordinary height, but well built, with keen gray eyes, he gave a certain impression of good looks, without actually possessing them. His nose was large, his mouth large, his thick hair mouse-colored, and his jaw heavy almost to sternness. But there was a pleasant expression on his face, an alertness, a sympathetic responsiveness, that in themselves constituted charm. Every one, Pen had reason to believe, liked Nick, and the village simply adored the doctor.

"Well, how was the ride?"

"Oh, wonderful! Why didn't you come?"

"Didn't get home from the hospital until five, and then I flung myself down across my bed and was off in two seconds. I had a full day with those fellows, because while Hicks was here I wanted him to see one or two other cases."

"Horrible business, yours, Nick," Pen commented, with a shiver.

"Awful!" he agreed with his keen smile.

"No—but don't you honestly think it is? Bones—such hard, aching things!" she persisted with her little-girl air of innocence.

"Well, some one has to straighten them, Pen!"

"Yes, I know. And somebody has to be dentists and undertakers, too!" the girl argued.

Nick laughed joyously, as he always did at her sallies. Colonel Barnes and Francis Bottomley found the young pair sitting in contented silence beside a newly lighted fire. Penelope was still enough of a little girl in this group to sit bashfully mute while they talked, waiting for dinner.

BUT after dinner, when Mr. Bottomley asked her solemnly if she would talk to him for ten minutes in the library, she felt important again. She was the heiress, after all, and in thirteen months she would come into her estate. And on her twenty-first birthday her grandfather would read, and Mr. Bottomley would tell her all about, Uncle Ned's will, and Aunt Ethel's will, and her father's will, and every one at school and everywhere would know that she had come into her own. There was even to be a holiday, and a big dance at the mill—Pen had been thinking, innocently, of late, that she would like to be married to Tony on that day. Married on her twenty-first birthday, with all that big residue of income that had been piling up for so many years, to spend on a glorious honeymoon!

It was all flattering and thrilling, and all she had to do was to walk through it gracefully, smiling and being nice and simple, like Queen Victoria when she had been a young girl, too, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had kneeled down before her and called her "Your Majesty."

"Penelope," said old Bottomley, in the library, when he was in a leather armchair, and Pen had established herself youthfully opposite him, on a low hassock, with her arms locked about her knees, "they're waiting in there for me to come and play auction, and I'm only going to keep you for a moment. Something—a little unusual—has turned up in your affairs——"

He started again, after an abrupt stop. The innocent, proud eyes were fixed on his, with unalarmed interest.

"*May* have turned up, that is," he amended it, uneasily.

"Something I can do?" Pen suggested helpfully.

"No, my dear, nothing you can do, and very little any of us can do," the old lawyer said. "What can be done, we are attending to, of course," he went on. And after another brief halt: "Did you ever hear of a claimant?"

"No!" Pen said, eyes round with surprise.

"Well, almost every estate has a claimant, sooner or later," he told her, scraping his chin.

The fire had burned low in the library; only one lamp was lighted. Its dull glow sent a sort of aureole about Penelope's young, fair head.

"What does a claimant do?" Pen asked, expectantly.

"He lodges a claim against an estate."

"Oh? And is there one lodging a claim against Barnfolds?"

"He may," the lawyer said, reluctantly.

"Oh?" Pen arched her brows in distaste. "And has he got anything to prove it—letters or something?"

"We don't know. We think not."

She pondered a minute.

"What does he say his claim is—against the mills, or against the family?"

THE old lawyer was amazed at her clear-headedness. This was the new order of woman, sure enough.

"Against both—such as it is!" he said.

"Is it much?" Pen asked curiously, bright eyes traveling over the old man's face.

"Oh, a great deal. It would mean not only your Aunt Ethel's legacy, but a great deal more."

"Ha!" Pen commented, on a soft little note. She thought of Tony, and that it would be great fun to tell him this romantic-sounding development. "Darling old Bottomley was as solemn as an owl about it," she would say.

"Is that why you wouldn't let me have the money?" she asked the lawyer, with a sudden animated recollection.

"What money?"

"The money I wrote you for."

"Oh, well, no—not exactly!" he answered confusedly.

"Do you know who I wanted that for?" Pen demanded.

"Naturally not."

"I wanted it for this Monsieur de la Ferronays that Gran hates so," the girl confessed. "You see," she explained, "his people had this place in France, and they had to sell it, and when he came back from Paris this year he told me that a sort of cousin of his, a Miss Soule, had said that she wanted to buy it. Well, I thought it would be fun to give Tony what it would cost, and tell him to buy it himself!"

"That is a proposition that might not appeal to an American man," the lawyer said dryly.

"But I think I could have made him take it!" Pen persisted.

"He didn't know of it, then?" Francis Bottomley asked, reluctantly amending his opinion of the unknown Frenchman.

"Oh, he never dreamed of it!"

"Your idea was just to give it to him, in a check?"

"Something like that. It sounds very silly," Pen admitted, weakening. "But—it doesn't mean anything to me!" she ended, appealingly.

"Money doesn't?"

"Well—I've always had so much—" she offered.

"If this claimant," the lawyer said, driven to extremities by the course of the conversation, "if this claimant should make his case good, you would have—I must remind you that you would have very little."

"I'd have my father's?" Pen queried, surprised.

"Through your grandfather—yes. But

Mrs. Ned Barnes's estate, your Uncle Ned's, and very possibly a large back payment would be lost."

"Half?" she asked.

"Much more than half."

"And if Gran chose to hold it back," she asked, "I'd practically have none?"

"Well, we won't anticipate that, at least," Francis Bottomley said with a smile. "You are the apple of his eye."

"Ah, but I might do something that Gran didn't like!" the girl said, shrewdly, yet with an artless little smile to match his own.

"This may work, by George!" the lawyer thought.

"But you don't think this man *has* any claim?" Pen presently asked.

"That I couldn't say, now."

"You mean some big blustering Englishman could come in here, and practically take Barnfolds away from us?"

"Why English?" the lawyer asked, diverted.

"Well, because—didn't you say?—it came through Aunt Ethel's side?"

"She'll have the whole thing out in the open if we don't look sharp!" the man thought. "I don't know that he would necessarily live here," he said aloud.

"But he'd own the mills, wouldn't he?"

"He'd own a controlling interest—yes."

"Some one else—owning the mills!" Pen mused, assimilating it.

Her world was falling about her. It was incredible that she was talking, with concern, about *money*. Of course—of course there would always be plenty! But this was a disquieting conversation, none the less.

"Does this worry Gran?" she asked suddenly.

"Naturally."

Pen mused a space in silence.

"It's funny, isn't it?" she said at last, in a troubled voice. "It's the worst thing that could happen to us, isn't it?"

"Oh, no—I couldn't say that," the lawyer said. "As I tell you, nothing may come of it."

"Does Nick know—does Uncle Conrad know?"

"It seemed unnecessary to worry them."

"Ha!" Pen fell silent again. There were a few more bewildered, inconsequential questions, and a few more reassuring answers, before the old man went to his auction game, leaving her sitting alone in the old library.

She sat there thinking, vaguely feeling, trying to think again. Pen had never felt herself to be like other girls. There had always been something of royalty's calm security in her attitude. She had had her troubles, of course—what else could the loss of young parents, the lack of brothers and sisters be called? But they were the troubles of the protected and precious person—the troubles of the heiress.

In a sense she was not arrogant; in a sense she was not spoiled. But there was a certain arrogance and confidence in her happy acceptance of her own superb rights; her free, joyous nods, on all sides, when she went into the mills to see her grandfather or Uncle Conrad, her demure attention when one of the men of the family or firm talked business to her. Her square, firm signature on the checks that were growing yearly larger and larger, her consciousness of her own splendidly straight, boyish little person, clad in irreproachable riding linens, with a linen hat pulled down on the bright hair—these belonged to one of the personalities of the world, Penelope Barnes, the old man's only grandchild, the heiress of the mills.

WELL, even a claimant could not take all that away. But he could take—some. He had taken something from her peace of mind already. She wondered what Tony would think about it. Tony might easily be glad. A modest inheritance in the old mills of Chauncey and Barnes was a pretty little fortune, in any case—at least Pen supposed it must be. And it would bring one much nearer to an assistant professor of French in a woman's college. Their combined incomes would surely run to a pretty house and garden and horses——

Of course, that wasn't like being able to buy the St. Cloud estate back into the De la Ferronays family——

Pen curled herself into her chair, and made a little conscious grimace, alone in the dimly lighted room whose log fire had long ago died away into clean gray ashes.

She had never felt humbled or doubtful or—well, poor, in her life before. She was not quite sure that she was experiencing these feelings now. But it was a funny feeling, just the same, and she found it not at all pleasant.

Julie Borel soon comes to Barnfolds—and Penelope is even more upset. "I'm going to like her unless I hate her," is Pen's prophetic verdict, in the next instalment of this new novel by Kathleen Norris, a novel which will soon develop thrillingly into a mystery story

TWO OTHER PEOPLE

Continued from page 14

the room, he decided to remember me. He asked me when I was going to reorganize my own company, this with the general manager listening. And I told him that it wouldn't be until I'd done something worth while for somebody else. And then I went out of the room, but later the general manager took me to lunch and asked me some questions."

It was the way Geoff had answered those questions that won him his increase in salary. Not a tremendous increase in money, but a great stride ahead in confidence.

AT THE end of a year Marjie knew that her husband wasn't far from the top of the climb back. Looking at the matter without prejudice, she told herself that it had come quicker than she had dared hope. Almost—Geoff had won back the ground that he had lost.

And the apartment house? In the year it had changed very little. There were two new families—one, a bride and groom family.

And Marjie and Geoff, serene and prosperous (for that group), were greeted as old friends by every one.

"Somehow," Marjie said to her husband one morning, over the blue and yellow of her breakfast table, "I feel at home here as I've never felt at home before. I love this place."

Geoff's eyes were following his wife's. The simple furniture, made vivid with brushing lacquer, the hand-hemmed cretonne curtain, blowing at the window.

"I love it, too, Marj," he said. "In a way it will be hard to leave. And it's been sweet, too, for us. Not that I've cared for you any more since we've been here—that wouldn't have been possible! Only, as you said once, it's all been different. We've been such other people. I hope, when we go back, that we'll still be those other people."

Marjie set down the coffee pot, from which she had been pouring Geoff's second cup.

"You said, 'when we go back'?" she questioned oddly.

Geoff was leaning toward her, across the tiny table. There was a newness, a shining quality, in his smile.

"I can't keep things from you," he said, and his voice was husky. "You know how it's always been, Marjie. You said it once—we've always been utterly honest. And—well, now I've something real to tell. Things have broken for me, again. But, broken right. They began to go right that day an old customer came in. He's had an eye on me ever since. Yesterday he offered me a partnership in his firm. And, because I was bewildered, I went to our general manager and told him. And do you know—" Geoff's voice was almost breaking with the thrill of it all—"the general manager met his offer. Said I was too valuable to lose. And so——"

All at once Geoff was out of his chair, was around on Marjie's side of the table.

"I didn't mean to tell you," he said, "until I had our own house back again, and the rugs on the floor, and a car in the garage. But I can't keep things from you, dear. I've got to tell you right off. Yesterday I went to the dealer who took the place off (*Turn to page 82*)

TWO OTHER PEOPLE

Continued from page 81

our hands. Soon I'll have it back for you. Everything will be just the same as it was. You won't have to do a bit of work. You won't have to feel that you're married to a man who couldn't keep up his end of the living. It's all going to be like it was—why, Marjie! Why——"

Geoff had tipped back his wife's head; was looking into his wife's eyes, incredulously.

For Marjie was crying.

"Geoff," she choked, "I'm a fool, I know. But I don't want to go back. You don't understand, dear. But everything was wrong, then. I—I thought I was helping you, at first, Geoff, for just this hour. So that we—so that *I* could go back. But I don't want to go, dear. Not any more! You—we'd be losing each other, maybe——"

But her husband's voice was interrupting.

"Why, honey," he said, "we couldn't lose each other. Why, we've stood failure together, and poverty. That was the time we might have lost each other. But not now. And it's going to be necessary to have a real home again. I'll have my position to consider."

Marjie's hands were on his shoulders. Tight. And she was staring into his face. A face that she had lived with for—for nine years. Mad years, thrilling years, years grown stale. Years grown thrilling again! Perhaps she was expecting to see something in that face that she had once seen. A dragging familiarity. But, gloriously, she failed to see it. Perhaps, beneath the glance of those questioning eyes, she was expecting to confess something that, suddenly, there was no need of confessing. All at once she was sure. Of Geoff, of herself, of the future. So sure that she knew fortune, and the turn of fortune's wheel, would never shake her again. "Why," she said, and her voice was very young, "after all it doesn't matter where we are, so long as we're together. Big house, little house, it doesn't matter. So long as we stay together."

Geoff was kissing her. Kissing her on the mouth. Kisses as new as the morning sunlight that slanted all about them.

Marjie found herself returning those kisses. Not from a matter of habit. Never again from a matter of habit! Because, quite utterly, quite fiercely, she wanted to return them.

THE HALLELUJAH WOMAN

Continued from page 17

Lawd sunk dat mule 'cause he had been up to some kind er devilment, I bet." She put the soap can conveniently near the tub. "Now come on, child, and le's slip outn dis dress and git washed up clean."

The loose dress dropped in a crumpled circle at Skeet's feet. Halley gasped.

"How old is you, gal?" she demanded.

Skeet stepped into the tub and sat down. "Sixteen, goin' on seventeen," she stammered.

Halley was dumfounded. She could not speak.

Finally, facts began assorting themselves in her head. Amos had been gone a long time, but not long enough to be the father of a nearly grown woman. It was ten years ago last spring, when he took her to Monroe to buy the license and was conjured off to the sugar-cane country.

"You ain't Amos' gal!" Halley exploded.

Skeet raised her stupid, soap-smeared face and looked at Halley questioningly. Then a slow, insinuating grin spread over her heavy lips. "Naw'm," she said, "*I* say I ain't Amos' gal. He tried to like me some last spring, but I didn't like him. He too black and ugly for me to like. I likes my menfolks yaller and good-lookin'."

Halley paid little mind to Skeet's talk. She was still struggling with the shock of her discovery. "But de white folks say you was he's gal-child," she mumbled.

"Did dey said dat?" grinned Skeet. "Den dey must er got hit mixed up. Amos, he was married wid my mama, mighty nigh ev'y since I kin remember. But he never was my daddy. My mama say my daddy was a big black cutter f'm Bayou Lafouche."

Halley finished bathing Skeet, but her mind was not on her work. In her mind an idea was struggling for room. And she was greatly disappointed. They had no business bringing this Skeet to her to be cared for when she wasn't Amos' child. But, at the same time, she was cheered up in her heart, too, to know that Skeet had absolutely no claim on her.

Suddenly she dried her hands, pitched the towel to Skeet, and ran to her bed. "You come off, pillow slips!" she said with a note of triumph. "You too purty for dat gal to rest her nappy haid on." And she snatched them from the pillows and put them tenderly back into the box under the bed. "And stay dar to I takes you out for me and Chawley," she told them.

Things began clearing in her tangled mind. There was nothing in the way, now, no complications to tangle up her mind about marrying Chawley. The child of Amos had ceased to be. It never had been. It was all a mistake. She had been trying to read the Lord's mind when the Lord was not even giving her a thought. "De Lawd know I kin look out for me," she grinned, as she put the service pillow-cases back on the big pillows.

Next she turned her attention to Skeet. "You sleep in de spare room," she said. "Onless you's skeered. And efn you's skeered you kin pallet down in hyar by de fire."

Skeet was rubbing vigorously with the towel. "Skeered er what?" she grinned. "Skeered some big ole man gonter git me and run off wid me? Humph! I wisht he would!"

Halley frowned. It was no talk for a Christian girl to make. But, after all, Skeet was no Christian girl and Halley knew it. She was a sinner-girl from Sinnerville.

"But hit ain't none er my rat-killin'," Halley concluded.

They ate supper from the pots on the hearth and went to sit upon the porch until the moon rose. Halley talked freely to Skeet of her long and patient suffering for her sin with Amos. But now the Lord had suffered her long enough, and she was going to marry Chawley, "Cou'se, hit's little Cora got to come along too, and she all puny and a world er trouble. But dat's de way de Lawd got hit planned. He aims to keep me in mind er my sin, 'cause ev'y time my nature gits to risin' I'm gonter look at little Cora and tell de Ole Satan to go on about his business."

SKEET listened, but only because the noise of Halley's voice rose above the quiet noises of the night. "De Lawd do like dat, huh?"

"All de time," Halley assured her. "He take care——"

"Humph!" snorted Skeet. "When dat levee busted, de Lawd didn't put me up dat tree. I put myse'f up."

Halley's joyful heart missed one beat. Regardless of what Skeet had said, Halley knew that the Lord had saved her. And for some purpose. Maybe to mess up her marriage with Chawley! She groaned. But her mind had tasted freedom, and she clutched at any idea that would keep it for her.

"De worruld," she said, explaining to herself more than to Skeet, "is a mighty big place. De Lawd got to keep His eye on ev'y-body." She looked at the profile of Skeet, all hunched over in the grayish dark, and the idea that she wanted came to her mind. She smiled. "I speck de Lawd mistuck you for a big ole crow settin' up in dat tree. Or else, I bet he'd a drownded you jest like he drownded dat mule!"

The mention of the mule sent a shiver through Skeet's body, but it sent hot, sarcastic words to her tongue. "Yeah?" she snorted. "You must be de Lawd's good-time gal, 'cause you know His business so good."

Halley nearly swallowed her tongue. She was shocked. She was chagrined. She was insulted. Right on her own front porch. And by this sin-doing stranger that had come uninvited! Her eyes narrowed into thin

slits, and she had to struggle to hold back sinwords. "You strumpet," she said in cold, even words, "dat ain't no way to talk about me and hit ain't no way to talk about de Lawd. And come sun-up in de mawnin', efn de Lawd ain't struck you down by dat time, well, you gonter git yo' bundle and git out er my house!"

Skeet looked stupidly into the night for a minute before she replied. "I ain't studdin' yo' house," she retorted without turning her head. "I didn't want to come hyar, but de white folks begged me. And I don't got to wait to sun-up to git out, too. Moon-up'll be plenty light for me to git outn dis place." She got up and went into the house.

Halley, still enraged but still determinedly calm, hoped she would get out. She didn't even care if she left before the moon rose. Still, it was not right for a Christian woman to turn a stranger out of the house at night. If Skeet left of her own accord, it was Skeet's business.

In a minute Skeet came out of the house, carrying her bundle.

"You kin stay to daylight," Halley said, "and welcome."

Skeet looked about into the darkness. "Moonlight be plenty light enough for me," she said, and sat back down upon the porch.

Halley was silent. She had almost lost her temper. But there were other things crowding through her mind, too. Chawley, mainly. The moon was rising.

"Chawley gonter come cou'tin' me some more when de moon gits up," Halley recalled. And the idea pleased her immensely. "He won't has to cou't me hard, dis night," she decided, " 'cause I'm gonter has to hold my heart back to keep f'm cou'tin' him." She chuckled noiselessly. The memory of that insult from Skeet faded out. So did Skeet.

Presently Halley strained her ears and listened intently. She thought she heard Chawley's steps in the path. She suddenly burst into a throaty song:

"Ha-hallelu!
Ha-ha-ha-he-le-lu!
Lawd, how long must I wait?"

"Not too long, Halley, gal!" It was Chawley's voice coming from up the path. "Efn you's waitin' for me, don't wait no more, 'cause hyar I'm is. How long must *I* wait?" In the dark, Halley felt the blood rush to her face. She said nothing until Chawley came up, leading little Cora. Then she gave him a formal "Howdy," and added: "Ain't you got mo' sense den to bring dat puny child out in de night air?"

CHAWLEY sat down on the porch, dragging Cora. He had scarcely noticed Skeet. All of his eyes were for Halley. "I jest brang her over," he explained, "so's she could get used to Amos' child."

Halley chuckled. "Listen, Chawley," she said, "dat ugly whelp settin' yonder on de steps ain't Amos' chile. He didn't had no chillun. And efn he did, well, I ain't studdin' 'em. I ain't studdin' nothin' but you. And whenever you gits ready, well, us gits married up. And dat ain't too soon for me."

Chawley sat and blinked. He did not understand all the talk, but he had never heard Halley so jubilant before, and he gathered that she was saying marry-talk to him. His face brightened.

"You mean I and you gonter marry, sho' nuff?"

"Dat's hit," Halley agreed. "I'm sick and tired er holdin' back."

Chawley grinned and scratched his head. "Well, I be damn'," he said, softly. "Well, all right!" He caught his thighs in his hands and pinched them, rocking back and forth happily. "I didn't brought de licenses over tonight, but I kin go home and git 'em."

The moon was well above the trees, now, and yellow light flooded the slope in front of the cabin. For a brief minute Halley pleasured her eyes by looking at Chawley, her Chawley, sitting on her own front porch. A few feet from Chawley, sat Skeet, sullen, and bent over her bundle of clothes. But it took more than that sinning strumpet to interfere with the joy that was in Halley's heart. And there was little Cora, huddled against Chawley, shivering. Halley went into action again.

"And you!" she exploded. "Setting up hyar wid dat child shiverin' in dis night air!" She got up and took Cora by the hand. "Come on, honey," she said, "I'm gonter take you inside and bed you down." Then she edged closer to Chawley and dug him coyly in the ribs with her toe.

"And den," she added, "I'm comin' back and us'll cou't some more, maybe."

She was in no hurry to get Cora to bed. There was a question on her mind that had come up on the spur of the moment. Would it be worth while to send Chawley back home for the licenses? The Lord knew they had been bought and paid for, and He knew that, come Sunday, Chawley would take her to the church and the preacher would recite the words over them. And the Lord knew there was no sin in her mind. Surely when a woman has waited and waited, and finally has everything worked out with the Lord, the Lord wouldn't hold such a thing against her.

"Come on now, baby, and let Aunt Halley put yo' in de bed. You gonter sleep in de spare room wid dat no-good Skeet tonight." Of course the Lord wouldn't want Halley to take any chance on sending her man away, now that she had him.

HER mind made up on the point, she hurried to her bed, and, once more, she put the fine pillow-cases upon the pillows. "De Lawd ain't gonter argy 'bout whar dem licenses is at tonight," she giggled, patting the least semblance of wrinkle out of the white sheet. "Naw suh. Two big pillows," she said. "One for me and one for Chawley!"

She turned and walked to the door with a kittenish swing in her steps. She wondered whether she should compel Chawley to court her before she told him her decision. Or perhaps it would be best to go directly to him and tell him, outright. Courting would be better, but still, one mustn't take chances by delaying. She decided to go directly to him.

But she never did. When she stepped upon the porch she saw something that made her eyes go blind and her heart split open like a summer plum. Chawley was still sitting on the porch where she left him. But Skeet, that low-down, sinning, evil-doing Skeet from the devil's own land, was standing not five paces away from him, twisting herself and giggling in the moonlight.

"Yah," Skeet was telling Chawley, "she tell me to git my bundle and git to hell on down de road. I axed her could I stay to mawnin', and she say naw. So dat's whar I'm goin'!"

"Goin'?" repeated Chawley. "Whar at?"

"I don't know," giggled Skeet, "and I don't keer. Whar yo' house is at? I might go dar."

Halley saw it all. She not only saw Skeet standing there in the moonlight, but she saw in Skeet's soul, too. She saw Old Satan jumping up and down, begging Chawley to come on into sinfulness. "Come on, Chawley," Satan was saying. "Old Halley will weary you to death with her Christian talk. Come on and have joy a while. I'll show you how to pleasure your life away."

Chawley got up. "I might could show you whar I live at, gal," he said to Skeet.

"You, Chawley!" Halley bawled at him. "You set back down and let dat sinful, lyin' gal go about her own."

Chawley turned sheepishly. "Aw, Halley," he said, "I'm jest gonter show her whar my house is at."

"Show her nothin'!" shouted Halley. "She know too much now."

"I'm jest gonter run over wid her," Chawley went on, lamely. "Den I'm comin' right back. And I'm gonter bring dem licenses back wid me, too, Halley." He joined Skeet, and they hurried off.

Halley staggered to her chair on the end of the porch and sat down. The Lord had suffered her long and hard. And in her mind He had smartened her like the old people. She knew things. She knew that Chawley would not come back with the license that night. Or any other night. She had seen Amos follow a woman with the devil in her soul, and she had seen Chawley following this devil that was in Skeet's soul. No. Chawley was gone.

SHE sat and wept silently while the moon rose higher and higher. The breeze from the river stopped and the air got hot and heavy. That was good; hot nights made God's cotton grow and put out many bolls. Chawley was off with that sin-sweet daughter of Satan's cane fields, but God's cotton would grow. And God's Christians would get along, too. It was hard, but she sang:

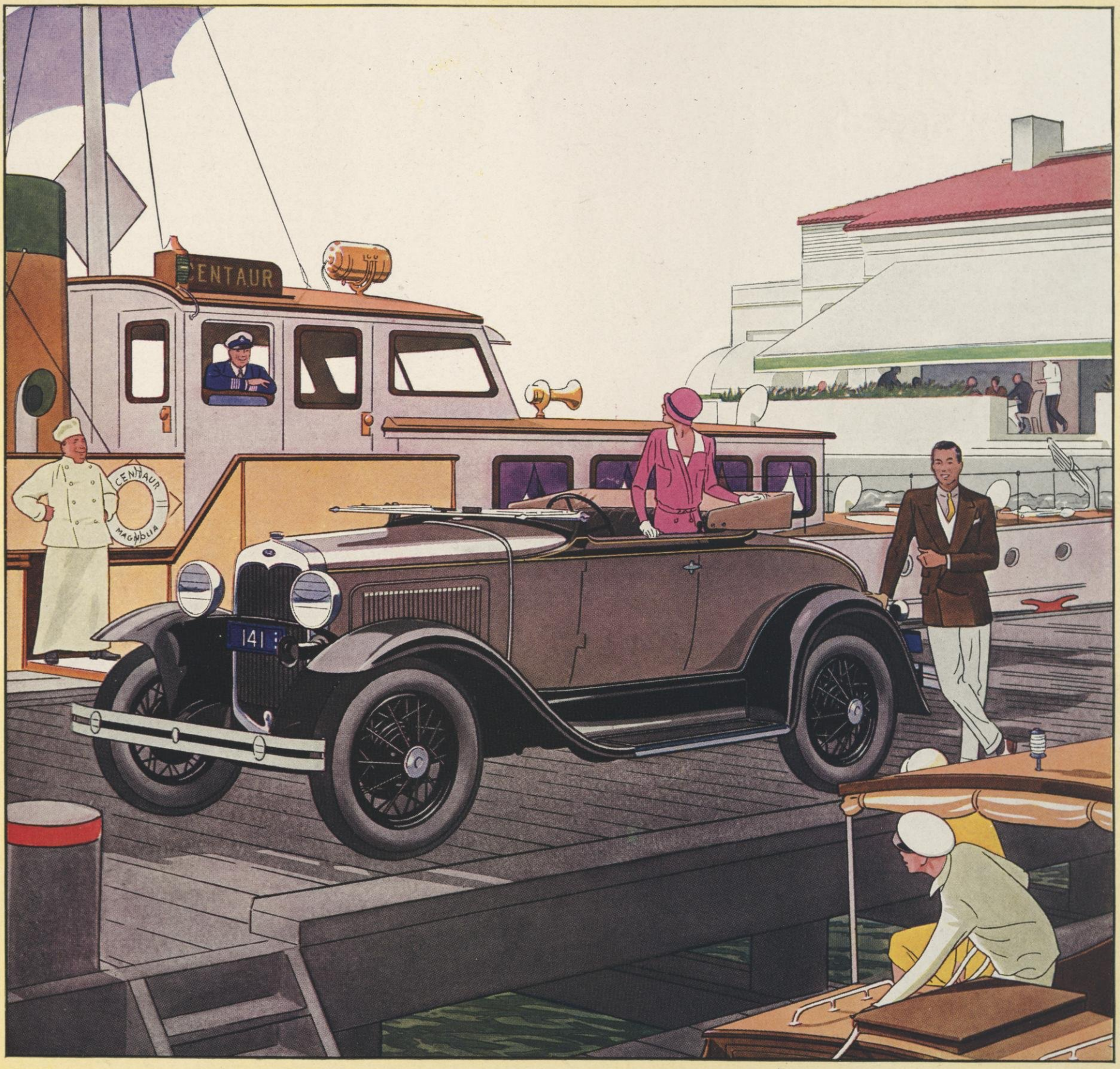
"Ha-Hallelu!
Ha-Hallelu!
Lawd, fix me a happy home in Canaan's Land!"

Then, tear-blind and weary, she went into the house and, falling across her bed, she buried her face in the hand-embroidered pillow-cases and cried herself to sleep.

A joyous car for golden summer days

MANY are the delights of the Ford Roadster these golden summer days. Short the miles and pleasant because of its alert and sprightly performance, its safety and its easy-riding comfort. « « « « « «

And what a joy it is to travel along the way with the top down, the blue sky overhead and the fresh, cool air brushing a rosy glow upon your cheeks! Rare indeed the woman who has not hoped that some day such a car might be her very own. That dream, long cherished, may now come true. For the Ford Roadster, with all its beauty of line and mechanical excellence, is most conveniently priced. Many months of glorious motoring await your beckoning. « «



Extra-quick! ready-prepared for dishes

Chipso Granules ... a new form of Chipso ... wash dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

I always thought I was pretty quick at getting my dishes washed up and put away—it isn't a job I like to linger over.

But I had a surprise the first time I tried those new Chipso Granules. Without hurrying (and chipping my thin French china, which I am very "choice of", as one of my neighbors says), I got those dishes washed with a speed that almost took my breath away.

I can't tell you all the scientific facts that make these new Chipso Granules the quickest dishwashing soap I ever used. I don't understand scientific processes very well anyway. But the secret seems to be—Chipso Granules are "ready-prepared" (like bouillon cubes or instant coffee).

These tiny little soap particles which look almost like a powder, aren't a powder. They're compact, ready-to-work Chipso suds *in steam-dried form*. You just add hot water and put in your dishes. Actually, there isn't much more to it than that. Here is my new method in 3 brief steps:

1. Add hot water to a tablespoonful of Granules and put dishes into the richest, foamiest suds you ever saw.
2. After a moment's soaking, these rich suds have cleared away grease and stickiness. A swish or two with a mop and dishes are clean.
3. A hot rinse and you're through! No wiping needed unless you wish. No dishtowels to wash. Dishes dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

When you try these new Chipso Granules, I think you'll find that you can save about ten minutes from each dishwashing. And you'll find too that you don't pay for this extra time-saving. Chipso Granules are economical to use. There's no waste in these compact steam-dried suds. The big 25¢ package will do all your dishes for a month. And anything as thrifty as that always sounds like good news to me.

Ruth Turner

And for easier washdays ... the famous Chipso Flakes

These suds won't fall down ... they're rich and lasting

After having experimented with every soap on the market (or so it seems to me) I have discovered why Chipso's famous thin flakes give so much more practical help than any soap I've ever tried on washday. It's the *Chipso suds*.

There are other soaps you know which give a nice-looking fluffy suds. But these don't "stand up". When you put in your clothes—down come the suds. Such soaps, I've always found, aren't rich enough to do real work.

But Chipso suds last and *last*. There doesn't seem to be any way of wearing out their rich, dirt-loosening energy. They work quickly and safely, removing soil with much less help from me or my washing machine.

Even before I had my electric washer, I never really did hard rubbing on a Chipso washday. A short Chipso soaking loosened the dirt. Chipso goes farther too. Personally I can always get four or five fairly large washes out of a 25¢ box of Chipso Flakes.

R. T.

Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*