Married against her will... to a Duke!

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD

beginning Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan's own story of one of the richest, unhappiest marriages in the world

...to your husband

THE GLORY OF WOMEN

Edna Ferber's dazzling new Texas novel: Part II
Ipana tooth paste gives 'round-the-clock protection against "Tell-Tale Mouth"

**KEEPS BREATH and TEETH CLEANER...REDUCES TOOTH DECAY!**

Yes, using Ipana® regularly after eating removes major causes of mouth odor—keeps breath and teeth cleaner all day and evening.

This gives you really wonderful 'round-the-clock protection against "Tell-Tale Mouth."

And it reduces tooth decay one of the best ways known.

Ipana contains all the ingredients necessary for effective mouth hygiene, including two scientifically formulated cleansing, purifying ingredients.

Try it. Check the clean, keen-tasting freshness Ipana gives your whole mouth. Get this tooth paste that is time-tested and proved in use by millions!

NEW! DOUBLE-DUTY Multifine Tooth Brush—Over 1400 fine nylon bristles, plus the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it.

'ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION FOR YOUR WHOLE MOUTH!
Yes, indeed! Now—for the first time—you can make homemade coconut cream pies (or puddings) in mere minutes!

And Jell-O Coconut Cream Pudding and Pie Filling makes 'em really *delish*! Lots of smooth, creamy filling and plenty of crunchy coconut right in the mix! Here's a dessert that children will be crazy about—and all it takes you is 5 minutes to cook! Wonderful, eh? Be sure to put this newest Jell-O Pudding and Pie Filling on your shopping list now!

**Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings**

**Budget beauties**—all quick and easy, too! Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings are especially good these days! They're so economical—yet they taste like dreams and look so heavenly! And we can't forget to say they're good for you and the young 'uns, too! Be sure to get a variety next time you go shopping.
Journey to the Past: A Tale of the photographs of early exploration


to the

by

Just as the title suggests, this issue of the magazine is dedicated to exploring the rich history of exploration and the captivating stories of those who have ventured into the unknown. The articles delve into the lives of explorers and the challenges they faced, offering readers a glimpse into the past and the enduring spirit of discovery.

Features:

- The Lost Journals of Captain James Cook: A firsthand account of the famous explorer's expeditions and his encounters with indigenous cultures.
- The Incan Empire: A look at the ancient civilization that thrived in the Andes, exploring their architecture, art, and religious practices.
- The Search for the Northwest Passage: A historical narrative of the efforts made by explorers to find a route from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In the aftermath of the battles, the land is left in ruins, and the people are left to rebuild their lives. This issue celebrates the resilience of the human spirit and the indomitable will to overcome adversity.

As the page turns, the stories continue, offering readers a journey through time and the experiences of those who have made history. Whether it's the tales of great explorers or the struggles of everyday people, this issue is a testament to the power of stories and the enduring legacy of the past.

Stay tuned for more in-depth articles and fascinating stories that will transport you to another time and place.
KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"—Color by Technicolor.
Not a shadow of a doubt — with Kotex

Not a shadow of a revealing outline because only Kotex of all leading napkins gives you ends that are flat and pressed.

Not a doubt — for confidence and peace-of-mind go hand in hand with the extra absorbency and safety of Kotex . . . proved superior by actual use!

Best of all, this pad is made to stay soft while wearing . . . to retain its fit and comfort for hours and hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins . . . always, very personally yours.

More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins
Dear Editors: I have a serious bone to pick with your food editors, Ann Batchelder and Ruth Mills Tragge.

What is the use of printing all kinds of sensible food diets and reducing when your gals turn out meals like those pictured? Don’t they ever eat anything that hasn’t got flour in it or oil? Or the two. Tragge is the worse offender. Sometimes I get so sore at her that I don’t even look at her stuff.

Sincerely,

GERTRUDE SHEPPARD

Dear Editors: Some couples know how much I enjoy the story. The Twisted Ring, by Anne Wormser. By the time I reached the end, I was drooping sentimental tears all over the page. It might be classified as an “onion-type” story, but I was so sorry to see it end. I wanted to turn back to the beginning and escape all over again.

Most of your fiction hits the spot with me and I often think the writers should be given a word of appreciation. There was another delightful story, some months back, which we passed around the family and all enjoyed. I believe it was called Devotedly, Patrick Henry Cascholt.

Sincerely,

ETHELYN HUDGINGS

Dear Editors: I have a monthly dinner party at which we serve all Ann Batchelder’s menus for the month. The men in the group are more or less “meat-and-potatoes” men and continually tease the cooks as they devour the food. I have caught their enthusiasm and plan to start the same type of dinner club myself.

Yours truly,

MRS. ROY K. KRUCER

Dear Editors: Imagine my delight and frustration when I sat here in England and see lifelike pictures in the JOURNAL of delicious marble chocolate cake; tapioca banana splits, chops, steaks and roasts, etc. As my mouth droops I wonder how edible the pears on which these beautiful products are printed—and whether Mr. and Mrs. America realize how lucky they are.

JACK SANGER

Dear Editors: I am a devoted admirer of your delightful Christmas card series. I have tried so many of the recipes in the past. Now I am looking forward to your new series and hope you will continue.

Sincerely,

RUTH L. WILSON

Dear Editors: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for many years and have always enjoyed the recipes and cooking tips you have provided. I have tried many of the recipes and have had success with them. I am looking forward to your new series and hope you will continue.

Sincerely,

MARY L. MILLER

Dear Editors: I have been a subscriber to your magazine for many years and have always enjoyed the recipes and cooking tips you have provided. I have tried many of the recipes and have had success with them. I am looking forward to your new series and hope you will continue.

Sincerely,

MARY L. MILLER
3-word recipe for delicious meals that are healthful, easy-to-fix:

MEATS-IN-CANS

It's meat that makes the meal... that puts the sparkle of anticipation in your family's meal-time eye! And today... with the wonderful variety of meats-in-cans that smile from your grocer's shelf... the busy housewife can whip up a thrifty, appetizing, wholesome meat-meal in absolutely record time.

Meats-in-cans are just as good for you, just as nutritious as any other meat. And thanks to steel cans*, each one comes to you fresh, pure and delicious in its own individual 'pressure-cooker'!

Cans of steel make it possible for you to enjoy the best in meats and other fine foods whatever the season, whatever the occasion. They bring you more food for your dollar, maximum nutritional value for your food money the year 'round. They make food easier to handle, easier to store. And they give you positive protection against food contamination. So remember: your best food buys come in steel cans.

UNITED STATES STEEL

Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

* Tin cans are actually 99% steel!
THE MAKERS
OF
BAYER ASPIRIN
ANNOUNCE
NEW
FLAVORED
CHILDREN'S SIZE
BAYER ASPIRIN!

It Tastes Like Your Children's Favorite Candy...
So Wholesome and Delicious Children Like to

CHEW IT
— or let it melt on the tongue
DRINK IT
— dissolved in water
MIX IT
— with their food

Children's Size Bayer Aspirin Saves You Money! New, flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin actually saves you money. For you get 24 tablets—tablets just half the size of regular Bayer Aspirin—for only 1s.

(Continued from Page 6)
series. They are all so efficient, clever and poised. I am one of those gals who want...
SOME OF THE GIRLS were leaving college for careers, others for a future of social gaiety, and a great many others to be married. But Julia could look forward to none of these experiences. She had three strikes against her from the start. Socially, she was the weakest link in the Daisy Chain . . . and she didn't know why*.

Even if you are guilty of "halitosis (bad breath) only occasionally, the word gets around that you are always that way. It's a hurdle you can very seldom surmount, socially or in business.

Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with makeshifts when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, extra-careful precaution against bad breath?

Listerine Stops Bad Breath for Hours

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic . . . and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date when you want to be at your best.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth.

No Tooth Paste, No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Germs Like Listerine Antiseptic

Although tooth paste is a good method of oral hygiene, no tooth paste . . . no chlorophyll . . . kills odor-producing germs with anything like Listerine's germicidal efficiency.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Stop Bad Breath for Hours with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Kills bad-breath germs better than tooth paste . . . better than chlorophyll
You know it's good!

ARMOUR
STAR

The Armour Star label is one of the world's great guarantees!

An unusual Smorgasbord — family-style, family-size!

Here's Smorgasbord made easy—and good! Plenty of Armour Star Chopped Ham is the meat in the meal—and it's all meat, all ham, sugar-cured ham all ready to slice and serve. Arrange slices on a wooden tray with Miss Wisconsin Sharp Aged Cheddar Cheese, a bowl of beets pickled with onion rings, and deviled eggs. Top each Cloverbloom® Egg with a spoonful of tangy Armour Star Deviled Ham for extra flavor. Individual pots of baked beans and a fruit gelatin mold complete a supper that's uncommon—and uncommonly economical, too!

It's another of Marie Gifford's favorite recipes! For many other new meal-planning ideas and 43 different recipes write for the new booklet, "Meal Magic with Armour Star Pantry-Shelf Meats." Address the famous home economist, Marie Gifford—Armour and Company, Dept. 527, Chicago 9, Illinois.
"You can't get blood out of a turnip" is the old saying. The Red Cross people are sure of it. The only source of usable blood is people. Most of us have all the blood we need and more is quickly produced in our bodies if a little is extracted. Yet, though blood and its derivatives are constantly needed to save the lives of civilians as well as wounded soldiers, blood donors are not plentiful. Why? Is it because of fear? If so, fear of what? Pain? An unknown procedure? Dire consequences? The fact is, it is easy to get blood out of people—if people are willing. It doesn't hurt.

The procedure is simple. The consequences make barely a moment's conversation. (Each prospective blood donor is carefully questioned and tested to make certain there will be no consequences worth talking about.)

But, to tell the truth, the first time we gave blood we were a bit apprehensive—not scared, of course, but, well, wary. Wanted not to be awkward about it. Hoped our blood wouldn't pour out. Wanted to make sure the nurse got the tap off properly. Wondered if we would faint, and if we did faint, would we do it with dignity or just plop. (Except on the stage, few women swoon with dramatic grace. They look awful.)

What happened? Not much. Nobody fainted. The whole thing caused less pain than the prick of a finger for a blood test. Then, too, since we were stretched out on a rather high cot and the receptacle which caught our blood was below us, we didn't even see it. Before we even guessed the container was full, an attendant clapped a lid on it and placed it on a cart along with others. We could not distinguish our special blood from any of the rest. Gingerly arising, we experienced a giddy moment of comradeship with all people on the earth.

The coffee afterward was extraordinarily good. Someone insisted we eat a doughnut we didn't want and remained seated for twenty minutes. A dab of antiseptic cotton on our arm hid the wound. Didn't get to show it to a soul. When permitted to leave, we strode out nonchalantly, feeling actually relaxed and refreshed. And a little proud, for we had given something more than money.

We Can Conquer Minds and Hearts

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

On a plane between Rome and Cairo a Norwegian passenger lent me a weeks-old American magazine to read. It contained a sensational preview of what, it was predicted, would be the next great American scientific achievement.

Most of the magazine was devoted to this prediction, under the title We Can Conquer Space. Numerous scientists contributed, and all of them agreed that, given the money for continued research and experimentation, the United States might very soon realize another conquest, surpassing that of disintegrating the atom.

What was proposed and declared to be possible and even imminent was the creation of a ship or "station" that, rocketed into planetary space outside the orbit within which moves the earth, would be an artificial satellite, a tiny manned star, as it were, completely detached from the planet on which we live and from all its physical laws. Out there, in space, there would be no gravity, no weight and no air. In fact, said the authors, the environment of such a "space station" could be described only as "nothingness."

Yet this station in nothingness would be occupied by a human crew who, dressed in an armor (depicted in illustrations) that made them resemble mechanical robots rather than men, would carry with them their own air, re-create within their narrow room shot into space their own weight—to enable them, for instance, to get food into their mouths—and manage to re-create on the most primitive plane the conditions essential to the survival of human life in a sphere where there is no organic life, human or otherwise. The greatest hazard, the authors averred, would be from meteors or meteor dust, but they assured the reader that invention and ingenuity would also find defenses against these; the greatest
morale disturber, they explained, would be a bore: the awful boredom of existence in nothingness.

But who should man seek to enter “nothingness,” a sphere where by definition there is nothing to discover and gain for the human race, unless, perhaps, one might learn a little more than is now known about the structure of the universe? But that is not the projected object of such a “conquest.” The object is not to add to knowledge; this is not the project of astronomers. Astronomers are to be but its handmaidens. The object in artificially and mechanically creating a position outside the earth and its laws, and a point from which all this planet as it pursues its course of movement would be vulnerable at every point, is to achieve the final perfection of war.

For years writers of scientific fiction have imagined the invasion of the earth from other planets by other beings than we, creatures of “extraterrestrial” origin, who are not “man.” Some years ago the author, Mr. Orson Welles, reading on the radio a dramatization of the late H. G. Wells’ War of the Worlds, sent part of our population into a panic as they were led to imagine that an invasion from another planet had actually begun: problems.

The authors of the article did not take that danger seriously at all. Their space station is not designed for defense against the aggressions of another world. The invasion of this planet which the scientists dream as possible is to be carried out by its own inhabitants, able from a contrived station in interstellar space, to bombard us with atomic destruction and so become its masters in war. Thus, from nothingness as this only something we know could be invaded, not by men at all—"and the story (dropping from parachutes, for instance) but by their destructive engines; and this planet could be made to live as a single target, vulnerable from a point in interstellar space.

A caption in the article inquired, “What Are We Waiting For?” It instructed the readers of the magazine that all that is necessary to achieve this possibility of world mastery is four billion dollars—of the taxpayers’ money, of course, of your money, and mine. It seemed to me that one thing we should wait for, and wait a long time, is thought. Since I handed back the magazine to my Norwegian fellow passenger, I have been continuously haunted by the article. I do not know enough of physics, engineering or science to form a judgment of whether the proposals for the conquest of space are soundly based, scientifically, or likely to be realized in foreseeable time. But at this rate of what normally would be called criminal insanity in some of modern scientific genius? Is it necessary to do everything that a few men must of necessity be able to do, regardless of the results?

The world—or rather our world, on this planet—is celebrating this year the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci, probably the greatest universal genius mankind has yet produced. We know him best as the artist who painted the Mona Lisa, the lady of the cryptic, laughing glance; but da Vinci was also a scientist and inventor, who nearly five centuries ago designed a submarine. He never perfected it, because, as he noted in writing, he feared it might be used as “an instrument of assassinations.” He did not think that the moral nature of man had developed to the point where he could be entrusted with such a treacherous and ingenious machine.

Who was the greater and wiser? Leonardo, who put restrictions upon his own scientific genius, or some modern scientists who seem to think themselves above and not responsible to the human race?

I thought of that four billion dollars—a mere beginning, of course, for I continue my travels in territory destroyed by the last war, in Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, seeing daily before my eyes the skeletons of empty cities where generations of engineers, architects, artists, gardeners and laborers had created a home for man. And, in the same building, to think: docks and quays for the ships of peaceful commerce; factories for the manufacture of necessary things schools, homes, temples and churches.

As the plane in which I was traveling sped over the Libyan desert, I called to my attention the fact that below us lay El Alamein, scene of one of the most desperate battles of the last war. Nothing was there to recall it, only wastes of haren sand. But from a newspaper put on the plane at Tripoli, I learned that Englishmen and Germans were co-operating in a joint expedition to search for, uncover and reinter in cemeteries the bleached bones of our youthful dead.

I visited new countries, carved by the victors out of old empires, and talked with their officials about the countries—countries where not one person in a thousand can read or write; where flies still eat at children’s eyes, instead of blindness; where diseases that science can prevent or cure—malaria, tuberculosis—and endemic worm diseases caused by parasites in stagnant waters—reduce human energy to a dragging life where they do not cause death.

I talked with physicists in new social centers—“We have a hundred and fifty now; we need fifteen hundred more beginning.”—and the story was nearly always the same: “We don’t get at the root of the trouble. The patients we cure come in later with the same diseases. If only all the waters could be simultaneously treated with copper sulphate we would stop the cycle of the animals on which the parasites breed. But there is never enough money for the job.

Four thousand million dollars—to conquer nothingness. For that money populous states could be irrigated and deserts made to blossom. Four billion dollars is nearly five times the total budget of one Middle Eastern state; a budget which must cover war reconstruction, education, sanitation, hospitalization of patients, roads and all the costs of administration.

And along the way I paused to contemplate the ruins of ancient and modern civilizations to observe that nearly 3000 years before Christ, men performed extraordinary engineering feats, built great buildings of hard cut stone, carved exquisite vessels and remarkable sculptures of alabaster and porphyry, spun fine linen, made cosmetics, and built great dams and sluices for water. I talked with world-famous archaeologists, asking, “Why did all this perish?” And usually the answer was: “The men who did all this expended their energies in war.

And wherever I went, in Europe and the Middle East, I read and heard anxiety expressed about America. On the morning that I wrote this article, the Egyptian premier, Mr. Mukattam, had summarized these anxieties and complaints:

America no longer seems to look at the world from the humanitarian viewpoint, but only from the viewpoint of military bases and strategy. For this reason America is failing to win our friendship, in spite of all her efforts and good intentions. The Arabians were used to know before the last war were men of education, industry, philanthropy who were concerned about our lives and progress and thus gained our friendship. This is what we want now.

(Continued on Page 62)
A Great New "60-Second" Salad Dressing

Just make and shake in a jar perfect for all salads!

—Jane Ashley

"60-Second" Salad Dressing

Measure into a jar:

1 cup Mazola® Salad Oil
1/4 cup vinegar
1/4 cup catchup

Add 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, few grains of pepper.
(Onion or garlic, if desired.) Cover and shake well. Chill thoroughly. Makes 1 1/2 cups. Wonderful for all salads.

When your family tastes this marvelous French Dressing... they'll hardly believe you "Easy-Mixed" it in only 60 seconds! Keep some on hand always—it keeps perfectly in your refrigerator.

Only you—and Mazola—can make a salad dressing as delicious as this. Fresh homemade dressings made with Mazola are seasoned exactly to your taste! And Mazola blends so beautifully...insures "salad success".

This 100% pure vegetable oil is smooth...rich...light and delicate! Adds a "golden touch" of goodness that makes every type of dressing far better.

Make this salad oil of character your key to better baking, and delicious digestible frying, too. If you cook for compliments, you'll cook with Mazola.

MAZOLA makes so many good things... better!
My plump neighbor next door praises the illuminated refrigerator interior as American science’s most splendid trifle; he can now rummage for leftovers behind his wife’s back without turning on the kitchen light.

Just about the most modern father in our block is the one who’s spent eight years trying tactfully to teach his young son to tie his shoe laces. He’s finally giving up and has bought the boy a pair of those laceless slippers so suggestively called “loafers.”

I’m ready to forgive our adventurous twelve-year-old for rummaging in every nook and drudgy and closet and cranny in the house; in a pinch he can always find for me instantly anything I’ve misplaced.

From my wife’s diary for the year we were married I’ve plucked a historic gem: “Harlan unreasonable today.” This partly clears up for me what it is that sweet, agreeable women write in their diaries.

Among recent phonograph records, I like to play over and over one called Moonlight on the River. But not until I’ve played my Dream Girl’s current favorite, At Last, at Last, a minimum of three times.

At the last P.T.A. supper of the year (after two helpings of meat loaf) I made the mistake of telling our youngest junior-high English teacher that all the classics should be rewritten in more readable style. Now I’m afraid he may suffer reprimands.

I can’t avoid a slight sense of inferiority when I go to the prize fights on a night when my mate attends a meeting of the League of Women Voters, but I try to cope with it.

Among the June brides in our town some gentle envy was stirred when one girl received among her 237 presents five electric alarm clocks. Her elude’s only consolation is that she’s moving into a one-bedroom apartment.

“T’ve laid the law down,” confides Peter Comfort, taping a baby-born hose. “Only one piece of luggage for each member of the family on this summer’s motor trip. So when I show up at the front door with four pieces I’ll be able to razz my wife and daughter with three pieces each.”

Why is it that your wife always tells you how nice you look in a dark blue suit? Maybe it’s because it makes you look safe and conservative? Or because you become a tidy accessory to any of her costumes?

Junior braves me out for threatening to go fishing an election day if the two political parties nominate certain parties who remind me of eggplant. “You ought to vote for the lesser of two evils,” he advises. (Anyhow, November’s no time to go fishing.)

At the bridge-table review of local gossip I learn a new version: the wife who told her husband during the heat of a breakfast-table quarrel he ought to go to a psychiatrist merely got mixed up in her words; what she says she really meant was that he ought to see an osteopath.

Too bad Luther Burbank didn’t live long enough to develop a flowering crab to bloom in July and August. I’d settle for budding green leaves in the spring, with maybe a few tulips and daffodils, but when the thermometer sticks at 90 Nature needs a shot in the arm.

I’ve been tempted to tell some of my more high-minded friends the guy I heard when I went to New York to see a couple of bull games—that one of the more self-righteous candidates looks like a grapefruit with glasses on. But they might jump to the conclusion that I like Ike.

Frankly, shuffleboard isn’t my favorite game (yet). But (after seeds, fertilizer and raking) I’m eying one long narrow bare spot on our lawn and wondering if a concrete shuffleboard alley might not be the ideal solution.

Alas, the old aristocracy in our town is slowly decaying. The great-grandson of the man who founded the buggy works (where the automobile-parking building now stands) told me in a burst of confidence that he wears (in hot weather) a bow tie that snaps on, because it keeps his neck cooler.

Once I admired elderly people who insisted they didn’t care for the society of people their own age, but preferred “to be with younger people.” Well, I’m beginning to wonder, as I watch a few elderly ladies in our town who reject natural companions their own age, and so grow lonely and full of self-pity.

I’ve posted signs in our basement that after July 1 all the washing and ironing must be done in the laundry room, instead of all over. We men need a room for the electric train, and anyhow in hot weather the basement’s the coolest place to sleep. (If I can only make it stick.)

This year I’ve slept late only twice, and each time my winsome consort has brought breakfast to my bedroom on a tray. It turned out she only wanted to get all the breakfast dishes washed at once.

When Junior heaps the sunshine of his approval on a new sport shirt I’m flush with pride, . . . Or my daughter argues that I ought to have a butch haircut if I want one, . . . And my youngest instantly detects the appasiness in a political radio speech, . . . Or my streamlined mate urges bacon and eggs on me when I’m doggedly resigned to black coffee and grapefruit, . . . Then I want to ransack the attic for that old marriage license, frame it in elegant plastic and put it right on the piano.
It takes some planning to arrange a Royal Send-off

Jack Roberts hung his hat on the rack, put his briefcase on his desk and turned to his secretary. "Any messages?"

Miss Wilmot glanced at the notes scribbled on the pad near her telephone. "Your wife wants to know if you'll be home at the usual time tonight. Mr. Gleason wants you to talk at the Business Men's Lunch next Thursday. And..." The telephone rang. Miss Wilmot answered it, looked at him and said, "It's Mr. Granger." Jack nodded and sat down at his desk.

"Hi, Bob!" he said, "What's new?" Bob Granger was publisher and editor of the town's daily newspaper.

"Listen, Jack," the voice on the telephone said, "Have you heard about Don Bradford?"

"Don Bradford? What about him?" Don had been principal of the high school as long as most folks in town could remember. He was principal in 1920, when Bob and Jack graduated, and had been principal ever since.

"Well, the old boy's definitely decided to retire!" Bob Granger said. "The school board announced it last night and I've heard that he and Mrs. Bradford are leaving for the Coast next month!"

"You don't say!" Jack grinned—and the grin widened. For once he'd beaten Bob to a story! He'd known for weeks what Don's plans were—for years, in fact. As his New York Life agent he had helped Don figure out how, with the income from his life insurance policies and the pension he would get, he would be able to take things easy for the rest of his life.

The voice on the telephone went on. "Well, I've been thinking that Don Bradford has done so much for practically everyone in town over the years that we ought to get together and give the Bradfords a royal send-off when they leave for the Coast. You know—luncheon at the hotel, school band at the station, all that sort of thing. And I was hoping you'd have time to head up one of the committees."

Miss Wilmot, glancing up from her typewriter, wondered why Jack Roberts was smiling so broadly when he said, "Why, sure, Bob—good idea. I'll be glad to do anything I can to help—anything at all..."
Does your husband—the man whose smile once sent your heart skimming—seem no longer "special"? It's a problem familiar to many—but it needn't be accepted as inevitable.

**Doesn't Love Ever Last?**

WHEN I was in love when we married, and I took it for granted we always would be. But during the social hour at our study club, a conversation came up that disturbed me. We're all settled, mature women, married twenty years or more, though two of us have recently been divorced. Somehow we got on the subject of love, and it seems hardly any of us love our husbands as we used to. Is this why marriages often end in middle age? Doesn't love ever last?

It depends on what you mean by love. Certainly the vital elements of real married love can not only last, but mature and deepen in later life. To be sure, the relationship will not be the same—nor should you want it to be. Young love is compounded of the glamour of the unfamiliar, the challenge of a new relationship, and physical attraction. These aspects, among others, give courtship and early marriage a special enchantment; they also cause intervals of doubt, anxiety and pain.

If the glamour dims as the unknown becomes known, if the challenge is met, if the physical relationsip becomes less turbulent, these changes are not a loss to be mourned, but a healthy evolution to be welcomed and anticipated.

Too many middle-aged wives and husbands are troubled by the same doubts as the writer of this letter. They yearn for the romantic thrills of youth, while neglecting or overlooking the values they now have, or can attain.

Often the difficulty can be traced to the very fact that they have achieved their early goals, and have failed to replace them with others. The bond of companionship is lost, and with it the sense of sharing and companionship.

Some couples, blessed with special insight and imagination, make plans ahead for the years when the children are grown and they will have more freedom. If you have done so, you and your husband are not likely to lose your sense of anticipation, your zest for life, or your joy in each other. If you have not done so, begin now. Instead of pursuing activities of your own, make plans with your husband which include you both—for watching a favorite television show, for new planting in the garden, for a longed-for trip two years from now. It matters little what the projects are, so long as you plan and work for them together. For the security of being together is the goal of love in youth, and its reward in maturity.

**How Do You Meet Problems?**

When a serious problem arises, the situation is aggravated if the attitude of either mate prevents reasonable discussion. Answer these questions with an honest yes or no to see if your attitude is constructive.

**When you two have a problem, do you:**
1. Wait for a good chance to discuss it?
2. Feel sure yours is the right answer?
3. Listen attentively to the other's ideas?
4. Shed tears, or lose your temper?
5. Admit your share of the responsibility?
6. Pout or sulk, then or later?
7. Stick to the facts?
8. Ask friends to take sides?
9. Put yourself in your mate's place?
10. Stand on your "rights"?
11. Seek outside counsel when no solution results?
12. Walk out, or threaten to?
13. Postpone discussion if animosity develops?
14. Find it difficult to compromise?

Odd-numbered questions should be answered "Yes," even-numbered "No." Even one wrong answer may make constructive discussion impossible. Three or more wrong answers indicate open hostility and, unless corrected, can only lead to unhappiness. The acid test is whether you two feel better after a discussion.

**Never Enough Time**

MARY began our talk by explaining that she and her husband love each other, and have everything they want except time. They have two fine children, aged five and two; Bob is doing well in business, and the small house they're buying is just right. But Mary constantly races the clock. She is growing tense and irritable, and she doesn't want to live that way.

"When we were first married," she said, "there seemed to be time for everything. Now there's hardly a chance to talk. At breakfast, I see the children while Bob reads the paper. With all the interruptions, the housework and children keep me running all day, and there's no let-up after Bob gets home. About four nights a week, one or the other of us goes to a club or committee meeting. Nights when we're both at home, he usually has office work, and I sew or finish the ironing. Except for one night out together, garden work or household chores take all our week-end time. It's a mad scramble, with no time to enjoy anything, even each other."

Though Mary's problem is largely one of attitude, it's nevertheless real, and common to thousands of other ambitious young couples. Mary and Bob will have to work out their own solution, but Mary's remarks contain some useful clues.

When I asked her about the interruptions, Mary explained that she has a lot of telephone calls connected with social and civic affairs, and that several times a day friends or neighbors drop in for "a few minutes' visit." She enjoys these contacts, but has never thought of them as recreation.

She and Bob have each two nights a week out alone, as well as one together. This schedule, though crowded, can hardly be called confining.

Some of their week-end time is devoted to necessary maintenance, like cutting the grass and household repairs; but most of the "garden work and household chores" are improvements undertaken, not from necessity, but because Mary and Bob want them.

As we talked about these things, Mary was able to see them from a different standpoint. Perhaps the suggestions we gave her will help other harassed wives.

- Plan your work. No doubt you have a household schedule, but do you revise it frequently to meet your family's changing needs? Polished furniture and shining silver may be luxuries your time budget cannot afford. Eliminate nonessentials, employ short cuts, and don't be a perfectionist.

- Decide what you really want. Are the telephone calls, the neighbors' visits, the committee meetings worth your while, either as recreation or as community obligations? If so, allow for them and don't feel ashamed; if not, reduce or eliminate them. For a week, keep track of your telephone time; the total may astonish you.

- Leave a margin for error. Learn to allow a little more time for each task than you expect it to take. You are running a home, not an assembly line. Your children share your resentments if racing the clock.

- Cultivate appreciation. Many of your tasks (building an outdoor fireplace, refreshing an old table) are undertaken from choice, and are really recreation. Others, though essential, are still enjoyable. Learn to take pleasure in the activity itself, as well as the end result.

In later life, Mary will look back on these strenuous years as the happy, productive period they really are. If she can free herself from the feeling of strain, she can enjoy them now, as well as in retrospect. She has what she wants; like many other hard-working young wives, she must learn to want, enjoy, and appreciate what she has.
Be sure it's Hawaiian—Be sure it's DOLE

For true, tropic flavor that says "Hawaii!" with every juicy bite... choose sunny DOLE Pineapple Slices.
And for a bright "good morning!" or refreshing nightcap, sparkling DOLE Pineapple Juice — Hawaii in your glass! Chill, shake, punch and pour from the familiar DOLE can!

Simple—but oh so summery!—is this cool salad of snowy cottage cheese mounded on a rosy tomato slice, then topped with DOLE crisp-cut Crushed Pineapple.

For brand-new Hawaiian Party Book send 25c to DOLE, P.O. Box 215, Market Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.
Amazing Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care!

...actually stimulates moisture within your skin that makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother

There's a definite promise of smoother, fresher skin for you—in this newly-discovered SKIN-TONIC ACTION of Lux Soap care. A softer, dewier look ... the wonderful young look!

Skin-Tonic Action works from within to improve your skin—not just from the surface, but actually from within your skin. New tests by Lever Bio-Chemists prove ...

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin

It's moisture from within that makes skin look really smooth,lastingly smooth. It's moisture from within that gives radiant freshness. Your skin must have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care gives your skin!

You'll see, day by day . . . the more you stimulate your inner skin with Lux Skin-Tonic Action care . . . the lovelier your complexion looks!

Yes, your skin looks smoother . . . and it stays smoother. That's the wonderful news of Skin-Tonic Action—lasting freshness, lasting new smoothness.

Moisture! . . . for dry skin!

Moisture is particularly vital to dry skin. The flakiness you see is dry, inactive skin flaking off. Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care actually helps correct this condition from within. It helps your skin retain natural moisture. Immediate improvement is evident—you'll see your skin looks fresher, more luminous. Feels smoother to touch.

FOR YOU . . . a minute a day, each day. Now think of your Lux care as more than mere cleansing. Think of it as a beauty stimulant! As you cream in the rich lather for your Lux Soap Facial, this stimulating Tonic-Action wakes vital beauty. A minute-a-day makes a difference! Your warm rinse, your cold splash, add to the stimulation.

Now put dry with a towel—and see the dewy freshness! Touch the more satiny feel of your skin! You're truly Lux- lovely.

Lovely DEBRA PAGET says, "I find the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care makes a wonderful difference in my skin . . . brings fresher sparkle, delightful new smoothness!"

And you can be sure . . . the beauty care that works for lovely Hollywood stars like Debra Paget will work for you, too.

The evidence in these Lux tests proves that the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care will make a real difference in the loveliness of any normal, healthy skin—and that probably means your skin.

You can easily prove this for yourself. So try Lux now . . . start daily Lux care . . . and you will see that just one cake of Lux can make your skin definitely smoother, definitely fresher. We would not make this promise unless we were sure that Lux would fulfill every word of it.

Today, get fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap . . . it's Hollywood's own beauty soap. You'll see why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux with "Skin-Tonic Action"

See Lux- lovely DEBRA PAGET, starring in "LES MISERABLES" A 20th Century-Fox Production
Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"—
Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"

Replace that heavy "made-up" look with natural-looking loveliness by using Magic Touch. No puff, no sponge.

Magic Touch is NEW ... a tinted cream make-up so sheer your skin glows through! ... yet it hides each tiny blemish while it smooths and softens and adds glorious color. ... Apply with fingertips (with or without powder)—so quick, so easy, so naturally lovely!

SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE MAKES

You'd hardly believe that the same face could become so beautiful, would you? Yet it takes only a few soft accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Eye Shadow to make that amazing difference. See how lovely you can look with Maybelline.

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

(Continued on Page 59)
One of the biggest Fourth of July celebrations in the world takes place every year in—of all places—Denmark. On that day, in the Rebild National Park in Jutland, the flags of all the American states fly together, and 50,000 Danes sing The Star-Spangled Banner, following it with their own anthem. There is a lovely land. How many Americans, we wonder, would recognize their own state flag?

On the Fourth of July, 1788, there was a big parade in Philadelphia to celebrate the ratification of the Constitution. "The rabble of the Jews, with a minister of the Gospel on each side, was a most delightful sight." wrote Governor Morris.

The Extraordinary Mr. Morris, by Howard Swiggett, is, as the author puts it, a book about a light-hearted gentleman who was one of the patriot leaders. Governor Morris was responsible for the literary values of our Constitution, he represented the young American nation at the old French Court and held his own with the greatest minds of the eighteenth century, he was a writer, historian, thinker, and at the same time a highly successful businessman. Why is it, then, asks Mr. Swiggett, that he comes short of absolute greatness?

The answer, which Mr. Swiggett himself supplies, is very interesting. Morris had balance of mind, the habit of hard work, great outward emotional control, but underneath it all "a charming levity and an indifference to what people say." He didn't take himself seriously, and—as we've had occasion to notice very often—if you don't take yourself seriously, neither will the world take you so. A morose with pomp is frequently more honored than a man of brilliance with a sly twinkle in his eye. How otherwise could politicians flourish?

What follows may seem a rash philosophy. But this column stands firmly for travel. If you've saved a penny you'll do better, we think, by investing it in a trip than by putting it into a second annuity or saving it for an operation. We're all for a good sound roof on the house, but we'd go sight-seeing before we'd build on that extra room or add a bathroom.

We are not alone in this. In Second Honeymoon, M. M. Musselman tells what he and his wife did when they reached fifty. They sold their house and car and life insurance and sailed to Europe. They had a wonderful time. As they said, "We've a long time dead."

To go round trip by air to Europe costs $417 (not of season) and by ship, $370. It's not for everybody, that's certain, but it's far more than make use of it.

Well, we went to Sicily. It was 1922, but we used a secondhand 1900 Baedeker which we found far more satisfactory than the Blue Guide. To be sure, the original users of the Baedeker drove in diligence instead of C.I.T. houses, and time was not the commodity it now is. But art and scenery remain the same and the Baedeker taste is impeccable and its
story accurate. On ours we got an
accurate dividend. As we read we were in
the presence of our Clara Throndike
work, whose book it was originally. A
bookplate was there. Pages were
lined with her impressions, with
ever a cutting card slipped out, and
tiny pressed violet were scattered
there. Miss Clara went in
ing, too, and saw the same carpets
afrocks and fields of deep red clover
we saw, mountain sides with
iant yellow broom and mounds
epholia, miniature iris growing
between the stones of the Greek
ter in Taormina.

We read Gods, Graves and
holds, by C. W. Ceram, because
never can forget when you're there
Sicily was the new Greece back in
fifth century B.C. Syracuse was
ancient New York, to Athens'
ton and Carthage's Paris. The
book you know, is The Story
Archeology. It's another one of
the Stories of —" and leans a bit
avely on the popular-reading side.

Ordinarily that's fine with us. But
is time we got our hands on the
thing. We read Thucydides' ac-
tion of the three-year Athenian
ampaign in Sicily. We read it sitting
l a hill that overlooked the harbor
Syracuse where the Athenian fleet
him tremens was battered to
its inside the hotel where we lived was
 Quarry into which 6000 Athenians
on tried to escape by land were
own to starve and die. The entire
hilian army and navy was slaugh-
ted, including General Nicias, who
had been against the campaign from
first, and who was, moreover, a
man—he had a serious kidney
llion. Thucydides' history, writ-
from 423 to 403 B.C., can stand
side any of our present-day war
ories. In fact, it has served as a
model for all top-notch historians
ow through the centuries.

But not only ancient Sicily. We came
the Sicily of today—the broad
ins flattening out over a mountainside.
high terraced orange groves above and
low them, the olive trees in the valleys;
n small, sturdy, stalwart men, driving
ntly from the fields at night from
etimes as far away as nine miles, in
eir two-wheeled painted carts drawn by
keys, with the dog tied under the cart;
e big flocks of goats with twisted horns,
the brown-headed sheep, the many, many
bright-eyed children.

Sicilians are not a happy people, we'd
say. They work too hard, they see no
end to their work, and they have only
ough with which to scrape through.
But they have their pleasure. The
women have their heavy black silk
shawls with fringe for Sundays, and the
men have their Sunday gathering in
the main square of the nearest large
town, sometimes as many as a thousand
of them standing there quietly, neat
caps above dark weather-beaten faces—
not walking about, just standing, talk-
ing to one another.

Now that summer's come, New
York takes on an air of innocent
guity. Children gather at the Mother
Goose Playground and listen to a
storyteller who knows how to tell a
story. All over New York, in play-
grounds and parks and settlement
houses, you'll see these storytellers,
put on by the Public Library, sitting
in a circle of enraptured children.

A long way from such innocence
is the fashionable girls' school which is
the background of The Early
Front, by Clare Joyner. At this
school divorce is common talk. The
girls have a club called The Multiple
Parents Club, with ranks for first,
second and third divorces. "Listen to
the voice of experience," says one of
its members. "I have been to two father's
and three mother's weddings." If there
is a better argument against divorce
than this novel, we'd like to know what
it is.

JOURNAL readers, especially those
with jobs and too little time, will be
happy to see that Lovella Shover
has her recipes, which first appeared in
these pages, now gathered into a book:
Quick and Easy Meals for Two,
with introduction by Ann Batchelder.
Prepare-ahead-and-dine-at-leisure is her
theme, here put into practical terms.

Glades Taber's new book, WHEN
DOGS MEET PEOPLE, has twelve
stories: eleven of them about dogs, and
one, this column's favorite, about a
Siamese cat.

A dog's life, when there are youngsters around, is a happy one.

Quick as a breeze—
A dish that'll please!

Eat HEARTY- with
Franco-American Spaghetti!
—and cut down on summer kitchen time! You can
have a hearty meal ready in minutes, when your main dish is
this tender-cooked spaghetti with the lively tomato and
Cheddar cheese sauce. And watch the family eat hearty!
There's just nothing quite like Franco-American Spaghetti for
a meal that's quick, substantial and delicious. Thrifty,
too—for it costs only pennies a portion! This summer,
keep cool and eat hearty with Franco-American Spaghetti!
THE SUB-DEB Edited by Jan Weyl

SUB-DEBS SAY...

... to wear makeup: "Thirteen or fourteen is fine for light lipstick, with maybe a touch of face powder for dates, but a girl looks silly if she tries heavier stuff like rouge and eye make-up before she's out of high school."

... to wear high heels: "A smart girl always wears low heels for school, but high heels are okay for dress-up occasions by the time she's sixteen—if she knows how to walk in them. Best idea is to lead up to them gradually through a Cuban or college heel."

... to pick out her own clothes: "Thirteen is usually the time when a girl's taste evolves with her mother's. The girl should have complete say in small items like blouses and skirts, but pay attention to her mother's taste in expensive items like coats and suits. The girl should okay all purchases because she knows best what a fad with her crowd."

... to have her own door key: "A girl should have a key any time her parents decide they don't want to climb out of bed to open the door for her. Some parents like to sit up and worry about whether their daughter will be home on time or not—and either way, a curfew is still a curfew."

... to go with boys in crowds: "Thirteen or fourteen is usually right, although the girls have to wait until the boys get interested. Group get-togethers for things like movies, parties and school games are a good beginning and help prepare a girl for real dates to come."

... to go with boys on dates: "Fifteen or sixteen is average—and it's better to start with double dates because they're more fun at first and make it easier on the girl's conversation."

SUB-DEBS SAY...

... your parents say you're "too young": Show them that you're not "too young" by the way you behave around the house—seeing things to be done and doing them before you're asked, for example—and by always keeping your room: in order, eating when you say you will, taking care of your schoolwork without being reminded. People tend to treat you the way you act. Remember when your dad didn't want you to take the car, but you insisted, and then expected him to pay for the oversize dent you put in his right fender? Here was a fine chance to show him how responsible you were by saying, "If I'm old enough to take the car, I'm old enough to pay for any damages I do," and then making an arrangement for weekly deductions from your allowance. The more responsibility you accept for yourself, the more your parents will give you. You're not "too young" as long as you act "too young."

... you feel "too young": Take your time. Some girls mature fast; others are slower because of circumstances. They couldn't help Sally, who was ill a year just when her friends were beginning to have picnics and movie parties with boys. Betsy, who moved abroad a year in school but still feels more at ease with the freshmen girls; Jill, who grew up in the country where she developed a big interest in reading and painting, but had little opportunity to make friends and learn—casually—just what makes a boy tick. When you start doing things, you're not so important as how you feel doing them. If high heels seem "silly and obvious," wear the Cuban heels you do like until you've had a chance to get used to your high heels at home. If dating just isn't fun for you yet, stick with the big boy-girl parties that are fun and let regular dating wait until later. You'll catch up with the other girls—when you're ready.

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... your community is different: Do what your friends are doing. Age means many things more than a simple "thirteen" or "fourteen." It has to do with your class in school, the customs in your town or a particular neighborhood—and most especially, with how old you really are: how responsible, how poised, how grown up. If you've traveled a lot, chances are you have more know-how and feel older than the girl next door who's never been more than twenty miles outside the city limits—and you'll probably start dating sooner. If you live in a large city where there are so many opportunities to dress up, you're almost bound to begin wearing high heels and make-up faster than your cousin, only a hundred miles upstate, whose social life revolves around a drugstore, a movie theater and a big barn dance every other Saturday night. These Sub-Deb opinions show you what's average. What's right for you is a question only you can answer.

by Joyce Heitz, age 20

You don't really take money for saying with us, do you, Gloria?"
They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—
the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place,
looking naturally lovely. That's right—naturally lovely!

*it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair*

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Spray net: "the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty
Your Own 1-Minute Wesson Dressing
Tastes Best—Costs Less

Here it is, lady! The Wesson way to end "salad-sameness" forever. From one easy Wesson Dressing you can make a world of different, delicious dressings! Now your family can enjoy a salad every day.

TASTE! Compare with bought dressings. Light Wesson makes fresh salads taste fresher! Brightens every delicate flavor!

VARIETY! This recipe for 1-Minute Wesson Dressing is just full of quick changes. Try all 4 tasty variations!

SAVE! In all the world there's no oil milder, more gracious to green salad flavors than Wesson. Yet, superb homemade Wesson Dressing actually costs you less than "factory-made" dressings!

ENJOY A SALAD EVERY DAY!

Homemade delicious...

"1-MINUTE WESSON DRESSING"
Your own homemade Wesson French Dressing tastes light and fresh. Sparkles up the most delicate salad flavor!

Combine, shake up in covered jar. Shake before using.

1. THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING: To ½ cup Wesson French Dressing add 3 tablespoons catsup, 2 teaspoons horseradish. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped. Delicious on seafood, or vegetable salads.

2. CHILI DRESSING: To ½ cup Wesson French Dressing add ½ teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons chili sauce. Grand on vegetable salads!

3. TWO-TONE DRESSING: To ½ cup Wesson French Dressing add 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind. Luscious on fruit salads!

4. BLUE CHEESE DRESSING: To ½ cup Wesson French Dressing add ¼ teaspoon salt, an extra dash of pepper, and 2 tablespoons crumbled Blue Cheese. Zips up plain "greens"!

Chef's Bowl Salad
Border a bed of shredded lettuce or cab bage with salad greens. Arrange a border of tomato wedges and cucumber sticks. Center with fresh cooked or canned shrimp, cubes of cheese, wedges of hard cooked egg, cubes of crisp, fried bacon.

For Seafood salads: Wesson Thousand Island Dressing is thick and creamy... always Wesson-fresh!

For Vegetable salads: Wesson French Dressing is shaken up fresh! No strong oil taste with Wesson!

For Fruit salads: Two Tone Dressing makes fruits taste—m-m—good. Wesson brings out the fresh flavor of the fruits!

For Green salads: Wesson Blue Cheese Dressing turns plain "greens" into sumptuous eating!

For Salads Variety

Wesson Oil

For Salad

Variety

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  July, 1955
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN July, 1902, President Teddy Roosevelt used to rout his six children out of their White House beds with pillow fights. Peace was achieved in the Philippines. Calvin Coolidge was a young and obscure New England lawyer, and famous rags-to-riches tycoon John W. Mackay died.

"Is it safe to allow young children to wear socks?" a mother wants to know in the July, 1902, JOURNAL. Answer: "In such a climate as ours one always runs some risk of "summer complaint" in allowing a child to wear socks."

Food expert Mrs. Rorer suggests a summer breakfast:

Red and White Currituas
Cereal with Cream
Broiled Chops, Baked Mushrooms
Muffins Coffee

Keeping foods in summer: "Poultry or meat keep several days when sprinkled with charcoal. When ice is scarce, wrap fresh fish in wet paper or cabbage leaves and place on the cellar floor."

Fashion: "Dainties at 12½¢ a pound will keep several days when sprinkled with charcoal. Fancy stitchery, as fagoting, feather-stitching, herring-boning and French knots, is greatly in vogue on waists and gowns, and lace is used lavishly."

Hats for going abroad: "A small plain sailboat would be best to wear on the steamer. Avoid the ugly, the unbecoming tam o' shanters and caps worn by so many women at sea."

The Journal house this month forestalshaded picture windows, with glassed-in porches on all four corners. With 15 rooms, it cost $4975 to build.

VISITING a mobile Army hospital unit only a dozen miles behind the front lines in Korea, Bruce and Beatrice Gould were reassured to see their own eyes, that everything humanly and mechanically possible is now done to take the promptest and best care of our wounded front-line fighters.

The soldier you see on the cot in the photo above had been shot through the right shoulder only a few hours before the Goulds stood over him with Doctor Connelly and Nurse Newton. Rescued from the post which the Reds had rushed first before dawn, Private Hopp was flown back to this MASH (mobile Army surgical hospital) unit by one of the two helicopters attached to each of the several MASH units strung out behind the front line. (Incidentally, incident of the helicopter pilots was not so long ago a Curtis Publishing Co. employee in our Philadelphia photographic department.)

Lieutenant Colonel Connelly declares practically any operation can be performed by the experienced staff of this MASH unit as well as in any big metropolitan hospital, so completely adequate is the equipment for any surgical emergency. Because World War II experience proved that seriously wounded men should not be moved after operations, there are in Korea excellent nurses and hospital beds to take care of necessary postoperative cases. After this care, when it is no longer dangerous, the men are flown back to base hospitals in Japan and the U.S.A.

"Nothing we can do for our wounded is left undone," the Goulds were told by Gen. Matthew Ridgway, whom they visited in Tokyo on their return to Korea. "That is why there is a lower mortality among our wounded than ever in the history of war."

Mr. Goulds wryly remembers World War I days when, as a somewhat butted-up naval aviator, he waited on a hospital bed for surgical attention from tennis-playing "raw bones" who reluctantly appeared after rain drenched them off the court. Well, it is all different now.

Like so many people who have met General Ridgways and General Eisenhower, the Goulds point out how many civilization-minded top-Right generals came up from majors and colonels under the inspired leadership of world-minded Gen. George C. Marshall.

At a mobile Army hospital near the front in Korea, Journal editors Bruce (left) and Beatrice (right) Gould visit with wounded Private Hopp.

Ridgway, like all these generals who know only too well the almost unlimited power of our modern military machine to destroy man's material achievements throughout the world—as at Hiroshima—does not want a World War III. Though insisting upon the vital necessity of holding the Reds in military check, General Ridgway believes with most military experts that "the fruits of military victory are too barren." The war to be won, and the war to which America must address itself, is the war of ideas—because it is in the minds of men that democracy and communism clash head on. Here there can be no armistice.

While in Japan, on the last leg of their round-the-world trip to the sensitive spots on the globe, the Goulds were impressed by the driving will-to-live of Japan, which will be, they predict, a great power again in a decade. Inspired by the American attitude toward them, Japanese women are striving to hold the democratic gains granted them by the "MacArthur" constitution. Whether successfully maintaining their new-found freedom, Japan may very well, in the Goulds' opinion, become a real democracy.

In a recent poll, 82 per cent of husbands felt that their wives were good looking and 37 per cent thought they were even more attractive than when they married. To answer to the same questions, 72 per cent of women felt that their husbands were good-looking and 32 per cent that their spouses had improved since the wedding. . . . The world's people speak 2,000 languages. Men whose annual income never exceeds $2500 hate their highest-income year at age 13 or 14. Men in the $5000 bracket hate their highest-income year at 19 or 20.

Whenever William Cushman is on location for her fashion photoshooting, her practiced eye rarely fails to light on a fresh face for her camera. Last May in Florida, for instance, it lit upon the girl in the sailboat on this month's cover. She is Joan Gartule, a sophomore at Rollins College, Winter Park—a girl from Kansas. Wisconsin, never photographed before for a magazine. Williams found her on the campus at Rollins, where about thirty hand-picked pretty girls had been assembled for her to see. First thing Joan knew she was posing on the Inlet at Palm Beach. And the picture couldn't be more authentic, for Joan's an export sailor.

The perfect feminine leg measures 8½ inches at the ankle, 15 inches at the calf and 19½ inches at the thigh. This ratio can be applied in every case regardless of the woman's size. . . . Every mouth, 78.4 tons of dirt per square mile fall on New York; 66 tons in Chicago and 63 in Pittsburgh.

At a preview the other evening of a movie made from Theodore Dreiser's great novel, Sister Carrie (the picture called just plain "Carrie" and due for release this summer), we watched it with the film's two stars, Jennifer Jones and Sir Lawrence Olivier. In the movie, Olivier finishes up as a bum, steals a quarter from Jennifer, and does a down-and-out so dreadfully down and out that when the theater lights went up we offered him a dime. He held out for a quarter, which he kept for good luck.
The Glitter and the Gold

She had every privilege wealth can offer... except the right to live her own life. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan begins her own memorable story... an American girl who became a duchess against her will. First of 4 parts.

By CONSEULO VANDERBILT BALSAN

FRIENDS have often told me that I should write my story and describe the world of my youth, which was so different from that of today. There are no journals to help me; there are but the meager notes of engagements made, the press cuttings of recorded events. But the portraits of my friends are etched in memory and stand like figures in a Paul Veronese, brilliant and festive against backgrounds of space and color where architectural pleasures and an ordered courtesy add beauty to the zest for life.

Looking back to 1895, when I married the ninth Duke of Marlborough and went to live in England, I recall a society whose conventions were closer to the eighteenth than to the twentieth century. Queen Victoria's reign was nearing its end, but those who, like myself, witnessed the splendid pageant of her Diamond Jubilee could not have foreseen that her death would close an era. There are few of us left who can recall that world with its complete acceptance of aristocratic privileges. There are still fewer to whom such anachronisms remain justified. Even then, whispered doubts could be heard of their rightfulness. So is it surprising that an American girl who held democratic views found it difficult to accept the assumption that birth alone confers superiority?

Years later when divorce brought complete freedom I found happiness in marriage with Jacques Balsan. In writing of these years I recall the homes we made together, the kindly people we lived amongst, the country I loved. And now back in my native land, having regained a citizenship I would never have resigned had the law of my day permitted me to retain it, I look back on a long life under three flags.

The scenes pictured I have witnessed; the impressions recorded were true of their day. I can tell no story but my own.

At six, her demure, thoughtful look belied the mischief she contracted with her brother.

Introspective and shy, Consuelo was distressed by constant scenes between her father and mother.

"I longed to choose my dresses, but my mother had her own views, which did not coincide with mine."

"The pearl dog collar chafed my neck, and the diamond tiara always gave me a violent headache."

Sargent's painting of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough with their two sons now hangs in Blenheim.
Both her husband and her trousseau were chosen by her mother

In trying to recount events that have influenced my life, it is humiliating to find that I remember very little of my childhood. Watching my great-grandchild Serena Russell at play, so sure of herself, even at the age of three, I wonder if, when she reaches my age, she also will have forgotten events that now appear important to her. That we are both in America—she the child of my granddaughter Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who married an American, and I the wife of a Frenchman—is due to the Second World War, and to events little anticipated at the turn of the century when I left my native land.

Memories of myself at Serena’s age recall a picture painted by Carolus Duran of a little girl against a tall red curtain. She has on a red velvet dress with a square décolleté outlined with Venetian lace. A cloud of dark hair surmounts a small oval face, out of which enormous dark eyes (much bigger than they were) look out from under arched brows. A pert little nose and dimples accentuate the mischievous smile. There is something vital and disturbing in that small figure tightly grasping a bunch of roses in each fist. “You were un vrai petit diable, and only kept still when I played the organ in my studio!” Carolus Duran exclaimed, when again he painted me, this time at seventeen.

The second portrait was a very different affair from the first, for the red curtain which had become his traditional background was at my mother’s request replaced by a classic landscape in the English eighteenth-century style, and I am seen in a tall figure in white descending a flight of steps. For my mother having decided, in the fashion not uncommon at the time, to marry me either to the man who did become my husband or to his cousin—generously allowing me the choice of alternatives—wished my portrait to bear comparison with those of preceding duchesses who had been painted by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence. In that proud and lovely line I still stand over the mantelpiece of one of the state rooms at Blenheim Palace, with a slightly disdainful and remote look as if very far away in thought.

It is well that my Aunt Florence Twombly, who died this past April at ninety-six, could remember not only the street but also the number of the house where I was born, for my birth had never been officially recorded. This information was required when I took back my American citizenship after the French armistice in World War II. It was in one of those ugly brownstone houses somewhere in the Forties, which was then the fashionable district of New York, that I first saw the light of day.

My father’s family was Dutch and had its origin in the Bilt—that northern point of Holland whence comes our name. It was about the year 1650 that the first member of the family came to the New Netherlands, and succeeding generations lived in the vicinity of New Amsterdam, as New York City was then called. In the first part of the nineteenth century my

(Continued on Page 28)

White-and-gold salon. “Ransacking antique shops of Europe, my mother returned with pictures and furniture that can now be seen in my father’s bequest to the Metropolitan Museum.”

Infant Consuelo with mother.
“She dominated events as thoroughly as she dominated her husband and children.”

“Most magnificent” party New York had seen in private home made Mrs. Vanderbilt top social leader. Here in medieval costume.

When this house was built, Fifth Avenue was fashionable street of private mansions. Upper floor had huge playroom where children skated and bicycled.
Vanderbilt summer home in Newport. When Consuelo mentioned this address, a shopkeeper raised his prices fifty per cent.

On the Vahant, family cruised to India, Greece, France. Consuelo was seventeen when, in Paris, her parents finally separated and mother filed divorce suit.
When a man in this
business forgets about love,
it's time he
changed his tune.

love's a funny business

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
(World's Largest Publisher of Love Songs)

September 1st, 1951

Mr. Henry O'Brien
RFD #1, Green Rock, Indiana

Dear Mr. O'Brien: Under separate cover we are returning your song manuscript. You will note that it is still in its original sealed envelope, marked REFUSED.

We were forced to adopt this policy some years ago, to protect ourselves from the growing number of plagiarism suits by misguided love-song composers. Love is such a simple emotion that many love songs do contain certain unavoidable similarities. Giving rise, unless due precaution is taken, to possible later charges that we have stolen a composer's song. We have therefore simply stopped considering unsolicited song manuscripts. Unless the author is known to us, any large envelope that looks as though it might contain a love song is returned immediately, unopened. We regret the necessity of this policy, and can only say that it has been forced upon us, due to the great number of amateur song writers who have turned out to be even better lawyers.

We ourselves, however, since we are a friendly firm, at least send out this little informal notice, so that when you get your song back you will know what the score is.

It's zero.

Sincerely,

Shapiro Music, Inc.

RFD #1, Green Rock, Indiana

September 3rd, 1951

SHAPIRO MUSIC, INC.
1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir: Well, say, thanks for the little notice, but I can see that you just don't understand my situation at all. I told you all about it in the letter I sent along with the song, but if you don't open your mail I guess you can't be expected to know what's going on. But you have just got to know what's going on with me, so I am sending the main facts back herewith in a small envelope, air mail, marked SEE CHECK INSIDE.

Because much as I'd like to, I just haven't got a lot of time to waste becoming known to you. Not that I wouldn't like to. But at the moment, believe

(Continued on Page 64)

by HANNIBAL COONS
"Let's go," I said to Irene, but she was sitting there entranced.
"Giant is not only a story of Texas today
but, I hope, of Texas tomorrow... exhilarating, exasperating,
v Violent, charming, horrible,
delightful, alive."

I'm one of a family of rulers, too, Leslie thought. The Benedicts of Texas. Her husband, Rick Benedict, owned Reata Ranch—3,000,000 acres of fabulous wealth. But Leslie, who had grown up in Virginia, could understand the bewilderment of her famous guests from "outside." All Texas—that is, all Texans who possessed more than ten million in cattle or cotton or wheat or oil—had flown, in private DC-6's, to Jett Rink's party for the opening of the airport he had given to the city. Included among the Benedicts' guests were a deposed king and queen, a Congressman, a movie star, a famous cowboy, a South American ex-president, Leslie's sister Lady Karfrey, and Vashti and Pinky Snyth, Texans.

At the dinner Leslie looked out over Jett Rink's great banquet room, and worried about her children. Her daughter Luz was flying down in her own plane, stopping to see Bob Dietz—nothing but a "dirty farmer" who had been to agricultural school. Her son, Jordan, had married a beautiful Mexican girl. Would Jordan bring Juana tonight? Then Luz came hurrying up; her brother was furious because Juana had been turned away at the hotel beauty shop.

A minute later Jordan Benedict strode to the head table and hit Jett Rink on the jaw—Jett Rink, one of the most powerful and hated men in Texas. While Rink's bodyguards held his arm, he lunged forward with his feet, knocking Jordan to the floor.

Though the three Lynnton girls always were spoken of as the Beautiful Lynnton Sisters of Virginia they weren't really beautiful. For that matter, they weren't Virginians, having been born in Ohio. But undeniable there was about these three young women an aura, a glow, a dash of what used to be called diablerie that served as handily as beauty and sometimes handier. These qualities wore well, too, for they lasted the girls their lifetime, which beauty frequently fails to do.

The three Lynntons were always doing things first or better or more outrageously than other girls of their age and station in Virginia and Washington society. Leigh, the eldest—the one who married Sir Alfred Karfrey and went to England to live—scandalized Washington when, as a young woman in that capital's society circles she had smoked a cigarette in public long before her friend Alice Roosevelt shocked the whole United States with a puff or two. Leigh certainly was the least lovely of the three Lynnton Lovelies as they sometimes were fatuously called. She had the long aquiline face of her mother—horse-faced, her feminine detractors said—and she was further handicapped for dalliance by a dour tongue that should have scared the wits out of the young male Virginians who came courting with Southern sweet talk. People said that with her scarifying wit she actually had whiplashed the timorous Karfrey into marrying her.

Leslie the second sister was, as the term went, a blue-stocking. She was forever (Continued on Page 68)
Her lips were trembling.
He swung her around and picked her up in his arms...
and so up the steps
and through the doorway.
I did not kill Selena. I am not guilty of her death. It was because of her conditioned plea “if you want me to live” that I subdued my own greedy heart to her desires. And my blunder in speaking of Austin Fine was natural enough, nor could I have foreseen its instant and violent effect upon her nervous instability. I am not guilty of Selena’s death, but of the sin to which Luke’s frightful insinuation drove me I am guilty, and it still remains to me the most wicked, the most unforgivable act of all my life.

And yet—it came so sweetly to my comfort, with the rustling silence of a linden tree in summer, with shifting shadows green, secret, with Christopher’s young pale face as patient as a stone, with his lips that brushed my cheek and his humble voice, “Let me kiss you, Maggie, please. Oh, please, just once.”

All that night in the strange white hospital room when I had wept out and writhed out part of my first anguish, when I had almost died, I thought, of grief and terror, that one sweetness, that one loyalty stood close to me.

The next morning, having learned that Luke was up and able to walk with the help of a cane, I sent him a request to meet me, after his breakfast, in a waiting room.

It seemed a long time before he came. I heard his step outside in the hall with a tapping that made me think of Aunt Kinny, so that I wished that I were waiting for her comfort instead of for his bitterness. When the door opened I laid down a magazine I had just taken up to pretend that I had been reading, but for very weakness kept the chair I had dropped into. He leaned there on his cane.

I don’t know even now how tightly he was caught in the pincers of his various dilemmas, but I know that Selena’s death had been an almost mortal wound, if not to his heart certainly to his hope of rescue. But he held himself like a fighting rather than a beaten man, keen-edged and dangerous, and I felt a loathful thrill of admiration. This was not lessened by the way he took my announcement. For in my usual fashion I went to it straight.

“I think I ought to tell you, Luke, before Aunt Kinny comes”—to my own ears my voice sounded as cool and level as his own—“even though it is no time for good news or any celebration of personal happiness, that I am engaged to marry Christopher.” I added one more falsehood to silence forever in his mind that terrible suspicion, “We have been engaged for two months. It will be announced presently.”

He smiled faintly, not saying one single word. I did not, of course, expect congratulations or wishes of joy, but he would probably have forced his ironic will to this conventionality if Aunt Kinny had not been ushered into the room.

As I had foreseen, the instant she read my note pinned to her

(Continued on Page 97)

Copyright, 1912, by Katharine Newlin Burt. The complete novel is now to be published by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

It was a long and anxious search. At last I entered Selena’s garden—and there he lay, head on his arms, crying as a child cries.

Escape from Paradise

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT
THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY

read this
to your
husband

"Oh, no!" I can hear it said. "Not superior. Equal partners, complementary, different, but not superior." I can even foresee that men will mostly smile, while women, alarmed, will rise to the defense of men—women always have, and always will. I hope that what I have to say will make them even more willing to do so, for men need their help more than they as yet, mostly, consciously realize.

Women superior to men? This is a new idea. There have been people who have argued that women were as good as men, but I do not recall anyone who has publicly provided the evidence or even argued that women were better than or superior to men. How, indeed, could one argue such a case in the face of all the evidence to the contrary? Is it not a fact that by far the largest number of geniuses, great painters, poets, philosophers, scientists, and so on and so on, have been men, and that women have made, by comparison, a very poor showing? Where are the Leonardos, the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Donnes, the Galileos, the Bachs, et al., of the female sex? In fields in which women have excelled, in poetry and the novel, how many poets and novelists of the really first rank have there been? Haven't well-bred young women been educated for centuries in music? And how many among them have been great composers or instrumentalists? Composers—none of the first rank. Instrumentalists—well, in the recent period there have been such accomplished artists as Myra Hess and Wanda Landowska. Possibly there is a clue here to the answer to the question asked. May it not be that women are just about to emerge from the period of subjection during which they were the slaves of the masculine world?

Less than a quarter of a century ago it was considered inconceivable that any woman would ever attain great distinction in science. Mme. Curie was an exception. But the half dozen women Fellows of the Royal Society in England are not. Nor is Lisa Meitner. And Mme. Curie no longer remains the only woman to share in the Nobel Prize award for science. There is Marie Curie's daughter, Irene Joliot-Curie, and there is Gerty Cori (1947) for medicine and physiology. Nobel prizes in literature have gone to Selma Lagerlöf, Grazia Deledda, Sigrid Undset, Pearl Buck and Gabriela Mistral. As an artist Mary Cassatt (1815-1926) was every bit as good as her great French friends Degas and Manet considered her to be, but it has taken the rest of the world another fifty years grudgingly to admit it. Among contemporaries Georgia O'Keeffe can hold her own with the best.

Reprinted from Saturday Review of Literature. Ashley Montagu, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, is author of the recent books, "Statement on Race" and "On Being Inhuman."
If he lets you get to the end, without interrupting, chances are he’s unusually tolerant, and you’ve got a remarkably good marriage.

Frequent masculine reactions:

indulgence — veiled alarm — derision.

It is not, however, going to be any part of this article to show that women are about to emerge as superior scientists, musicians, painters, or the like. I believe that in these fields they may emerge as equally good, and possibly not in as large numbers as men, largely because the motivations and aspirations of most women will continue to be directed elsewhere. But what must be pointed out is that women are, in fact, just beginning to emerge from the period of subjection when they were treated in a manner not unlike that which is still meted out to the Negro in the Western World. All the traits that are mythically attributed to the Negro at the present time were for many generations saddled upon women. Women had smaller brains than men and less intelligence, they were more emotional and unstable, in a crisis you could always rely upon them to swoon or become otherwise helpless, they could not be relied upon to handle money; and as for the world outside, there they could be employed only at the most menial and routine tasks.

The biggest dent in this series of myths was made by World War I, and twenty years later in World War II, when women were for the first time called upon to replace men in occupations which were formerly the exclusive preserve of men. They became bus drivers, conductors, factory workers, farm workers, laborers, supervisors, executive officers, and a great many other things at which many had believed they could never work. At first it was said that they didn’t do as well as men, then it was grudgingly admitted that they weren’t so bad, and by the time the war was over many employers were reluctant to exchange their women employees for men! But the truth was out—women could do as well as men in most of the fields which had been considered forever closed to them because of their alleged natural incapacities, and in many fields, particularly where delicate precision work was involved, they had proved themselves superior to men.

But women have a long way to go before they reach full emancipation—emancipation from the myths from which they themselves suffer. It is, of course, untrue that women have smaller brains than men. Women have been conditioned to believe that they are inferior to men, and they have assumed that what everyone believes is a fact of nature; and as men occupy the superior positions in almost all societies, this superiority is taken to be a natural one. “Woman’s place is in the home” and man’s place is in the countenance and on the board of directors. “Women should not meddle in men’s affairs.” And yet the world does move. Some women have become members of Parliament and even attained...
By LT. DAVID R. HUGHES

It was during the dark days of the December retreat when I first saw them. They were hanging from the cold muzzle of an old battered Springfield rifle—a pair of tiny blue baby booties. Their pale silk ribbons ended in a neat bow behind the front sight, and each little boot hung down separately, one slightly above the other, swinging silently in the wind. They reminded me of tiny bells, and even though one had a streak of dirt on its soft surface, and part of the ribbon that touched the barrel had lost color from scorching heat, they seemed to me to be the freshest, cleanest objects in all of drab Korea.

At first the booties had fixed my attention, but after the surprise of seeing these symbols of home in such an incongruous place had worn off, I let my eyes drift unobserved to their owner.

He was a lieutenant, young, I could see, and tired; not so much from the exertion of the trudging march, but with the wear of long days and nights in combat. He was talking to a group of men from his platoon, all of them together watching the core of a little blase in their center, and I could tell that he was answering some of their disturbing questions about the war. There was a tone of hopelessness in the men’s voices, but the lieutenant sounded cheerful; there was a glint in his eye, and a swing that melted into an easy smile when he spoke.

As my companions moved on, I glanced back briefly to the blue booties, still fresh, still swinging. Often in the next few weeks I saw the lieutenant and his booties while we moved southward before the massive Chinese armies, and around the ever-present warning fires I heard the simple story of the officer and his boots.

The lieutenant was named Shank, and he, twenty-two years old, led a rifle platoon. He had come over from Okinawa while the Army was clamped in the vise of the Taegu perimeter, short on man power. Shank had his baptism of fire on the hills outside Taegu. His youth and fire helped keep his decimated platoon intact while the North Koreans frantically tried to crack the American lines. Then came the breakthrough, and Shank’s company riding on the record-breaking tank dash northward. He picked up the Springfield rifle then, and kept it because of its renowned accuracy and apparent immunity to the cold weather. A violent day south of Pyongyang won Shank his Silver Star for gallantry, as he led his flesh-and-blood infantrymen against T-34 tanks and destroyed three of them. The Chinese intervention and beginning of the retreat brought him up to where I met him, south of Kunari.

The booties? That was simple. He was an expectant father, and the little booties sent by his young wife in the States reflected his whole optimistic attitude while the battle was the darkest. I also learned that when the baby came it would be announced by a new piece of ribbon on the boots—blue for a boy, pink for a girl.

Then I forgot about him as we prepared to defend Seoul from above the frozen Han River. We were hit hard by the Chinese. They streamed down from the
hills and trampled the barbed wire. They charged again and again, piling up by the hundreds before our smoking guns. And the days were but frantic preparations for the nights. Companies dwindled, and my platoon was halved, then halved again as cold and enemy took their toll. I neared the end of my mental reserve. Names of casualties were rumored, and I heard Shank's among them. I wondered where Shank's bootees were now. Then the endless night of the retreat from Seoul came. When we got the word my few men were too dulled to show any emotion at the announcement. Most were too miserable to want to retreat again for twenty-five miles.

Chinese or no. But we did, and the temperature dropped to thirty below zero as our silent column stumbled along the hard ground. It was the most depressing night I had ever endured—pushed by the uncompromising cold, the pursuing enemy and the chaotic memory of the bloody nights before. I, as a leader, was close to that mental chasm. Only the numbness prevented me thinking myself into a state of depression.

We plodded across the cracking ice of the Han River at four-thirty in the morning, and marched on south at an ever-slowing pace. Finally the last five-mile stretch was ahead. We rested briefly, and as the men dropped to the roadside they fell asleep immediately. I wondered if I could get them going again. Worse yet, I didn't think I could go myself—so tired, numb and raw was my body.

Then in the black despair of uselessness I looked up as a passing figure brushed my mete shoe pacs. What I saw in the early light sent such a surge of hope and strength through me that tears streamed down my face.

There walked young Lieutenant Shank up the Korea road, while every waking eye followed him to see the muzzle of his old battered Springfield. There, swaying dully in the first rays of the morning sun, were Shank's bootees, and fluttering below them was the brightest, bluest piece of ribbon I have ever seen. THE END

Lt. David R. Hughes
the day after Hill 339

(Since Shank's Bootees came to us through the author's mother, we asked for more information about her son. Her brief, factual reply tells, by understatement, a story so typical of the courage expected and accepted from our young men—and their mothers—that we asked her permission to share it with our readers. Ed.)

DENVER, COLORADO

DEAR Editors: Lt. David R. Hughes, age 23, was born and raised in Denver, Colorado. His father died when he was six years old, and he attended the public schools until he was ten, when he entered Colorado Military School.

He received an appointment to the United States Military Academy in 1946. Among many other activities at West Point, he was a member of the Pointer staff for two years, and associate editor his last year.

He graduated from the Academy with the class of June 1950, and was assigned to Fort Riley, Kansas. In October of that year he was ordered to Korea with the Seventh Cavalry Regiment, First Cavalry Division. After two months in battle he was promoted to First Lieutenant. Later he was made commander of his company.

For his actions in Korea, David has been awarded two Silver Stars, one Bronze Star, the Greek Cross of War, comparable to our Silver Star—this for close fighting with his company beside the Greeks—and the Distinguished Service Cross. He has, also, been awarded two Purple Hearts.

Sincerely,
HELEN HUGHES
Miami in midwinter—Cary's red checked cotton goes to town. Designed by Jackie, $10.95. White accents.

She travels in a cotton-rayon-and-acetatesuit, $39.95, Murray Nieman.

She schools her horses in jodhpurs and boy's white shirt, leather belt.

Candy-pink striped cotton shorts, $5.95; shirt to match, $6.95, visor cap, $3.95, for playtime.

She markets in a Sanforized cotton dress and jacket, $12.95, by Jackie.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

... she's a ribbon-winning sub-deb

Sixteen-year-old, Atlanta-born Cary Weinman Latimer has been winning ribbons showing horses since she was twelve—keeps a gay yellow bulletin board of citations on her closet door.

Like other teen-agers, she loves parties, makes wonderful fudge and chocolate cake, swims and plays tennis, collects stuffed toys from her young beau. She adores popular music, is studying voice and hopes one day to sing professionally. She likes to choose her own clothes—occasionally borrowing a pretty cotton from her mother, who might be an older sister and wears a Size 10! She travels more than most girls, thinks flying is "the only way."

Since she lives in the South most of the year, Cary's wardrobe is a double-summer one, mostly cotton. She likes "fluffy" dresses and lots of them. ("I'd rather spend less and have more" is her philosophy.) Her travel suit for going here and there is her one slim fashion, usually cotton or linen. Her favorite dress this year is a red checked cotton which cost about $10. She always has a white organdy party dress—"It's good anywhere, all year round"—and she is never without a little "shortie" coat, yellow or red, to go over everything. She goes in for red shoes, gay basket bags, hats with little brims, short cotton gloves.

Cary started riding when she was eight years old, spends her summers at the Old Mill Farm in Cartersville, Georgia, near Atlanta, which belongs to her grandparents. In 1950 she showed in Madison Square Garden in New York, and this year she won the Florida State Championship for 3-gaited saddle horses. Her favorite horse is called Cary's Hope.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal
"Fluffy" rayon organdy worn with petticoats and stole, $35, by Fred Perlburg.

Black-and-white checked tissue gingham and organdy, $12.95, by Jackie.

Cary bakes a cake for a party. The yellow cotton dress has her favorite neckline, $12.95, by Phyllis Dooley.

Cary loves to borrow her mother's blue flower-print cotton dress.

Wool-and-cotton bolero coat, $7.95, for everything. By Gisele.

New dress for a Phi Pi party is organdy, embroidered dots, $25, by Betty Lane.
He had slept hard toward morning, but when he woke he remembered fully what was to happen today. He felt no regret, no anything. He lay and blinked at the unfamiliarly bare walls, and a moment later the dog leaped to the bed. She was a black springer, not three years old. She stood over the boy with her legs braced wide; head up, tail still. She directed her willful eyes toward the window; then, as if suddenly remembering something, she bent and slashed her tongue several times across his undefended face.

"Hello, Hedy," he said. "You’re in for quite a surprise today."

He slid out from under her feet and out of bed. The polished floor was bare and cold. Except for his bed and the box of earth in one corner for the dog, the room was empty. At some time since the carpets had been taken up Hedy had found a newspaper and conscientiously torn it into strips, but no one would bother with that now. He took his clothes from the footboard of the bed. Dressing, he talked steadily to the dog in a low, mocking voice. She waited impatiently by the door till he was dressed.

"Take a good look at this room, dopey," he said, and opened the door for her. "You’re through with it."

He had waked late. It was ten o’clock before he followed the dog into the kitchen, but even so, he could hear the clink of dishes on the back porch—his mother was still at... (Continued on Page 110)
Public Office is a Public Trust

A NATIONWIDE opinion poll taken by the Ladies' Home Journal, and printed here, is one of many indications that the people of this country are deeply concerned about integrity in government.

This statement is made without intending to reflect, unduly, on the present Administration, and certainly with no partisan bias. Certain Republican national Administrations have been corrupt in the past; certain state Republican machines are now corrupt. But it seems to us that, today, the people of the country—Democrats and Republicans alike—are demanding that we face up honestly to present dishonesty in government.

People are concerned, perhaps, because with our new global responsibilities vast sums of money than ever before are being spent, and taxes are no longer a negligible fraction of everyone's income. They are a breaking share. It is of deep concern to the wage earner that these high taxes be honestly and thriftily spent.

People are concerned, too, because today's dangers are so overwhelming. The blundering statesman, appointed through party loyalty, could conceivably cause an international crisis which might land an atom bomb in your children's sandbox.

People are concerned, possibly, because they are sick of seeing great moral principles used as political footballs merely to defeat an opponent. They are tired of having civil rights written into both party platforms but ignored in practice. Non-discrimination against religious and racial groups is an essential character of the people. It is too great an ideal to be used as a vote-getting tool. Labor rights are hard won, and precious to our American pattern of everyone's working his own passage through life. They must never be exploited by party opportunists or certain shortsighted labor leaders for political advantage. When they are cynically exploited, without regard to the national common pool, the good of labor, too, suffers grievous damage.

Unless these great principles of "fairness to all" are pursued with rigorous integrity, they can become merely political opportunities, rather than advancements in human stature. Honesty is as important here as in collecting income taxes.

Our editors are questioning, and we believe voters are questioning, certain ahabas offered by political apologists to explain government corruption.

It has been contended, as though it were a defense, that there has been "a moral let-down throughout the country, not just in government." Both parties have said in effect that government morals are no lower than those of the general public.

The editors of the Journal strongly believe that statements like these cannot be accepted in externation of government corruption. Need we accept the excuse of a bribed basketball player, "All the other guys were cashing in, why not grab some dough?" Can we permit ourselves to say, "Lots of other people cheat on their income tax, so it's all right for me?" There is no quicker way to lower any accepted standard of honesty or morality than to agree that it is permissible to copy corruption elsewhere, and to say, "If it's all right for them, it's all right for me."

The Journal strongly believes that citizens are angry and offended just because they feel that government indifference to issues of integrity is greater than their own. We think, in fact, that the general populace of this country has a respect for honesty and decency which does not make the headlines (as do bribes in sport, swindling bank tellers, and corruption in office) but which exists so fundamentally that throughout all the dealings of the average man honesty remains the best policy.

A moment's thought shows why government morals are always in danger of being lowered, and, in fact, we believe are now lower than public morals.

Wherever huge sums of money are being spent, without close, interested supervision, dishonest men are attracted like flies to the honeypot.

It is hard to rob me as an individual because I have a deep personal concern as to where every cent of my hard-earned money goes, and unless I am a fool, I watch it closely.

It is hard to rob a responsible business firm because it must be responsible to its employees, customers and stockholders, show a balance sheet of profit, or soon go out of business.

It is easier, however, to rob the government because the old saw, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," remains sadly true. There is no watchdog of public moneys as keenly concerned as the individual is in regard to his own purse. The sums are vast, the temptations continuous. Opportunities for dishonesty are greater than in any other field unless each responsible official is determined that no dishonesty shall exist in his department. This requires both integrity and intelligence higher than the average.

We are fortunate in having many such officials of high integrity and intelligence throughout the structure of our government.

(Continued on Page 119)
I've always wanted to go exotic and burn in tropic suns and cool off in blue and mysterious waters. And, being one who has a lovely scheme for travel, I've just been on a long, long trip via the travel-bureau brochures, as is my wont when the urge is strong and the world is a-beckonin', and my feet are a-dancin' on some celebrated deck. The star-bedecked nights are mine, and I'm a traveler once more in the lands of my delight.

Guess where? Something happened to me this year. I decided on Hawaii. When I make a decision, I stick. Changing my clothes is child's play compared with changing my mind. And I will say this: once you've started your collection of folders on Hawaiian travel, you couldn't change your mind either. More colorful, alluring enticement is packed in those folders than in any I've ever seen. It was definitely a journey of exploration, of gaiety, of sun and sea and sand.

(Continued on Page 120)
Shrimp Curry with Rice
Hawaiian Style
Sanford Bananas
Tomato-and-Avocado Salad
Pineapple Sherbet in Watermelon Shell
Iced Tea
(Planned for 8)
1 I have a new cookbook—Charleston Receipts—collected by the Junior League of Charleston and sold for the benefit of a most worthy cause. This is a book to cook by, and to read and look at with delight. The chapter headings in Gallaher are priceless. The illustrations charming. And the receipts!

2 It is reported ladly that George Washington's favorite dessert was gingerbread. Could be that he wasn't so fond of cherry pie after all.

3 A titbit for a porch luncheon is a shrimp-and-celery-slaw salad. Shave the cabbage fine. Use mayonnaise sharpened with lemon juice for this. The frozen concentrate comes in handy here.

4 And when using concentrates for orange or lemon-ade, a little freshly grated orange or lemon rind adds the right zest.

5 If you don't care for tuna fish, then this is not for you. If you do care for it, it's definitely your dish, and a regular quot;inquirerquot; does it often, then it's definitely your dish, and a regular quot;inquirerquot; does it often, then it's probably available.

6 Slice very thin those cold boiled or baked ham. Cook about 1 cup sliced mushrooms about 5 minutes in a little butter. Add 1 cup cream of mushroom soup. Stir in 1 cup cream and milk mixed, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until smooth. Now to the second part.

7 Step 2: Break up 1 cup tuna fish, drained from all oil or liquid. Add to the sauce. Have ready slices of hot buttered toast, put a slice of ham on each one and cover with the tuna sauce. If you are crazy for tomato, put a slice, salal and peppered, on each slice of ham. This is a hearty Sunday-night supper dish.

8 Shrove Tuesday is pancake day, but pancakes are tenacious specials no matter what the season. And don't we adore those little red-tile-cooked haunts where the sirup may or may not have ever seen a tree? You bet we do.

9 Now Deviled Denverers are a useful kind of pancake. Make a batter of Denver egg-sandwich mixture. This is a beaten egg, beaten up like scrambled eggs, with a minced green pepper, an onion and a can of deviled ham added. Beat well. Cook as you would—yes, just as you would—pancakes.

10 Green beans are a prolific vegetable. Families are apt to complain, "Gee whiz, can't we have something besides green beans?" Well, here are several things you can do, and I've never eaten a bean out of season.

11 Add grated sharp cheese to cream of mushroom soup and serve as a sauce with cooked Frenched green beans.

12 Another way with green beans, if you are an herb enthusiast: add a small bay leaf and a pinch of thyme when cooking them. Remove the bay leaf, drain, season and butter as usual.

13 This is a snappy one. Fry 2 or 3 slices bacon until crisp. Crumble the bacon and add to the beans and serve with a sauce made from 2 tablespoons bacon fat, blended with 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, salt and pepper. Add 1 1/2 cups rich milk and stir until thickened. Serve over 3 cups cooked green beans.

14 A friend of mine makes the best crispy sweet potatoes I ever ate. Secret is this: Cook sweet potatoes, and while still warm, peel and cut into large pieces. Roll each cube in brown sugar and dry bread crumbs mixed together. Saute in butter or margarine until they have a crisp, light brown crust.

15 This piece of gossip is no great secret. Frosted glasses for the "adieu" crew are fixed by dipping tall glasses (the rims and an inch deep) in orange or lemon juice and then fast in fine sugar, and allowing them to dry. Or in a half-beaten egg white, then in juice, then in sugar, and allowing them to dry.

16 And I may as well remind you that ice cubes with a twist of orange or lemon peel inside or a cherry, any kind, ripe fresh ones included, made a cold drink look cooler. Fill the trays 1/2 full, set your twist in these and freeze. Fill up with water and refreeze. Ice cubes made of fruit juices are good in cold drinks—and don't dilute the flavors. My, it's hot and getting hotter. Cooler things look, cooler they are, and you too.

17 For an ice-cream sandwich I'll take slices of coffee ice cream with raspberry jam spread between.

18 For the shortcake season, instead of whipped cream all the time, beat up enough cream cheese with cream to soften, sweeten if you like it sweet, and use as usual on strawberry shortcake. As you usually do.

19 Or you might make a date with this little line plunger. When you mix up your dough for a peach shortcake, add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon to the shortcake mixture. You'd better sift them right in with the flour.

20 You can't go wrong on baked ham, hot or cold. It's the handiest thing. (I mean cold.) If you're going to set up with a baked ham for the week end, try a plate of prepared mustard and brown sugar, half and half. Grilled pineapple slices and stewed prunes provide the props.

21 What shall we call this composition? Just a good summer salad—especially good with fish. Marinate 1 Bermudian onion, thinly sliced, in 1/4 cup French dressing. Let stand 2 hours. Just before serving time add 1 tablespoon light cream, mix well, and pour over 1 thinly sliced cucumber.

22 Need a sandwich idea or two? Chicken livers, cooled, chopped and combined with a little mayonnaise and a little chopped avocado, make a good sandwich filling.

23 Water cress, chopped ripe olives and avocado are another good sandwich team.

24 Get yourselves some large ripe pears. Pare and scoop out cores. Fill the pears with lime sherbet. Have everything chilled. Pare beyond compare.

25 Here's another pear to pare. Peach peeled and cored pears slowly in apricot nectar. Chill. Serve with the nectar as a sauce with or without vanilla ice cream or lemon sherbet in the centers. No further data available.

26 This may sound as wild as toe painting (first cousin to finger painting). But it turns out more handsome than either or both. Deals with a jellied salad.

27 You'll need for this salad 1 package raspberry-flavored gelatin, one can blueberries and a dozen or so walnut or pecan halves. Make up the gelatin, using the sirup from the cherries for the liquid, and add just a dash of lemon juice. Pour a little into individual molds and allow to almost set. Arrange in each mold a few cherries which have been stuffed with the nut meats. Add more gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce, and serve with cream gaynaisse used as a garnish.

28 A cold meat platter gets a face-lifting from such things in color as cress, jellied tomato cubes, cucumber slices in-lemon-jelly mold—small ones—water cress, tiny stuffed tomatoes, stuffed oranges sliced and cut into shapes. Then there are all kinds of stuffed or dipped fruits and funny little marinated vegetable jewglasses which, the more you make, the more you'll invent.

29 Thinking of cold ham or corned beef, this little sharp bit is right out among the best. Beat until very stiff 1 cup heavy cream. Add—and beat in—1/4 cup drained, prepared horse-radish. Press out the juice before going with the cream. A little salt, freeze to a firmness. Cut into small cubes. Very fine indeed.

30 For a fresh new note in the tomato-juice first course routine, add a little chopped fresh dill, serve very cold.

31 This is a good time to brush up on the Declaration of Independence and give a little attention to the Constitution that holds us together. In this month let's forget the new by-laws for Bonnie Brat, and consider the new President of a more important club who will become the head of a great nation. "Of thee I sing,"
Summer is Sandwich-time and Soup-time, too

Soup is the ideal one hot dish
of cool summer meals

BY Anne Marshall

So! It's a sultry summer day and time to get lunch, and your family's appetites are just—well, so-so. Cheer up. I've help for you: Make up a tempting platter of their very favorite sandwiches. Take down from your soup shelf a can or two of their best-liked soup (4 minutes fixin' time, you know). Be sure to let your folks catch a tantalizing whiff of that good soup as you set it on the table. I don't think you'll have to call them twice! Every meal, you know, needs one hot dish—and hearty soup's a "natural". Soup stimulates appetites, says "Let's eat!" It's easy to digest... it's nourishing... and by contrast soup makes your cold foods taste better.

Here are 24 ideas for easy, happy summertime eating. Is your soup shelf stocked—ready?

Cream of Mushroom Soup
("Mmm-Good" these mushroom pieces and cream)
8 Sandwiches specially good with it:
- Ham Salad with Lettuce
- Pimiento-Egg Salad
- Swiss Cheese on Rye
- Chicken-Nut Salad
- Liverwurst and Mustard
- Chicken with Cranberry Sauce
- Sliced Tongue with Horseradish
- Roast Pork with Chili Sauce

Vegetarian Vegetable Soup
(In one delicious soup—fourteen vegetables)
8 Sandwiches that seem to belong with it:
- Yellow Cheese with Pepper Relish
- Sardines-Onion on Rye
- Cream Cheese-Olive
- Peanut-Tuna Salad
- Salmon Salad
- Sliced Egg and Olive

Chicken with Rice Soup
(Golden broth, tender pieces of chicken, fluffy rice)
8 Sandwiches that accent it:
- Tomato and Green Pepper Slices
- Cucumber and Water Cress
- Bacon and Tomato
- Smoky Cheese Spread
- Corned Beef with Mustard
- Meat Loaf with Ketchup
- Pineapple Cheese
- Peanut Butter and Bacon

A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf!
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE GLITTER AND THE SOLE
(Continued from Page 28)
great-grandfather Cornelius Vanderbilt founded the family fortune, moving from New Dorp, Staten Island, to Kingsborough, Long Island. The family motto—"nothing is impossible"—was changed the spelling of our name from van der Bill to its American version.

My grandmother, William H. Vanderbilt, had a reputation for being a bit of a scoundrel. It was an inherited gift, an unmerited reputation for indifferent- ness to the welfare of others. It was, as one old-time employee put it, "the loss of the Vanderbilt's photographed in his car driving through the city of New York in the 1890s."

At one of the last balls given at the Tuileries by Napoleon III. Why, when the theme of the ball was "A German Prussian," the nursery maid, who had not been to school beyond the age of ten, and who had been born in a Dutch farmhouse, was given the title of "fairy godmother" by the young artist who, for all his power and art, never had a blue moment or a blue ideology.

Home by Moonlight
By Mercedes Macdonald

First they will find the stile that
And see how it lies on the steps
Where the long lane curves through the orchard, they will be
Handsome, lovely, leaf-splashed from the moonlight shade,
And deep in the moonlight barn, sweet with hay, a cow will be lowing—
And they will come to the yard at 3 a.m., and stand long at the gate.

One of her earliest ambitions was to
be a leader of New York society. To this end she gave a fancy-dress ball for the opening of her new library on March 26, 1883. In contemporary newspaper articles she is recorded as boasting of her famous guests, saying that "the greatest entertainment...yet given in a private house in New York." Her costume, a "siren of the Thames," was "triumphantly received." The New York society was delighted with the entire event.

My mother, the last of the Vanderbilt's, was born in 1899, the last of the family to live in the big house on Fifth Avenue. Directly opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral where she lived. She was a lovely old lady, graceful, and had a wonderful film career. All her relations, including her mother, aunt, and sister, were all living in hospitals.

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One of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...

She's washing her face... Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—ugh! You could be doing so much more for your complexion! You should know Palmolive's wonderful complexion secret.

She's getting a lovelier complexion... She's giving herself gentle beauty care that leads to softer, smoother, younger looking skin. By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's doing what skin specialists have proved astonishingly effective in bringing lovelier complexions!

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin just by changing the way you wash your face?

It's hard to believe—but true... the very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. And, in 14 days or less your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.

Yes, thirty-six leading skin specialists in 1285 tests with women of all ages—with all types of skin—proved it beyond a doubt! These doctors found most women can have lovelier complexions when they stop careless cleansing and change to the Palmolive Beauty Plan.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive Soap's specially mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels so right... it so right for your skin!

You'll need no other beauty aid... Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care. So get Palmolive now—discover for yourself Palmolive's wonderful complexion secret.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

So MILD... So PURE... So Right For All of You

Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath
Safety Tips for Vacation Trips

NOW that vacation time has come, many motorists will follow the natural urge to take to the open road. Whether you go on a vacation or week-end trip, or just for a drive in the country, they will find motoring most pleasant when it is safest.

According to National Safety Council data, motor vehicle accidents accounted for 40 percent of all deaths from accidental causes, and injured more than a million people last year. Safety authorities say that a good way to make your summer trips more pleasant as well as safer is to follow such motoring precautions as these:

1. **Always drive at a safe and sane speed.** Reports of state and city traffic authorities show that in 2 out of every 5 fatal accidents, a speed violation was involved. That is why it is so important to drive at a speed which gives you complete control of your car at all times.

2. **Follow other cars at a safe distance.** According to the National Safety Council, even when going only 30 miles per hour, under normal conditions, it would take you about 40 feet to come to a complete stop. This emphasizes the need of allowing ample stopping room between your car and the car ahead. A safe margin is one car length for every 10 miles of speed. Of course, this distance should be increased at night, and when driving on slippery roads or in bad weather.

3. **Keep constantly alert to other cars on the road.** This may help you avoid an accident, even if their drivers do something wrong. For example, by watching traffic coming from both left and right when nearing an intersection, you may be able to anticipate and avert possible danger. For the same reason, it is wise to pay attention to traffic coming toward you at all times, and especially on hills and curves.

4. **Be prepared for driving emergencies.** Should a tire blow out, keep a firm grip on the wheel with both hands and let the car slow down before applying the brakes. This will help prevent dangerous swerving. When stopping on a slippery surface, apply your brakes lightly, then release and apply again to help avoid skidding.

5. **Have your car's condition checked regularly.** Traffic reports show that vehicle defects are contributing causes in about 1 out of every 9 fatal accidents. Defective tires, brakes, lights, and steering mechanisms are most frequently at fault. Every part of your car should be periodically checked to make sure it is in safe operating condition. Such inspection is especially important before taking a trip.

Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "How's Your Driving?" to help you increase the pleasure and safety of your motoring. This booklet contains many practical comments and suggestions that tell how to drive with the least amount of worry and trouble. Use the coupon below to send for your free copy.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

(A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY)

1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 752-J, "How's Your Driving?"

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________

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(Continued from Page 48)

In comparison to this recurrent nightmare, how gay were the gala evenings when the house was ablaze with lights and Willie and I, crouching on hands and knees behind the balustrade of that musicians' gallery, looked down on a festive scene below—the long dinner table covered with a damask cloth, a gold service and red roses, the lovely crystal and chime, the groupings in their fine clothes. The dining room was enormous and had at one end twin Renaissance mantelpieces and on one side a huge stained-glass window, depicting the Field of the Cloth of Gold on which the Kings of England and France were surrounded with their knights, all not more magnificently arrayed than the ladies aglitter with jewels seated in high-backed tapestry chairs behind which stood footmen in laces. Before that, in one of my favorites, to Mephistopheles terrified me, and folly became associated with love after seeing Mr. Mephistopheles was the name of the cabin attendant. The first class for me, and Moira, and Willie and myself was in the cabin, furnished with a pleasing salon, looking out on Fifth Avenue.

Next day the car of the Grand Tour was waiting to take us across the Abbey Fields to Ham House. The tour continued with a visit to Miss Cranston's and to the Tower of London, where the excitement of the Beefeaters, with their swords and other historic features, was enjoyed.

After leaving London, the train journey continued to Manchester and Liverpool, and finally to the great city of Birmingham, which we visited on the same day, ending the tour with a pleasant excursion to Black Country.

The last stop was in the city of Liverpool, where we found ourselves in the midst of a great festival, and the excitement was overwhelming. The city was decorated beautifully, and the people were in high spirits, enjoying the festivities and the music. The music was particularly delightful, with a variety of orchestras and choirs performing both classical and popular music. The festival continued for several days, with different events taking place each day, such as parades, concerts, and fireworks. The weather was perfect, with clear blue skies and warm temperatures, making it an ideal day for outdoor events and activities. The day ended with a grand fireworks display, which was the highlight of the festival. The fireworks lights up the sky, creating a spectacular display that left everyone in awe. The festival was a wonderful way to cap off our journey, and we all left Liverpool with fond memories of the festivities and the beauty of the city.
Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!

BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta’s rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually “super” cleans and brightens all blonde hair. The lather is made especially for blonde, as the lather of other shampoos fades to no color. The lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo cleanses and brightens blonde hair truly, and for a lasting effect. Use the lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo for the creamiest, gentlest clean ever, and for a longer, lustrous blonde.

BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark, rich, rich hair. Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair clean, relaxing, natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... or it lets those coppery lights shine out unblurred.

GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather brightens all hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its splendid cleansing action, enriches your hair color.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the pot to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

39c to 98c
Divorcing him, Dr. Joseph Blake, the great brain surgeon who rendered such service to France and us in the First World War, Katherine was very handborne, with a straight nose, and a shock of dark hair that swept over her neck in a low, well-shaped forehead. Her dark eyes flashed with ardor and the love of life. She wanted to dominate us all; she was a girl, who assumed it to be her right. She was the queen of the garden. She had won the games we played, and if anyone was bold enough to suggest it was my turn she would refuse, and I did not want to be queen—and she was right.

These days of early spring were the precursors of others that during the summer months we spent at Newport. Here our little bend would meet again. My happiest memories are of the times we spent there, where we went for picnics and played at Indians and white men, those wild games in the open air. When we took them to get under the weight of those big, wriggling through thorns, scampering over rocks, wandering through streams, we were confident—though what sights we looked in torn clothes with scratched faces and knees as we drove home to the marbled halls and Renaissance casles our parents had built.

In the autumn my family would return to Idlehour and then to New York, where the winter would wait to receive. Around my teens, I began to study at what was known as the Rosa classes. My class consisted of girls and was held at Mrs. Frederic Bronson's house. Mr. Bronson, from Missouri, to whom I should like to refer at this point, was professor of English. He taught us to refer at this point, which we were their favorite subjects that I thought so. Mrs. Bronson lived on Madison Avenue near the Grand Central Terminal. She was a fashionable resident of the city. Every morning I walked there with my government classes. I went home late, very late in those days. The big Hotel Windsor at 57th Fifth Avenue, later destroyed by fire, was, with its3 large windows, one of those large en-

ceires to interrupt the even flow of private
mansiones. The busses were still drawn by horses and there were many elegant carriages with a coachman and groom; on the box seat I liked these walks better than the return home in my father's brougham, which called for me. In addition to the Rosa curriculum I had French, German and music lessons with various governesses, and an hour or so of exercise, three times a week.

In the eighties the foundations of education were laid. We were not encour-
aged to inquire, but to consult our parents, as they were considered to possess artistic merit. At the age of eight, I could read and write in French, German and English. I learned them in that order. My first teacher's name is lost in history. She was a German governess. I found in her the presence of the German, the language of my country; every German word was worth a thousand to me, almost as much to me, as the memory of the names of the streets in which I had lived.

The deepest emotion of my young life was born in my confirmation. Bishop Littlejohn, then of Rochester, New York, was the bishop of the diocese of Albany, and had preached a Sunday sermon that had been a great inspiration to me. He had been a child of the German, the language of my country; I had been a German. There were no German governesses at that time. A German word was worth a thousand to me, almost as much as the memory of the streets in which I had lived.

Reading soon began my favorite recrea-
tion. The books I read in those early days were the stories of the great German fairy tales, Hans Andersen's and Les Contes de Perrault, and La Fontaine's Fables, which I could not imagine to meet. They were made up of a tale or two. The book had a grotesque creature called Scrubille Peter whose capades Willie and I thoroughly enjoyed. Later Robinson Crusoe, Squire Western's Travels, and the pic-

TIP

In the coffeehouses of eighteenth-
century England customers who ex-
pected service were encouraged to drop a coin into a box, in plain sight of the waiter. The legend on the box was "To Insure Promptness." The waiter was prompt to serve first and bring a table that was interested in their own wares suffi-
ciently to think of the wares of the waiter. The use of the first letter from these three words gave us the term "tip."

David T. Armstrong

I read voraciously of the German classics with a governess who so inspired a love of reading in me. My first love of philosophy that after my marriage I read the books hitherto for-
bidden: Faust in its entirety; Heine, with the clever translations; Wachsmuth's moral philosophies of Kant and Hegel I had no liking and wasted no time in confounding the little understanding I had for them. But Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Schleiermacher, I could not resist.

In Vienna years later, on one of those sad pilgrimages to the Austrian capital I was hale,

lyraphic vision combined with madness. In Vienna years later, on one of those sad pilgrimages to the Austrian capital I was hale, and was always the first to be wrung and to return to Paris with his hands and the other one, I accepted that a sacrifice that in obeisance to the dictates of my upbringing I felt was fundamental.

The restrictions of my childhood may appear strange to modern women accustomed

to the freedom that is now theirs. But taste and style are not limited to the possessions of my personal possessions. Often as I lay on the bed, that like St. Ursula in the lovely

...clad in a dark blue alpaca outfit consisting of a dress under which were trousers and shoes. She had a large hat to protect me from the sun, I lopped up and down over incoming waves. Needless to add that I was never taught about the disadvantages of my education, but lessons in deportment cultivated a measured and stately walk.
Frigidaire's Live-Water Action

...even gets rid of "deep-down" dirt completely—quickly—automatically

A Frigidaire Automatic Washer gets "deep-down dirt" quick! Rapid currents of billowing live-water suds flood through every fiber hundreds of times, searching for and washing away the smallest speck of ground-in grime. Yet rolling Live-Water Action is so gentle (for all its thoroughness) that even rayons, nylon, woolens are perfectly safe!

Clothes are always in water—never half in, half out...another reason why Frigidaire washes so clean. How every piece sparkles, after two live-water rinses float all dirt and suds up, away—and out! No more soap-dulled washes for you! Then exclusive Frigidaire Rapidry-Spin whirls clothes so completely damp-dry that many are ready for ironing at once.

Exclusive Select-O-Dial needs just one setting. Set it—and walk away. The washer does all the work—then cleans itself and shuts off. Your hands need never touch water.

All-porcelain finish inside and out—long-lasting, beautiful, a breeze to keep white and bright. Your Frigidaire Washer is equally at home in basement, kitchen, or utility room. Never needs bolting down.

See all the Frigidaire Appliances for kitchen and laundry at your Frigidaire Dealer's. Look for his name in Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice

Frigidaire families live better because Frigidaire appliances are better


Frigidaire Electric Ironer cuts ironing time in half. Exclusive Presto-Matic Foot Control. Big, 30-inch, open-end roll.
mockey. It was in such an atmosphere of dread and uncertainty that our last and longest yachting expedition was undertaken in my seventeenth year.

We left New York on November 23, 1883, with India as our destination. The party included my parents, my brother Haold, a doctor, a governor and the three men friends who were our constant companions. Willie, being at school, was not present. My mother, claiming that my governess gave sufficient trouble, refused to have another woman on board.

Our way to Bombay lay through the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, only at Tunis and Egypt. We spent two days in Cairo while the yacht passed through the Suez Canal and crossed the Red Sea. Bombay was a welcome sight after so long a voyage, but when we started to cross India in a private sleeping car at a regular speed, we realized what an adventure it could amount to. At every station angry natives seeking transportation tried noisily to force their way into the carriages, which opened directly onto the station platforms. Luckily the doors were locked, but the din was formidable and in the night those agitated mobs seemed threatening. One slept and the next day we continued our journey in the comparative luxury and seclusion of a private train.

Thus we crossed India—stopping at Ahmadabad, Jaipur, Delhi, Benares, Lucknow and Agra. As we went we saw and admired the splendor of its fortresses, the magnificence of its palaces, and the grandeur of its great public works. We saw the great military maneuvers of the garrison during the Indian Mutiny and of how they were finally overcome and massacred by Indian troops. In my hotel bedroom, which opened to a marauder, the bores of that mass massacre assumed nightmare proportions. Hoards high, built to accommodate commercial travelers; the front of the rooms gave onto a court, while the back looked out on an open desert. Fortunately, most of our nights were spent on the train, which was backed onto a siding. Even then we knew little comfort, for it was difficult to secure at the stations, but food was incredibly nasty. We lived on tea, toast and marmalade.

As a child I would note these new manifestations when I was in the front rooms of the house; where I would take in the low-cut square with an armrest and a back, and I was aghast at what I conceived to be dishonesty.

As I grew older, I was increasingly happy to leave the artificial life of New York and to return to Idelhour in the autumn. Here, when I was sixteen, a last peaceful interlude, I was ready to depart for the Rosa classes from them on. It was perhaps as well that the competitive order examinations evoked should be over and that the world into which I should be security, the real world, and my own education. I was therefore well prepared with which our teacher rewarded our best efforts. Encouraged in my English studies, I had hoped of going on to Oxford, but all this came to naught when at the age of eighteen I became engaged to be married.

I had reached an age when the continual disagreements between my parents had become a matter of deep concern to me. I was was amenable, and marriage

<|endoftext|>
Ladon Tonic

By George Starbuck Godbraith

Oh, very few the verbal
Bouquets my lord will cast.
But neither does he burble
Of charmers in his past.
When flattery is courted,
His tongue is with the cat.
But never has he snorted,
"You call that a hat?"
I doubt that he's been heard to
Compare me to champagne.
But—note—I'm not referred to
As—quote—the ball and chain.
Oh, dear! I'm beloved
To him, my king of bells,
Whose silence is more golden
Than ten men's compliments!

I had been a famous beauty, could still be
She was a typical triune dame
And in her salons were to be found the beau monde
Of Paris. I felt lost as I entered that brilliant
Throng of statesmen, diplomats and elegant
Women, but my bosom with inimitable
Charms called me to her side and put me at ease.
I sensed the way she drew me out
That her intention was not inspired purely
By kindness to a little debutante and I wondered
What lay behind it.

Later in the course of the evening while I
Was with the Prince I saw my mother
Engrossed in conversation with our hostess;
They were observing us with interest.
Instinct suggested and made me fearful of some
Deep-lying plot. I was grateful for the
Distraction offered by Count Louis de Turenne's
Witty comments on those present. He was a
Diplomat of the old school and seemed to
Know the history of everyone worth knowing.
It was, he told me, then the fashion for great
Ladies to aspire to political power through
Prospects whose ambitions they fostered. It
Was also common knowledge that intrigues
Were on foot to displace Prince Ferdinand of
Saxe-Coburg who,
Though elected ruler of
Bulgaria a few years before by the great
Powers against the wishes of Russia, had
Not yet been accorded general recognition.

Pointing to Prince Francis Joseph, the
Count said it was rumored that at least one
Of the Powers would be willing to exchange him
For King Ferdinand's stead, and that he appeared
to be assured of success if provided with
The necessary financial backing. The
Stage seemed set for a political intrigue and
My hostess's ambition to place her
trope on a throne showed signs of succeeding.
I think that for a moment my mother's
Intention to marry me
To an English Duke
Falter. A royal crown glittered more brightly
Than a coronet! So the
Prince continued his
Courtship unhindered, unfolding his ambitions
Of my apprehensive ears. It seemed I
Was but to exchange one bondage for another.
Such a marriage could mean only unhappiness.
Scorned from my family and
My friends, living in a provincial capital,
Ironbound in a strict etiquette with a man whose
Views were those of a prejudiced
German—prince
Could I reconcile myself
to such a life? Only a great love could
Make such a marriage possible, and I felt
Aversion rather than attraction for the dapper
Man of the world for whom I realized
I was only a means to an end.

My mother on second thought decided
to adhere to her former intentions and raised
No objections when I confessed my feelings
to her.
A divorce suit against my father, my mother
Wished to await its conclusion abroad and
Had invited Mrs. William Jay with her
daughters, who were my friends, to visit us.
My parents definitely parted that spring in
Paris. I relief that the sinster gloom of
Their relationship would no longer encompass

(Continued on page 57)
BRECK HAIRDRESS KEEPS

Breck Hairdress leaves hair soft, easy to arrange and lustrous. It may be used daily without leaving an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress also conditions hair. It is especially helpful when hair has become dry or damaged from permanent waving, bleaching or hair coloring. Breck Hairdress may be applied directly to your hair, or diluted and used as a final rinse after your shampoo. Breck Hairdress will improve the condition of your hair and will leave it soft, lustrous and manageable.

Breck Hairdress is available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
But I did not realize how irrevocably I would be cut off from a father I loved nor how completely my mother would dominate me from then on.

We first went to London and settled in the fashionable Brown's Hotel, a dingy structure in a narrow street. The rooms were inordinately small, but they contained a bewildering medley of the rubbish of centuries. Rigid armchairs had lace antimacassars; comfortless couches stood stiffly against the wall; footstools and whatnots impeded one's progress, and a black grate held black coal at an impossible angle. A chandelier with gas flares hung over a large round table on which were spread the Times, the Morning Post, a copy of Punch, and the fashionable weekly, The World, in which Belles' Letters castigated the beau monde like a gentle precursor of Cholly Knoblock. Over the windows hung heavy plush draperies, and the Mayor light was still further dimmed by the thick lace curtains.

Our carriages and horses, the imposing French coachman and the no less distinguished English footman had preceded us, and our first outing was a visit to Lady Paget, one of my mother's oldest friends. She was born Minnie Stevens of New York and, with my godmother Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, represented the American element of the smart coteries known as "the Prince of Wales set."

Lady Paget was considered handsome; to me, with her quick wit and worldly standards, she was Becky Sharp incarnate. She was married to a tall, handsome officer who in time, and for no apparent reason, became a General. She lived at 35 Belgrave Square, a fine house with lofty rooms in which there was an immense amount of non-descript furniture and numerous tables that were littered with signed photographs in silver frames.

She received us with a mixture of the affection due to an old friend and the condescension that seemed to infect the habits of the inner circles of London society. Once greetings had been exchanged, I realized with a sense of acute discomfort that I was being critically appraised by a pair of hard green eyes. The simple dress I was wearing,

my shyness and diffidence, which in France were regarded as natural in a debutante, appeared to awaken her ridicule. My lack of beauty—for I was still in the ugly duckling stage—made me painfully sensitive to criticism. I felt like a gawky graceless child under her scrutiny.

"If I am to bring her out," she told my mother, "she must be able to compete, at least as far as clothes are concerned, with far better-looking girls."

It was useless to demur that I was only seventeen. Tutte must give way to satin, the baby décolletage to a more generous display of neck and arms, maîtresse to sophistication. Lady Paget was adamant.

It was at a dinner party at her house, soon after, that I met the Duke of Marlborough. My hostess had placed the Duke on her right and had put me next to him—a rather unnecessary public avowal of her intentions. He seemed to me very young, although six years my senior, and I thought him good-looking and intelligent. He had a small aristocratic face with a large nose and rather prominent blue eyes. His hands, which he used in a fastidious manner, were well shaped and he seemed inordinately proud of them.

By that time the London season was well over, and the festivities and balls of June and July had petered out in the dust and heat of August. Society had gone its different ways to Cowes, to Scotland, to do a cure, or simply to country houses. We went to our house on the Thames, accompanied by Mrs. Jay and her daughters, who were younger than I. My brother Willie joined us. His tutor, blessed with the appropriate name of Noble, had brought him from St. Mark's School to spend the holiday with us. Willie Harper and my brother Harold we were a pleasant little party. Being the eldest and hard put to finish my studies, I worked a considerable part of the day while Willie and Mr. Noble ran a motor launch on the Thames. There were occasional breaks in our routine, such as the day my mother, posing as an English chateleine, gave a party for the village children. To our discomfiture they complained that Americans were given too many tummy-aches and clammed for hot tea which we had not provided.

That summer I received two or three other proposals from uninteresting Englishmen.
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate’s Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate in the Mouth!

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate’s instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

COLGATE
DENTAL
CREAM
MAKES
YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentistry history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!

Pure, white, safe COLGATE’s will not stain or discolor!

which I found slightly disillusioning. They were so evidently dictated by a desire for my cooperation that it seemed unwise to ever think of Columbia might come my way.

In the early autumn of the year 1849 we returned to America. I looked forward to being in my own country and to coming out in New York society with feelings of pleasure. The few balls of Paris and London had arrived too late for me, and I was anxious to see something of my friends from whom I had been separated for many months. It was worth while when I realized that a foreign alliance was at least for the time being in abeyance, and that my mother’s anxiety would have been lessened, since that one dinner with the Duke of Marlborough remained our only meeting.

We settled at 660 Fifth Avenue, from which my father had temporarily been banished. Society, not yet hardened to divorce, was unable to banish divorce. During the following months I was forced to suffer a perpetual denial of friendships and pleasures, since my mother insisted upon seeing anyone whom I had been with in London.

In response to a telegram from his wife to meet her at the local station one afternoon, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., showed up in time to see the train flash by. Waving frantically from the station platform was Mrs. Roosevelt. On spying her husband, she threw an envelope in his general direction, which caught in a bramble bush. After a rather exhausting struggle Mr. Roosevelt hastily retrieved the note. It read "Dear Ted, This train doesn’t stop here."

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Moms tell us they’ve glad designed Nappies without buttons, hooks or snaps—easy to slip on—so soft, Baby’s tender skin loves down, soft, all-supersoft terry knit. Easy to wash, no ironing. Nappies dry back to rosy softness. Lovely colors: gentle pink, blue, white, mint or maize—dainty in a cleverly tied gift bag. Costs no more to get quality, comfortable. Demand Original Nappies... by far the best buy!

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to discourage

NAIL BITING AND

THUMB SUCKING

IN PROLONGED

AND

PERMANENT

CASES

60¢

AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS

INGROWN NAIL

Hurtting You?

Immediate Relief!

A Few Drops of OUTDOOR BEING Bittermin Minze from fourteen pains of ingrown nail, OUTDOOR Bittermin thinned the skin underneath the nail, relieved the pain in 5-30 minutes.

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Bittermin to the rescue. Relieves ingrown nail with one应用.

Bittermin to the rescue. Relieves ingrown nail with one application.

OUTDOOR is available at all drug counters.

By selling only 50 boxes of Christmas Cards printed with your sendor’s name

$5.00 will help the Special Diapol’s Assn..<... more benefits. Make up to 100 free per box. Only Sells in quantities. No returns. First time offer. No price limit.

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BEWARE-Infest Bites!

Neglected bites from non-parasitic insects, such as mosquitoes, chiggers, mites, and bedbugs. Make up to 100 free per box. Only Sells in quantities. No returns. First time offer. No price limit.

GENERAL CARD CO., 1305 New York, Dept. 48, Chicago, Ill.,

MATURENESS

Stylistically designed.

The Southern Belle Handkerchiefs are the result of years of research and development. They are handkerchiefs that are made to order. They are not just ordinary handkerchiefs. They are handkerchiefs that are made for the southern belle. They are handkerchiefs that are made for the southern belle. They are handkerchiefs that are made for the southern belle. They are handkerchiefs that are made for the southern belle. They are handkerchiefs that are made for the southern belle.
DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 19)

all wrapped up in a rose-petal skin.
(Mennen protected of course)

You look at this precious little baby... and wish that you could protect him from all life's ills. Well, you CAN help protect his rose-petal skin from many distressing irritations...with pure, pure Mennen care!
Remember, every Mennen baby product is as carefully formulated as your baby's formula.
Especially during the "bare arm" season, you need...

the deodorant that protects you three ways

- instantly stops perspiration odor
- checks perspiration moisture
- makes underarms prettily smooth

No other deodorant in the world is quite like Tussy Cream Deodorant.
For this is an exclusive, original formula that works wonders three important ways!
Sstops perspiration odor from morning shower till your go-to-bed hour.
Checks moisture, even on torrid days. Makes underarms complexion-smooth,
prettily-presentable...because it's a cosmetic deodorant, made with a face cream base.
Smoothes away the rough, mottled look of underarm skin. Safe for
normal skin and the filmiest of fabrics. Only 50¢ and $1.
Tussy Stick Deodorant, $1. All prices plus tax.

TUSSY cream deodorant
...more

Rhyme on a Red Barn
By Gladys McKee

He painted the barn
And the house stood gray;
Year after year
He would have his say:

"A man is judged
By the looks of his barn,"
And its scarlet was sharp
As the prick of a thorn,
As she kept back words
That would pass as wind
And planted new vines
Where the paint had thinned.

But whether from habit
Or whether she found
Truth in his words,
Their remembered sound,
When she was alone
And could have her will
To paint the house
Like a daffodil,
She looked at the gray
And shook her head
And had the barn painted
A rocket red,
And it stood like a flag
Against the sky
For man and his maker
To judge love by.
the male are not so much due to what is in the Y chromosome as to what is wanting in it. This is well shown in such serious disorders as hemophilia, or bleeders' disease. Hemophilia is inherited as a single sex-linked recessive gene. The gene, or hereditary particle, determining hemophilia is linked to the X chromosome. Females are the most usual transmitters of the hemophilia gene, but it is only in males who are affected, and they are affected because they don't have any properties in their Y chromosome capable of suppressing the action of the hemophilia gene. The mechanism of and the explanation for (red-green) color blindness is the same. About 6 per cent of all white males are color-blind, but only half of 1 per cent of females are so affected.

Need one go on? Here, in fact, we have the explanation of the greater constitutional strength of the female as compared with the male; namely, in the possession of two complete sex chromosomes by the female and only one by the male. This may not be, and probably is not, the complete explanation of the physical inferiorities of the male as compared with the female, but it is certainly physiologically the most demonstrable and least questionable one. To the unbiased student of the facts there can no longer remain any doubt of the constitutional superiority of the female.

Here we have overemphasized the value of intellectual qualities and grossly underemphasized the value of the qualities of humanity which women possess to such a high degree. The girl is not merely told to be or taught not to be (for an anti-intellectualism when I say that intellect without humanity is not good enough, and that what the world is suffering from at the present time is not so much an overabundance of intellect as an insufficiency of humanity. Consider men like Lenin, Stalin and Hitler. These are the extreme cases. When these men lacked was the capacity to love. What they possessed in so eminent a degree was the capacity to hate. Reduced to its lowest, the Bolshevism attempted to abolish the family and masculinize women, while the Nazis made infants of children against their parents and put the state so much before the family that it became a behemoth which has never fully destroyed everyone who was victimized by it.

What the world stands so much in need of at the present time, and what it will continue to need in centuries to come, is endurance and increase in happiness, more of the maternal spirit and less of the masculine. We need more persons who will love and fewer who will hate, and we need to understand how we can produce them; for if we don't try to understand how we may do so, we shall continue to flounder in the morass of misunderstanding which frustrated love creates. Hatred is love frustrated. This is what too many men suffer from and is the reasons for good women being destroyed. This is what we want to do to the woman.

Mead Johnson & Company, Evansville, Ind., U.S.A.

For the most precious person in your life.

We are thus set to conquer the bleak nothingness of space where the somethings of our own human world are in frustration and pain. And in the very birthplaces of human civilization the ruins of past ages cry a pitiful and terrible story. There, on the great North African coast, broken columns and the conformations of dusty rubble remind one that a great city-state, with temples and stadiums, baths, theaters and gardens, once rose white and gleaming above the sea. And broken pieces of sculpture reveal bodies and faces of our own as to be startling: fair faces, full of energy, will, intelligence. No people like them live today in the "backward areas" where this great and prosperous city once stood, but dark and ragged Bedouins, herding their poor flocks of sheep and goats and dwelling in tents and caves.

What happened here to bring such grandeur low? Not external war, but two internal revolts from which the city never recovered. And as I looked upon the ruins I remembered that strange prophecy that Sunday school children repent without much thought of the need, for they shall inherit the earth.

The meek of this world—the poor, they down trodden, the backward, the ignorant, the meek—are no target for the conqueror, but are the space, who may one day launch their billion dollar weapons from some artificial Moon. When the cities are gone, there may be the deserts and the mountains, the tent a cave dwellers, the herdsmen and the peasant in the jungles, fighters whom the upward climb of civilization may, someday, begin. But may we rather hope and believe that instead of an emptying space, the sphere of humanity will flourish, not that which is about to be conquered, but that which is about to be conquered, and the meek and the backward will inherit the earth.

What a Word of Counsel—Health is your child's most precious possession. Protect his health by taking him regularly to the doctor.

Mead Johnson & Company, Evansville, Ind.

For the most precious person in your life.

PABLUM Oatmeal
(formerly Pabena)

Made from selected premium oats and enriched with important vitamins and minerals, Pabhum Oatmeal provides "extra-goodness" to help build strong bodies and keep baby thriving.

The delicious true oatmeal flavor, enhanced by exclusive Pabulum processing, is a sure taste treat for keen young appetites.

Precooked, like all Pabulum cereals, Pabulum Oatmeal is easy to prepare, just fill the open the "Handy-Pour" spout, pour, add warm milk or water, and serve.

You can have confidence in Pabulum Oatmeal. Doctors have prescribed Pabulum cereals for millions of babies and children for years. Get Pabulum Oatmeal at both drug and grocery stores.

We can conquer minds and hearts.

(Continued from Page 12)

WE CAN CONQUER MINDS AND HEARTS
When Children Get Boils

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

"Doctor, why does Billy have these "boils"?" When a mother asks me that question, I don’t always find it easy to answer, even though boils are one of the earliest recorded afflictions of mankind. You may remember that Job was covered with them from “the sole of his foot unto his crown,” and was so tortured that he bewailed the day he was born. Yet I am not sure that we have come very far since that Old Testament time in finding out exactly why some people, and many children, get boils while others do not.

I am not speaking now of the pimples which so often curse young folk during adolescence, and which seem to be associated with the glandular changes of that period. Boils are painful, pus-filled swellings which may attack babies and children of any age. I have never seen a child covered with boils from head to foot as Job was, but I have known babies, preschoolers and grade-schoolers to have repeated clusters of large boils covering extensive areas of the body.

Boils seem to run in families to a certain extent. If a parent has them, or has had them, the children are more likely to. When babies, particularly, break out with boils for no discernible reason, a hereditary factor can often be traced. Also, the seasons play some part, for many children get boils in the spring and the fall.

As with any other infection, the child who is run down physically is more likely to suffer from them than one who is well and strong. Foot diet and a dirty, neglected skin certainly encourage boils. Yet we see healthy, well-cared-for youngsters who get them too. Almost any child can get boils at one time or another.

However, we are better off than Job in several respects. Today we know the specific cause of boils, and newer treatments, particularly the antibiotics, offer speedier relief. We have even learned a lot about keeping these infections from occurring. Although we cannot prevent them in all cases, the knowledge we have permits us to make them much less serious and painful.

Boils are the work of a specific germ, usually the staphylococcus, some of which are found on the surface of the skin of well people at all times. When these germs penetrate the outer surface of the skin, usually through a hair follicle, a little focus of infection is created which may be the beginning of a boil.

The first sign is usually a mild red spot. Unlike the ordinary pimple, the boil at its start is only slightly elevated, and its surface is more round than pointed or cone-shaped.

Doctor Bundesen’s booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

Before the Baby Comes (pre-natal months), No. 2385, 50c.

First series of booklets, covering first eight months, 50c.

Second series of booklets, covering nine months to two years, 50c.

Our Babies (complete book and invaluable supplement to the monthly booklets), No. 1345, 50c.

A Doctor’s First Duty to the Mother (breast-feeding helps), No. 1346, 5c.

shape. At this stage the body is seeking by natural processes to resist the invading germs. White blood cells are concentrated at the site, surrounding the focus of infection and causing the staphylococcus to liquefy, forming the fluid we call pus. As this process continues the fluid accumulates. The heat, swelling, is painful and grows harder. At its center is a tough core made up of blood, pus and dead skin tissues.

Sometimes the surface of the boil ruptures by itself, permitting the fluid to drain away naturally. When this happens, it is necessary to see that a proper dressing or bandage is applied so that the escaping liquid and germs will not invade other sites. This is important. Carelessness in keeping the area of an open boil clean is largely responsible for the spread of the infection and the occurrence of those irritating "clusters" of boils. Mothers should be careful, too, about handling towels, washcloths and garments of the child with boils. The infecting mites may easily be transmitted by such means.

If the boil fails to rupture and drain of its own accord, it may still subside in a few days. If it does not, the doctor should be called upon to open it. He will make a tiny incision at the top to permit the escape of the accumulated fluid.

Mothers must never try to accomplish this by squeezing the boil and they must see that the child doesn't either. Squeezing is likely to spread the infection, and the laceration caused when the boil is torn open may leave a lasting scar.

When boils occur in the soft tissues of the face or neck, and especially inside the ears or nose, there is always danger that the infection may spread to the brain, causing serious complications or possible death. Only a short time ago I saw a ten-year-old girl with a painful, dangerous boil which had started at the base of the nostril and then had spread right up inside it. Her nose was red and swollen, even the skin under her eyes was puffy. The child had a slight fever. She looked and acted sick.

The mother told me she had wanted to bring her to the doctor for several days, but her husband had scoffed at the idea. "It's only a pimple," he had insisted. "Let it alone and it will disappear."

Just to prove him wrong, I gave the child antibiotics and in three days her temperature was down normal and the pimple had disappeared.

The moral of this story is: never try to handle boils yourself. Always call the doctor and let him handle it. Also, don't try to handle boils yourself, even if you're a doctor. It will just make you look like a total idiot.

If you have a boil and you're not sure what to do, just call the doctor. He'll know what to do. And if you don't have a boil, just call the doctor. He'll know what to do. And if you don't have a boil and you don't know what to do, just call the doctor. He'll know what to do.

Even Bud forgot the pie!

Table talk had centered around the presidential election. Then Nancy asked, "Dad, how does the electoral college work?" "Well, er," said Dad. "Hey, clinched in Bud, "Let's look it up in World Book!"

Soon the discussion turned to democracy, and World Book's fascinating article on "government" was in the thick of it. Jim brought in the pie unnoticed. World Book had provided such fascinating food for thought that even Bud forgot the pie!

Your family, too, will find in World Book Encyclopedia an innumerable source of accurate information, beautifully presented. Whether it's politics or paintings, animals or atoms ... World Book provides the authoritative facts in fascinating text and pictures.

Better school grades—that's the report of 9 out of 10 families whose children have World Book. It helps develop the habit of learning which leads to the habit of success.

To discover more of the wonders of World Book, send for our free booklet, "How to Help Your Child Win Success." Address Mr. George M. Hayes, World Book, Dept. 177, Box 9888, Chicago 80, Illinois. Send today!

LOVE'S A FUNNY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 36)

More families buy World Book Encyclopedia than any other Encyclopedia

1st Choice of America's schools and libraries.

Ask any teacher or librarian.

Want a lifetime career with good pay, future, security? Discover how all this may be yours as a World Book representative. Write: Mr. George M. Hayes, World Book, Dept. 277, Box 9888, Chicago 80, Ill.
Do you know how soon
baby can start meat?

Sooner than you think! Meats used to be a latecomer—6 to 8 months, when mother had to scrape and strain it at home. But no more! Today many babies start smooth, tempting Swift’s Meats for Babies at six weeks—some as early as two weeks. (How? Why, Swift’s Meats are strained so fine, babies drink them in formulas! Ask your doctor!) So easy to digest! Swift’s Meats for Babies have been test-fed to hundreds and hundreds of babies in the early weeks of life—and even delicate premature babies digest Swift’s Meats for Babies as easily as milk—and thrive on them! Builds baby—builds resistance to germs. Baby’s system must build antibodies to fight germs. And one of the best builders of antibodies is meat, because of the complete, high-quality proteins meats provide.

Proteins, B vitamins, iron—All three are needed every day—and all three are in Swift’s Meats for Babies! Complete proteins for sturdy growth, B vitamins and food iron for good red blood.

Save on seven tempting meats! Beef, Lamb, Pork, Veal, Liver, Heart, plus Liver-and-Bacon. All prepared as only Swift knows how—because Swift originated meats for babies. Ready to serve at half the cost of home-prepared meats! Treat your tot to Swift’s Meats for Babies—the sooner the better!

Only the finest Meats for Babies are labeled SWIFT...
...foremost name in meats...
...first in Meats for Babies
66

D

L A

I

S

F.

II

O

Interoffice Memo— Shapiro Music
Date: September 10th, 1951
From:
Miss Kelly
To:
Mr. Shapiro

right off the bat any more than I could come
out there and raise a hit pig right off the bat.
I wouldn't know which end to feed, believe
me. And songs are the same way. It takes a

Subject: EverylhiriK

while.

is

not moonlight on the

Wabash
Abe, we have somehow managed to get
ourselves involved in a small jirivate war at,
so help me. Green Rock, Indiana.
I attach the remarkable corresjpondence.
Should we attempt to answer any further, or
just close the place

up and run

for it?

So don't worry about anybody's first song
being a hit, even this Irene's. It just can't
happen.
And by the way, let's get one thing straight.
Just because I am doing you a little favor I
don't want later any funny business about
you saying some song we publish sounds like
Irene's song. I am not myself even looking at
the song.

Interoffice Memo— Shapiro Music
Date:
9/10/51

From:
To:

I

am

giving

make an arrangement,

it

to the arranger to

make

to the printer to

Miss Kelly, for the last time do not write
out the month on the line that says date. It
\vastes all the time we are supposed to save
by using these memos.
Also, Miss Kelly, we are in business here
to make money, not to hold people's hands.
What this boy needs is Dorothy Di.x. Or that
Fairfax, what's her name, Beatrice. Tell him
to write to one of them. We are running a
business here, not a lonesome-hearts club.
And in business you have to learn to say no.

But after all, what
it
me to print
him up three copies of his lousy song? Maybe
a hundred bucks. And really, I wouldn't miss
it. So tell him to send his song back, mark it
ATTN. ABE SHAPIRO, and I'll get a nice
little piano arrangement made, print him up
three nice copies, and it won't cost him a
nickel. Tell him to keep his ten bucks, and
buy the bride a bouquet. On Abe Shapiro.

Okay?
the Idtter to him short.

RFD

Ml/

#1

A

July. IT.

I,

I

exist either.

never seen a fox or coon come
near

The

craftiness a boy has, keeping
clear

Of

and

certain kinds of traps,

I

should know.

They

enough

set

for

me

once, long

You can

ducks or dogs, but

call

rarely boys.

They're skilled in hearing chores
behind the noise

Of mother on a

boy what I've heard about them.
So whatever you do, while you've got it
there don't show it to a soul. Except that I
guess you'll have to show it to the printer.
You couldn't go over there at night, and
print it up yourself, could you? No, I guess
not. But please be careful.

From wonderland
stay at home

for that

gone.

is

and

Then

Yours very

sir,

Henry O'Brien.
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
York, N. Y.
(World's Largest Publisher of Love Songs)

New

September 15th, 1951

Mr. Henry O'Brien
RFD #1
Green Rock, Indiana
Dear Mr. O'Brien: I guess maybe I should
you Henry. And without wasting any

call

it.

Henry, do not worry about anybody seeing your song and making a hit out of it.
Nobody can sit down and write a hit song

truly,

A

to do.

boy's a wild woods thing, no use
to scold him.

only growing up
hold him.

will

catch and

the three copies, and I am sending the whole
business back to you. By next Thursday.
And that is all we will ever have to do with

each other.

Okay?
Sincerely,

Abe Shapiro,

Pres.

Shapiro Music, Inc.

RFD

Green Rock, Indiana
September 17th, 1951
Attn. Abe Shapiro
Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I'll say it's okay. I want to get this
thing settled once and for all.
But there are just a couple of other things.
While you're at it, maybe you better print up
an even dozen. Irene's got relatives all over
Putnam County, and after all. once you get
the machine going, what does paper cost?
Come to think of it, make it twenty. Twenty
ought to just about do it.
Also, what you say about how the song
can't possibly be any good is sure encouraging. It sure takes a load off my mind. Also,
it brings up the other little extra thing.
Because if you're really sure the song isn't
worth singing, would you please get Art
Henderson to sing it this Saturday on his big
Saturday Night Jamboree from Terre Haute ?
At about exactly ten minutes after eight.
Everybody around here listens to Art, and
by Saturday night I'll have the copies, and I

sees

m
1

I

I'l

IT'S GREAT. AIRMAILING CONTRACTS ANI,
THOUSAND DOLLAR ADVANCE FOR IRENE
SINCE SHE DID BOTH WORDS AND MUSIC
SHE WILL GET FULL FOUR CENTS ALL
SHEET MUSIC, AND FULL CENT ALL RECORDS. ALSO FIFTY PER CENT OF OUR TAKE
ON TRANSCRIPTIONS. THIS IRENE IS A GOLD
MINE. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LETTIIA
ROGER SIGN HER UP TO ANYTHING. PUNCH
HIM IN THE NOSE.

ABK.

RFD

#1

Green Rock, Indiana
September 24th, 1951
Attn. Abe Shapiro

Shapiro Music, Inc.
henry O'BRIEN
1619 Broadway
RFD *1 GKEEN rock IND
WHAT DOES PAPER COST. HE SAYS. YOU New York, N. Y.
SHOULD KNOW WHAT PAPER COSTS. BUT
WHILE AM AT IT AM SENDING YOU FIFTY Dear Sir: Well, that's sure good news about
COPIES SO YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH. AND ART the song.
HENDERSON WILL SING IT SATURDAY
It's been a hectic day here. At first I
NIGHT AT EXACTLY EIGHT-TEN. AND THAT couldn't figure out what was going on. This
IS about all
CAN DO FOR YOU, MY morning I got a late start to pick up the
FRIEND, AFTER ALL WE ARE RUNNING A
copies, due to having to doctor a hog,
I

I

but

BUSINESS HERE.

ABE SHAPIRO.

RFD

#\

Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Well, Mr. Shapiro, sir, I sure can't
blame you for getting upset now and then.
After what happened tonight I don't see how
you can statid this love-song business at all,
because I don't see how anybody can ever
understand women.
What a day. After jumping around the
whole day like a dog with electric fleas on
him, I got over to Irene's right on time, got
introduced, and at exactly eight-ten I said
Say, we're missing Art Henderson. And I
went over and turned on the radio. And I
must say you'd carried through. Art was
singing it all right. And Irene sure said What
in the world.
But then everything just went to pieces.
When I said modestly I'd arranged the whole
thing, and handed Irene her copies, she just
got madder than a little wet rooster. Henry
O'Brien, she said you've just ruined everything—I didn't want that song published at
all.

#1

anybody

Henry.

sir,

Henry.

they're

too.

if

henry o'brien
RFD •! GREEN K(X:K IND
STILL SAY IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, BUT W A
BASH WALTZ LOOKS LIKE TREMENDOUS
HIT. FROM ART HENDERSON SINGING
SATURDAY NIGHT ORDERS POURING IN,
FROM ALL OVER INDIANA. ALSO ALL OVEh,
ILLINOIS. AND EVERYBODY HERE SAYS

it.

Attn. Abe Shapiro

come

hurry.

will get right to

the instructions.
And I think that ought to just about do

Green Rock, Indiana
September 22nd, 1951

bell's a better trick.

They'll

probably get arrested

—

throat and neighbors' patience

dinner

It's

extra favors I'd
like to ask. One is, of course, hurry. Irene is
already wondering where her song is, and
boy I sure know what you mean when you
talk atout people accusing you of stealing
their songs. These song writers can sure get in
a panic.
Also, while you've got it there, whatever
you do don't leave it around on your desk
anyplace, where some other song publisher
might see it, and make a hit out of it. That
would be downright disastrous. Nobody
would ever get the taste of money out of that
girl's mouth again. She'd go off to New York
for sure, get one of those penthouses, and
little

forgot her rela-

I

wearing out

still

truly,

twenty-five,

front porch,

With lawns unmowed and lessons

Yours very

it

I

ago.

gone

Dear Sir: Well, now that's more like it. Yes
Here's the song, sir, and thanks a lot.

two

make

I'll

taking them, and there are times, I can ti
you, when you just wonder if it's worth n
Yours very truly, sir,

around Danville and be sure and get
an extra one over to Art Henderson. With

Hfrhfrt Blvrrill

Until the pie

sir.

I

that

with her shout.

Abe Shapiro

just

better

I've

A

Shapiro Music, Inc.
1619 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

time,

N

happen to know that Roger is going to have
dinner over at the Hagedorns that night. He
probably wants to test the corn.
Anyway, I'll drift over there just about a
few minutes after eight. And I'll say Why,
Irene, I didn't know; you've got company.
And I'll get introduced, she can't hardly do
anything else, and therrl'll say Say, folks,
we're missing Art Henderson. And I'll turn
him on, and what will he be singing but
Irene's song. Say. isn't that your song, Irene,
I'll say. And she'll say What in the world.
And then I'll pull out the copies, pass them
around, and say Oh, it's nothing. It's just
that maybe some folks around here don't

tives

Her

Green Rock, Indiana
September 13th, 1951

more

K

II

—

Boy Trap

cost

will

And

O

Henry, she will say, rushing into my
arms, what a fool I have been.
And I might just get Roger kicked clear
out of there this very Saturday night.
So rush the twenty copies maybe you'd

Kelly

Yes sir.
There are

J

Oh

Subject: Foolishness

Attn.

E

know

Abe

Make

M

And she started crying like her heart would
break, and slashing at me with her love song.
Which is when I left, to think it over.
And it is now about ten o'clock and I am
home, thinking, but I have not been getting
much thinking done. So I thought I might as
well write to you. You're an expert at this
love business, what do you suppose could
have got into her?
Whatever it is, you sure made it worse by
printing up all those fifty copies. Because I
got to looking at all of them last night, and
wondering if any store ever sold that many
copies of a love song, and tl^^n I suddenly
thought Why, gol-lee. What a lucky thing it
was you had sent me so many. Because if the
song was supposed to be published, it would
sure look funny if Irene went into any of the
music stores around here and they didn't
have any for sale.
So I saved out six of the copies for Irene,
and then spent all day covering every music
store between Indianapolis and Terre Haute,
leaving each one a few copies to sell. Arranging it by just slipping them onto the rack
when nobody was looking.

And now

I've got to start out

Monday

morning and get every one of them back, and

finally got going,

about ten o'clock.

And

I

not

a one of the places still had any on the rack. I
pawed around, saying I was just looking, but
look as I might I couldn't find a one. And
about the fourth place I gave up and asked
them if they'd seen it, and they said Yes, and
wasn't it a wonderful song, and they were
temporarily out but they'd ordered more.
Well, after about two times of that I
turned around and came back home to think
it over. Also to see how the hog was.

He was

better,

and

I

was

sitting

on the

porch thinking, about one o'clock,
when the Hagedorns' pickup truck came
front

flying up. And Irene jumped out. She came
running up the walk, half crying, threw herself in my arms, and said Oh Henry, what a
I have been.
Because you know what? That girl didn't
write that song at all. You were right all the
time; you can't just sit down and write a hit
song. It turns out now it was an old song by
my grandfather, Davey O'Brien, which she'd
sneaked out of the trunk in our attic and put

fool

her own name on. Just to impress Roger, so
she could get him to hang around and make
me jealous, which would make me think I

was losing her, which would make me hurry
up and marry her. Can you beat that? Boy,
these women.
But it was sure good to have her back.
There now, honey, I said, patting her on
the shoulder, I'm going to get that house
started right today.

And we did get it started, we went up
there this afternoon and started staking it
out. It's going to be a one-story brick, up on
the high corner in the trees, with a good wide
front porch looking down over the Hagedorns' bottom land to Big Walnut Creek. A
beautiful spot.
And when we got back to the house, about
three o'clock, your telegram was here, and all
I can say is that if that song is really a hit
song, we can supply you just about a hundred. Irene said when she got the idea she
just rushed up to the attic and grabbed it out
of grandfather's old trunk at random, the
first one her hand came to. And there's a
thousand songs in there if there's one. All no
doubt as good as this one. Grandpa gave me
that trunk on my thirteenth birthday. He
said You're up to your teens now, Henry, and
some day what's in this trunk will make you
rich. Because one of these days they're going
to get back around to good music.
We laughed at the time.
Yours very truly, sir,

Henry.

THE END


You like it... it likes you!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

Seven-Up with ice cream! What a cool, cool combination for a summer afternoon... what a treat for the whole family! Yes—friendly, lively 7-Up is the All-Family Drink... so pure, so good, so wholesome for everyone. "Fresh Up"—often—with crystal-clear, sparkling 7-Up!

To make a cool 7-Up float like this one, simply put two scoops of ice cream into a glass. Tilt the glass and pour chilled 7-Up gently into it. Then... sip, smack your lips, and enjoy!

BUY IT BY THE CASE!

Also in the new light and handy 7-UP FAMILY PACK of 24 bottles

Easy-lift center handle! Space-saving! Family supply!
reading books, but not the sort of books which other Southern young women concerned themselves with. She was amusing and slightly lively from too many hot breezes, in the well-hewn hammock under the trees. Lessy Lynnton, when learning, was silent and studied. Lacey conversed and even argued with her distinguished father and his friends on matters political. She was a woman of literary taste as if she were a man. Though her eyes were large, dark and warmly luminous there undeniably was a slight cast in the left one which gave her an air of stern assurance. Oddly enough, men found this attractive, perhaps because it imparted a momentarily feminine grace.

The third girl, Lacey, was seven years younger than her second sister and represented Mrs. Lynnton's ideals of a good marriage. Lacey turned out to be a tomboy and small wonder. As each of the three had been intended by their parents to be males, only masculine names had been provided for them before birth. With the advent of the third girl Mrs. Lynnton, admitting defeat, had hastily christened her Lacey to Lucey. Lacey was as good a place. But Lacey it remained.

You were always seeing photographs of the three in airy organdies and saucies poised with hats and parasols among the stalls of white-columned porticoes with a well-bred hunting dog or two crouched in the foreground. The Lynntons had been in the Ohio barony for many generations. Mrs. Lynnton in all the encyclopedias and Who's Who and medical journals—had really been a very important lady and quite open minded. Though the girls moved with grace and distinction they were generally considered too hot. Theirs were long and appendicularly long fingers and delicate hands. This was, in those days, their spirited manner; little money and small prospects of more, being daughternets into very dedicated surgeon-physician scientists.

"I declare," Mrs. Lynnton would say—she frequently prefaced her statements with an exclamation such as I declare or I must say if you want my opinion—"I declare, Leslie, I sometimes think your father and I have been well spent. These poor leathery little girls. Leah was late enough, twenty-three when she married, but look at her now, Lady Keffrey! So it turned out well enough in spite of her sarcastic ways when she was a girl."

"But mama, you didn't marry papa until you were past twenty. And you did pretty well for yourself, you will admit. Married to the most wonderful man in the world, that's all."

"I married your father because he asked me, and that's the truth. I was no beauty and neither are you. You treat men as if they were girl friends, though you've had a hundred chances I must say."

Not quite a hundred, mama. Perhaps ten.

"Most girls have had one, and snatched at, and don't let them tell you anything different. I've had not one since I'm going to dress up Lacey and put her in the parlor. She'll be seventeen soon and there she is on the stables day and night. It's the time she learned that all males aren't quadrupeds. She had a somewhat tangy tongue of her own, Nancy Lynnton."

Equipped thus rather meagerly for matrimony one would justifiably have thought the sisters destined to be spinsters forever.

On the contrary the big shabby Virginia house was clogged with yearning swarms, with Young Wanted, How caner men; slickly holding European subdictionaries and embassy secretaries in striped trousers and cutaways; Virginia and Maryland squires of the huntin' ridin' and thoroughly run-down, with a sprinkling of New York lawyers and Wall Street men and even an occasional Midwestern businessman. Doctor Lynnton, too, was accustomed to confer with Horace Lynnton ended up in the vast kitchenette (for the Lynntons were famous cooks in defiance of a day and place in which the tureen was an anachronism). maple sugar and pancakes, little limp white pancakes with golden knobs of butter between their brown checks. Terrapin, Oysters, Sauscats. Devil's-foot cake. Profusion not only of food but of gaiety and laughter in the Lynntons' world. They were so happy that did not dwell on her and after. Sweet-scented flowers in the rambling garden, deep-cushioned shabby hand-some chairs, vast beds and capacious fireplaces, scenery on the sideboard, leisure in the air, and whist to spice the whole of this.

Bick Benedict was no fool, and he hadn't been twenty minutes on the place before he realized that this was a run-down old Southern shack in need of about fifty thousand dollars in repairs. Not that he was there in the role of anything but guest, and that of the most transitory nature. In Washington on business he had come down to the Lynnton place in Virginia to look at a horse and buy it if possible.

By the purest of accidents Dr. Horace Lynnton had found himself owner of a long-legged rangy filly who had turned out to be a gold mine. As horses, to him, were four-legged animals meant for riding or for driving he was more bewildered than pleased. Offered in part payment of a bill which was already absurdly small Doctor Lynnton had good-naturedly accepted the unwanted animal.

"He's an accident," the owner had confided to the doctor and hadn't he got any job at all except for one of your girls to ride. She's one of Wind Wings!"

"I can't accept her," Doctor Lynnton had protested. "You said she was Wind Wings!"

"Yes, but the dam was a stray plug that we bought her in Pennsylvania.

She got into the paddock by mistake, and the damage was done. Not that it matters, except that I want you to know that my daughter's side she hasn't a drop of good blood in her that I know of. She'll never run."

"Prince and peasant girl," said Horace Lynnton, quoting the place in Virginia that has been known to produce amazing results, Sire for speed, they say. Dam for stamina.

Lacey Lynnton had been Mrs. My Mistake because of this by the time she was three years old it began to appear that she would soon romp away with everything from New York to Mexico.

Bick Benedict of Texas had sought out Horace Lynnton in Washington not as the owner of science but as the owner of My Mistake.

"Is she for sale?" he had asked.

"Yes, in the way of business."

She was meant for my youngest daughter to ride around the country roads."

"Could I see her?"

"I may call on you this afternoon, if you care to, stay for dinner and overnight."

"Thanks, I'll be glad to drive out but can't the business engagement here in Washington."

But he never left—or practically never until he was off for Louisiana. He arrived in Louisiana.

In the first twenty-four hours of his stay at the Lynntons' Jordan Benedict expected a series of shock developments, not strangely exhilarated too. The first shock to his Southwest sensibilities came when he saw the girl who drove them down to Virginia. The little ceremony was as casual (but also as formal as the doctor's introducing any two friends or acquaintances.

"Benedict, this is Jefferson Swazy who'll drive us down. Jeff, this is Mr. Jordan Benedict, of Texas."

Well I'll be damned, thought Jordan Benedict. On the way down the two men talked only of great-grandfathers with the faces and features of the dead Hardings, that pitiful and scandal-ridden figure with his imposing façade concealing the teeny-tiny reddled interior; of Cool, his pack of bloodhounds and dead men stationed the rigid and vinegary Vermont.

It was almost dusk as they arrived. The two men entered the house. A wide and beautifully proportioned hall ran from front to back with the doors open off it. Shabby rags on a caramel floor, Riding crops, tennis rackets; books and papers and magazines on the overhanging hall table; a framed series of black velvet salon pictures of something baking or broiling or both. They peered into the big living room. Here was a common room, all floral and faded and yellow satin curtains, Bits of jade. The ruby glow of Bohemian glass. The flicker of light in the fireplace.

Doctor Lynnton shook his head. "The girls are somewhere around, but they're probably busy. Perhaps you'll be lucky."

"I'd like to have a look at the filly while it's still light.

"Tell me where she is," Doctor Lynnton agreed somewhat vaguely. From a nearby room there came the sound of voices. He raised his voice to announce the doctor. "Doctor Lynnton shook his head. "Tell me where she is, Jordan,

"Leslie, this is Jordan Benedict, here from Texas. My daughter, Leslie."

The young man with her was in riding clothes of pink, diamonds of course, and actually a pink coat of the hunting variety. Well I'm damned, Jordan Benedict said to himself, my luck is in. She's not even pretty. Then his ear was caught by the girl's voice which was lovely, warm and vibrant.

"Interesting, gentlemen; Father, you know Nicky Rorik. Mr. Benedict, this is Count Nicholas Rorik; Mr. Jordan Benedict."

"Doctor Lynnton moved toward the rear doorway. "We're on our way to the paddock. Mr. Benedict's come to look at My Mistake."

"I'm coming along," said Leslie, "to tell you all her bad points. I don't want anyone to buy her."

(continued on Page 70)
"Bond Street" Cologne Stick—new solid form of the fragrance that's captured a world—to take wherever you go! This same enchantment to use at home, "Bond Street" Toilet Water. Both to delight—day and night!

YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Cologne Stick, $1.50  Toilet Water, $1.65 and $2.75  Perfume, $2.75 to $15  Dusting Powder, $1.65  All prices plus tax.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.
I, was never Washington, never.

Now "fragrance finest the amazing oae is proved dry, oily, fragrant. be your extra the bring mild stable. waited posedly and quietly beside him. All about them were the ancient trees, the scent of flowers whose perfume yielded itself to the cool evening air. The orchard was cloudy with blossoms.

"How green it is!" he said inadequately. "Isn't it green in Texas?"

"The girl must be a fool. "Don't you know about the delicate smoothness, the exciting luminosity you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!"

Perhaps it was the upflying arm that startled My Mistake. Jordan had ridden a thousand quarters, pacing some racing horses. This filly was a live electric wire carrying a thousand volts. She was out of the gate and on her way to a lightning flash. Accustomed on all his life to the high pommelled Western saddle he sat the Eastern saddle well enough but his style was a revelation to Eastern eyes. The stableboys stared in amazement as their eyes the mouths making three wide circles in each amazed face. Jordan's arm were alakna, he held the reins high, his loose-jointed seat in the saddle lidded the little filly, she jerked her head around to glare at him with robotic cold slanted eyes. She gave him a nasty five minutes. Dumbass girl, watching. He knew he must master her, he did master her, he took her around, drew in before his startled audience and dandizmbe bit, the animal had come to a stop. Leslie Lynnton was laughing like a child, pouting and bawling sputtering laughter.

"Now Leslie," her father said mildly, "don't you tease Mr. Benedict. That's how they ride in Texas."

Jordan drew a deep breath and choked on a little. "That wasn't riding. That was scullfacing a horse."

He was deeply offended, it was almost as if a man had impugned his honor—a phrase still used in Texas editorials. Instantly she sensed this, she spoke so that the grinning boys could hear. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. I'm ignorant about your part of the country. Our way of riding seems queer, doesn't it? You'd laugh at me if you saw me in this habit all bunched up on the side of a horse."

He was furious. He said nothing. There was a little frown between his eyes and his eyes were steel.

"All right boys!" Doctor Lynnton called to the stablemen, and waded away the horse, the attendants, the whole incident. "Thanks, Con on Jordan—we'll go to the house and have a little dinner."

"Oh, I'm afraid I'll have to—" Jordan began softly.

"You must have a wife or a mother or a— or someone who has kicked you terribly," Leslie said. "You take teasing so hard."

"My sister," he found himself saying to his own intense amusement. "I'm not married. My sister—I live with my sister."

"Oh, well, that accounts for it. Why aren't you married, Jordan?"

"Now Leslie!" Doctor Lynnton remonstrated again.

He ignored this. "It seems strange to hear you call me Jordan." He pronounced it with to which she said politely, well, another time perhaps. And there they were at the stables and My Mistake was being paced in the paddock by a young Negro boy. Bick saw instantly that the satin-coated sorrel had the proper conformation: long of leg, neck, muscular neck, deep chest. Her hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground, they flicked the earth as delicately as a ballet dancer's toes.

"Well, there she is," said Doctor Lynnton, coming up behind them.

Horses had been a vital part of Jordan Benedict's life since birth. It could not be said that he prided himself on his horsemanship any more than he could be said to pride himself on his intellectual life; he was walking more foreign to this Texas the riding.

"I'd like to try her out if you've no objection," he said to Doctor Lynnton.

"Of course. How would you like to try her on the track? We've rigged up a little half mile track there just beyond."

"How about your clothes?" Leslie called to him as he mounted in his Texas tans, his wide-brimmed Texas Stetson, his brown oxfords. He flung up his arm. "My grandmother could rope a steer in hoop skirts!"
and starts poking at people’s insides before the world is awake.”

"I came here to buy a horse," Bick announced rurally. "I won't go to any Hunt Ball.

Walking between the two men Leslie linked an arm into her father’s arm, into Bick’s. "I’ll get up early and have breakfast with you two. There’s mamas. We’re late I supposed.

On the veranda stood Mrs. Lynnton and beside her a girl of sixteen or seventeen in milk nightgown that was what Bick Benedict called them. Benedict was shocked. Even the professional rodeo girls were full divided kitchen in size.

"Well, really," began Mrs. Lynnton with considerably less than storied Southern hospitality, "it’s half past seven, dinner’s at eight, and you’re hungry."

"Mama, Mr. Jordan Benedict from Texas, . . . Lacey—my sister Lacey."

Leslie had an introduction at the clip which left her mother’s complaint fall behind. Mrs. Lynnton had made instant appraisal of this tall broad-shouldered visitor in the tawny-gold hat and dismissed him as negligible.

Are you the man who wants to buy My Miss Leslie?” Bick asked bluntly.

Mrs. Lynnton acknowledged his presence for the first time. "I hope so, before Lacey here kills herself raging her."

"No, you’re not buying her," Leslie said, without reason.

"Oh, yes ma’am, I am," Bick said with a good deal of gravity, as always when angry. "Too many damned bossy women around here, I thought."

"Bick Lynnton waved a placating hand.

"Let’s not decide anything now. We’ll have a drink and then we’ll all clean up and see you downstairs at eight. Jordan, Uh, Bick is that better?"

Stuck, he thought as he entered his room, but then instantly there came over him a sensation of—shivering a minute of pain and exhilaration. A large square high-ceilinged room, cool, quiet. Chintz curtains, flowers in a vase, a fire in the fireplace, a bathroom to listen to water running, things and sweet-smelling stuff in the bathroom, and big thick soft towels. Nothing like that Reata in the middle of the milk—his own rooms and scores of servants and ‘hands.’

Later in the evening when he mentioned the comfort of his room to Leslie she said flippantly: "Yes, who cares about the necessities, it’s the luxuries that count. What if the dishes don’t dry?"

He still could telephone Washington and have someone drive out to fetch him. What was the purpose of making up his mind to buy the bully, if only (he told himself parenthetically) to show those women that they couldn’t run him the way they ran Doctor Lynnton.

Across the table from him—across all those lighted candles and the flowers—were Leslie and that Rorik fellow still in the red coat. Only it looked dressier now and his hair very black above the red. Career man he’d be called. Bick disliked him for no reason.

The women did a great deal of talking, they were lowing the conversation, especially that Leslie girl, it wasn’t the formal sort of dinner-table talk that he had sometimes encountered in Washington on his infrequent business trips there. He rarely took active part in the Washington end of Texas affairs, that was his cousin Rosdy Benedict’s job, but this was why he had been sent to Washington.

Someone at the other end of the table must have asked Rorik a question, for he raised his voice to carry down the line of dinner guests. "It isn’t a large country as you know, it is a principality, my country; everything here is of American tradition. It is a little, as you consider size in this country."

"My goodness," said his questioner, laughing a little and then turning to look at

Jordan Benedict, "Texas is bigger than that, isn’t it Mr. Benedict?"

"Texas" said Doctor Lynnton, "Why, Mr. Benedict’s ranch is bigger than that. Sorry, Nicky. No offense."

"I’ve always heard those tall tales from Texas," said one of the men across the table—he, too, was wearing one of those red coats with a red face above it—and "now I’d like to have it right from the horse’s mouth. Nicky.

Jordy Benedict never could accustom him to the habit these Yankees of asking a man of his hand he had. Why, damn it, it was the same as coming right out and asking a man how much money he had! "No," he said quietly, "it isn’t the biggest. It is one of the large ranches but there are others as large. One or two larger, up in the Panhandle and down in the brush country."

He felt that Leslie Lynnton was looking at him and he sensed that she understood his hesitation though he didn’t know how or why. That girl isn’t only smart, he thought. She understands everything, that’s why her eyes are so warm and lovely."

"Yes," the fellow was saying, persistently, "Yes, but how many acres, actually? A million? Is that right? A million acres?"

Jordan Benedict felt his face reddening. Still, a straight question like that, aimed at a man’s head. You had to answer it or insult a man at your hand’s table. He had seen a man killed for much less. There was a tull in the table talk. He looked squarely into Leslie’s eyes. The smile was so faintly Smyth a mother smiles at a shy child, in encouragement. He heard himself saying, ‘Something over two million acres. Two million and a half, to be exact."

Mrs. Lynnton’s head had been slightly turned away from the table to speak to her shoulder to do as Leslie did. She turned to look at Jordan Benedict. It was a stunned look, the look of one who has heard but who rejects the words as incredible.

"How many acres did you say, Mr. Benedict?"

"He said two and a half million acres maximum. Leslie mentioned it with exquisite directness. "And you should see the greedy look on your face."

Jordan Lynnton was not one to be diverted from her quarry, once she had the scent. "Are there," she persisted, "any cities on the premises?"

"No," he said quietly, "it isn’t the biggest. It is one of the large ranches but there are others as large. One or two larger, up in the Panhandle and down in the brush country."

Across the table Leslie said, "How about Tammany?"

"Oh, now, Leslie!" pleaded a man seated beside Lynnton. "A New Yorker, Bick, decided not very astutely. And anyway, what does a woman want to go and get mixed up in political talk for?"

At ten o’clock the dinner guests departed, bound for the Hunt Ball. Jordan Benedict declined politely to go, pleading no proper clothes and a very early Washington appointment.

At quarter of eleven Leslie Lynnton pleaded a crushing headache together with various other rackings complications and she left the Hunt Ball flat, returning to her home under the somewhat dazed escort of a bearded husky man who had long been a willing but unrewarded victim. She went straight to the library but seemed disappointed in what she found—or failed to find—there. But she made three silent trips between the library and her bedroom, her arms loaded each time with books of assorted topics. She closed the door behind her and it was surrounded by these tomes that her sister Lacey in the room next door came...
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Use FRESH Cream Deodorant to keep underarms dry, and FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap for all other perspiration areas. FRESH Soap contains miracle odor-preventing ingredient. Keeps you "bath fresh" all day!
LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

Summer dries your skin

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Get your jar of famous Pond’s Dry Skin Cream—today.

—continued from page 71—

upon her in a spirit of investigation, having seen her light and heard her moving about. Lacey pooled her head in at the door. “I don’t think she was baking muffins,” Leslie glanced up from the book she was reading. “It would, I believe, have been nice to have a muffin in that case. And where do you expect such talk?”

“What are you home for?”

“To read. About Texas. The book at the foot of your bed is a delight, Doctor Lynton.”

Leslie chuckled at. “Aha!” she said. “Likewise oh! Texas, huh?”

The Lyntons, famous for their brown hair, had returned to Harvard because the Benedicts men always had a couple of years at Harvard so that no one could say they were provincial, they had met a few girls who the unworldly went after their own but they weren’t popular girls, they weren’t girls you saw at the football games or the prom. Well, if not to talk about Texas he’d talk to her as if she were a man.

“I never say anything as ignorant as you Eastemers. All you know about our history is what’s happened east of Philadelphia. Did you ever hear of the Rio Grande? I’ll bet they never talked about the Alamino and San Jacinto in your schools.”

“No, they don’t. Do they, papa?”

Doctor Lynton passed his hand of which Leslie knew a gesture like that of brushing off cobwebs. But she went on without waiting for his confirmation.

“And anyway, we’re Eastemers. Mr. Benedict is our man and he maintains, and so I imagine he is the man, that the first formal. ‘Are we papa?’ A rhetorical question, purely, ‘Tell him.’

He told Leslie Lynton. “Objections are no Eastemers. But don’t you get into any fracas with a Texas. Leslie. They’re toucher than a hornet, didn’t you know that?”

“Hence! Leslie ignored this.

You think you ought to look at my Mistake again before we go? I don’t think you ought to buy her unless you’ve also got something to do with the love and affection of many years, the other with an emotion that bewildered and exhilarated him. His face was replenished and he glanced with the same moment very as though ignoring

It’s fourteen, I said Leslie Lynton.

“Leave the poor boy to eat his breakfast in peace.”

Bick Lynton was astonished and he didn’t believe he seen. He smiled rather paternally, “Well, what did you learn? It takes a lot of reading. Texas does.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and love, and of a sound mind. —2 Tim 1:7

Bick was studying the patent. “I really stole Texas, didn’t I? I mean, away from the law. It was amusing. He jumped as if he had touched a live wire. His eyes were agaste. He waited a moment and then spoke to himself, ‘I don’t understand the joke,’ he finally said through slighf lips. He thought how many men had been killed in Texas for saying meaner than that thing had been said to him.

“I’m not joking, Mr. Benedict. It’s right that you should know. In this Mr. Austin moved down there with two or three hundred families from the east, it says, and the politicians were polite and said they could settle and build home if they wanted to, under the rule of Mexico. And the next thing you know they’re claiming they want to build states from Mexico and they fight and take it. Really! How impolite. I don’t mean to be rude, but really! Of course the Mexicans didn’t touch it. ‘What are you doing? the French. that was there. There was nobody around and there they were tramping and riding across the hot desert in all those iron clothes, with steel helmets and plates. They must have been terribly uncomfortable. Those Conquistadores— isn’t it a lovely word! ‘Coronado and his men, they that time in the Monressor’s.”

Doctor Lynton glanced at Bick. He was big, stout and what Shakespeare call a poor dear, looking for the Seven Cities of Chiela like children on a treasure hunt. Still, they didn’t actually say they were on the whole thing, of course there was nothing against the Indians, but perhaps they didn’t count.”

Doctor Lynton murmured soothingly. “You mustn’t talk like that to a Texan. They’re touchy. They feel very strongly about their state and they might, so to some of the United States is their second country. Isn’t that so, Benc-

“Listen, papa.”

“Don’t mind mama,” Leslie said, not at all. “With a man’s been trying to reform me off for years. And anyway, you’re going to be geographical, Lohchinvar came out of the west, not the northeast.”

“Leslie!” said Bick. “You didn’t see that.”

Lacey had come in with a rush which she checked at once. “I don’t mean to be impolite!”

Leslie said before Bick could voice his protest. “Early as she was going to talk about history.” She picked up her cup and saucer and came over and sat beside him,

couly, her elbow on the table, she leaned toward him like an eager child. It was disgusting, it was maddening, if she had been a man he would have to fight. He looked through the window, it’s news to me, I mean it’s so fascinating. It’s another world, it sounds so big and now and you in either of them. Doesn’t it, Bick.”

Bick Lynton’s heart gave a lurch. “We talked, he said to himself. Rattlesnakes.

Women did not talk like that. Certainly Texas women didn’t talk like that. Of course, in those days there was no more about Texas than Harvard because the Benedicts men always had a couple of years at Harvard so that no one could say they were provincial, they had met a few girls who the unworldly went after their own but they weren’t popular girls, they weren’t girls you saw at the football games or the prom. Well, if not to talk about Texas he’d talk to her as if she were a man.

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Texas so it’s no use your trying to palm me off. There are three million acres and five hundred thousand cows or whatever they’re called in Texas.

"Head of cattle," Bick suggested, "and not quite five—"

"head of cattle then. And hundreds of rangers—" Bick was so engrossed with talking to her rather than to her mother. "A rangois is a Mexican cowboy," he said crisply, with no hint of an accent. "Did you ever hear the word backeroo? That’s what the old Texas pioneers made of rangois, they couldn’t get the long of the Spanish word rangois. You know, cow, vaquero—fellow who tends cows."

"Is it pretty?" demanded Mrs. Lynnton, turning to Leslie.

Doctor Lynnton went over his wife’s chair and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good-bye, Mr. Bick, and I am going now. I’m late.

Baffled, Mrs. Lynnton must still know the worst. "What, may I ask, is the name of the gentleman who’s engaged to marry you, with all those cows?"

Then even Leslie was moved to protest. "He’s called Mr. Nicksley, that was just my little joker."

Bick just touched her hand with his finger-tips, but his eyes burned. "Now you there never you want to live anywhere else."

"Yes," Mrs. Lynnton agreed happily. "You’ll come home and we’ll have you here when you go, and we’ll go back again, and we’ll live, and we’ll be happy, and we’ll love each other, and we’ll never be out of each other’s sight."

A radiance lighted Mrs. Lynnton’s austere features. "Dear me, it all sounds so romantic. I never knew anyone from Texas before, it’s so very remote, of course it’s quite a distance, Texas."

"It is a far piece, ma’am," Bick agreed, still holding her hand. "But when you visit back in no time at all. And you’re going back tomorrow. Dear me, what a pity. I don’t know when I’ve met any young man that seemed so much like one of the family."

After thirty-six hours of travel the bride and groom arrived at San Ysidro, the former residence of the Vanderbildts, and here they were to have some mining experience and ranching experience in their drawing room on the Missouri Pacific’s crane Sunset. Hocks and banners and bundles and bags were heaped on couches and chairs. A towering edifice of fruit in a basket, untouched, was turning brown under the hot blasts that penetrated the windows. A disguise of the room, the door of the compartment adjoining the drawing room was open, and this was paled with a formidable array of luggage.

They had been traveling hours, days, yet Texas was not in sight. Bick did not act in accordance with the custom of the elder commonwealth from which he had been three weeks absent. He lolled on the hot plush set, the fat black bull, the aristocratic Bick, the fat, the thick, the lazy, the hot, the golden, he heaved his bulk and the electric fan set the cinders to spinning more merrily in the corner little room, or less true—or visit back cast in no time at all. And you’re going back tomorrow. Dear me, what a pity. I don’t know when I’ve met any young man that seemed so much like one of the family."

Bick was no stranger to Texas. He was born on the cattle range in the West, where the sun was bright and the sky was blue and he was free to roam as he pleased and the birds sang in the trees. It was incredible that any woman could appear so calm and fresh as she after thirty-six hours in the gritty luxury of a train drawing room. She seemed to have an unlimited supply of fresh blouses and just to watch her open a split fingered handkerchief and to catch the stream of water over the top of it while its white folds was a refreshment to the onlooker. She brushed her hair a great deal. She was a great deal to be desired. The fat old Bick and his mother came to bathe and bathed his wrists and her temples and the scent of this, too, pricked the grateful nostrils.

"Is there any other boys of what breed on your homestead," she now said, "Mr. Benedict sir. But I’m having a lovely time."

"It isn’t only you. It’s traveling. I love the travel train riding even if it’s hot and dusty."

"We’d had the private car as you wanted."

"Private cars for two people are immoral. And anyway, they’re dull."

"Well, you’d never have enough of it."

"I’ll bet you," said the bride, "that this minute, sight unseen, I know more about Texas than you do."

"Mrs. Benedict, if I may call you that, I am taking the filly known as My Mistake and the young woman formerly known as Bickland off the hands of Doctor and Mrs. Lynnton, respectively. The understanding was that the one can run and the other is reluctant as to what happens. One of you has got the wrong name."

"Leslie Benedict," she said. It isn’t pretty.

"But you’re prettier. I don’t say that I’m taking full credit. But you are.

"It’s the fresh air," she said. And the requirements, as to what happens, the sires cleaving free of the stallion and the sires cleaving clean of the stallion that’s got out of control, and the stallion is unchained."

"And you at breakfast (having just brushed out your hair) and the day dawning in at the east and the sunlight and ourselves are all too much for the room to contain, life never so joyous as now."

Now in this drilling asphalt night town alone, impossibly alone, for we live in each other and you are not on that next train.

I'll know..."

The Benedict family had not come to the wedding in great numbers. Bick’s younger brother had come as best man and of course his Cousin Rosy in Washington and his sister-in-law, both attractive and lovely and very young in their ranching. But his older sister Luz had been engaged to marry him, the one who held house for him at the ranch, the one who never had mired, caught the grip of the specter of doom. He hadn’t known she could’tone. Nor did Uncle Bawley who practically never left his big untidy bachelor quarters. As to his own wife and children, they had of course a thousand acres of the Holgado Division. Assorted aunts and uncles and cousins had not been urged to come. There had been no time.

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- RANGES  - REFRIGERATORS  - DISHWASHERS  - DISPOSALS
- WATER HEATERS  - FOOD FREEZERS  - AUTOMATIC WASHERS  - CLOTHES DRYERS  - ROTARY IRONERS  - CABINETS
There was no one else in the car. There was no one to meet them. The man got out of the car, the man who was looking uneasily at Bick. He did not glance at Leslie. Bick's face was cold with anger, there was a dangerous unblinking ferocity beneath his deep-coated tan, his jaw muscle swelled as he set his teeth. The two men spoke in Spanish.

"What are you doing here? Where is Jett?"

"Señorita Luz said she needed him. She sent me in his place."

You don't think about a car. Here. File these bags in the back. Where's the pickup? There are trunks.

Nothing was said about sending the pickup.

Bick Benedict's lips were a straight thin line, his fists were clenched.

That boy, very serious and dignified, was inexpertly piling suitcases into the back of the car. This accomplished, he was about to take the driver's seat.

"Out!" barked Bick. The boy paused, turned around, gave him the capacious checks in Spanish he said, "You will wait here. The pickup will be sent. It may be two hours, it may be midnight. You will wait here."

The boy inclined his head. Leslie came toward him, she put out her hand.

"I am Mrs. Benedict," she said. "What is your name?"

The dark eyes met hers. Then they swung like a startled child's to encounter Bick Benedict's ice-blue stare. The boy bent over her, trembling, and did not cover the capacious checks. Leslie smiled at the boy, she turned leisurely, she was somewhat surprised to see her husband's face scowling from the driver's seat.

"Coming!" she called gaily. She looked about her as she came—at the railway station so Spanish with its Romanesque towers, its slim pillars and useless grillwork. The sun burned like a stab wound, the hot unceasing wind gave no relief. She stood a moment by the car door, hesitant, then swung around Bick and leaped out. He sat looking straight ahead. The boy Dimdeo ran to her, he opened the Pulaski half-door, and swung her hand daintily on his arm. "Thank you, Dimdeo. Uh—gracias—uh—muchas gracias! There! I can speak Spanish too. How did I happen to know that? Oh, Leslie pointed her over the hot leather seat. "Read it somewhere I suppose.

With the cracking jerk the car leaped away. Never a tumorous woman their speed now seemed to her to be mammacal. She glanced at her husband's hands on the wheel. Nothing could go wrong when hands like that were guiding your life. He was silent, his face was set and stern. Well, she knew that when a man looked like that he had a mind not to notice and pretty soon they forgot all about it.

"How flat it is! And big. And the horizon is—well, there just isn't any it's so far away. I thought there would be lots of cows. I don’t see any."

"Cows!" he said in a tone of utter rage. She was, after all, still one of the tart-tongued Lynne girls.

"I don't see why we're so put out because that boy came instead of someone else. Or the family. After all, it's so far from the railway station.

"Far!" in that same furious tone. "It's only ninety miles.

She glanced at the speedometer. It pointed to eighty-five. Well, no wonder! At this rate they'd be home in an hour or so. Home. For an enquiring moment she had a monstrous feeling of being alone with a strange man in an unknown world—a world of dust and desert and heat and glare and some indefinable thing she never before had experienced. cover her hands clasped so tightly in her fright.

"My darling," he said. "My darling girl.

Then, strangely, "We aren't quarrel. We've got to stand together."

Against the brassy sky there rose like a mirage a vast edifice all towers and domes and balconies and porticoes and iron fretwork. To see such a grand architectural scheme somewhat resembled the palace known as the Alhambra, with a dash of the Missouri Pacific Railroad station which they had just left behind them.

"What's that? Is it—are we near the ranch, Jordan?"

"We've been on it the last eighty miles, practically ever since we left Viento, that's Reata. That's home."

"But you said it was a ranch? You said Reata has a ranch?"

And there ahead of them was the town. The ranch town.

Bick Benedict. A huge square-lettered sign:

WELCOME TO BENEDICT

pog 4739

"Is that for us, Jordan? How sweet of them.

"No, honey, it's just the Chamber of Commerce saying howdy to any visitors who come here.

"Oh, yes, I didn't think of that."

"It's a ranch?"

There was no reason to come to Texas. Just because there was a huddle of shacks on the prairie.

Now the vast white mansion had vanished, replaced by its Ranchers and Drovers Bank, its Red Front Grocery, its hardware store, garage. In this the boy Dimdeo swung the car out of the main street and turned down a hilly road which rose slowly, and then, up a straight climb, suddenly appeared alongside a modern world stood a stuffed and mounted Longhorn steer. A huge animal, his horns spread was easily nine feet from tip to tip.

"You've just got to stop, I must see him," said Bick. "You'll have the rest of your life to see him."

"I can't believe it. A—cow stuffed and put into a glass case on the street."

He touched her hand and laughed a little. "You're in Texas, honey. Anyway, they have lions outside the New York Public Library, don't they?"

"But this is real.

"Everything's real in Texas."

"What's it for? Do they worship it, or something?"

"He's a Longhorn—the last of the Reata Longhorns. They roamed the range wild a hundred years ago. Now they're as extinct as the buffalo, or more. Way back in the days of the Spanish Missions in the Sixteenth Century the Spaniards brought the first live-stock, with which they drove off the Indians. At one time the stock was abandoned the stock was left behind to run wild and pretty soon there were thousands and thousands of head—grazing the whole country. Tough mean animals. Hoofs and horns and hide like iron and the meat like leather. That's what we used to call beef, not so many years ago. And now there's the last Longhorn a museum piece in a glass case."

"Who'd have thought a cow could be so romantic? Where are the Reata cows? And where are they? I haven't seen any. I don’t believe you really have any.

He laughed wholeheartedly and the sound delighted her. She was not used to morose faces. The Virginian had been a gaiety-lighthearted place. "Oh, we've just got one or two," he said airily, "hiding out in the mesquite and around, and we don't call them cows, exactly. But we see the new breed. We've been ten years experimenting and I think we now we just about it. We've got about a dozen breed and bred them to the best of the native stock. And now I'm breeding the breed that to the English—" "They can take it. They're used to the heat and they've got a body oil that discourages ticks and fleas. There's never been anything like them in the world."

His face was brilliant with life, the silent man of an hour ago was a young eager boy. Some deep inner instinct pictures it as a gentle, sharp-eyed, crisp type, like the Aggie. He looked suddenly like the Aggie. Sharp, crisp, like a rancher. Sharp.

"That's his real love, it said. Reata and its past and its future is his life. You are just a 日in a figure in a pattern you don’t even understand."

Now the town was behind them, they were again in the open country. Again she saw the house, its great bulk against the brassy sky, its walls shimmering in the heat. She stared at it in its comical white bulk but she asked, quietly enough, "Did you build it?

"The Big House? No. My father built it. But I sold it out. I reckon he really built it to show the cotton crowd that he wasn't just a big high-powered cattleman. He wanted to show them that he could build in high cotton too."

"High cotton?"

"Here in Texas the cotton rich always snooted the cattle rich. And now if this oil keeps coming into Texas the old cattle crowd will look down their noses at the oil man."

"Ranchers and Vandersloot the Vandebilters cutting the Astors." He pointed with his left hand. "See that low
Sensational! ? dazzling!
Stupendous! Magic!

Are you confused about detergent claims?

One box of

NEW WHITE

FELSO

(DETERGENT)

will prove that no other new washing discovery gets clothes cleaner, whiter and brighter!

What’s more, FELSO is so gentle, so fragrant, and much, much more pleasant to use.

Give new, white FELSO the toughest test you can in machine or tub. The hardest water, your grimmest towels, your children’s play-clothes, your husband’s work-soiled shirts. Yes, even his overalls!

You’ll see, with your own eyes, the proof of FELSO’s cleansing power in the extra cleanliness, extra whiteness, extra brightness of your clothes.

But here’s where FELSO is different... so different. It is gentle, delightfully fragrant, and much, much more pleasant to use than any other white washday product ever made.

With all its cleansing power, FELSO can be safely trusted with your laciest undies, your most precious linens, your most delicate, washable colors. And it’s almost unbelievably kind to your hands.

Wonderful For Dishes, Too! FELSO leaves no greasy, dulling film... nothing but sparkling dishes, gleaming glassware, shining pots and pans.

Your first box of FELSO will prove all this—and more. Why not get it today?
BIG NEWS FOR
THIRSTY FAMILIES

Now 2 easy ways to make wonderful
Lemonade
Delicious Refreshing—Healthy too!

1 USE THE NEW CONCENTRATE FOR LEMONADE. Just open a can and mix the ready-squeezed, sweetened "makings" with water and ice. In seconds you have delicious lemonade with the flavor of freshly-picked California lemons. Nutrition experts recommend this healthful, cooling drink... and thirsty children, grown-ups and guests love it. So why not keep a pitcherful in your refrigerator or let your youngsters mix it themselves? One can makes a full quart

Enjoy Concentrate for Lemonade in punches, mixed drinks and iced tea. Too. It's so convenient and costs so little! Look for Concentrate for Lemonade today in your grocer's freezer or on his shelves.

2 USE PURE CALIFORNIA LEMON JUICE... either canned or fresh-frozen... to blend your own lemonade. Combine with proportions of sugar, water and ice to suit your individual taste. No fuss, no bother, no squeezing... but what genuine refreshment! You'll also find ready-squeezed California Lemon Juice tasty; handy and economical when any drink, food or recipe calls for lemon juice. You'll especially like its tangy, tree-fresh goodness in salad dressings. You have your choice of many brands. Buy several cans. Use some every day... because canned or fresh-frozen pure California Lemon Juice is an abundant source of Vitamin C.

LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD
Los Angeles, California

(Continued from Page 76)

I. wife.

II. {I have that.

line don't I.

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California

BIG flavor

USE its

USE genuine

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Arcadio,

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She

"Bienvenido!"

"Don't

"You're

"That's when I lose him,

"Hey! Darn, gracias.

Gracias!"

He looked

at Leslie, his

band to

his forehead,

saluted ceremoniously.

"Hello, Arcadio," Leslie called to him.

She smiled and waved. As they moved on

and

the gates opened behind them she

punched his hand just a little tip.

"Is that all right? Tell me if I do something

wrong, darling, I feel as if I were in a foreign

country and I am not used to acting the queen.

"Don't be silly, this is Texas. Everything

free and open. You're home.

"Now, if you don't ask

questions,

Darling, is his name really Arcadio,

how enchanting, and why does he limp so

terribly and in the gate indelibly cut his

foot? It's nothing free and open in Texas

I don't mean to be critical I'm just so

interested I can't wait till I write papa

It's really Arcadio, though I don't know

why that's enchanting. He was just twelve

when mama asked if there were any

cities on the premises? Is that another

city—all those little houses way off there?

That? No town. That's just where

some of the ranch hands live—some of the

married ones with families. Some of the

rancheros live there and a few of the ranchers.

Most of the ranchers live out on the

novillos, they're spread among ten or fifteen

miles, or so, of course.

"Of course," Leslie echoed solemnly. Then

she giggled, what with nerves, travel—weariness,

and some amusement. "Mr. Benedict,

sir, your bride wouldn't know a ruperto from a

ranchero when she saw one, she ever saw one."

"You will," Then, as they made a sharp

turn on the drive.

"You're going to see a heap of rupertos right

now, and I'm going to show you a show on a

for show.

They were approaching

another gate—a

wooden one, cross-barred—and a line of

cavalry that stretched away endlessly. On the

other side of the fence, facing them, were

perhaps fifty men on

horseback. They sat

like bronze equestrian

statues. Erect, vital,

they made a dazzling

daze against prairie

and sky. Their great

hats sladed the dark

arid eyes. Their

high-heeled boots

were polished to a

shimmer; narrow,

pointed, they

fitted like a glove.

Their saddles,

their stirrups, their

hatsbands, their belts

were hand-tooled.

Their costumes lacked, perhaps, the silver,

the silk, the embroidered ribbons, but in every

basic item this was the uniform that the

Mexican vaquero had worn three hundred

years before that. Even the American cowboys,

all the way from Montana down to Arizona

and Texas had copied from the Mexican.

On either side of the gate they made a

single line, reined up side by side like cavalry

on parade. Immovable they sat in their

saddles, they did not smile, they did not raise

a hand in greeting. They all looked like

men.

At the gate, mounted on a splendid palomino

was a man of middle age, dark like the others

but with an almost virile difference. He was

in his bearing. The man swung

lows in his saddle and opened the gate, he

drove squarely up the path of the cars.

He spoke the greeting. "Viva el Señor!

Viva los Novios!"

From the men then, a chant, "Viva el

señor! Viva los Novios!"

She tweaked his coat sleeve, "Jordi,

what's it mean—los novios? What do I do?

But Bick Benedict, without any card-carrying
to the men, he raised a hand in greeting and
gradually he spoke his thanks in the Spanish

tongue. Then, out of the corner of his

mouth, to Leslie. "They've put on a

real show for you, honey. Welcome to the

bridal couple. Say gracias, will you?"

She was enchanted, she opened the car

door, she stepped to the fender and leaned

"You can't be sentimental on a ranch."

She thought, I don't even know what a

cortada is.

Up the long drive. An old adobe building on

this side. Another on that, Big square

buildings, small squared buildings. She

longed to say what's that—that's what's that?

Something rested on the

line.
"Thank you!" she called, and her face was warm and lovely with emotion. "Jordan! Gracies! Thank you for the beautiful welcome!"

"Don't overdo it please, Leslie." Bick said, as he moved away. "I can't blow them a kiss. I'm in love with all of them!"

"Come in and sit down," Rick said. "We're moving!

"Especially that beautiful café au lait falafel Bill."

"Polio's got ten grandchildren. He'd be welcome to his Mexican core."

The car made the last curve in the drive and there they were at the foot of the great broad stone steps that led to the entrance of the house. She looked up at it. Then she said to herself, "It's snow going, isn't it? Just like in Ol' Virginny, such we never paid much attention to it."

"He held on to his hand, his hand was crushing. "Neither do we."

He led up to the house, together they began mounting the steps.

Was it sound too sickening and coy if asked to carry me through the door, just for luck?" And she smiled. "Of course I'm a big girl."

Little stared at her incredulously, saw that lips were trembling. Hands were on shoulders, he swung her around and clasped her in his arms as if she had been held, so up the steps, across the broad sands and through the doorway, his arms tight about her neck, her cheek against his. Jet's hand impetuously and they kissed again and silently.

Like a vast wave the great doors east and west drew the prevailing wind from the eucalyptus. "Oh, it's cool!" she said impatiently.

Both the carriage for it?

He tipped her to her feet and she staggered a little and leaned against him and asked about her, blinking with the sudden light from glare to shade. Then she saw the Spanish white-background the six-guns of Texas, draped and brilliant in a rest of color upon the wall that faced them. The Mexican flag, the French flag, the Mexican-style small flag, the Republic of Texas, the flag of the Confederacy, the flag of the United States of America.

No sound disturbed the utter silence of the enormous room. Yet Leslie had a feeling on the other side of every door and wall and there were ears listening, listening. They were in the middle of the great hall like ants, Leslie thought. Or like guests who were interrupted at the time at which they were expected.

"What's going on here!" yelled Bick. He raised his hands. "Sylvia! Vincent! Mary! Evelyn! Petra! Then, in a great bawl that spread all the rest, "Luz! Luz! Luz! come out here I come and get you."

Round nowhere there appeared a little imp woman. Until this moment Leslie had not been aware that she had pictured is older sister of Jordan's as a tall dark-man-swarthy, almost-with straight black hair and straight black brows. But Bick of Luz who came toward them was a pink-eyed bustling little body in a pink ruffled dress and a bright red hat. Thick plaits of light-yellow hair and, in the expected contrast, black eyes that gave the effect of having been mistakenly placed in a face meant for blue eyes. Their hair brightness started an elderly like sudden flashing light in sunny summer sky.

Her voice was shrill and high, she walked with a little clatter and rush of short steps, these were the smallest feet Leslie had ever seen.

"I'm going! Stop that bawling like a cattle's been branded." Her manner was brisk, it said sharp. She kissed her brother on the cheek, a mere peck. "No! Lovely, Miss Lynnn," said Luz Benedict. "Excuse me being late." An added rush sufficed the pink rouged cheeks.

Bick Benedict put one hand on his wife's outside. "Now Luz, you don't go rowelling the first thing. This is Mrs. Jordan Benedict, and don't you forget it."

"We looked for you a week ago," said Luz. She took Leslie's hand in a grip of steel and smiled up at him. "But we didn't plan to come sooner," Leslie said. "What made you think we did?"

"I didn't figure Bick would stay away. And the spring work to be done. It's the worst time of the year to be away. The big spring rounding.

"But this is—our honeymoon!"

"No honeymoon's as important as roundup at Reata."

Leslie felt suddenly inadequate in an argument involving the relative importance of a honeymoon and a roundup. She was mildly annoyed to hear herself saying, "Yes, it must seem to all but the two involved."

She stood with her arm through Bick's, turned to smile at him tenderly, she was started to see that he apparently had heard none of this exchange, he was staring at the bag of money which they had just entered. There was the sound of a motor in the drive.

"Jett!" yelled Bick, and released his arm with a jerk as he started toward the door. "Jett! Come on in here.

"Don't you want to see the house?" Luz said hurriedly.

"Yes, Yes, of course," said Leslie. "But I'll wait. I'd rather wait for my—for Jordan."

"Oh, Jordan and Jett are everlastingly jangling about something. Come on." It was plain that she was anxious to be off. The sound of the men's voices rose in argument. Leslie glimpsed this Jett Rink in the door.

way now—A muscular young fellow with a courageous powerful bald like neck and shoulders, dark, arosy, tone belligerent. About twenty, Leslie decided. Decided, too, that he was an unpleasant young man, with a squinting blue one eye. "Don't you want to see the house?" Luz said hurriedly.

She turned away, annoyed at the boy's hasty manner. His eyes had become acusted, and then entered. Luz entered to the dimness of the great hall. Luz Benedict had disappeared. Madama. That boy Jett had called her Madama. Funny, her going off like that.

Everywhere on the walls were the mounted heads of deer, of buffalos, of catamounts, cougars, mountain lions; the vicious tawny faces of jackals or wild hog, red fox, gray fox, and two sad-eyed Longhorns whose antlers were spread and long; monotonous and all the other masks. In the space not occupied by these mournful mementos were large gold-framed paintings of cows (come with other). The walls were etched with a sky and prairie and prairie sky—of that the sun-tortured eye could see if it much as peered through a crack in a window blind in this land of cattle and sun and sky and burning hot prairie.

Through the wide door at the rear she saw the path and a glimpse of green, she walked toward it inhaling a deep breath as she walked, feeling suddenly shut in and stifling. Horses in stalls stood disconsolately at the white walls under the glare of the sun glared back gold at their tormentor. Leslie sunk for a moment into one of the big walnut chairs and sprawled up with a little sneeze. It was like sitting on a bed of red-hot coals. She began to know why Texans never sat out of doors, why they sought the dim shade of inner rooms.

She came back into the hall and stood there and now Bick joined her. "Leslie! I thought you'd get upstream with Luz."

"I was waiting for you."

Then Leslie of Luz Benedict's little feet sounded on the stone floor. "Oh, there you are, Bick! Going off and leaving this poor little bridle of yours alone. She wouldn't come with me. Come on, Bick. You show her the house. I'll tag along."

Leslie was to become accustomed to the clutter of man's high-heeled boots on these.
80
tiled floors, and the clank and jingle of spurs
and the creak of leather. Texas sounds.
Everywhere the creak of leather. The staccato
tap-tap of Luz Benedict's little heels was to
stay in her mind long after they had ceased

forever.

She and Bick went hand in hand but
Luz chattered and clattered close behind
them. "And this is the big room and that
there is the little silting room and this is
the library and this is the music room and
over there is the dining room and that is

It

came

And "How wonderful!"

Leslie exclaimed.

warm, her face was burnsmarted. The three ascended
the great stone stairway now. It seemed that
there were acres of dull bare bedrooms with
their neat utility beds and their drab utility
chests of drawers and one armchair and one
1.JESLIE was weary,

ing, her eyes

E

S

HOME

'

to Leslie with a shock that this

said.

"Coffee never spoiled anything. Here in
Texas everybody drinks coffee morning to
night and night to morning."
It's

thought suddenly.
and humid. They have to have it as

the climate, Leslie

a stimulant.

She

felt

now

that she had had the

She had gulped it down, hot and
"That was lovely," she said. Lupe
was taking things out of the bags. The young
girl Petra had joined the older woman. Now
coffee.

strong.

the cleah bare room with its big white bed,
neat wooden chairs, its stark table burst
suddenly into bloom like a spring garden reits

leased from winter. Lacy filmy silken things.

"My!"

Luz

dresses,

and an

electric-light

"Have they

ever been

filled

—

all

these

rooms?"

"My

yes!" Luz shrilled happily. "And
then some. Times we had" 'em sleeping in cots
out here in the hall. Sitting-room couches
too."

Luz clattered on down the hall, she pointed
room whose door stood open.
Two Mexican women and a man were bendbriskly to a big

ing over open suitcases which Leslie recognized as Jordan's.
"That's Bick's rcx)m," Luz said breezily.

She marched on down the hall, turned right,
turned left. "And this," she said, "is your
room."
There was the fraction of a moment of
utter silence. Then Leslie began to laugh.
She laughed as helplessly as one does who
has been under fearful strain and then Bick
too was laughing; they laughed as two people
laugh who love each other and who have
been apart in spirit and now suddenly are
brought together again by the stupendous
absurdity of the situation at which they are
laughing. And oh! they whooped, and ugh!
they groaned in a pain of combined laughter
and relief.
The black eyes stared at them, the pink
face was rigid with the resentment of one

who does

not share the joke.

wiped

Bick

his

eyes,

rooms where the breeze'U
get us, one for a bedroom and one a kind of
sitting room where we can sit and talk if we
want to."
"Away from me, I suppose."
front connecting

"Why

no, honey,

we don't mean

"

"Yes," said Leslie then, with terrible dis"Away from anyone when we
want to be. When we wan{ to be together."
Then, at the look on the woman's face, "Not
secrets, Luz. Just husband and wife talk."
Poor dear, she doesn't know.
"Get Lupe and one of the other girls,"
Bick said hastily. "They'll fix us up. I hope
those trunks get here. They could unpack
tinctness.

while we're eating supper."

"Supper's at six," Luz announced firmly.

"How'd you
I

cup of coffee right now?
clean forgot, with Bick yapping at Jett."
"Oh, I'd love it. But could it be tea?"
like a

"Tea!" doubtfully.
"Or coffee, if it's— coffee

will

be wonder-

ful."

Bick pressed a wall button. "That'll fetch
somebody. Leslie, I'm going to take a look
at the ruin that's gone on while I've been
Now Luz, don't you get sore
away.
The girls will help with your
again.
things, Leslie. Anything you need, just tell
Luz."
He was gone. "Well now," said Luz, and
settled herself in a chair, "the girls will fix
you up in a jiffy. I hope you didn't bring too
much fussy stuff. We're plain folks out here.
1 ain't got enough clothes to dust a fiddle."
.

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.

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.

.

"Where you

fixing to

more

chiffons, silks, laces.

"Do you know," she began haltingly,

"it's

the queerest thing but I feel so— so terribly
"
tired. And sleepy too. I can hardly
"Texas," Luz said triumphantly. "Lots of
strangers from up North feel like that. Thin
blooded is what's wrong with them. ^Texas
air is so rich you can nourish off it like it was
food."
"That must be it. I just thought if I could
have a tiny nap before dinner— supper."

"Well, sure. You go right ahead."
"And a bath. That will be lovely."
Luz took charge. "Lupo! Un bono

cali-

ente."

July, 19

I,

"No. No, thanks so much. I'll just take
time and perhaps sleep a little first and

"Ciena la puerta."
As they went Leslie remembered her twoword Spanish vocabulary. "Gracias! Muy

She put on the filmy tea gown with the la
the back though it came just beh
her knees in the front. The clamor had cease
the sound of the brazen gong had died awa
Suddenly it was cooler— not actually cl
but the fierce heat of the day was gone. S
fishtail in

shivered a little standing there in her trar
parent chiffon gown, she wondered if pt
haps she should have worn somethii
heavier.

She went carefully to the

gracias!"

They were

gone. The door was closed. She
stood with her back against it for a moment

a woman in a melodrama.
She went through the pleasant relaxing
ritual of the bath, the powder, the lotions,
the creams. She put on a plain silk dressing
gown, stood blinking a moment in the disordered bedroom and was reassured by the
scent of the perfume that Leigh Karfrey
had sent her from Paris, by the look of the
pink bottles and jars ranged neatly on the
grim bureau, by all this fluff of feminine belongings that had turned the dour chamber
into a

woman's room.

She threw herself

in

a fine Gulf draft

across the great double bed and was immediately asleep in spite of the strong coffee and
the bewildering day.
She awoke to a bedlam of sound, she sat up
terrified, her terror mounting as she stared
about her at the unfamiliar room and did not
know where she was or how she had got
there. Now she remembered and now she
translated the sounds that had shocked her
into wakefulness as the clamor of metal on
metal. A brazen gong was beating within the
house. An iron-tongued bell was shattering

the air outside. She sprang up, she ran a
comb through her short clipped hair and
arranged its waves tenderly over each cheek
in the mode of the day. / don't care, she
argued to herself, I'm going to put on a pretty
tea gown for dinner, that's what they're for.

hall

and

peer'

over the banisters. The vast hall be\v
was empty but she heard the murmur
voices and now they were raised in som
thing very near a shout. She stepped slow
down the great stone stairway in her sli
pointed satin slippers with the brilliai
buckles and the high heels.
She stood a moment in the center of tl
hall. Then she followed the direction of U
voices. Jordan and Luz Benedict were talkir
with considerable animation in the room th;
Luz had designated as the music room.

.^Iaudie's a hog for money," Luz wi
"And Placer— well Placer! A pa
of fools, but Maudie's the worst, because slj
knows better." At this somewhat ambiguoi
statement she saw Leslie in the doorwa;
"Well, come on in. Where's the party at

—

saying.

My!"
For one terrible instant Leslie sensed the
her husband had momentarily forgotten the
he was married, had forgotten that she wj
in the house, had forgotten that she existe(
Now he jumped up, he came to her an
took her tw6 hands in his and held her off t
look at her. "You're prettier than a sunris
Just look at her, Luz!"
"You look kind of wonderful yourself
she said, and meant it though he wore boot

brown canvas pants and brush jacket,
brown shirt open at the throat. Luz was a
she had been through the day. Leslie wa
relieved to see that she had taken off the re
hat.

A

concert-grand piano dominated tb
it bore the Steinway stamp. "What
beautiful piano!" Leslie exclaimed,
haven't seen one like that since I hear
Paderewski play in Washington years an
years ago. Who plays? You, Luz?" Sh
ran a tentative handful of notes, it was badl
out of tune.
"The strings go to rusting," Luz saic
"Bick plays a little and so do I, but there'
no time for piano playing on a ranch."
"Why not?" Leslie inquired innocentl>
"There's too much work to do." Now th
gong sounded again furiously from th
dining room. "Come on," said Luz, "let's g«
eat." She led the way, scudding across tb

room,

MAX AXD THE UNIVERSE
^ The
^ tian

Itible

and traditional Chriswe all know, eon-

belief,

eeived the uhiver.se to be construeled on a very mueh smaller
scale than we have to try to conceive it now. Ill the mind of any-

one who
trast,
arises

refle<'ls

the

upon

question

this con-

inevitably
possible to

whether it is still
God, a personal God,

believe that
is

he patted Luz's

shoulder. "Look, sis," he said, "Leslie and
I are married. We're having these two big

.\

like

better

Leslie.

utility table

N

R

and bags were opened. Lupe had come in
with a tray on which was coffee.
"I hope it won't spoil my dinner," Leslie

bulb in the middle of the ceiling.
A hotel. A big, bare unattractive hotel with
no guests. A terrible thought occurred to

and a drab

O U

then have the bath, or perhaps the other way
around. I don't know." She was growing incoherent with weariness.
"Go at once," Luz commanded the two
women. Leslie caught the Spanish immedialo.

exclaimed inadequately.
wear those?"
With a sinking heart Leslie thought of the
trunks that were even now on the road
from Vientecito — trunks crammed with more

straight chair

J

my

acting a part. Was purposely
talking a kind of native lingo. The black eyes
were darting here and there as the suitcases

"How

interesting!" as they walked through
the dim vast rooms. Everything was on a
Gargantuan scale, as though the house had
been built and furnished for a race of giants.

I

woman was

Hot and flat

the men's den."

I)

.\

I,

the «Teator of su«-h a universe as

scientific investigation has disclosed, an<l also whether it is still
possible to believe that in so vast a

universe man is as important as
used to be supposed.
Let it be f;raiitc<l at once that it
is prodigiously ditliciilt to iiiiafiine
how a personal Ciod for that is
what we are talking about, and
not some recondite form of cosmic
energy can be in a living relation
to the whole universe. The attempt

—

—

to imagine any such relation
<|uickly dizzies the mind. But even
in the old dajs no one in his senses
supposed that it was possible for a
liiiile mind to iiiiufiiiie what it felt
like to be (iod, the creator of all
things visibh- and invisible. The
dizzying exlension of the size of
the universe raises no new problem
for the reason as distinguished

from the imagination.

It

must

the power of
God is even greater and more
astonishing than men of old had
realized, but they held emphatically that His power was infinite.
Thus il is fair to say that every
new discovery of the range of the
universe and of the complexity
of the nii<'ro«'osni as well as of
the macrocosm serves to document and fill in the outline of
what had already been inferred
about (iod from the cruder and
very small-sc-ale map that alone
was open to the vision of men in
biblical times.

mean,

intleed, that

The formidable

difficulty here is

the importance of man in siK'li a universe
and the possibility of tnan^s being
in personal relations with a God of
such unimaginable power. But
here, too, the difficulty, in s«» far as
it is a new one, is much more of
the imagination than of the reason. At first, it is true, man, and
indeed the earth on which we live,
seem to be dwarfed into such insignificance that it seems to be the
height of presumption lo suppose

which

that

that

we

at all. If

or

concerns

it is <»f

we took

any importance

this seriously,

we

should fall into a panic about the
worth-whileness of anything we
do; and, as a matter of fact.
Christians as well as other people
did get pretty pani<'ky when the
homeliness of the little universe to
which they had been accustomed
was first threatened by the incoming tide of scientific discovery. Is il
then only the congenital <'oiH'eit of
humanity which makes us go on

thinkingthat weandourdoingsaiid
our concerns are si ill important''
When we ask a question like
that and we have reason enough
to ask it, for God knows we are
prone enough to «'on<-eit we are
overlooking a consideration which
tells in almost the opposite direction. For however vast the universe
is, man alone among created be-

—

—

ings, so far as

we

anything alxiut
universe

dumb,

itself

<'an tell,

knows
The

its vastne.ss.
is

unconscious,

inarticulate, irres|>onsible.

In man alone the universe becomes
conscious of itself, and acquires
articulation, meaning, and the
of conscious glory.
possibility
Thus, what at first sight diminishes
man's stature, on a profounder
view heightens it.
^^EC R. VIDLER:
Christian Belief

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

tiled floor.

The

great table would have seated twenty
was covered with a white tablecloth,
mammoth spread that could have beei
it

;

rigged as a sizable tent.
five-foot intervals,

Down

middle, a

its

were clustered

little colol

nies of catchup bottles, chili sauce, vinegar!
oil, salt, pepper, sugar bowl, cream pitcher!

Luz took charge. "Bick
course.

You

sit

there.

I sit

sits

here."

there o']
thren

The

huddled at one end of the table, Bick at th<j
head. Places were laid for ten.
Leslie sat down, she tucked her absurc]
chiffons about her, she shivered a little iii
the damp air of the vast vaulted room. Shfj
eyed the empty places with their expectam
china and glass and silver. "Is there com|
j

pany?"
"No, thank goodness for once," Luz said
"But you never know on a ranch whetheij
there's going to be two or twenty. Folks
i

I

I

stop by."
Leslie smiled at Luz, at Bick. "We're likei
that at home. There's always enough foi
sudden guests. But not quite twenty."
Bick reached forward to cover her cool
I

fingers with his big hand.

You must be

starved.

I

"You're cold

remember now

you

hardly ate a bite at lunch."
"I was so excited. I couldn't. But now 1
do feel kind of hollow and limp."
Two Mexican girls came in, very quiet
and neat in dark dresses and white aprons,
their feet slip-slapping in sandals.
ried platters and vegetable dishes.

(Continued on Page 82)

They

car-

There was


Did you ever see a cake with so much let’s-eat-it-right-now appeal? Ever know that your own cake can be just as fine and luscious and even-textured as the one you see here? All you do is get yourself a package of Pillsbury Cake Mix (White, Chocolate Fudge or Golden Yellow) and add milk. Ever stir up such an easy triumph? Did you ever hear so much we-really-mean-it praise from your family? Did you ever?

Just add milk —

Milk is all you add. No eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury brings you the three flavors that America likes best.
Imagine you with a beautiful Completely Automatic Caloric® Gas Range

Imaginable and you still haven’t imagined half the features of the wonderful new Caloric Gas Range. Here’s freedom from meal-getting chores such as you’ve never known. Here’s beauty that will grace the finest kitchen, plus efficiency that will outperform any other range, using any fuel.

See a complete Caloric demonstration today. Our dealers are listed under “Caloric” in your classified telephone book.

(All models are available for “Pyrofax” Battled Gas or other LP-Gas.)  

Caloric Stove Corporation, Topton, Pa.
"It’s only a little past ten—on my beautiful watch that my husband bought for me in New York."

The dusty clothes he had worn at dinner were a trifle dusty now and as he bent to kiss her there was a horsey smell that was not unfamiliar to her Virginia background, nor too repugnant. But she made a little face. "Pew! You certainly have been down on your luck, haven’t you!"

"Come about a month and you’d think I’d seen away a year. Luz always gets the whole place to milling when I’m off." He paused at the door. "Coming?"

"Where?"

"I’m going down to have some coffee."

"Can’t you have them bring it up here, all cozy? I don’t think I’ll have any. I’m lead for sleep, suddenly. Uh—look, dear, I just order a lot of books from Trentano’s in Washington."

"Oh, you won’t do much reading out here. You won’t have time to read."

"The house, you mean? Yes, I suppose here must be a lot to do, just running a big some like this.

"Oh, I didn’t mean that. Luz runs the house."

But Jordan! I mean—I’m quite good, you know. Really. I know about food and servants and furniture and I’m even a pretty good cook. I’d like to—"

"We’ll let Luz tend to all that. She wouldn’t like anyone else to run the house."

"But your wife’s!" Her voice of the malicious told her that she was talking like a woman in a melodrama. She began to laugh, rather helplessly. "Let’s not be silly. This is—this is our house, isn’t it?"

You must have been told before that she was talking like a woman in a melodrama. She began to laugh, rather helplessly. "Let’s not be silly. This is—this is our house, isn’t it?"

"You know, that’s a Texas girl, do you Jordan? That Texas girl. Do you? Jordan!"

"You’re the one I wanted to marry, the only one. Sweet. Wonderful."

"I’m frightened. For the first time in my life I’m frightened."

"You’re just tired. Look. I’ll just run down and see. ——"

"Stay with me!"

"I’ll be back in a minute. Come on down with me. Come on, Leslie, unless you’re too tired."

"Yes, I am. I am too tired. I’ll finish my letter and then I’ll pop into bed. I think I never was so tired in my life."

She stood a moment after he was gone, listening to the sharp click-clack of the high-heel shoes on the hard floors. She went to the desk, she stared a moment at the words on the paper, Don’t Papa and Mama and Jordan. She took up the pen and went on.

"I love it. Texas is so different and wonderful. Jordan’s house is huge but then everything’s big here. Luce, Jordan’s sister, the one who was ill, is here with us and I know we’re going to be great friends she’s so refreshing. And all these picturesque vaqueros and the stuffed heads I must write you all about them when I’m feeling more rested after the long journey down."

She began to cry and the tears popped on the sheet of paper and she quickly dried them with a blotter but they left a little raised spot anyway.

(Totally Done)

Keep your mixer working by Victoria Harris

Give it air

Keep air vents for cooling motor open. If vents are clogged with batter, clean with a dry cloth over a wood skewer. Disconnect motor before cleaning. Plastic covers protect mixers from dust.

Oil when needed

Some motors are permanently lubricated to set and need no oil. Others need a few drops monthly if mixer is used daily—less frequently if used less often. Too much oil harms as much as too little. Instructions tell how much and where to oil. As a reminder, mark oiling dates on the kitchen calendar.

Check adjustments

Beaters should just touch bowls. If beaters scrape, or leave thick un mixed layer on bottom of bowl, look for adjustment screw—usually under bowl turntable or under motor. Turn to adjust beaters and bowls into working harmony and prevent wear and noise—especially important after old bowls have been replaced. New types of bowls withstand heat changes.

Do your part

Use long-handled rubber scraper to keep bowl dry, to dust, harm if caught. Scrape food from beaters. Hanging against bowls causes bent beaters, chipped bowls.

Cues for service

If dark oil runs down beater shafts, take to dealer for regreasing (different from oiling). If beaters click when operating, they may be bent and need expert service.

2 days' desserts (both dreamy)

in just 14 minutes!

Brides! Beginner-cooks! Here’s how to turn any dessert into two! Whisk up a double recipe of real, genuine Minute Tapioca, and pop it in the refrigerator. You’re ready to serve two kinds of light-but-nourishing treats that’ll have “him” saying, “I married a wizard!” Try these...

STRAWBERRY STRIPE

Minute Tapioca Cream Strawberry Jam

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream, using easy double-recipe directions on the package. Chill. For tonight’s dessert . . . use half of tapioca cream; spoon alternate layer of jam into layers of pudding and homemade strawberry jam into layers of pudding, then refrigerate. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy, light, sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses. Makes 5 or 6 servings of fluffy-light sherbet glasses.

MINUTE TAPIOCa COOLER

Minute Tapioca Cream Ice Cream

Then—the next night, surprise the family with this chilled ‘n cheery treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute TapiocaCream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream. Take a big treat—using remaining half of Minute Tapioca Cream.

REAL TAPIOCa!

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!

Best thickener for fruit and berry pies! Minute Tapioca won’t mask fruit flavor and color. If recipe calls for cornstarch, use Minute Tapioca instead (same amount). If it calls for flour, use slightly less.

A product of General Foods
Wilma Webb’s day begins at 6:30, is likely to include an unexpected caller, an errand for a friend—and too often, tears, as fatigue mounts and chores remain half done. “I go around the red barn to tell things. I must work that way too!”

Work gets sidetracked, Wilma feels frustrated. Tommy, 1, is, she says fondly, “the added spoke that makes the wheels go round—backward!”

The laundry, every three days, puts a big dent in the schedule. Wilma must strain wash water (to eliminate iron rust), ladle it into washer.

Generous with time and energy (“to a fault,” Elmo worries), Wilma often takes on outside jobs, loves baking cakes for bazaars, friends.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS

HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON DAVIS

“I’m the housewife with a beautiful

by THELMA STRABEL

Dear Editors: Maybe you can help me cure this “beautiful inferiority complex.” Truly, I feel I need help.

I love nothing better than to always have a clean, neat house, yet be able to let my children play without always reminding them to “pick up.” I love people and entertaining people, but unplanned company usually finds my cupboard bare—except for applesauce and pickles, two items I found time to can, I don’t manage—I go all out on recipes, and fall short on a balanced diet.

I’ve gained from 130, when I first married, to 160, since Tommy was born. Confusion overtakes me—frustration eats at me. My stomach gnaws—so I eat, makes no difference what it is or when!

I must make use of my only talents, my two hands and my heart, but I feel so inadequate. I just don’t know how and I know you know how.

Sincerely,

WILMA WEBB

Route 1, Box 237, Joplin, Missouri.
Margaret Ann, 8, and Mary Jo, 7, are friendly rivals over Tommy. Wilma sews for all three, likes using remnants—"They take more imagination, less money."

Being punished? Nope. Western-thriller time. Both the girls have cowgirl outfits, broomstick horses, and frequent narrow escapes from savage Indians.

The girls are constant companions, but Wilma says Margaret Ann tends to "boss," worries over the effect of this on shier, quieter Mary Jo.

"We're an outdoor family," all agree. On camp-outs, picnics, Wilma feels free of self-doubts, problems—"It's then we're happiest."
I love to choose cosmetics the Avon way!

Irene Dunne

"Selecting Avon cosmetics is so easy... so pleasant!" says charming Irene Dunne. "Your Avon Representative helps you, in your own home. And Avon cosmetics are so flattering in color... so delightfully fragrant... so right for your complexion!"

You, too, will enjoy the convenience and economy of choosing fine cosmetics the Avon way. Your Avon Representative will help you. ...Welcome her when she calls.
Winful Wilma looks longingly at a bright red dress—Size 12. By "thinking out" her weight problem and sticking to her diet, Wilma could lose enough to wear it by fall!

Colossal! But dieting is a mental hazard for me!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

VIVACIOUS Wilma Webb owns an impressive collection of reducing diets which she has clipped and saved through the years. But as her collection expands Wilma does, too, because "when I feel tired or frustrated my stomach gnaws and I eat! Makes no difference what it is—or when!"

As a business girl and then a bride (size 12, weight 130 pounds) Wilma thrived on colorful clothes. But now, three children, three sizes and nine years later, there are thirty pounds between Wilma and the becoming wardrobe of her young homemaking days. Currently tipping the scales at 160 pounds, she feels forced to select from the Size 18 racks "slenderizing" blacks or subdued colors in an effort to hide her superfluous padding.

The Wrong Escape
What would a psychiatrist have to say about Wilma’s weight worries? We asked one, and this is what he told us: "The world is filled with nervous nibblers. Overweight adults, like Wilma, who eat with the hope of achieving emotional as well as physical gratification. It may be a mid-meal sandwich which 'lights off' frustration; a pocketful of peanuts which acts as a 'sedative' for worry; a chocolate soda that 'coats over' the feeling of inferiority. But whatever the treat, or the reason for it, continuous overeating boomerangs back on its victim by actually aggravating the condition it is meant to 'cure.'"

If you are an average overweight, you can break such hunger habits, provided you want to and are willing to try. In fact, those are the first and most important steps. Next, condition yourself psychologically to a reducing regimen, before you begin. Try to discover the reason you are overeating before you start to count calories and padlock the cooky jar. Your diet will serve the double purpose of straightening out your thoughts, and your figure too. Following are some of...

(Continued on Page 114)

Have a plan. Ask your doctor to approve your diet, and to tell you how many pounds he thinks you should lose. It is possible for most people to lose between 1½ and 2 pounds each week easily, and safely. A caloric chart will help keep you "in line."

Have it in writing. Weigh yourself at the same time and in the same clothes every day, and keep a written record of your weight and measurement losses.

Don’t be discouraged if you diet for three whole days (!) and your weight doesn’t change. The timing of weight losses varies with the individual, but it all evens out within two to three weeks!

The pause that reduces. Wait 12 hour after lunch or dinner before you have your dessert. You will probably feel full and won’t want it by then!

Assign the "cook’s other meal" (too much tasting while preparing) to a slimmer member of the family. Let Junior be the official seasoning expert!

Mind of glutton. Before you eat, weigh the value of any forbidden foods which may tempt you. On one side, you will find a few minutes’ worth of tasting pleasure. On the other, added pounds, larger dress sizes, splotchy skin! Balance your diet, and your beauty accordingly.

Make it a party—three times a day. Devote extra attention to attractive, appetizing, nonfattening touches. Try these: jellied madrilene with a spoonful of cottage cheese; crunchy raw vegetables such as carrots, cucumbers, celery, cauliflower; mushrooms on toast; baked grapefruit with just a hint of honey; a half-and-half hot mixture of consomme with tomato juice!

Work your weight away if you are a school or business girl, by clearing your pockets, purse, desk and locker of all mid-meal clutter. At lunchtime, pretend you have just finished a large meal and will have to force yourself to eat a little more!

Be a good girl. Determine your new-weight date well in advance, and plan to celebrate it when it arrives. Your future treat can be a brand-new top-to-toe outfit (in a smaller size), a special dinner date with your husband, or your own big party—in honor of you!
HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES—
Taste best... Costless!

CERTO OR SURE-JELL
Take your choice... a liquid or powdered fruit pectin product!

CERTO

SURE-JELL

Products of General Foods

Can you? ...

YES, YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN JAMS AND JELLIES!

FASTER than baking a cake! It's a fact! You can turn out a batch of the yummiest strawberry jam you've ever tasted—in only 15 minutes after fruit's prepared. How? Just use Certo or Sure-Jell®.

CHEAPER than those you buy! That's right! Luscious homemade jams and jellies not only taste much, much better—they actually cost much less!

EASIER than carving a duck! No more guesswork! With Certo or Sure-Jell there's no long boiling—fruits jell after one-minute boil.

SUREER than making an omelet! Just follow recipes exactly and jams and jellies are perfect every time—you retain the rich, ripe, fresh fruit flavor.

SO delight your family soon... their "ahs and aahs" will make you proud as punch!

RECIPE for this scrumptious jam on page 96. Clip it out right now.

CERTO and Sure-Jell are made from natural fruit pectin—nature's "jelling" substance found in varying amounts in all fruits.

“WHEN I was a youngster, we didn’t have a garden of our own, and I always made an excuse to go to the neighbors’ at suppertime whenever I knew they were having willed lettuce for supper. Now we have lettuce in our own garden all summer long, and I have willed lettuce often.” What a dish gardeners city folks miss! City markets rarely carry the garden-type leaf lettuce, and willed lettuce is never half as good when made with crisp head lettuce. But lacking the right kind of lettuce, try Wilma’s hot potato salad some night for supper with cold meat or frankfurters and some sliced, ripe juicy tomatoes. She uses the same dressing for this salad as for the willed lettuce.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Sauté 1 slice bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towel and crumble into bits. Now add 2 tablespoons chopped onion in the bacon fat. Add 2 tablespoons water, 1/4 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Boil 1 minute. Pour over 3 cups dried cooked potatoes mixed with 1/4 cup chopped green pepper, 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs, shredded, and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Toss together and serve while still warm. This same dressing is the one to use for willed lettuce—adding the onions and eggs to the leaf lettuce but skipping the green pepper. Serves 4–6.

“PARTICULARLY when salads are to be the main dish, I try to make attractive garnishes for them—carrot curls, radish roses, celery fans, and so on. But often they are eaten up before they have a chance to garnish anything,” Wilma said, pointing to Mary Jo, who was nibbling away at the plate of sliced olives that were planned for the chicken salad.

CHICKEN-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD

Dice enough cold cooked chicken to make 1 cups. Drain 1 No. 2 can pineapple chunks. Cut the pineapple into smaller pieces. Combine with the chicken. Then stir in 3/4 cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon of the pineapple syrup and 1 cup sliced celery. Mix well and season with 1/3 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Chill and serve in a lettuce-lined bowl. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives and wedges of ripe tomatoes. Serves 8.

“FRUIT SALADS with cottage cheese are popular with my family all summer long. We all like cottage cheese. It’s a

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER
The salad bowl goes to the picnic table on sunny days.

...and the table is set for a summer fruit salad. Last year I had a huge blackberry bush and every week I picked a large bowl to add to the salad. This year I have a large blueberry bush and I'm looking forward to picking those to add to the salad. 

Rebecca Cannon

**APPLE, PEACH AND COTTAGE-CHEESE SALAD**

Combine 2 cups sugar with 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar and a little green color. Stir 3 minutes. Peel and core 10 peaches. Slice into the syrup. Sugar until the peaches are tender and delicately tinted green. Drain peaches and cool. When ready to serve, beat cottage cheese into peach halves, fresh cream and arrange on salad greens; garnish with the minted apples. Serves 8.

**MARGARET ANN AND MARY JO BALL SALAD**

Margarit and Mary Jo like to be in the kitchen when Wilma is cooking. A favorite chore is the ball salad. Stiffen 3 cups of cream cheese with 3 egg yolks and a little salt. Stir and serve with fresh fruit and cream cheese. Serves 8.

**OPAL WAGGONER’S SOUR CREAM DRESSING**

Combine 2 teaspoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 egg, slightly beaten, and 1 cup thick dairy sour cream in the top of a double boiler. Have the water in the bottom of double boiler gently simmering. Cook a few minutes until dressing thickens, stirring constantly. Cool to room temperature and store in the refrigerator. Makes about 1 cup.

**MARTHA WOLKIN’S KILLARNEY DRESSING**

Whip 1 cup cottage cheese with 1/2 cup milk so that it’s nice and creamy. Add 2 teaspoons finely minced green onion tops, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper. Let ripen in the refrigerator 3 hours. Makes about 1 cup.

**ALABAMA SALAD DRESSING**

To 3/4 cup salad oil, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon grated onion, 1/2 tablespoons

(Continued on Page 36)

**HOW AMERICA LIVES**

Margaret Ann and Mary Jo stuffing berries for Wilma’s fruit salad.
For coolest summer sleeping

1. Ordinary flat sheets wrinkle as you toss and turn, make you feel hotter, more restless on a warm night.

2. A Contour Sheet*keeps you far cooler, more comfortable, because it stays smooth, wrinkle-free all night long.

3. Four fitted corners and a shaped tuck-under anchor the sheet so it won’t wrinkle, can’t pull out.

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5. Available in combed percale and sturdy muslin for double twin or crib size mattresses; youth bed size in muslin.

Only PACIFIC makes the CONTOUR SHEET*

Pacific Mills makes Contour Sheets and Pillowcases • Contour Crib-Fast* Sheets • Supersorb* Towels • Pacific Silver Cloth

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In the same price ranges as flat sheets. At your favorite store or write for folder or name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. 72, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.
CAN hand-me-down furniture really be made to look charming?"

This was Wilma Webb’s doubtful inquiry as we considered the possibilities of the family living room that had been her mother’s. Most of the furniture was still strong and comfortable, but there were too many contrasting colors and shapes, resulting in an ill-assorted, dated effect. We first recommended a good basic color scheme to pull all the unrelated elements together.

In doing over a room for everyday use, choose a color that can stand wear. A medium blue such as we chose for this room is good; also green with rose or yellow for accent. Avoid “fair” colors such as gray or beige with old furniture. If you are buying a rug, do that first, as it is easier to match paint and

(Continued on Page 97)
Black ribbed rayon-and-cotton faille makes a wonderful year-round suit. The fur-gore skirt is nice for separate blouses. Vogue Design No. 7616, 12 to 20.

Suit ............... $11.75
Gloves ............... 1.20

Wilma Webb in her silk shantung-taffeta dress, ideal for additions of jewelry or flowers. Vogue Design No. 7536, 12 to 20. In the fall she will make a jacket in jersey, No. 7590.

Dress ............... $12.02
Jacket ............... 8.91

Lovely gold fleece in an all-round coat with new shoulder detail. A becoming color to Mrs. Webb and looks well over all her clothes. Vogue Design No. 7633; Small, Medium, Large.

Coat ............... 33.23
Bag ............... 5.00

Wilma Webb loves to sew...her only problem is finding the time. The wardrobe we have worked out with her is based on this theory: When the children are out-of-doors all day in summer, plan and get started on the major pieces of a year-round wardrobe. Wilma started on her black shantung-taffeta afternoon dress. This she can wear as a best dress all summer with flowers and gay accessories. In the fall she will make a jersey jacket for it. Next, her two-piece costume in an acetate tie-print—the blouse she will wear all winter with the gray flannel skirt she will make later, and a sweater. Her black rayon-faille suit is basically suited to many changes—white touches in summer, perhaps a tie-print change for fall. The skirt is a nice extra to wear with a dressy blouse in winter. To wear over all these she will make a gold fleece coat—the color is a light touch over the two dark major pieces in her wardrobe. By Nora O’Leary

Pattern Editor of the Journal

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn. or in Canada from 190 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

*Or by credit card, please include your credit card type, number, and expiration date. Please note that some credit cards may not be accepted. Contact Vogue Pattern Service for more information.

Some price slightlv higher in Canada. (Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

Back and Other Views and Itemized Cost of Wardrobe on Page 112
Have you ever been troubled by

- DANDRUFF?
- STIFF, DRY HAIR?
- UNMANAGEABLE HAIR?
- DULL, LISTLESS HAIR?
- FRIZZY PERMANENTS?
- HARD-TO-SET-HAIR?
- TIGHT SCALP?

DON'T MISS A WORD of this special message!

Learn how a simple hair conditioning treatment you can give your hair at home, GUARANTEED new beauty, new highlights, manageability, better health for your hair, or double your money back.

For soft, shining hair tomorrow... tonight—

CREAM-TONE your hair

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruff? Is your hair full, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair lives, today's high-tension living all taken their toll? Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING, ...and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDROOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's good for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears—leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolated oils work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish—a few minutes, half hour, or even overnight.

After CREAM-TONING... Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it dissolves and foams away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-washing— with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glints: Your hair is so fresh and clean it glistens. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable—easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizziness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse—after an ordinary shampoo—and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable—snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming—to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and stragglers.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how gloriously lovely your hair can be...then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladily send you DOUBLE your money back.

Don't forget— Be glamorous. Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair... with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.
chopped parsley, 1 small clove garlic, minced, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon sage, 1/2 teaspoon thyme, 1/4 teaspoon oregano, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon mustard seed, 1/4 cup thick dairy sour cream and 2 teaspoons minced chives. *Optional*. Makes 1-1/2 cups.

WILMA'S EGG-SALAD DRESSING
Chop 2 shelled hard-cooked eggs and add to 1/2 cup mayonnaise with 3 table- spoons milk or cream. Season with 2 tea- spoons prepared mustard and 1/2 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chipped stuffed olives, or 3 table-spoon chopped dill pickle. Mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Makes about 1 cup.

SALAD MEALS call for something special in the bread department, Wilma believes. With fruit salads, she serves cheese or orange biscuits. For meat or vegetable combinations salads, refrigerated rolls are easy to make and practical for summer meals, as one basic provides fresh hot rolls for several meals.

BEETY RICHARDSON'S REFRIGERATOR IRON ROLL

Measure 1 cup whole wheat, 1 cup shortening, 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon salt into bowl. Pour 1 cup boiling water over this and mix well. Let stand until lukewarm, then add 2 well-beaten eggs and 2 packages yeast (compressed or dry) softened in 1 cup lukewarm water. Add 7 cups flour. Mix thor- oughly and beat smooth with a spoon. Coat and store in refrigerator overnight. The next day, flour your hands lightly, shape dough into rolls, and let rise in greased metal pans in warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake at 350°F. 15 minutes until nicely browned. Makes 2 1/2 dozen.

"A BEAUTIFUL INFERIORITY COMPLEX"

(Continued from Page 85)

...never have far to go to hit it"; and Elmo replies. "Well, that's lucky," and dashes off to put on yesterday's shirt and then drives away to his work as accountant at the Atlas powder factory.

Wilma gives the little girls their breakfast and then set off to the country school, down a winding lane, wearing jeans and plaid shirts, hand in hand—Margaret Ann so dark, sparkling-eyed and vivacious. Mary Jo blond, quiet and shy.

Now it's time to take up Tommy, the pet of the household, and feed him in his high chair. Wilma enjoys this quiet time alone with her son. She's a very loving and devoted mother. A pretty one, too, dark-haired, sweet-faced, with a lovely black eyes. She's tall and carries herself well—but it's too bad about those extra pounds.

On the wall behind her is a big calendar. She decided to note on it a record of each day's activities, to see where her time goes. "Sunday; Grandma's” "That's Elmo's mother. Her parents, dairy farmers, live not far away, and Grandmother Webb is very generous about baby-sitting." Monday: "Washed, hair, did Margaret's hair, cleaned. Saw Aunt Nell. Tuesday: Reducing exercises, washed, pottered. Wednesday: Exercised, straightened out, decorated table for Ladies of Lion. Thursday: Washed. To see Edith, Friday: Ironed, cleaned. Saturday: Baked, marketed. Mary came by."

"I think of all the things we do," Wilma says ruefully. "The exercises I mean to do every day, the way I start and then drop work, because I love having friends and being with them. And those table decorations... sometimes I think I do things like that because I like to have fun. I do make out a working schedule, but I'm awful at following it. What I try to do is to give the house a thorough cleaning Monday and Friday, with another 'go-over' on Wednesday. But keeping things picked up around here is hard.

One trouble is that their six-room, cozy looking house lacks putting-away space. There is no closet at all in the girls' room; dresses must be hung on hooks in the spare bedroom. Their room has only one small chest.

"Somehow," Wilma says, "I hope to affor- d a pair of chests and a wardrobe for this room. But now it's usually a mess. And I'd like to make the enclosed back porch into a nice bedroom for Tommy." (Wednesday)

The porch is a cluttered catchall now. "Look here," Wilma says, "and you'll under- stand why I wrote a letter to the JOURNAL for help. I feel that the JOURNAL practically raised me." On a hanger-down chair in the corner (there's a great stack of well-worn, tattered books) "And see this too." She proudly produces a scrapbook. "This is all Sub-Dept pages I pasted up when I was in my teens. I'm saving it for my girls. I think the articles will be a help to them as they are too young. Even my teens were different from those of most girls." She sits down; the scrapbook on her lap. "When I was twelve years old my father left home. My brother Joe was eight at the time, and it was all pretty awful for us. I loved both of our parents so much, and we couldn't understand why, and think the worst part was the shame we felt. Children pick up gossip so quickly and we soon learned they're all alike, and then everybody knew I'll, I'll just never forget some thing. There wasn't much money at that time, and also I think my mother still loved my father, and he had her fancy feet in my лицо. That woman wouldn't let him out of her sight, and when he came for the laundry she was at the corner of the yard. Joe and could see her."

As Wilma tells about it, the reality teardrops in her eyes, you can see it, too.

"But I never stopped loving my father. He was so handsome and charming and sweet—just weak, that was all. He went around to a woman, he had his fancy feet in my лицо. That woman wouldn't let him out of her sight, and when he came for the laundry she was at the corner of the yard. Joe and could see her."

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other at that picnic. We walked away from the others and just sat and talked. Elmo's quiet and reserved, where I just spit all over, but there's nobody like Elmo for listening and being sympathetic."

"We began seeing a lot of each other, but honestly I was bowled over when he asked me to marry him. I said yes and took his ring, and then right away I got cold feet over that marriage business and handed the ring back. But my mother told Elmo the best thing to do was to ignore me, so Elmo, the rat, began dialing other girls calling them over the switchboard so I'd hear him, and then did come around! But Elmo played it safe. He wouldn't give me my ring again until after the announcement tea!"

Because Wilma's mother wasn't well, their wedding was a quiet one, early Easter Sunday at the Presbyterian church in Webb City (named for Elmo's great-uncle). Wilma wore a navy crepe dress with a corsage of roses and lilacs of the valley.

"Elmo always seems so self-possessed," Wilma grins reminiscingly, "and he did then. But I could see those tatters of his just swaying, and the minute the ceremony was over he grabbed my hand and bolted out of the church. Nobody got to kiss the bride!"

They lived first in an apartment in Joplin, then, on the death of Wilma's mother, not long afterward, they went to live in the white, wide-leaved one on two acres, the old home, which Wilma had inherited.

Wilma kept her job, and they had an easy time of it, with their combined salaries.

"It was fun, driving off together to work." Wilma recalls, "though I was always sort of helpless. Elmo put an extra rear-view mirror in the car so I could use it to make up on the way to work.

"There were lots of carefree good times. Elmo belonged to a mixed club in Joplin, the Kappa Upsilon Phi, and Wilma, who was lively and generous, was warmly welcomed. The group owned a mountain cabin and there were wonderful week ends of fishing and hunting. (One of the great things Elmo and Wilma have in common is their love of outdoor life.)"

Then, with Margaret Ann on the way, Wilma quit her job. Then along came Mary Jo, and Wilma's troubles began. The budget became a nightmare. Managing for a whole family on one salary (Elmo's income is now in the neighborhood of $3000 a year) really got her down.

"And I don't improve much," Wilma says ruefully. "With us it seems to be chicken at the beginning of the month and feathers at the end. I'm afraid the trouble is that I had never had to worry about money. When I was working I helped out at home, but if I wanted new clothes or anything, I could always get the money from my father by seeing him and shedding a few tears. Maybe that's why I cry so easily now. And then my uncle felt sorry for me, too, because of what had happened to my home life, and from time to time he'd give me a piece of money. Elmo makes out a budget and then what do I do but try to whittle him out of it?"

The budget underwent a great strain last year when Tommy was born, the next month Elmo was operated on for a tumor on the thigh, and then both girls had their tonsils out. Hospitalization insurance helped some, but not enough.

But it wasn't only the budget that began to fray Wilma's nerves; it was the worry about her own inefficiency as a housekeeper. "You see," she explains, "mother insisted on doing so much for me when I was growing up. Spoiled me, I suppose. She couldn't help it, I didn't really learn to keep house. When things pile up, sometimes I just run out on it! I get nervous and depressed and want to be with someone．

"There are occasions, when she goes off like this, when Elmo gets home before she does, and straightens up a bit himself. Then she lets a guilty child: "Now, Elmo, don't you look at me in that tone of voice."

One of the places to which Wilma "runs away" is to her mother's old family home—tourney's house, a few miles from town. It's a comfortable farmhouse, with a quilt set up on a frame in the sitting room, where there may be a cousin or two to "visit with."

Elmo's family were pioneers in this country, coming from Tennessee. His great-grandfather and uncle were killed by bushwhackers after the Civil War. Elmo isn't interested in ever taking over the family dairy farm, though he likes his job, especially as he leaves work at four-thirty and gets home in time to enjoy his children.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing. "But I like to pile my whole family in the car and take them along," he says. "This summer I'm going to get a car bed and take this very next summer, he declares, picking up Tommy. "I'm going to make a fisherman..."
out of it. There's nothing like getting out
and camping overnight, the girls sleeping
in the car and Wilma and I on folding cots.

"When I can camp out like that, it really
smoothes me out," Wilma says, putting her
arm through his.

Elmo feels that the country is a fine place
in which to bring up children. He fought
hard against a recent movement to have the
country school abandoned and the children
sent to a large consolidated school. He has
been on the school board for two years and
will be president next term. Wilma is active
in the community club and helps run the
yearly carnival or pie and box supper, the
proceeds from which provide for such things
as athletic equipment for the school.

Both parents evaluate their children's
traits and problems carefully. Margaret Ann,
they say, needs to be held down, as she is
inclined to be bossy and to rush through her
schoolwork. Mary Jo needs special encour-
gagement and appreciation.

"They're right," Wilma says. "I enjoy taking
the time to do little things for other people,
but I never know where to stop!"

This interest in others expresses itself,
too, in her love for helping people in

Next Month
"Our friends say, 'How can you
bring your child up under these
circumstances?'

There is no plumbing, no re-
frigerator, no telephone on the
eleven-acre farm called home by
"Colonel" and Marianne deButts
and their six-year-old daughter
Forrest. There are not even any
near neighbors. But there are play-
mates for Forrest—50 of them,
animals. All treated as members of
the family. Shetland, the Shetland
pony, sometimes struts into For-
est's room to nuzzle his awake.
Read about this.

CHILD OF NATURE
By Ruth Shapely Matthews
HOW AMERICA lives the August Journal

WORK DONE—READY FOR FUN!
Air-Way's super-power and streamlined
operating efficiency saved time and
energy for this modern homemaker.

The Revolving Intake and extra-
length hose allow you to clean a average
room without moving the power unit.
Air-Way's extra handy, scientifically de-
digned, cleaning attachments protect a
lifetime investment in home furnishings
and save you hours of tiring work . . .
they quickly, safely, surely remove
harmful grit and dirt from floor cover-
ings and upholstery . . . clean woodwork,
venetian blinds, drapes, curtains—lamp
shades, registers, books—even bed
springs and mattresses.

Air-Way's exclusive "Throw-A-Way"
Disposable Bag eliminates for all time
the disagreeable task of emptying a
vacuum cleaner bag or container. Best
of all, Air-Way costs but a few pennies
a day on the liberal budget plan.

Call Air-Way Branches, Inc., your
city, for home demonstration, or write
Air-Way Electric Appliance Corpo-
rations, Toledo, Ohio.

MORE THAN 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
MANUFACTURING THE FINEST IN
HOME CLEANING EQUIPMENT
ESCAPE FROM PARADISE

(Continued from Page 24)

Why shouldn't they, when those gentle Fels-Naptha suds are so kind to them? Then, too, Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so quickly that my hands don't stay in the water nearly so long. That's a big help.

"You'll Like Fels-Naptha"

Honesty, there's no washing or cleaning jobs around the house that Fels-Naptha won't make easier. You should see how it brightens painted woodwork and floors—and the gleam it gives to bathtubs and tiles.

"Your pocketbook will love Fels-Naptha"

Just imagine the thrill of saving half...yes, half...the money you now spend for packaged cleaners! That's what the Golden Bar with the clean naptha odor will do for you. So, buy Fels-Naptha. See what you save. Then use it and see the bonus you get in extra washing help.

"I like Fels-Naptha"

It's wonderful how mild, golden soap and gentle naptha—working together—get my clothes so beautifully clean. And talk about whiteness! That "Sunshine" ingredient in Fels-Naptha simplifies my laundry. Tattle-Tale Gray.

"My clothes like Fels-Naptha"

Believe me, for dishes that really sparkle, pots and pans that really shine, there just isn't anything like those rich, nice-to-touch Fels-Naptha suds that last and last. I know, because I tried about everything else.

"My hands like Fels-Naptha"

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Honesty, there's no washing or cleaning jobs around the house that Fels-Naptha won't make easier. You should see how it brightens painted woodwork and floors—and the gleam it gives to bathtubs and tiles.

"Your pocketbook will love Fels-Naptha"

Just imagine the thrill of saving half...yes, half...the money you now spend for packaged cleaners! That's what the Golden Bar with the clean naptha odor will do for you. So, buy Fels-Naptha. See what you save. Then use it and see the bonus you get in extra washing help.
taken confidence. But I believe that I will accept this. Thank you very much.

"I stepped inside and looked at his face. I was astonished at her usual acceptance of Luke's largess, which had come to him, of course, by way of Mrs. van Dyne.

"While you are indulging yourself in this beneficence, Luke," she began presently, "can't you see your way somehow to get her savings to Mrs. Becky? In some such fashion as to make believe you did it through one of those market manipulations you're so clever about? I'm sure you could convince her without too much trouble."

Luke whistled. "Aren't you raising the ante rather high, mom? I saw that he had flushed and now walked across the room to look down into the square. It was five o'clock, and twilight had begun to sift into the room.

By this time I was sure he had not seen me and I was uncomfortable. I would have spoken, but Aunt Kinny was too quick for me.

"Maggie," she said as if she'd been included in the conversation from its start, "don't you think those savings of Mrs. Becky's are quite necessary to her peace of mind, even to her self-respect? I've been wondering how I could work it, but I believe it should be Luke's affair."

Luke half turned and shut down at me one of his sharp sidelong looks. He was not at all glad of my presence. "You there, Maggie?"

"I thought you'd see me," I said. "Aunt Kinny was murmuring, "A robins. A big red old robin."

"You say, one now on top of me..." I saw him to open his mouth and let the words die, but I saw him today in our magnolia tree with a wisp of straw in his silky black. That should mean an early spring. We'll be going up to Hawk's Rest soon.

Luke had thrown himself into a chair. "Mom," he said, interrupting her Spring Song, "you have no notion whatever of the value of money, have you?"

"Oh, I have," she mumbled. "I'm what might be called an alchemist-in-chief. I don't want to change things into gold, but gold into things."

"Some day, if you don't look out, you won't have enough dough to change into your bread and butter."

Aunt Kinny laughed. "Then," she said, in a very voice, "some of you Wall Street boys will have to care for me. You should be trained to pick up the litter you make."

One old woman is not much of a burden, even if she's on the side of me, I wouldn't cost much."


I suppose you mean—for me. Oh, all right, I'll fix up Mrs. Becky. As far as her savings go, that is. I won't make good her other losses.

"No. That might encourage her to gamble again on some expert's advice. Will you ring for tea, Luke?"

He got up to the bell and I to the door. "Not staying with us, Maggie?"

"Luke turned as I went past him.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm going to meet Chris. He's stopping for me on his way up-town."

As I closed the door I heard Luke laugh. Looked as if he meant to say something. Aunt Kinny said I don't know, but it had the old malicious "bo-ho-ho" of a brownie and took me back to a shadowy milestone in childhood. That I stood there, as it were, in a pin-fore and with a wild mane of flaxen hair across my back. How short a time ago! If you work out right, Margaret Eustace, you are to be my wife."

"In a few weeks now I would be Christopher Dane's wife. I had confessed to him after Selena's funeral the use I had made of him, announcing an engagement in advance. I had taken him to the Peacock Room, having decided to foreclose at once and forever its mortgage on my memories. And there I had stood before him, a hand on each of his shoulders, looking up into his face."

I faltered. "Chris, do you remember what you said that day up at Mrs. van Dyne's when we went out together?"

"I'm glad you took me at my word, Maggie." His face was clear and firm and he bent his lips to mine. We said not another word. The deed was done.

I was to be married quietly from Hawk's Rest, to which, as Aunt Kinny had anointed, we were to return earlier than usual that spring.

Hawk's Rest was beautiful in May. The dogwood was in bloom, and the cherry trees; all the birds in the world were in quick motion or free song. The growing smells were good and the air was tender. It is hard not to be happy in May.

There is a long sand beach on the South Carolina coast, a silver beach fringed with the hooded myrtle trees and the long bending grasses. To a small hotel on this beach Christopher took me for our brief honey-moon.

The sound of the perpetual waves swelling up and down from one opalescent tip of the La Salas to the other, gave up to me of resignation. With that voice in my ears I had my first experience of an emotion which is not natural to my youth, least of all to mine. It is an aftermath of heartbreak; and as sad.

Christopher had left me one last evening of our stay to go up to the hotel and bring down a beach supper, as soon as he had disappeared along the boardwalk into a deep hollow between two corn wax trees with a sifting sand through my idle fingers, sat up and took counsel with the horizon. It was fire-brick red and white, and I saw nothing on it. I had no body, and the wet sand, too, was red; the little waves curled over their own rosy holowes beautifully.

For the first time I realized my all-powers—never doubting their adequacy—to the happiness of another person. I put down my head upon my knees and the wiser to shut out the movement of the world, the flash of wave and wing, bending of silver grasses, and sentenced myself to the patience of not knowing, I cut out a living heart and held it palpulating up to the provocation of some savage deity.

When Christopher had found a pale and smiling bride who clung to him, he was to put down all his bundles in a hurry to gather me up. "Hello, Maggie, what now?"

"It's our last day here, Christopher. Do you still... love me?"

I had never yet asked him that question, nor had he ever put, that usual lover's query to me. Now he held down my damp soft "nyp" upon his chest. "Do you hear that?"

"I heard the steady drumming of his heart. "What does it say, silly?"

"It says 'Yes.' I think."

"It's never said anything but yes to you, Maggie. And very well you know it. You're trying to flirt with me and I'm no good at that. How about upstairs? That man has made a sea wolf of your husband."

I drew away, trying to laugh but blinking at tears, for I wanted perversely some sort of drama by which to mark the greatness of my sacrifice. How much Christopher understood that I was sensitive and wise and he knew Margaret Eustace as few people have ever known or ever will know. It is a man—How about upstairs? That man has made a sea wolf of your husband."

With a hand he pressed on mine. "Yes, Maggie. Are you... ready?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm going to meet the Peacock Room, having decided to foreclose at once and forever its mortgage on my memories. And there I had stood before him, a hand on each of his shoulders, looking up into his face..."
city Christopher would put out his head. He had gone into partnership with his young doctor and they had taken offices in a street not far from the apartment where I was now to live. Ipher's pride would permit no financial contributions from Aunt Kinny, nor would a cent of my allowance, which I put to use for clothes and small private matters, as well as for wealthy contributions general comfort and amusement of our old family. That I was apprehensive about Chris had warned me and I had already accepted that misfortune, but the of making my way with a habitual and had come too soon to wolf hope, darling," said the that you will have a good job. He's very nice to you and he'll be his best behavior, don't want to spoil you anymore." A matter of fact, I need not have worried. Dick was a model fine and practi- cent sobriety. Indeed upon doing some work. There are in the world in much or do not well. I spent many of the ends that hamburg's Rest. If one could not get his couldn't go there. At such times skin old back with his father, partner, Le Ames. was wonderful to turnhome's Rest, and it was an rive. I rode Lady that the remembered had breakfast in warm in the pool, too. Dick tennis with my on the. I chattered to by the hour and know that the immater.

I was an odd one. I was carefully so than old, and Aunt Kinny's was good and legal ad- trated to discover acquisition of and to cut down numbers and the of their stay. I were all begin- the anxious about Kinny. It was not he was ill, but he was not quite herself—nor perhaps, costly, she was more care. She radiated benevolence and with both hands lavishly to all the in the "bank" and "the farm." I was not over this increasing, not a little, extravagance, and there was some talk of appointing a guardian.

At before, Luke would have been the able choice, but during this year he had less experienced the same, so

lather, Hobbs and Janisone, and it up for himself. He had an iron in art of fire and every one of me to burn with a golden fury. The "own luck," people said. He was in a way becoming one of those fantastic of fortune who make their millions they are still very young.

lived in his own version of Aunt's splendid, had a magnificent apart- overlooking Central Park, and took to horses on a Maryland estate. Once we ran into him at some function with which our occupations and finances allowed us to attend, and when I saw him, when he came near, wearing his glittering palor and probing me with those piercing eyes, my blood made quick meaningless excursions. I was hot, cold, sickly, acutely stirred.

On one of these occasions—it was the end of my first married year, and I sat down beside me. "Mrs. Mopsie," said Luke.

I forced myself to look at him with calm. "Nobody calls me Mopsie," he said.

"I've been wanting to call you... all sorts of things," he spoke low and, leaning closer, touched my knee with his finger in the old odd fashion of emphasis. He was, as always, beautifully dressed in some silk cloth, his linen diamond-white, his tie of a bright patterned silk. He wore the inevitable gardenia. But he looked older than his years, older than Chris, who was his senior. There were lines in his fine pale skin and the red cards had gone back a trick from his temples. I think he was more picture- luridly than ever.

"I can't forget, Luke, that the last time you called me was—my hand went foolishly to my nose—my teeth a murkiness." He jerked back from me. "What're you going to do to me?" he asked in a way that day in the hospital—you thought—that I..."

I set down my glass on the sill because my hands were shaking. I unpacked and took off my enormous feathered hat, leaned back my head and closed my eyes.

"This is what you said to me. I can never in my life forget it!"

And I repeated those dreadful words, "As if anyone in her senses would ever care."

He sat so still for so long that I opened my eyes to look at the meaning of his stillness. The instant he spoke to me and there was an incredible in his eyes—he began to speak, stammering a little, glance- ing me to and away again.

"I was out of my head. I had counted on Selena. I was in trouble, terrible trouble. She was—she would have been my salvation. Had I not been told to leave, the fire to go to someone to help with the pain, so you that the necessity to strike, to wound—to kill?"

"I felt toward you for months," I told him.

"Without understanding? Without forgiveness?"

"Without understanding. Without forgiveness."

He looked out the window into the street below. I could see he was trying to think of some way to move, to change me. He could not guess how very nearness moved and changed me.

Over the Summer Water

By Elizabeth McFarland

Summer distance do not alarm
When water fills the tank
The eye drinks, feels no harm,
Rinse, and spells then;
While the heart, little red canoe,
Over the resonant river races,
Calling Darling! Clementine! Lou!
O Boy in the loafer and braces!

Summer people, like dagerhoody types,
don’t fade;
They are watermarked and that is that
Professor and Mrs. on the esplanade
Old Mrs. Ferris’s flat...
The Fat Beaux...
The Sophomore...
Beaux...
The Belles in their bright bowling dresses—
Memory wears retrospective clothes,
Small waists and (preferably) long tresses.
Summer quivers over the water on a banjo ping,
Is magnified, and roars to shore;
A myriad lost voices in community;

O my Darling! O Clementine! No more...

For water is ghost-frightened with memory;
It widens in rings beyond telling
Where time’s old excursion goes down to sea,
Their scarves and their bannisters swelling.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

"I don't know how you felt toward Selma," I said, "she was, I suppose, necessary to your ambition, she and her money. As it was, Mrs. van Dyne—"

"God bless Mrs. van Dyne," Luke said, and turned a hard and chiseled face and smiled at me.

"But I—" a clucking stopped me for an instant—"I loved Selena."

Then I saw Chris shoulders his way toward my refuge, which had become a trap, and I went to meet him.

When we came back into the little hall of our apartment we found Richard Dune lying on the floor. He was in a stupor, but before reaching that stage he had managed to wreck our pretty sitting room, had pulled down a chintz curtain and upset the tea table. My precious Chinese porcelain tea set was broken into bits.

In rigid silence, tight-lipped, I helped Chris carry Dick into his bedroom and then, in the same silence, I swept up the bright bits of my treasure. I left Christopher to struggle alone with the curtain, and shutting myself into the bathroom—refuge of all heartbroken children—I gave way to fury and despair, until I had exhausted my turbulent emotion. I then began to wash my face, smooth my hair and feel ashamed.

Christopher tapped on the door. "Aunt Kinny's here, Mag," he told me. "She and I got the curtain fixed and she says she has another tea set like that one. Come on out, darling, please."

I came quickly. Aunt Kinny rather more than occupied our one small sofa. I kissed her ardently.

"I was never so glad to see anyone in all my life. You'll stay for supper, won't you, darling?"

She dimpled up at me. "I have a plan. We're going to the Waldorf for dinner, you and Chris and Dick—No! Too bad."

After a short pause, "Can we leave him?"

"Any problem with Aunt Kinny was always ours," not yours."

"Oh, yes," said Christopher. "It's out now until morning."

"Well, you and Chris and I. We'll have a feast, and I've tickets to the new Ziegfeld Follies."

It was impossible not to have a good time if Aunt Kinny willed it so, and we were all glad. After the theater our hostess insisted upon climbing up our stairs again because she wanted to see how Dick was. Dick lay still on his bed, but breathing noisily.

"Have you ever thought, Chris dear, of sending Richard to a cure? There are sanatoriums, you know, and they do offer a very good job."

"I've thought of it," he told her, "but the two reasons, I think, they wouldn't agree to it. Two, I couldn't afford to send him."

"One," Aunt Kinny retorted, "I can persuade Dick to do anything. You know I can. Two, I don't think my nephew and Maggie's husband would go out of his way to hurt their feelings, would he? Besides, I'm one of your father's oldest friends."

Not even Christopher's obstinate pride could resist that influence, and Dick was no more able to withstand it. In July he went away to take the cure—and Christopher and I were left to hope and pray.

I was very happy. I cannot exaggerate my happiness of those weeks. At night, when Chris was free to do so, we went to roof gardens or sat on a park bench above the river, or took a ride on top of the Fifth Avenue bus. We attended outdoor concerts and cheap summer operas.

We talked about our future, the sons and daughters we would have, how they would be educated. Christopher's practice was growing. I had great faith in his ability, great pride and pleasure in his success.

It was only when I lay awake lonely in the dark, Christopher's quiet breathing in my ears, that I was troubled by a growing doubt. When would Chris begin to understand? When would my acting fall and he suffer for what I could not with the best will in the world quite bring to him, what his young passionate manhood deserved, the full swaying passion of a real wife?

Aunt Kinny had gone to Newport for the month of August and it was, I think, after her return that I answered a ring at the door to find Joseph on the threshold.

He said, "Mr. Latterly is down bel ow Mrs. Jamieson's car. He's on his way to Hawk's Rest and wants you please to come with him."

"Joseph, is anything wrong?"

He looked grave. "Mrs. Jamieson's too ill, miss. Mr. Latterly will tell you all about it."

I got Chris at the office and was told to forget all about him and to stay as far as was needed.

Mr. Latterly sat in his corner of the seat. His ugly and distinguished face bore no trace of emotion. "Aunt Stewart and Doctor Meigs asked me to tell you that you are not to be alarmed. Your mother has had a slight "

I gasped and my hand jumped to his shoulder where he laid it upon a hand of his own.

"No, no," he said, "that is just the way you must not take it. Margaret. You are just now so capable that you need not indulge yourself in emotional anxieties or fears. You will have to be the 'pillar of the family,' my dear. Like Aunt Jamieson. She was not available in several senses of the word. In Europe there are other reasons why she could not be acceptable to--er--firm. The firm, that is, would prefer to point another guardian."

"Guardian? Oh, surely that won't be necessary."

"It is what we are considering, Marg. But there will have to be consultations, of course."

"I can't, Mr. Latterly," I told him, "not a bit fitted for such a responsibility.

I imagine that you do, but at the time I feel certain that you are a young and strong woman with a strong sense of duty. You are not necessarily spoiled rich young lady. If you are pleased, Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Tinker and my friend would not be asking you to consider for dear Aunt Cornelia's sake--" his voice was uneven on the name--"what you can do now to repay her devotion to yours."

I sat quiet, my hands folded in my lap and looked out the window, trying to compose myself.

It was not until I came into Aunt Kinny's pretty room and saw her face smiling up at me from its pillow that I felt tears and quick bright stab of hope. I could not help thinking of the bright, pretty eyes beamed, her hand palm my own and what she said was character even if it came slowly.

"I've been spending too much of my money, they tell me, Maggie. I do want you to understand. So let's pull up a chair, shall we, lamb?"

I said I'd be delighted to pull up a chair and thought she might begin with my allowance which was at least three times too large for which the face fell so pitifully that I asked the suggestion.

She tapped her knee under its sateen covering. "Let me see. Let's not down on--" with a smile, mischievous glint "on food." Then she closed her eyes, and went on to make room for her lunch tray heard her murmuring, "Where thieves do not break through nor steal." And, like an arrow, a painful new understanding of reason for her confusion and for her increased extravagance, and even perhaps for her grave, flashed into my mind and was able to vanish.

Up there in Aunt Kinny's room the Hiawath's Rest seemed to survive beautif fully but downstairs later that day I was invited to a meeting in Aunt Kinny's little den confronted with the face of change and disaster.

Doctor Meigs and Doctor Stewart, Latterly and Mr. Hobbs awaited me, as Mr. Tinker, who seemed to be bridle with pins of fact and figure. Aunt Kinny had been evening her accounts. The time
come for strict rectitude and control. The necessity for the appointment of a guardian, one of her own family, was obvious.

"We don't want to press or to hurry you into anything, Mrs. Dane. You must take your own time. You will be staying here, of course. Certainly for the next fortnight."

"As long as that? My husband—"

Doctor Meigs came over to me and put a gentle hand upon my shoulder. "Maggie dear," he said, "there is no nurse I could provide for her—though of course I am sending one up immediately—who can do for Miss Jamieson what you can do. Now is the critical time. For the present I do beg of you, my dear, to care for this young lady."

And so I stayed. Christopher urged me not to return until I felt completely justified in doing so. He was making out very well.

So I sat with my husband at the same time near the telephone table, my head upon my hand, my fingers marking meaningless pencil designs on the small tablet there.

There was something moving in my mind that I did not want to understand. There was a tenderness in Christopher's voice. There was a suggestion in my own heart. Was it possible that Christopher was glad to have me gone? That he was not sorry to be free of my devotion, of my sacrifice? There was there in him some relaxation of the nerves, some sensation of release?

Brooding over my duty and my secret fear, I went one afternoon for a long ride. I came back as the sun went down behind Storm King, a quietly rustling hour, damp, and blue with haze. I came up near the stables and opened the front door. A figure stood on the far side of the hall, looking out a window, and my heart stopped with my own. But when he turned at the sound of my entrance I saw that I was wrong, and almost immediately recognized a face that had long been familiar to me.

"Whencever I gaze in awe at the Declaration of Independence (under glass) I wonder what it would look like if education in those days had not considered tangible and fine handiwork of one of the perimeters of a finished man.

For six weeks in the summer there should be a law against mentioning school to any child.

"Who is it that has the sweetest smile, works for you, hears your prayers, puts you to bed at night?" began the kindergarten teacher, and I went with her. A five-year-old had already the answer. "Our baby's—"

Women, like ruffled curtains, should be tied at the middle.

Bewildered husband: "I can't understand it. My wife comes in from the grocery, goes to the freezer and brings out groceries, ice cream, ice cream, ice cream. Then, opening the sack of groceries, she puts bread, meat, vegetables, juice, doughnuts into the freezer."

"He may arrive tomorrow," answered a mother, about her son's expected return home. "Depending upon whether he sent us just enough money or too much."

A mother was lamenting the fact that one child of hers was being dominated by an older one. Then a happy-faced, middle-aged mother spoke up: "This is the way it was in our family: the oldest ones always beat up the youngest. Your roof problem is that you stopped having children!"

The three p's of parenthood: precept, practice, patience.

Fame: being able to say "No comment."

Two parents spanning the same child is not co-operation.

Saturday-night supper: Review of Reviews.

"He's the kind of fellow, mother, who shaves a letter from home before he reads it."

Whenever a boy realizes that education is here to stay, he begins to get one.

The fatter the girl, the slimmer her matrimonial chances.

"Squash is one vegetable," insists my husband, "which, whatever you do to it, still tastes like warmed-up face cream."

When we "save" for our children we must also remember that childhood needs its gold as well as middle life.

The youngest asks, "Do you know of any way to make arithmetic go in one ear and never come out?"

At the moment, I can think of nothing naughtier than a child learning to read.
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by Nancy Sasser

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(Continued from Page 102)

opinion of our devoted medicos. I am not meat or
chickens, and yet... He lifted the page. I may
come back in a month or two—perhaps!
He shrugged and sat up. “Who am
I to go against to a physician’s orders? No,
I'll be getting out. But—she is better, isn’t
she?”

“Very much. She must not know that you
have been here. That would hurt her—
ot to see you at all.”

“You have the general idea. I’m to go
away as though I had never been... and no
funny business. Just time for a swim—and
for you, Maggie.”

He jerked his eyes from the pool to my
face and I spoke quickly, “What were you
doing in Germany? Jimmie Jamieson tells
me you went there. Did you know that
Jimmie had come back?”

had been the source of Jimmie’s information
as to Aunt Kinny’s affairs. He hurried on as
though he did not want to talk about
Jimmie. “I went over on business. I had an
interesting and profitable trip. But look
here, Maggie, I don’t want to spend my
time discussing Germany. Tell me what you
think of Jimmie.”

“I like him.”

“And that surprises you.”

“Very much. There are more things
in heaven and earth—
“Speaking of things in heaven, Mopsie,
where is your husband?”

“He’s in Mexico. He’ll soon be back.”

I spoke quickly. “There were about to come
down from the house, and indeed I was half
wishing that he might appear up there at the
top of the steps against the blue. I spoke a
trifle breathlessly, telling Luke the story of
Ruth’s illness, and as I spoke he seemed to be
studying me rather than listening. I felt
defenseless, transparent and endangered.
I started to rise.

“Don’t run away from me.”

That brought me back as it would have
brought a little girl—to show I wasn’t afraid
of him, not!

“There is an ocean—of time and happenings—
between us, Mopsie. Don’t you ever want
to make a bridge?”

“I don’t think that I do.”

“With a cold, clear heart?” he said.

We were speaking lower and lower and
there was a loud silence between each
speech. I looked down and saw how a breeze
above the roof of the bathhouse was moving
those golden towers: the reflected tall trees,
the sky, the cloths that ran. They made me
afraid as though I sat at the very edge of
space. To look up at the sky, that is our
habit; to look down into it evokes a fear.
Luke’s suddenly low look at him: that was more
dangerous than height or depth. So dear, so
dear, so near, so—

—whispered I to myself.

Luke went on with the same low
perseverance. “I’ve thought so much about you,
Mopsie. And wondered whether you and
Christopher were as happy as you both
deserve to be.”

My tight throat achieved a note of sar-
donic laughter.

“You see, my child,” he went on, undis-
turbed, “I appreciate you worth, something
don’t you suspect of me, did you?”

“No. I didn’t think you gave us that much
of your existence.”

“Really? You’re not very bright. Mrs.
Dane.”

“You’ve told me that before. Quite often.”

I knew, this time unhappily, and one
of my fatal impulses spoke for me. “Well,
you were right in many ways of me. Let
me, perhaps you knew me better than I
knew myself.”

I did not mean to confess my failure as a
wife. I meant nothing. My tongue, as too
often before and since, had merely spoken for
me, to release a inner sudden pressure of
unhappiness or of suspense. But it was, I
am sure, not any words I said. It was the voice
of my heart, whose language he had always
understood.

His hand moved to my arm. I did not stir.
Everything in my body rushed to that spot,

exultant. He stood up and drew me to
his feet. Our lips came together as if for
a sure unsuspected strength, closed
me in his arms. Even as he moved rapidly
kissed me on my closed eyes and on
parted lips. Branches brushed my shoes
and we were within the golden shadows
of the linden tree.

Luke was speaking, fast-breathing, tri-
plant. His words sang in my heart
language I had once known and loved
half forgotten. “Darling—don’t you understand? I love
You love me. How can you be a woman out of
love—?” It was my own speaking to me.

Where, then, was Margaret Eustace
Hackleberry Lane? And what was the
living thing, a being, dissolved and
whelmed with ecstasy...?

When Luke left, I lay face down in
the ground, and through the pale
seemed to dart
into my exultant fingers. Thanating (?
Yes, in my disloyalty, my treason, the sh—
the sh—of my broken vows, I lay there (shaming)?

That night I wrote to Christopher. T
was upon me a great irrational fear of
return, of my having to see him before
I knew what I was—what I had done. I
some of the things I said—for I wrote
colherently in the breathless fashion of
speech, its confession justified only by
ruthless honesty:

“I love you very much... I want you
to believe this even while you are reading
this, I mean nothing... I will have to write you... You must
come back to me as to a loyal wife... I’ve
always said ‘It’s not right for me’—I’ve
despaired them. Now I desire myself, for I believe in
loyalty, in keeping promises and in self-control... This
fearful letter but I must write it be our
marriage has been the most beautiful
and good time of my life and I wish my soul I’d been
fit for it and worthy of your love. I’m never
will be. For your sake you must not come back to
me... There may have been more. I can’t remem-
ber. But this surely was enough.

To mail this, I walked down to the
village post office. I stamped the letter and
dropped it in a cold, slow motion into the box
mail box

"Outgoing Mail" and then it was gone
and Everything and Chris would have
to have it and read it and take its poison
in his heart.

I wanted to die. I crept back up the
leaf-strewn path to Ruth’s Rest.

Christopher’s answer came. I could
believe anything so dreadful could
be to me even if I had invited it. But
I couldn’t let anything I

found a chalice and I knew that my lips must
white because they tasted cold, and if
my coffee cup warmed while that jumped
around

I was alone in the dining room, but
I could not bring myself to open that
evelope. I took it out to the cor

Then I walked

the far end of the house, stood for a
small gathering my courage, and opened it.

“My dearest girl,” I grooved my way
chair and let myself down blindly into it. It
was my fault. I knew that our marriage
could not be complete and I should not
have given you to enter into it. But I was
tempted like the people you despise, beyond
strength. I hoped it would come out
right. Don’t make things more—

my lamb” (he had got that name for
from Aunt Kinny); “such mistakes
have befallen men and women, and I took

in. Maybe you read our New York telephone book. Ruth seems
to safe, but it was a struggle and her boy

friend. You’ll find him in

on New York telephone book. Ruth seems
to safe, but it was a struggle and her boy

friend. You’ll find him in

the signs and found the

unenough, almost illegible postscript. “I?

I may be a mistake. Think, my dear

Eyes tired?

two drops

quick relief

in the twinkling of an eye, Murine brings blessed relief to eyes tired from overwork or exposure to sun, wind or dust. Use Murine as often as you wish. Its seven tested ingredients cleanse and soothe your eyes as gently as a tear. So learn to keep it handy always, because Murine makes your eyes feel good!

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*U.S. Patent Office

amazing cream removes unsightly hair quickly, safely

acts below "razor line" without cutting or scraping legs

the modern way to remove ugly hair from your legs is with neet cream hair remover. It works deeper than a razor, below the surface of the skin. safer too from razor cuts and scrapes. neet leaves skin soft and smooth, free from razor stubble. just apply neet like any cream, then rinse clean and hair disappears like magic.

now many wear false teeth

with little worry

eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. faststep holds plates firmer and more comfortably. this pleasant powder has no gummy, goopy taste or feeling. doon's case doesn't stick. it's alkaline (non-acidic). checks "plate odor" (denture breath). get faststep at any drug store. when mouth tissues change—see your dentist.

if it's money you want sell creative christmas cards

m. 14,000 names in 18 days, 110 names in a month, 400 names in 4 months. 75% response, 100% renewals.

now for perfume that lasts . . .

by cheramy perfumer

aphrodite - liquid skin smoother! a creamy liquid paste that lasts and lasts because of its satchet base. $1 plus tax.

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"plate消失"

show your teeth as personalized. this is the only non-acidic cream remover. just apply to razor, then wipe off. "plate消失" quickly disappears, leaving your teeth and gums stain-free. "plate消失" is safe—no danger of picking oneself up and start to walk again after a hard fall." "alone," i agreed dismally. "alone.

"yes," said she. "alone. that's where we all are from first to last—alone. and if we don't learn to enjoy ourselves, even to love ourselves, as it's told equally to other neighbors, we never can learn to love cheerfully at all. poor christopher. that's something he has learned. and long ago."
Fortunately, for me, there was that year a great deal to do at Hawk's Rest. I really needed. Jimmie had succeeded in getting his price for the Washington Square house and expected to be equally successful with the Newport "cottages." He told me confidentially that on the income derived from the sale of these two properties it would be possible for Aunt Kinny to live almost as luxuriously as ever in the Hudson River house.

By that time, however, they were both interested in the reconstruction and improvement of the gateway, which Jimmie had christened "Mon Repos." A Riviera version of Hawk's Rest with Jimmie's pronoun substituted for the name of the predatory bird.

Mary and Martin would be "staying on" and there would be a waitress and a maid besides. Hortense would never leave her beloved doll. A wing was being added for their accommodation.

"Kinny must have one little greenhouse," Jimmie decided, "and a good vegetable garden. We'll move and reconstruct a part of the stables for our garage, a small apartment above it for Joseph and his grandson." I said, "Le Petit Tsionan," and he blushed.

"No reason for us to be uncomfortable in the twilight of our lives.

I laughed at that. Jimmie "was so decidedly a creature of high bustling noon, and Aunt Kinny of the morning."

In November I spent one day in December when I was helping him to decorate Hawk's Rest's "last" Christmas tree, "what has become of Luke? Won't Kinny and you want him for our Noel?"

"Luke has gone to South America," I answered. I had had a brief note from him to that effect.

Jimmie looked down from a stepladder. "There's something about this Luke situation," I said, "that bothers me. He doesn't write to his own. Surely Doctor Stewart would not have forbidden that? And, do you know, Margaretie? —he descended a step to speak more mellowly—"Kinny has never mentioned him."

I was startled. Being myself more than willing to supply the subject when, I had not noticed her own reticence.

"And what's more strange, she is not in the least interested when I mention him. Politically, Kinny is never rude or ungracious—but her manner is as though she were merely some acquaintance of my own."

"Perhaps she feels that you —"

I was embarrassed and returned to the hanging of gay balls on the spiced spring branches of one of our trees.

"Ah, yes. That is a possibility," Jimmie admitted. "I mustnae hear her as to that."

He never added the effect of his recognition, and, in fact, he did not mention Luke again.

I was glad for this odd conspiracy of silence. I could not or I would not allow myself to think of Luke. That area of my mind or heart—which is, of course, merely a fanciful term for one part of the brain—was numb and I was afraid of its return to sensation.

The misery of my divorce, the false and shamful fashion in which it had to be obtained, had the cold uneasy weight of me illness. I had planned my future. After Jimmie and Aunt Kinny had settled themselves I would go back to nursing. I worried more about Christopher's future than about my own. He had been so wise and gentle."

But, you and I must have been wise.

I spoke from my heart, which leaped suddenly to wounded life. "I had had a child," I said, "and it was killed."

"The old clock, which had been brought down from the country when the river house was sold, ticked to my forlorn composure.

"You're young. You're still—so young.

Although silent about Luke, Aunt Kinny often spoke to me of Christopher, recalling him in the days of his childhood. "When this last," she said one day not long after my meeting with Christopher, "has its ghosts." She was singing in her crimson gown with the sun shining in that tall draped window behind her. I sat beside her on an ottoman as richly crimson as her throne, my dark full dress a somber accent of her surrounding wealth of color, and busied myself with a piece of tapestry.

"Austin—Selena—and for me—Christo-pher," I mourned.

I felt Aunt Kinny's hand on my bent head and put up my own for an instant to put it. "But you're still with me, lamb," she said and added wisely, "I wish—would it have made any difference, perhaps—you and Christopher had lived together."

My face burned. I closed my eyes.

Christopher," I spoke from my heart, which leaped suddenly to wounded life. "I had had a child," I said, "and it was killed."

I let fall my tapestry and bent my face to my hands.

And Aunt Kinny's hand slowly withdrew itself from me and she sat still.

Behind me and above me I could feel her largeness and it seemed, in the dreadful confusion, to shake my body and all my world. I dared not look up into the overwhelming brightness of gold and scarlet, of whose face and head and body softness would be part. For the first time in all my life since that day on Huckleberry Lane when the helplessness of my crime and helped to mitigate its punishment. I was afraid to look into her face. For this, that I had cryptically confused and which...
He came, with his usual suddenness, in July. I stepped in one morning at the back door of the hall, sun glinting along the edges of my hair and pale sheer dress, a great Jack rose in my hand to show Aunt Kinny; and there, in the middle of the floor, stood Luke.

He was looking up the stairs as though trying to decide what to do next, until he saw me, when he came quickly, talking as he came. His rapid sentences could not disguise the look of painful and intense excitement that was upon him.

"This time," he said, "I've got past all the dragons, Mopsie—except you! How is she?"

"Very much better. Almost well."

"I was afraid you wouldn't be here." He looked about him slowly. "How queer it all seems! I mean, Hawk's Rest has to go and mom move down to the gentleman's and you and..."—he jerked and hurried on as though he flinched from an obstacle—"...in a sort of exile. And Jimmie here." He moved about, stopped at the foot of the stairs. "I've got to see her, I suppose."

"Luke! It's what you came for, surely."

"You'll take me to her, won't you, Mopsie?"

"But why on earth should you feel like that about seeing her, Luke?"

He gave a long, strong shudder, standing very close to me. He answered almost in a whisper, "She'll be changed. They told me it was...a stroke. I didn't know that when I was here before. I can't bear to think of it. Of her. Like that. Illness—a sort of...deformity."

I laughed with a touch of scorn, remembering his hatred of any kind of illness or disfigurement. "You'll see nothing of that kind, Luke. She had a very light stroke and that dry and artificial looking. Its pure natural oils combat dryness, bring out a more lustrous natural loveliness."

"Let Conti give your hair this natural life and luster. Only 48c for the regular size-large family size. 80c—a bargain for the finest Shampoo care you can buy. Also available in Canada.

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Avoid Dryness
keep hair lovely
with this
natural oil shampoo

Nothing adds more to attractiveness than the natural life and luster of hair perfectly conditioned by natural oils. That is why Conti Shampoo, made with Conti olive oil castle, is the choice of leading hair stylists.

Let Conti give your hair that natural life and luster. Only 48c for the regular size-large family size. 80c—a bargain for the finest Shampoo care you can buy. Also available in Canada.
was months ago. Go up, she'll be awake now and on her couch. She's had her breakfast, Jimmie has gone down to Mon Repos."

"Mon Dis! We have gone Riviera!"

"Oh yes. With a touch of irony."

"And Jimmie feels the need of romance. I can't envisage it somehow. What will his being here do to him?"

"He's the most devoted husband in the world. I believe he always intended to come back if she should ever want him. But I have had him all wrong, Luke, and so, in a different way, did you, I think I understand him better now. And her too, go up to see her now."

He shook his head. "Not without you. You must go with me. Tell her I'm here."

I thought that might be a wise precaution and went up on the stairs, beth by my heels, until we came to Aunt Kinny's door. I went in, leaving the door ajar.

"There's someone here to see you, darling."

AUNT KINNY lay propped up on her couch in a swath of morning sunlight with which, in fact, the whole large rosy room was gay. There were flowers on the table beside her and she was rearranging them. She had got back almost the full use of the hand affected, and her speech, though a little slower than before, was not otherwise changed. Her hair had been carefully brushed and arranged. There were only a few lines of white in its soft fairness. Beside her, near the bay window that looked out across the woods descending to the rice and so up again to the blue hills on the far shore, two lovebirds in a cage were singing as though summer had brought to their prison some of its magic.

It was a quaintly pretty picture and I thought, Luke will adore this.

She looked up at my announcement with a puzzled air. "Someone to see me? So early?"

"Well," said I, "it's a very familiar somebody."

Here Luke came quickly in and past me, to stand above her. He was smiling, the color had come back happily into his face. He stooped with a slender sound to kiss her. But she put up a quick hand, and turned to me, a wide, astonished, rather frightened look.

"Maggie dear, who is it? Please, I don't— I'm terribly sorry—but I don't remember this... you're not in the family."

Luke spoke hoarsely. "Mom!" His hand was turned to me, but in a mirror I saw how scared and white his face had become and that mine matched it. His voice came broken, urgent, "Mom darling, it's me. Luke. It's Luke."

Her lips shaped his name silently as though it had never been framed by them before and, still smiling and with her eyes brows quizzically raised, she looked up rather helplessly from the bent curly red head and I saw a growing fear in her eyes.

"Luke," I whispered, "let her leave now. She—she's getting tired."

He got up and field the room. I sat beside her and reassured her, controlling my own panic and distress. "Oh, it's of no importance, darling. It was stupid of me to bring him up here until I had told you all about him."

"Someone you know very well," she whispered with her hand against her eyes. "Someone you have known for years..."

"No. No. Let the finishing off, Mary will be coming in to say good morning to you and to add her plans for the day."

"I think," I whispered, "that you want her."

"Oh, no, no— that the security on Orme's desk... I put the picture from me."

"It's impossible."

I felt that indeed I did not know this Luke. I went over his terrible rearrangement of himself in which I was totally included, and I seemed, in spite of a blindness which I wished upon my mind, then and later, to read a record that might have chilled my blood.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

"Thou shalt not devise evil against thy neighbor."

"Luke, you are mocking?"

"Pst! God's sake, man!"

"Believe me..."

"How wrong you are," he said and flung up his head, turning upon me a face stripped of all of its malice. A boy's tortured face. "Nobody but a damned soul knows the reality of God."

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"But how start over? Can a man be born again—can a man enter into his mother's womb?—" He lifted his head from his hands and turned slowly to me. Then he got up to his feet.

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, heart of my torn heart, he stood before me now as he had once stood between me and the light of an early morning and looked at me from under his strange brows. And he was withdrawn as though fire burned close to his face between us.

He said loud and clear, the voice of a gambler who puts down his ultimate coin, "Margaret Existence, will you marry me?"

I heard the old clock. I heard Aunt Kinny's gentle voice. "Life comes and goes. Life comes and goes," and ghosts went through the little garden silently. And I heard my voice that answered for me without any thought or pause. It answered "Yes."

At the gate of the little garden I said good-by to Luke. He made no further attempt to see Aunt Kinny. We told each other we would "wait." We hoped that her blindness would pass and that she would speak of him, ask for him, know him. But, though the doctors could find nothing wrong, and though her health and strength and cheerfulness fully returned, she did not, or she could not, or perhaps subconsciously she would not, remember Luke. Over and over carefully I tested her. And so did Jimmy.

At last it was decided among us three that Luke and I would be married quietly. We thought that perhaps in a new guise, as Maggie's husband, he could be reborn in that welcoming heart and make his home there as if he had never had a home before. She would be protected from a too painful recognition and he could make a new way for himself toward her confidence.

I came into Aunt Kinny's room one October morning, dressed in a linen dress, a picture hat, a mesh veil, a pure white orchid on my shoulder, gloves and jacket on my arm. I hoped I didn't look too bridal; I hoped Aunt Kinny could not hear the inarticulate motions of my heart.

"I'm going away for a little visit, darling. I'll be back soon." I kissed her.

"How sweet you smell, Maggie!"

"When I come back you'll welcome me to Mon Repos. That will be fun, exciting. And I'll have news for you."

"Good news?"

"Yes, darling."

"Happy?"

"Very happy, I hope."

"I like happiness." She sighed and lay back on her pillow. "It's so...important I sometimes wish He had been named Happiness instead of Love." She looked into one of her far radiances. "But then, they're quite the same. You can't think of one without the other." She came back, ardent with both these mighty qualities. "Maggie," she said, "come here a moment."

I retraced the few steps I had made toward her door.

"I want to tell you something." She drew me down close and I felt her little patting hand. "I'm glad I picked you up, that day so long ago, in Huckleberry Lane."

I found my dim way out of the room and blindly down the wide, familiar stairs. Jimmy was waiting in the porch between tall golden columns, to take me to the city.

So I went out from Aunt Kinny's garden with Luke into his "outer darkness" where there would be war and weeping, anger and forgiveness, laughter and the grinding of teeth.

After long years of that perilous exciting sojourn, I still say to myself that I am glad I went. For I must believe that some of Aunt Kinny's radiances were with me, that I had caught up the lamp which, of a blind necessity, for this one child of hers, she had laid down.

Was it not Aunt Kinny's love that spoke the "yes" to Luke—using my heart, my lips? THE END

Busy-Day Beans

Twice as tasty
with FRENCH'S Mustard

Here's real country flavor for canned beans

RECIPE BOOKLET! GET YOUR COPY!

FRENCHWISE BAKED BEANS

1/2 cup French's Onion Flakes
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 cups canned baked beans
2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
2 peeled or 1 cup tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
2 table-spoons brown sugar

Cook onion flakes in butter over low heat until soft. Add to beans. Stir in mustard. Put half the beans in pot or casserole. Slice half the tomato on top. Sprinkle on half the salt and sugar. Add remaining beans. Top with tomato, salt, brown sugar. Bake 30 minutes in hot oven (400o F.), Serves 6.
breakfast. Presently he heard her speak to the maid at the corner of his mouth twisted.

He mixed Hedy’s breakfast in one of the few bowls left in the cupboard. She pretended not to know what he was doing, not to have the slightest idea. She pretended boredom. She overreacted, and several times she looked up quickly to see how he was coming. He watched her through narrowed eyes.

“I’ll tell you one thing,” he said. “You are a lot more trouble than you were worth.”

As he carried the bowl out onto the porch, the maid passed him on her way upstairs and spoke to him, but he didn’t answer.

The wicker table was set for two. A bowl of prepared cereal was at his place. The toast on the plate was still hot. His mother sat eating her lettuce and drinking coffee. Over her ruffled wrapper her face was plump and so pink and fresh that it made him a little sick—it looked as if it had just been peeled.

He turned his chair sideways, away from her, toward where Hedy ate near his feet.

“Well, John,” his mother said. There was an undertone of unreason in her comfortable voice. “Will there you go—

to your cereal?”

He turned his head slowly, fixed his eyes on her as if she were the maid. “Did dad leave the car?” he said.

“No, Johnny.”

“Did dad leave the car?”

“Yes, but he won’t want you to take it. He’s been checked, for the trip. You can take Hedy on the bus, or walk.

He reached for a slice of toast and for the marmalade.

“Where are the keys?” he said.

“Never mind where they are. I’ve put them where they’re safe.”

She watched him shily, waiting for him to speak. He looked under lowered lashes at the dog and kept his face blank. He could almost scold his mother by ignoring her. The catch was that it was impossible to upset her violently. Nothing would be gained by upsetting her, especially, of course, but the relief to his feelings.

After a minute she set her coffee cup sharply down in its saucer. “I don’t know what all this is going to come to! You’re too young to drive, in the first place. You’ll have an accident someday and end up a cripple, and then I suppose you’ll blame me. I’ve never known a boy like you. You act as if your father had I were up in tow of you. Everything we do for you you take for granted. What do you ever do for me? I’ve given to you too much. I’ve let you have your own way till you’re spoiled and sullied and I can’t do a thing with you. Your father tells me and tells me not to give in to you, but I’m too soft-hearted to have my own good. Someday you’ll remember, when it’s too late. I suppose you’re still sneaking out Hedy. Why, I should think you’d see in the plain that the city’s no place for a dog. She’ll have such a good home with Glen. I’ve felt so sorry for her ever since I was caged up in town while you were at school. . . . Aren’t you going to eat more breakfast than that?”

He stood up and tossed the crumbs of his toast into her bowl of cereal. “Where are the keys?” he said.
Dial Soap keeps complexities clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spread ing bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland, scentless lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARBOWAY — NBC, Weekdays

"Absolutely," Mrs. McKenzie said. To Edna, who had come running up on the porch and stood expectantly, in the attitude of one who is about to take off, and to Susan she said, "I want you children to let Hedy alone till she gets used to us."

She seemed to think that settled it. Smiling, she said to John, "I've made a chocolate cake, but you can't have any for dinner unless you'll stay for supper too. Do you want to see it before you decide?"

She could certainly be awfully pleasant. Reighed by her manner, John wondered if she acted like this all the time or saved it for when people were around. He fell easily into the line he saved for her.

"No, Mrs. McKenzie, I couldn't trust myself with it," he said. "Furthermore, if you blackmail me like that, I'll probably invite myself to stay for the summer."

"I'd set you in charge of the chickens," she said. "That's settled, then."

When Susan and her mother had gone from the door and the two boys sat down again, Edna walked over beside John and smiled at him. "If I'm nice to Hedy, maybe she'll like me," Glenly says," she informed him. "Look, sir," Glen said without rancor, "why don't you go somewhere and play something?"

"I will," she said. She said to John, "Will you make her come over here now?"

"Sure," Susan said, "you know what mother told you."

"I won't bother her," she said earnestly. "I just want to put her over!"

"She'll be back at Hedy to avoid the child's confounding eyes. She saw how foolish and intent the dog looked as she pulled at a large branch that had fallen into the house. He could have annoyed Mrs. McKenzie by ordering Edna around like that, and now the dog, who had tricked himself into it, ignored him. She's not worth sticking your neck out for, he thought. He set his teeth, furious with himself and with her.

"How about it?" Glen asked him. "I'll see to it that she doesn't pester her after that."

"Sure," John said. He tried to sound cordial because, after all, it wasn't Glen he was sore at. "Call her," he said.

"Heck, no."

"Why not?"

"Well, she's your dog till you go—and after that if you say so."

"Do you think I care? Call her."

With a quick glance at John, Glen combed. Hedy dropped the branch, raised her head and stared at the boys. Edna bounced up and down between them, then with an obvious effort held herself still. Glen whistled and the dog turned and ran toward them.

"You see?" John said. Hedy stopped at the foot of the steps and looked up at him. "She knows already. Her master's voice."

He said it bantierly, but not ungrandly. He wanted to banish any weird theories Glen might have.

"She wouldn't have come if you hadn't been here," Glen said. "Nuts. You're talking like Terhune."

He had been thinking that himself—that she had come because he was with Glen—but when it was put into words he saw it for what it was, and he recoiled from it. Now he saw that he had spoken too quickly and too sharply. Without thinking about it, submitting to some inner guide, he chose the words that he felt were the right words to say.

"I don't feel it."

He offered not a word, not a word, not a word. The boys sat on the steps and watched.

It was a strange, unaccustomed calmness that Hedy radiated in the realized she was being pursued used John. It seemed typical of her and other dog. Without thinking, he called Glen.

"You'd better let her alone," he said, "she doesn't like kids."

"Edna's here," Mrs. McKenzie said, behind.

"Sure, I'll go."

He stood, startled and polite, and Glen in imitation. Mrs. McKenzie stood be- hind the screen door. She was slender and handsome, and her blue house dress had starched and cool. Hanging back at mother's side, the older little girl stared at John with round, conscious eyes.

"I don't think Hedy would bite," John said quickly, "but I thought it might be too late."

He didn't think anything of it.

"I don't think Hedy would bite," John quickly, "but I thought it might be too late."

They started off about two o'clock. Glen and Hedy and John, to the creek. There was never anything to do there—it was too shal-
PLANNING A LATE VACATION?

WHERE TO GO AND WHEN!

Wandering if Europe will be fun in the late summer or fall? Indeed it will! The weather is crisp, invigorating... the countryside beautiful... the people friendly, eager to welcome you. Remember, Europe is just a few hours away when you go the TWA way. And if you fly TWA Sky Tourist, a round trip from New York to London and return will cost only $417 on season, $417 off season.

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Whatever your travel questions...

ASK MARY GORDON OF TWA

low for swimming, and in addition covered with ominous light-green stuff—but it was a good place to go when you wanted to do nothing. Hedy, even in her overindulgent mood of today, seemed glad to sit on the bank and pant after racing all the way. The boys sat in the partial shade of the willow brush and threw pebbles into the green stuff and watched it veer away in particles.

They talked for hours, with long, contemplative pauses, about last term’s teachers, about whether it was worth while to join the golf club just to get away from study hall, about the Army; at length and im- possibly, about girls. They did not refer to the future. They forgot how much of what they discussed was Glen’s concern alone. This day became like all the other days at Glen’s place, unaccountably pleasant, rewarding without accomplishment.

The spell broke when they stood up. It was a few minutes after five by John’s watch. The day had taken on without their noticing it the poignancy of the countryside in late afternoon. The shadows had lengthened. The still-bright sunlight was sadder than twilight could have been. Glen fell awkwardly silent.

John, taking his last look at this pasture, felt a premonitory twinge of homesickness for the days he and Glen had spent here when there was nothing to do in town. He had not known before this minute that he had any particular attitude toward this place. He stood, embarrassed by the silence and a little dazed from sitting so long, till Hedy barked and ran a few yards up the path.

He was certain that he had not once for gotten that he was leaving her here, and yet the knowledge came to him with a fresh im- pact. She stopped and turned her head to look at them. She was impatient, imperious, triumphant, so completely sure that every- thing would be ordered according to her wishes. She continued, he knew, to irradiate. He felt stronger for that.

They went uphill toward the McKenzie place. Hedy raced ahead, unbearably pleased with herself. Just to check her, he whistled, then called sharply, but she ignored him.

Glen looked up, then down again at the ground rising under his feet. His face was serious and downcast.

All right, John thought, addressing Glen in his minst, what about those wonderful in- stincts they’re supposed to have? She doesn’t know anything’s up. She doesn’t know anything—anyway, you’d think she’d know that. The trouble with you is, you talk too much, he thought, and then to Glen. “She’s still your dog if you say so.” Why should I say so? How would that change the facts?

He was angry, not really at Glen but at the other boy’s tacit acceptance of all the sentimental ideas that people tried to kid themselves with. In the silence he seemed to hear Glen argue fallaciously for Hedy’s char- acter. He heard Glen say again, “She wouldn’t have come if you hadn’t been here.” He took a revengeful pleasure in listening to the stupid,crippled phrases he made up to attack his own position, then smashing them with his answers.

Does Dry Skin Make You Shun Summer Fashions?

The same beaming sun that toasts your skin to a golden tan, also dries your skin—lines your face and adds extra years.

Does that mean you shun the pretty, young summer clothes... the gay, airbrush colors? Not at all!

For skin that’s naturally dry or sun-dried, Woodbury has a mar- velous Dry Skin Cream, with a wonder-working ingredient called Penaten! Penaten’s special magic is that it penetrates deeper into the important corneum layer of your skin—carrying the rich benefits of lanolin and 3 other skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Take five minutes every day this summer to treat your skin to the luxury of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. See how little dry lines and rough flakes seem to melt away. Watch a lovely new soft- ness creep into your skin. And listen to your friends exclaim: “You’re looking younger every day!”

Woodbury Dry Skin Cream costs only $2.25 to $7.95, plus tax.
Fiery cracks between the toes? Look tonight!

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**Athlete’s Foot can be serious—but Absorbine Jr. takes care of your misery, fast**

1. When hot summer footwork causes feet to perspire and tiny cracks to appear between the toes, Athlete’s Foot can get you in torment, even “lay you up.”

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Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete’s Foot fungus it can contact. It helps heal open cracks, prevent reinfection, and promote regrowth of smooth unbroken skin.

But be sure to get after Athlete’s Foot before it gets serious. Guard against reinfection: boil socks 15 minutes. Don’t share towels and bath mats.

Get Absorbine Jr. at all drug counters, W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

Get after Athlete’s Foot symptoms early! That’s the time Absorbine Jr. helps clear them up. Time is a factor: the earlier you start on physical woes, the sooner you’ll be on your way to feeling better, too.

**SOOTHING, REFRESHING**

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America’s original relief for Athlete’s Foot... and the favorite today!

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**What a Relief! When you change to Milder, Better-Tasting EX-LAX**

Stop punishing yourself with bad-tasting, fast-acting cathartics! Change to EX-LAX, America’s best-tasting laxative. Everybody likes its delicious chocolate flavor. You taste no medicine at all. No oily, chalky, salty or bitter taste.

Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Only the thorough, comfortable, satisfying relief you enjoy makes you aware you have taken anything! No stomach upset. No embarrassing urgency.

The effectiveness of the active ingredient of Ex-Lax has been proved by scientific research and clinical experience. Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their practice. And over the years, more millions of people of all ages have used Ex-Lax than any other leading laxative.

Next time Nature forgets—remember this! For thorough, satisfying relief change to Ex-Lax—America’s best-tasting laxative—and notice the change in yourself! No better laxative at any price!

**Ex-Lax can relieve constipation without a fight!**

**Ex-Lax—Always your friend!**

**Listen for “THE DOCTOR’S WIFE”**

Every day Monday thru Friday NBC
**Summer Beauty Hints**

_by Ruth Pearse_

**Arms Program—Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, their nails neatly manicured, their hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, too often when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows up dry and red from using a too harsh, stingent deodorant. (One out of two women have had this trouble, a nationwide survey shows.)**

To avoid this, use venous, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Made with a pure face cream base, venous does not irritate normal skin. A four-week test, conducted by a leading skin specialist, showed not one single case of underarm skin irritation from using venous, not even when applied immediately after shaving. Venous helps beautify the skin.

**Helping Hands—Summer's the time when "smart cookies" like to whip up a tasty ham burger or toss a tangy salad. But who wants the odor of onions and garlic lingering on hands made to be held in the moonlight? Soo, just smooth a bit of venous, and your hands will be soft and sweet-smelling in no time, toning, remember, is your "beauty cream" deodorant.

**Feature Feet—With the new shoes that are mostly wide-open spaces held together by the daintiest straps, foot-care is more important than ever. Again venous is your beauty assistant. Massage your feet with venous daily, to keep the skin smooth, soft and lovely, and to avoid any trace of embarrassing odor.

Tubes of jars, 10c, 35c, 60c

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"Most of the heavy stuff is packed, and I gauge they'll help crate up the really heavy stuff, the beds and stuff. We'll spend the last night in a hotel. I guess, then my mother and I will take the train and my father will go by car."

With this warning, Mr. McKenzie pulled himself away from his seed catalaphs. "What sort of dog would you say that dog is?" he asked. Coming after his dictated silence, his voice was almost as startling as if he had just popped out of a box.

"She is a springer," John said, shifting the mild emphasis on the verb. He turned courteously toward Mr. McKenzie, and into his fatigue came the reviving, malicious thought that this man was a fool.

"A springer? Can you hunt?"

"She's afraid of guns."

"Well, there isn't much hunting around here."

"Have you tried the craft? Can she play dead, or anything like that?"

"No sir. She's not that kind of dog."

He felt the importance of too and immediately he changed his tone. "I thought maybe I'd train her at first," he said, with an uneasy glance at Mrs. McKenzie, "but she didn't take to it. I don't know if she was too dumb or too bright."

"I think tricks are more for a small dog," Mrs. McKenzie said.

"Yeah," he said, pleased with her for that, "I think so too. Herd's too big, and she's too—well, I wouldn't want to make a down of her."

He stopped abruptly, the thing he had been fighting all day, returning, took him off guard. Now he was forced to admit that he was. By his own deepest beliefs he was a fool for having it at all. He saw now that to have done it was a mistake.

"Some dogs are more like people," Mrs. McKenzie said, after a moment. She sounded encouraging and conscious of fatuity, but he could tell she was laughing. "Yeah, I guess so," John said.

His life had led him far from disillusionment—every day it had him with evidence against the validity of this feeling that had tripped him up today. He looked at the floor and tried to force the confusion out of his mind.

"She doesn't care, he thought. She's gone to sleep now."

"She drove out again till it seemed to bother even Mr. McKenzie. His smile took on a shade of amaxity. "Anyway, she certainly doesn't look like dog," he said wildly.

"I guess so," John said. He stood up and looked at the watch on his wrist. "I'll go back and take a look before I go, just to make sure everything is all right," he said.

Glen stood up, hesitated, and sat down again. John, his hand on the doorknob, turned.

"Come on, Glen," he said. "Nope."

"Come on."

---

"You go down by yourself, Johnny," Mrs. McKenzie said. "It may help her get settled."

He looked at the three sitting in the yellow car. Mr. McKenzie had pulled himself straighter and shrugged. "Okay," he said. "Anything you say. I'll be back in a minute."

He had forgotten to turn on the porch light. He stumbled down the steps in the dark. Trying not to step on the narrow flower border, he kept his foot on the step of the house for reassurance. It did not reassure him.

"You were still scratching at the door. Had she been there all those hours? He could not hear the sound of his own steps on the gravel, but as he came to the garage door her scratching became louder. Suddenly he turned and saw her. Her head was down. He knelt beside the door and put his hand on the dog's head.

The pain inside him was not sudden, but well-rooted and deliberate, as it had been there right along, waiting for the anesthetic to wear off. He was unable to move or to speak. He knelt, and the dog's feverish breath was on his hand, and he listened to the quickening of its pulse.

At last he got up and went into the garage. In her joy she leaped up in the darkness, still whining, her hair tossed and held in her hand, her own, and she knelt and buried her face in her face in her face in her face.

"Ahead of him was the breaking of his casual promise to look in again on Glen and Mrs. McKenzie. He knew he was a fool, he knew he was a fool, and he was forced to admit that he was."

He held the two places confused in his mind: that apartment in the distant state; that house a couple of miles, his head stood si-

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A S I Z E 1 8 I N R E D

(Continued from Page 87)

the most common reasons women give for everyday overeating. One of them may give you a clue to what is in back of your high-calorie intake. Look over the categories, then consult the low-caloric eating plan.

You're like Wilma. Always tense and tired, you eat to soothe your jangled nerves or to give you "sweetness to come." Oddly enough, if you drive yourself too hard you are as apt to overeat and grow fat as your dog is not eating—nothing makes a dog of three month's age fatter. "But those cut trips to the refrigerator, cake tin and candy box add up in extra calories.

You need a rest, not a repet. A well-planed diet is as important for you as a well-planed diet. First of all, avoid tackling the multitude of jobs that frustrate you be-

You can't do it. Shy away from heller-schelter. Plan your work day in advance. Try to assign yourself short,

sure goals you know you will be able to ac-

You'll be all right," he said. "In a day or two you'll be fine. They're right. It isn't much of a place for a dog."

He had the two places confused in his mind; that apartment in the distant state; that house a couple of miles, his head stood si-

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GREETING CARD SALESPEOPLE: MAKE UP TO $50 ON A SINGLE CALL


THE WISCONSIN MADISON HOMESTYLE-FRESH REFRIGERATED DELICATESSEN MEAT

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50 SHAVER'S COMB, 50¢ FREE SAMPLES

Christmas cards, Christmas cards, Christmas cards, Christmas cards. 75¢, $1.25, $1.50, $2.50, $5.00 per box. 15¢, 25¢, 50¢ per box. Gift packages. Mrs. Black's Baking powder. Free Holiday cards and envelopes. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1.00 per box. Moscos, shoes, finger tips, gloves, etc. 15¢, 25¢, 50¢, 75¢, $1.00 per box. Mrs. Black's Baking powder. Free Holiday cards and envelopes. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, $1.00 per box. Moscos, shoes, finger tips, gloves, etc.
As it could be? Your skin as clear? Your hair as crested? Your grooming as meticu-

lous as time and effort will allow? If you are

delightful enough to live near a reputable salon

which offers beauty courses, you might like

to join a class, and work your way away

from fatties! A membership card to a

nearby Y.W.C.A. or women's athletic

club can keep you active in the line of

sports that will help streamline your figure.

Your beauty approach that will be

best for you. Then, if possible, a knot

in the same. And, if you enjoy outdoor

activities, a trip to the woods, the

beach, or even a hike uphill will help

achieve results. If you are not up to

that, set up your own beauty

program of daily activities. Make

sure your beauty program is

a constant effort to look good to yourself, and

in a way that will begin to look better to others too!

You eat because you are bored. A slice of

buttered toast or a handful of cookies helps you pass the

hours of the day. Reach for a hobby—instead of a

slice, though. Keep your thoughts, as well as your hands, off extra food by

freshening up your day, and do it with

new things to do. If you can't

get out of the house during the day, join a

political-party organization, the P.T.A.,

or Red Cross. You may prefer to donate

your services to the town hospital, or

library to earn your own

money, at a part-time paying job. If

you have to be at home at the end of the day, because

your "feel sh*t out of control, look

for other ways to occupy your time. How

about a paint project for the

porch furniture, or curtains for the

little girl's room? Or get out the
cleaning tools—

knitting needles, business girls can

fill their lonely evenings with fun things to do. In

a night class at a college, or an amateur theatrical group. Who

knows? You may be

building an actor—a

rhetorical-singer! Keep

busy and you won't

give up, and be bored—

ed helping.

You would like to

get to know the

same, but your appetite makes

your high demands on

you. Don't fool your-

self! Here is a physi-

cal fact you may

wish to memorize. It

isn't moderate eating

or overeating which

imulates the appe-
tite. As your appetite

increases, your body

requires more food. As

you eat more food, you

take more fat. As you

take the fat, you require

additional food to

feed the fat itself! An ugly

picture? Paint a new self-portrait by cutting

down on your excurses and your excurses at

the same time!

You know you are too heavy, but your hus-

band insists it is "the way you are." Hones

are your mate isn't a medical man

listen to what our doctors tell us about

"contented," overweight in relation to health. Too

much padding makes you a
caller candidate for high blood pressure, heart trouble, kidney disease, hardening of

the arteries, embolism. Overeating lowers

our resistance to colds and other infections, it

too many extra pounds making you a poor prospect for surgery and pregnancy as well! Carrying extra weight around intensifies

back trouble, if your back is weak to be

in with.

Even if you are fortunate enough to with-

stand these threats to your health, added

weight takes its toll in time and money. Over-

weights move slowly. They have trouble

ending over, reaching, struggling into and

out of chairs, and squeezing through narrow

passages.

Extra bulk lessens the amount of work

that can be accomplished each day; pre-

vents a mother from caring for her chil-

ren as efficiently as she would like. Becom-

ing clothes in large sizes are more difficult to

find and costlier too.

If you shy away from these gruesome facts about

fat, with the thought that they couldn't possibly apply to you, try this: Imagine your-

self twenty pounds heavier than you are. Try

to discover just what these extra pounds would

do. Gather together twenty pounds' worth

of blankets, old clothes, and so on. Now

strap these things around you so that they

press your upper back and arms, abdo-

min, hips and thighs. Walk around a bit.

Try to bend over and touch the floor. Start

the dinner—or the dishes. Even if you don't

follow through with this little trial test, you

are sure to get the idea that extra weight

means extra trouble!

A Typical Day's Menu for Summer Slimmers

Breakfast

Sliced peaches or 1/4 cantaloupe.

Ready-to-eat cereal, 1/2 cup (with skim milk and

liquid sugar substitute), or 1 egg, boiled or

poached.

Toast, 1 slice, moderately

buttered.

Tea or coffee, plain, or

with skim milk and sugar substitute.

Midmorning

Skin milk (8-ounce glass).

Luncheon

Whole fresh tomato stuffed with cottage cheese

and chives or fresh fruit with cottage cheese,

lemon juice.

Metta toast or plain crackers (2).

Prune whip or plain cake, 1 slice.

Iced tea or coffee, fla-

vorcd as at break-

fast, if desired.

Midautroom

Bouillon or consomme

(1 cup clear).

Dinner

Tossed green salad

(lemon, vinegar or to-

mato-juice dressing).

Lean meat, fish or fowl,

2 medium slices (see

list below).

Hot vegetable, medium serving (see list below).

Plain custard or fresh fruit (see list below).

Tea or coffee, as at breakdown.

Before Bedtime

Skim milk or buttermilk (8-ounce glass).

Vary your diet meals by selecting from the

following:

MEAT, FISH OR POULTRY

Roast beef, brisket, ham chops, chopped steak,

veal, kidneys, liver, haddock, scrod, cod, hal-

ibut, flounder, sole, chicken, capon.

VEGETABLES

Asparagus, yellow squash, string beans, peas,

Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots, young

Lima beans, spinach, beet greens, collard

chicory, dill, turnips, cabbage, potato, small.

FRUITS

Honeydew or cantaloupe (1/4 slice per serv-

ing), apple, banana (small), tangerine,

orange, pineapple (fresh), nectarine, plum,

peach, raspberries, strawberries, grape-

fruit (1/2 per serving).

Recommended by beauty experts

everywhere. Available in

two forms—liquid, or new "solid")

Suave Creme Hairdressing. At beauty

salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!

CREME 60c LIQUID 50c +1

created by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty

Only Suave makes hair obey...new soft way!

“Sparkles” the hair—controls it with miracle Curtisol

Utterly unlike ordinary hairdressings, lotion-like

Suave never leaves an oily after-film. Because Suave,

and only Suave, controls CURTISOL, the

so light, so penetrating—just a few delicate drops

conditioning, it makes hair obey more softly than ever!

Before! Gives hair shimmering glow. Prevents dryness, split ends, frizziness after a permanent; chases
dandruff. Gives you “easy do” hair instantly, even after

shampoo. That’s why Suave is preferred 5 to 1 over all women’s hairdressings.
Make it with America’s finest
tomato cooking sauce!

Smother...Richer...Better-Tasting!

What a joy to find that your favorite soup, just as it comes from the can...double-rich, double-thick...is a perfect tomato cooking sauce!

Used as a soup, you always did love this savory puree of red ripe tomatoes, blended to velvety smoothness with fine table butter. It’s equally outstanding as a pour-on sauce (seasoned to taste) and as a cooking ingredient. It gives you a flying start toward fine, easy-to-fix dishes.

Try it! Millions of women find it adds excitement, new taste and color to dishes...saves your precious time.

Yes...CAMPBELL’S TOMATO SOUP MAKES THE BEST TOMATO COOKING SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!

GOLD TO LOOK AT...GRAND TO EAT!

Here’s a meat-stretching recipe that always wins approval. It’s colorful and flavorful...and so simple to prepare!

1 pound ground beef 1/2 cup hot water 1 small onion, minced 2 tablespoons shortening 1 can (1/4 cups) condensed tomato soup

Cream: meat, onion, seasonings, egg and bread; mix well and shape into 4 patties. Cook until done in shortening in a skillet; place on a warm platter. Pour gravy into skillet; stir to browned bits of meat. When sauce is hot, pour over patties. Makes 4 servings.

Veal Balls
Onions in Sour Cream
Baked Tomatoes

Want to give your morale a lift? Try savory veal balls, onions in sour cream and baked tomatoes.

Savory Veal Balls
Trim 1 pound boneless veal free of gristle and all matter that is not strictly meat. Do this well, or you’ll have a hard time dueling the next step, which is grinding the veal through the finest of blenders. Then mix in enough milk, should you have a meat-meat mixture, and blend into a homogeneous mass. Season with 3/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper and 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg. Blend some more and taste until you’re satisfied that everything is thoroughly mixed together. Shape mixture into 1-inch balls; larger, if you prefer. Coat each lightly with flour. Sauté in 3 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening. When golden brown on all sides, place balls in a warm, shallow baking dish. Bake in a moderate hot oven (375° F.) for about 20 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Onions in Sour Cream
Cook 1 pound small peeled white onions in salt water until just tender, but no more. Drain well. Place onions in a baking dish, with a cover. Pour 1 cup sour cream over onions. Dot with a sprinkle of mashed potatoes. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes, or until well heated through. Serves 4.

Ham Asparagus Bundles
Buttered Noodles
Berry Shortcake

A gastronomical salute to summer—asparagus with ham, berry shortcake.

Let us make the most of the blessings of summer, all the fresh vegetables and fruits, while they are in season. For me, the rites of spring and early summer spell as much asparagus and strawberries as possible. Later I welcome the early peas, the golden wax beans, the red ripe cherries and all the berry fillings. With these on my table, and the sun beam, I feel that everything is right with the world.

And in this mood, I offer you the six combinations of asparagus with ham. First of all is the asparagus wrapped in delicately

Mail coupon to Anne Marshall, Campbell Soup Company, Dept. L 31, Camden 1, N. J.
Cheese is all a food should be. In cheese-onion pie, it's delectable.

Asparagus With Ham
Start with 20 stalks of asparagus, fresh or frozen. Have your stalks of equal length. Cook only until tender, not well; and drain them thoroughly. Have ready 4 slices of boiled ham. Roll 5 stalks of asparagus in each slice of ham. Secure with toothpicks. Place bundles in a greased shallow baking dish. Pour 1 cup cheese sauce over bundles. Sprinkle with bread crumbs if you wish. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15-20 minutes, or until bubbly and golden brown. Serves 4.

Corn Bread
Chef's Salad
Fresh-Fruit Tapioca Pudding

To tempt children's appetites, add chicken and cheese strips to chef's salad.

Asparagus With Ham

Start with 20 stalks of asparagus, fresh or frozen. Have your stalks of equal length. Cook only until tender, not well; and drain them thoroughly. Have ready 4 slices of boiled ham. Roll 5 stalks of asparagus in each slice of ham. Secure with toothpicks. Place bundles in a greased shallow baking dish. Pour 1 cup cheese sauce over bundles. Sprinkle with bread crumbs if you wish. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15-20 minutes, or until bubbly and golden brown. Serves 4.

Simple Chef's Salad
Take 2 cups well-drained cooked string beans, 1 cup peeled tomatoes cut into chunks, 2 cup chopped celery and 1 medium Bermuda onion cut into the thinnest of rings. Combine with 1 cup canned chicken meat (1 small can) cut into inch-long strips and 1 cup inch-long strips of Swiss cheese. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Place on shredded salad greens, such as lettuce, chicory or strips of romaine. Top with ½ cup of your favorite French dressing. Serves 4.

Kidneys Creole
Fluffy Rice
Green Salad
Peach-Vanilla Pudding

Kidneys creole have even steak lovers passing plates for more.

Let us face it: people don't love kidneys the way they love steak. Which means, in view of economic and nutritive virtues of kidneys, if your folks will have to be persuaded. By us. To put backbone into your persuading, think of your weekly food bill plus the fact that epicures, or fancy eaters, swoon over kidneys. In this spirit, I offer you kidneys creole, which persuaded my family to such an extent that even the little ones want more.

Rice is a natural mate to kidneys creole, to mop up the fine sauce. Fluffy rice it should

WORK BETTER!... Whether it's farm work or housework, get the pleasant lift of coffee. You'll help your efficiency, get more done... feel less tired, have more fun... when you take a coffee-break!

give yourself a coffee-break

...and get what coffee gives to you!

FEEL BETTER!... A fragrant cup of coffee adds zest to everything you do. Every hour seems brighter, every chore lighter - after a coffee-break!

THINK BETTER, too!... When you have to use your head - head straight for a cup of coffee! Coffee gently stimulates your mind, helps you keep alert!

coffee always
gives you a break!

MAKE IT BETTER!... Make it fresh, make it often! Use 1 standard coffee measure (2 level tablespoons) to each 6 oz. cup of fresh, cold water... keep your coffee-maker sparkling clean! Never boil or reheat coffee!
be, so every so often fish out a kernel and taste. Even in this age of careful cooking directions, initiative pays. After all, you have to eat the rice, so why not make sure the directions coincide with your taste?

For hot-weather eating I think the kidneys should be followed by a cool green salad. One of impeccable crisp lettuce, tossed in your favorite French dressing with a handful of waver-thin cucumber rounds. Have you ever tried mixing your salad dressing in the salad bowl, before the green go in? You'll find that putting the salad on the dressing, rather than the other way round, makes for easier and more thorough tossing. Incidentally, the French dressing is still made with 3 parts of salad oil to 1 of vinegar, salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg.

Follow up with a peach-raspberry pudding which is as easy as it is pleasing. Line the bottom of 4 sherbet glasses with sliced fresh ripe peaches. Fill glasses with packaged pudding, which should be cool, but not chill. Before serving, sprinkle with chopped toasted almonds.

Kidneys Creole
Take 1 large beef kidney (about 1 pound), wash it, trim it free from fat and muscle, and cut it into very thin slices. Soak slices in cold water for 1/2 hour. Drain, dry kidney slices and dredge them with flour, taking care to coat each slice evenly. (Two hints: Dry the kidneys on paper towels. For dredging, spread kidneys on a big dinner plate, and use your flour sifter. This gets them coated evenly, but not too thickly.) Now, fry 2 medium onions, finely chopped, in 1/4 cup chopped bacon (3 slices) or salt pork and 1/2 tablespoons butter. (The fat combination is for flavor.) When the onions are golden and tender, add 1 green pepper, finely chopped, and the kidneys. Cook until browned, stirring constantly. Transfer to a heavy saucepan. Add 1 cup tomato catchup, 1 cup hot water—and it must be hot—salt and pepper to taste, and, if you wish, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. The parsley, too, is for taste. Cover pan and simmer slowly for 1/2 hour. Before serving, the kidneys, which will be tender if you simmered them slowly, and tough, if you did not. Add the juice of 1 lemon or 1 tablespoon vinegar. Serves 4.

TO NAG
Medieval households were usually infested with pests. Rats burrowed under floors and between walls, and squirrels nestled in the thatch roofs. Between the squirrels and the rats, the noise of gnawing was a constant source of irritation. From an old Scandinavian term "to gnaw." Germans developed naggen. Eventually they applied it to any disturbance as annoying as household pests. The chief nuisance men suffered was scolding wives. This type of naggen was so prevalent that a folk-say was made to answer.

Cheese-Onion Pie
Line a greased, 9 inch plate with crust made of 1/2 cup soda-cracker crust blended with 1/4 cup melted margarine. Slice sufficient onions to come up wit cups, but slice them thin. Fry these 2 tablespoons margarine until they are golden, transparent and really cooked—but brown. If you don't get them soft now, never will. Place the fried onions on piercinit. Now make a pie with 1 unsalted scalpse, into which you have slo stirred 2 slightly beaten eggs. Season 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Add 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese. Custard. Stir. Four mixture consistency over onions. Bake in a slow oven (300) for 40 to 45 minutes, or until cake to inserted in mid of pie comes out of模具. Serves 4-6.

34% MORE steam than other irons in the same time

ONLY Sunbeam weighs the same, steam or dry. You get all the benefits of steam ironing without any additional bulk or weight to push around. You get steam any time you want it, because the water is fed through the steam cord directly to the soleplate where it is instantly converted into continuous, deep, penetrating steam.

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Sunbeam irons are on sale wherever good electric appliances are sold. See them at your dealer.
Whatever a statement a candidate has made on "issues" prior to election—internationalist or isolationist, for or against Taft-Hartley, civil rights or not—many of the decisions that may vital to the country's well-being will be good or bad decisions solely on a basis of his personal integrity. Our President must appoint men to key posts. Has he chosen the best man for this office? Or only the best man for partisan advantage? Who is honest and firm enough to administer government monies? How can these huge sums be most usefully spent for the good of all?

In these dangerous times we pray for wisdom in our leaders and it is our duty to choose the wisest men we can. No man can be all-wise; but it is within his power to be honest, and to require honesty in his associates. The standard must be that government morals be above the average morals, not below them. When our leaders fail in this, they fail the greatest public trust.

The only way to achieve honesty and integrity in government is for the voters relentlessly to insist upon it, and to make out swift punishment to those who do not fulfill this obligation. Public life offers the temptations which great power and access to great sums of money will always provide. Only when we voters are aware of this, and raise a great clamor when our trust is betrayed, can we hope to have good government.

Let us insist on our hopes being realized.

The Editors

### What People Want in a President

(Continued from Page 14)

This suede jacket from Dayton's Sun Fun Shop, Minneapolis, was made for flying. But it's almost as appropriate for zooming through a basketroll of whirlwind ironing . . . when you're helped by a Rid-Jid Ironing Table!

**How to Fly through an Ironing!**

Flying togs are not actually compulsory . . .

. . . but just wait till you see how moisture vanishes—all!—when you iron it through the mesh-metal top of a Rid-Jid Ironing Table.

The last piece of ironing goes as quickly as the first, because the well-ventilated ironing pad stays dry.

Rid-Jid snaps to your most comfortable ironing height with fingertip control. Click—click—click—and you can sit or stand at your own comfort level.

Rid-Jid experts have been making ironing tables for more than 60 years. No one in the business has as much experience—no one in the business makes a better table at any price!

Your local store can deliver an adjustable Rid-Jid (there are lowered-priced models, too) in time for your next ironing, if you call now.

And next time you shop, look at Rid-Jid clothes racks, hangers, ironing table pads and covers and other "flying housework" aids!

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**The End**
HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY
(Continued from Page 44)

Flowers everywhere and plenty of fishing, too. Nobody cared what anybody did. It was a fine trip.

Hawaiian boxes. One thing seems certain, there is plenty of fishing in the Islands. Love means feast, and it's all as informal as a New England clam bake. All you need for a centerpiece is fruits and flowers topped with the独立董事 pineapple and your tablecloth may be green leaves — ferns would be fine. So, if you have a big open porch or patio, you may call it a luau, and you are all set. You may have many things or only a few, but have plenty of what you have or it won't be a luau.

Start with shrimp curry. Read the receipt, make it and serve it. You may take your tent down in Hawaii. Or you may let the horse folks in on it.

SHRIMP CURRY
To be forthcoming, soak a piece of whole ginger or ginger root in cold water the night before your party. Put 2 cups shredded moist coconut through the food chopper and simmer in 3 cups water for 20 minutes. Strain through a cheesecloth. Save the liquid for the sauce. The coconut may be used another time in a cake. Clear 4 pounds feed or frozen raw shrimp, removing shells and black veins.

In a skillet, melt 3/4 cup butter or margarine. Add 1 cup chopped onion and cook slowly until golden brown. Mix in 3/4 cup flour smoothly. Add 2 cups of the strained coconut liquid and 2 cups milk blended with 1 tablespoon curry powder, cook, stirring until thickened. Add the raw shrimp, 21/2 teaspoons salt, slice and chop fine enough of the softened ginger root to make 1 teaspoon. Add to the curry and simmer 1/2 hour. Before serving, stir in 2 tablespoons lemon juice — more curry, too, if you like it hot. Serve in a border of fluffy rice and garnish with salted bananas. Curry is always served with such accompaniments as chutney, chopped scallions or green onions. crumbled crisp bacon, chopped hard-cooked egg, shredded coconut, pickle relish, chopped peanuts and steamed raisins.

A banana is a banana is a banana. A banana on the stem is a deceitful thing. It grows upside down so it's an upside-down fruit with a show-off complex. So, here's a complexed banana making like an indifferent banana, and it is one of those complexes that run wild with shrimp curry.

SAUTEED BANANAS
Select 1 all-yellow or slightly green-top bananas and peel them. Cut lengthwise in half, then cut crosswise in half. Sauté bananas slowly in 3 tablespoons butter, margarine. Turn so they will brown on both sides. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Serve with curry shrimp.

It's only a salad. Any simple salad greens, tomato sections and, of course, slices of avocado mixed with French dressing is typical, of Hawaii as anywhere else. You can never get out of step with a green salad.

Ono-ono. Why ono-ono should mean delicious when you mean yes-yen I have fattomed yet. But, if you've taken a Hawaiian holiday seriously, you've seen poinsettias, you've sheared it and eaten them in a dozen different ways. You've got the pineapple habit, and you never reform, and, for a frozen delicacy there's nothing better than a pineapple sherbet served icy cold in a wedding melon shell.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET
Beat 4 eggs until light with 1/2 teaspoon gradually adding 3/4 cup sugar and 1/2 white corn syrup. Add 4 cups milk, 1 No. 1 can crushed pineapple, 3/2 cup lemon juice, salt, and 3 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, well and pour into 3 refrigerator freeziers. Freeze about 1 hour until frozen around the edge of the tray. Scrape into chilled bowl and beat with a spoon or a masher. Pour back into trays and freeze firm. To serve, place spoons of sherbet chilled watermelon shell. Garnish with watermelon balls. Make 3 quarts.

To scallop the edge of your melon it is to make a repeated scallop pattern first piece of blotter or cardboard, using the size on a scallop ruler. Outline it first on the melon. Carve around it with a knife and lift off top half of melon. Scrape balls and chill until serving time.

Home stretch. It's too hot for reading writing and arithmetic. (And that's a subject for anyone to go into regarding correspondent, Arithmetic, nor yet spelling, algebra, is not my most distinguished subject.) So let's stick to geography and fishing. Just wade or swim in Hawaiian wa Cool off in the shade of strange trees, you sometimes, here or there. In the meantime, have fun the Hawaiian way...THE
"I sure married one smart shopper!"

Here are four good reasons Mrs. Webb buys food in cellophane.

You see what you buy. You pick bacon sliced as you like it...choose well-trimmed meats, appetizing vegetables, the right kind of cheese. No guesswork, no costly mistakes when you buy food in cellophane.

You're sure it's clean. Food goes in your mouth—it's only sensible to be sure it's clean. Cellophane protects it from dust, dirt, flies. And no other shopper has handled food you buy in sanitary cellophane.

You get new menu ideas. A new kind of cake. A different bread. A cheese you haven't tried before. When you see foods in transparent cellophane, you get ideas to help you plan interesting menus.

Shopper's helper. Du Pont scientists constantly seek to improve cellophane, develop new packaging films, help the food industry make smart shopping easier for you.

Saves work, saves waste. To save you dreary kitchen chores, lots of foods in cellophane come ready to cook. (Spinach cleaned, for instance. Meats trimmed.) You save money, too—pay only for edible food.

Cellophane shows what it protects...protects what it shows!
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights...does it have that alive look every girl wants? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo...the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid...more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, with just enough body to take a quick set...and to hold that set!

For a clean...deep-clean scalp...for softly gleaming, radiant hair...for manageable hair that never needs a special rinse...for a soft shampoo that protects your hair...try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send us a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo, Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!
AUGUST, 1952

I'm just beginning to live

Risuelo Vanderbilt Balsan's story

LITTER AND THE GOLD

ELEGANT BLACK DRESSES

Batchelder's Cool Easy

ICEBOX CAKE
New finer MUM — stops odor longer!

Now contains amazing new ingredient M-3 to protect underarms against odor-causing bacteria

New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

What a thrill it is to bask in the light of admiring eyes! So stay sweet and enchanting — untroubled by fear of underarm odor. Let new Mum guard your charm better than ever before!

Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

Softer, creamier new MUM smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle — contains no harsh ingredients. And new Mum cream deodorant is safe for normal skin, will not rot or discolor your finest fabrics.

MUM's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum is the only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage — new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Take your place in America's biggest job—defense! Join the women in the Services.
IYANHOE from the company that gave you "QUO VADIS"... and only M-G-M could bring it so magnificently to the screen! Sir Walter Scott's story of romantic adventure comes to life enriched by Technicolor and with such great stars as ROBERT TAYLOR - ELIZABETH TAYLOR - JOAN FONTAINE - GEORGE SANDERS - EMLYN WILLIAMS.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" is LANA TURNER—it could be none other—and FERNANDO LAMAS is her lover. A glorious entertainment aglow with the magic music of Franz Lehar and gorgeous color by Technicolor.

"BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE" brings you golden-voiced M. LANZA in a new romantic musical sensation co-starring J. WHITMORE and introducing DORETTA MORROW. Technicolor.
Journal Articles

**Marie Killilea,** author of *She Lived a Miracle* (Page 36), lives with her husband and four children (one adopted) in Rye, N.Y. To help her daughter Karen achieve her miraculous victory over cerebral palsy, Mrs. Killilea had to become a medical student, nurse, physical therapist—an expert on the subject. She and her husband helped organize the National Cerebral Palsy Association. Thanks to the tenacity of Karen and her mother, Irish eyes are smiling in the Killilea home and thousands who know cerebral palsy firsthand can take hope.

**Nancy Hale**

**Nancy Hale’s One Good Dress** appears on Page 26. Author of several novels and many short stories, Mrs. Hale prefers to be dressed for a hike with her young son, Bill. This summer she is revising her first play, *The Best of Everything,* produced last May by the Virginia Players at the University of Virginia. Her husband is professor of English Literature there.

An illustrator’s “spare work” would seem easy—merely to look at lovely women. But to do the illustrations for Edna Ferber’s *Giant* (Page 36), Joe DeMers takes hundreds of photographs of his models and discards dozens of preliminary sketches before producing a single finished drawing. The photo shows Joe DeMers at work—he has given up eating entirely to gaze at the movies. Jeanne Grain. He has an equally lovely wife and one seven-year-old daughter, Danielle.

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**Cover Photograph by Wilhelma Cashman**

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Stop! Look!

There's a Borden's Cream Cheese
for every taste... every use!

So much better-tasting for snacks!

And no wonder! Borden's Cream Cheese is actually fresher-tasting cream cheese, and not only that, it has a smoother texture, too! Spread on crackers, salted rye, or bagels, you’re set for the very best cream cheese eatin’!

Don’t forget Borden’s Cream Cheese when you’re dreaming of an extra-good salad... or for those luscious cake frostings! You’ll really notice what a difference Borden’s fresher taste makes! Get it in the 3 oz. or the thrifty 8 oz. size.

A tightly sealed wrapper protects the original goodness and purity of the cheese until you open the package. No loose flaps allow air to reach the cheese.

So much smoother for cheese dips!

Here’s the newest Borden’s Cream Cheese... and it’s a dilly! Filled with tangy, tender chopped chives—fresh from Borden’s own chive gardens! Just whip a little milk for the finest Chip-Dip of ‘em all! Look for Borden’s Chive Cream Cheese and its handy, dandy companion, Borden’s Pimento Cream Cheese, in the dairy case of your favorite store.

Tightly sealed wrapper guarantees its goodness!

What’s more convenient than Borden’s Wej-Cuts to give you a surprising variety of sandwiches! And with Borden’s you’ll have fresher-tasting cream cheese sandwiches, too! Take your pick of these handy 6 oz. Wej-Cuts in Plain, Chive, Relish, Pineapple or Pimento cream cheese! They’re blessings for summer lunches... perfect for picnics!

So much fresher-tasting for sandwiches!

Our Readers Write us

No Who Always Gets the Last Word?

Last April we published a letter from a man who found women in politics, called them "two-legged passy cus," and asked, "Will we get the muff coat?" Replies have been accumulating and we thought we'd better publish a few before spontaneous combustion destroys our files, L.D.

As for the mistakes women make, the greatest is producing more ego-

Stiny males like the writer of that letter.

EVELYN GREGORY Los Angeles

He is... obviously the least in-

formed man in the U.S.A.

MRS. J. A. WAGNER Duncansville, Pennsylvania

If the men in our government had to run this country with the economy expected of a wife managing the house, they wouldn't offer any lady a muff coat.

MRS. R. J. WILLIAMS Noel, Missouri

He evidently never had a mother.

WALTER DONOHUE St. Johns, Michigan

Though I am yet a child (14 years old) I realize that men do not wish to have women cope with them. Why this is so I cannot say.

SUSAN L. BAKER Flint, Michigan

May I please remind his high and mightiness that no woman would buy another woman a muff coat! If it weren't for the long-tailed beaver market, two-legged tomcats trying to get to the top of the ladder (to use his words), such deals would not happen. Yours, Editors! I'll let you jumpin' up and down with laughter. You know somebody would blow a fuse on that one—and by all that's decent I have done it.

LUCIA M. MURPHY Niles, Michigan

Loved to Pieces

Fale, Michigan

My dear Journal: We have had a long life together. My father told me one day he had a new friend that I would love. It was you, dear Journal. You were born. We have been together almost ever since.

When I married in the Far West you were with me, living in a dugout, a sod house. You were loved. Loved to pieces. Now we must part. I'm afraid I can't read any more—not even you. The world is a better place to live for your living in it. God bless each one of your staff.

Good-bye.

EMMA B. MILLER

Unsmoke-filled Room

Traverse City, Michigan

Dear Editors: My political party welcomes women. It is my lot to be in the group on the precinct level. I, too, quietly worked on the outside for many years, waiting to be invited into the inner workings. Then one day our state representative told me why I never went to a county convention. I went. It didn't take long before I was elected a delegate to the state convention.

The fun really begins at the state convention! A state convention is as much fun as a football game. You soon learn about the "smoke-filled" rooms and find they aren't as "smoke-filled" as reported. Men have livings to earn and can't spend as much time going from home to house getting out the vote as women can—and they know it. They have to be nice to us.

LILLY S. WAGNER

Little Shaver

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: This is Mike. Recently he became the proud owner of his father's discarded shaving kit. He joins his dad in the daily rites of shaving. Recently, when he was told that his father had shaved the night before, he said, "Well I have to shave just the same." The result you see in the photos.

Sincerely yours—

PHOKION KARAS

(Continued on Page 6)
They wear the cleanest clothes in town

"Mom" swears by TIDE!

TIDE GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner— but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've got the cleanest wash in town . . . cleaner clothes than any other woman will get with any soap of any kind. And here's why—Tide not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but removes dulling soap film, as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests prove Tide gets clothes cleaner and whiter than any soap in hardest water. What's more, after just one Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come brighter! Millions of women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts . . . in your own bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is kind to your hands—now milder than ever before. Get Tide today and hang the cleanest wash in town on your line!
Your Savings on a Hardwick will pay the Grocer for months

EconoTrol Top Burners offer waterless cooking at its efficient best. Actually two burners in one. A fast-starting burner, then click—a small, pin-point flame for keep-boiling. Save money, save time, save food. The cost of a new Hardwick is so reasonable that the saving will pay your grocer for months, and that's just the beginning of the saving.

Better Baking will reduce your food bill. Balanced-heat oven means smooth-textured cakes, evenly browned casseroles, properly cooked meat—no baking failures. No shifting or turning of pans, either, because everything bakes perfectly everywhere in the scientifically distributed heat.

EconoMate gives you the luxury of automatic lighting for oven and top burners. The thirty pin-point pilot is one-third the usual size. It means a cooler kitchen in hottest weather—plus savings the year round. Yet Hardwick EconoMate costs less to buy than many non-automatic ranges.

HARDWICK GAS RANGES
A. G. A. Approved for Natural, Manufactured or LP Gases
No Matter What You Pay — You Can't Buy Better Cooking Performance

See your dealer, or your gas company, or write Dept. L-18

HARDWICK STOVE COMPANY • Cleveland, Tennessee

What to Think, While Washing Dishes
Bellingham, Washington
Dear Editors: I'm one of those people who write hundreds of letters to the editors, mentally, while ironing or washing dishes. Many years of reading the Journ-

(Continued from Page 4)

(Continued in this article)

Medical Milestone
New York City
Dear Editors: The little Pakistan girl in this picture is crying, but the prick of the needle may save her many tears in years to come. She is getting an injection of BCG. Her risk of getting tuberculosis is only one-fifth as great as if she had not been vacci-

(Continued from Page 4)

(Continued in this article)

The Others Scream
Naples, New York
Dear Editors: Doctor Nicholson East-

(Continued from Page 4)

(Continued in this article)

Crusty pans drive you crazy?

BRILLO soap pads—TWICE the SHINE in half the time!

A spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad washes off crust. No scrubbing. Square Brillo pads wash soap outshine all cleansers tested too! Brillo has jeweler's polish. Shiner-

(Continued from Page 4)

(Continued in this article)

THRIFTIER—5 and 12 pad boxes

New improved Brillo lasts longer!
Check this timesaving, work-saving ideal against your present kitchen!

1. Sound-deadened steel construction; easy-giding drawers, positive-closing doors.
2. Baked-on enamel finish—sparkles at the touch of a damp cloth.
3. One-piece, acid-resisting porcelain enameled steel sink top, no-splash bowl.
4. Spacious, colorful, durable work surfaces at just-right height.
5. Plenty of accessible storage space! Includes broom cabinet that’s just like an extra closet, rolling-door cabinet for spices.
7. Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower® Dishwasher really eliminates hand dishwashing!
8. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer bonishes garbage!

This all-steel kitchen features Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink with Food Waste Disposer and Jet-Tower® Dishwasher.

Compare your present kitchen with this gleaming-white Youngstown Kitchen. Compare for beauty and convenience. You’ll find everything you want in your dream kitchen is here!

Time savings! That mean added hours of leisure for you! Work surfaces and storage space galore, placed just right to save you time and steps. Baked-on enamel finishes quickly wipe clean with a damp cloth. And your all-steel Youngstown Kitchen is built to last a lifetime!

Work savings! Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower® Dishwasher really eliminates hand dishwashing.

And Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer rids your home of garbage forever.

Your kitchen can reach this timesaving, work-saving ideal—no matter what its size or shape. Let your factory-trained Youngstown Kitchen dealer show you your dream kitchen in perfect miniature, show you how to save on installation, and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify a Youngstown Kitchen—you’ll save!

Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Warren, Ohio
Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

Youngstown Kitchens 48" Electric Sink combines full sink facilities with Jet-Tower® Dishwasher. Dishes are done in 9½ minutes—washed, flushed and rinsed hygienically clean in water hotter than hands can stand. Hydro-Electric Control assures efficiency. Disposer and rinse spray available at extra cost.

New Rotary Corner Wall Cabinet and Rotary Corner Base Cabinet put otherwise-wasted corner space to work. Each has three rotating shelves that turn together at finger touch to bring articles within easy reach, that provide plenty of room for dishes, canned goods and countless other items.

Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer shreds away food waste before it can become stale garbage. Three ways best: nonstop feeding, double-action shredding, self-cleaning action. Fits all Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sinks, Electric Sinks, most other modern sinks.

Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-852, Warren, Ohio
Send 24-page planning and decorating idea book.
I enclose 10c for mailing. (No stamps, please.)
I plan to build □ I plan to remodel □
I am interested in: Kitchens □ Dishwashers □ Food Waste Disposers □

NAME (Please print)
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP

Call Modern Union, Operator 75, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.
Now! Revlon discovers an anti-perspirant gentle as a face cream

new AQUAMARINE LOTION DEODORANT

Never before such complete protection!
Gentle as a face cream yet doubly-effective! Here's the only truly modern anti-perspirant! Puts an end forever to messy “hit-and-run” sprays! Makes sticky cream deodorants as out-dated as last year's hat! Doubly-effective in checking odor and perspiration—yet so kind to your skin, thanks to skin-soothing Lanolite.

Try it today—you'll never go back to old-fashioned deodorants! 1 1/20

(Continued from Page 6)

and still they screamed. Apparently the drugs do little to conquer fear. Many women have told me they had no difficulty with their second baby because they knew what to expect.

Natural childbirth is a simple thing, so clear to be overlooked by many “wonder drug” doctors of today. The pain killers, neatness of stitches and skill with the forceps are stressed instead of the naturalness of labor and birth. I believe proper mental education of the patient, by the doctor, is of primary importance in a normal pregnancy.

Sincerely,

SHIRLEY H. REED

She Tried Both Ways

Dallas, Texas

Dear Editors: Three cheers for Doctor Eastman’s article, The Middle Road in Obstetrics. What the women of America need is more men with his balance. Having just recently borne my third child, the experience is quite fresh on my mind. During early pregnancy I studied Dr. Grantly Reid's book, Childbirth Without Fear, quite thoroughly. But never could I reconcile his theories with my two previous experiences. I had a long chat with my obstetrician—who incidentally is a middle-reader too. Due to circumstances beyond his control, this younger came without benefit of analysis. I assure you there was no fear and I had plenty of pain; however, up until the last hour I was quite comfortable. So I’m a firm middle-reader myself.

Your friend,

MRS. JOHN C. RADCLIFFE

Woman Power Preferred

Exeter, New Hampshire

Dear Editors: Having had my first child under anesthetic and the next three under my own power, I heartily agree that one’s attitude toward childbirth is not affected by the method he arrives in the world. However, the “emotional experience” is no small thing. It is, in fact, one of the biggest moments in a woman’s life. That is why I cannot understand why so many doctors seem determined that we should be taught that it is something less than civilized for us to be conscious at that time. Never underestimate the power of that emotional experience!

Sincerely,

LOUISE B. RYAN

Dancing Grandparents

Scottsville, New York

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Ten years ago in June, 1942, our family was featured in How America Lives. We thought you would be interested in what we are now doing. At that time we had one grandchild. Now we have eleven—soon to be thirteen. Of our eight children, five are married.

We are still interested in dancing, having established a dance studio in Scottsville last June.

Two of our daughters are teaching for us—Gerianne, aged 16, is our ballet teacher. Janet, 21, is our tap teacher, a very accomplished dancer and teacher. She is married and has two lovely little girls, Debby and Dianne.

At our first recital of the Scottsville Studio in June, my husband and I, at our age, 54 and 52 years, did a soft-shoe number and a ballroom dance. Our best wishes for the continued success of your grand magazine—and especially to you both.

Sincerely yours.

GERALDINE R. SEEФRED

How many readers remember the decorative, dancing Seeфreds with their eight children?—ED.

Approves Our Politics

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: For many years I have read and enjoyed the Journal, but this is the first time I have ever felt called upon to write and say so to you (or, for that matter, to any magazine). I have been so delighted with your series on politics that I felt I must express my deep approval. I myself unfortunately have little time to do more than vote, since I am simultaneously raising our one-year-old daughter, Rebeka, keeping house, and completing the laboratory work for a thesis for a Ph.D. in biochemistry.

Sincerely,

JOYCE E. NEWMAN

Aquamarine Bath Powder
...Fluffy-light pale-blue powder scented with the famous Aquamarine fragrance. 250

It's a family tradition

...the silver Baby spoon!

When you buy cotton tips... buy the dependable JOHNSON'S brand!

Johnson's COTTON TIPS
STERILE

JOHNSON'S Baby Products!
Sometimes one little improvement in personality, looks or grooming can alter a girl’s entire life... make it a thing of joy and beauty. Take Mary, for example. Mary was a successful business woman... attractive and well dressed. But, somehow, she simply didn’t click with men. More than all else, she wanted marriage. But, here she was, without a single prospect.

Then, quite by chance, she over-heard a conversation that revealed the truth about her. She lost no time in doing something about it! Today her good-looking husband thinks she’s the sweetest girl in the world... and she is... now!

**Stops Bad Breath for Hours**

Don’t take chances with halitosis (bad breath). Don’t offend needlessly. Your best friend in breath-control is Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution that countless popular people rely on.

You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And for hours on end usually! Never, never omit it before any date. You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath... the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth.

**Four Times Better Than Chlorophyll**

**Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes... stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity.

Use it night and morning and before every date.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.

**THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH**

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

**FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL**

**FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE**
Ask your Stanley Dealer how you can get these

Gifts
For the Stanley Party Hostess

Each time you entertain friends and neighbors at your own STANLEY Party, your STANLEY Dealer rewards you generously. For your cooperation as the hostess, your Dealer is happy to present you with a valuable Dividend Gift such as those illustrated on this page. Wouldn't you like to receive one or more of these splendid gifts with your STANLEY Dealer's compliments? If you would, just invite your STANLEY Dealer to arrange one of these popular Shopping Parties in your home soon.

It's easy to hold your own Stanley Hostess Party
Everyone enjoys shopping at a STANLEY Hostess Party such as the one pictured here. More than 11,000 of these STANLEY Parties now take place in the U. S. and Canada each day. To arrange for your own STANLEY Party, just phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS branch office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S main office in Westfield, Mass.

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario

STANLEY LEADS with more than 170 QUALITY PLUS Products demonstrating excellence at STANLEY Hostess Parties. Housekeeping aids such as Mops, Broom Brushes, Dusters, Waves, Polishes, and types of household Cleaning Chemistries. Personal grooming aids such as Toiletries, Bath Accessories, a wide assortment of Personal and Clothing Items.
Out of This World

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A journey from the west into Saudi Arabia is not only a journey in space. It is a journey in time. Space has been overcome by the airplane which can take one around the world in a few days. But within those days one can encompass centuries, for man does not change as rapidly as his means of communication.

I thought of this recently when an airplane took me from Dhahran in Saudi Arabia to Riyadh, the capital city of that fabulous country, in about three hours. In those three hours I passed from one century to another.

Dhahran is the administrative center of the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco), and although the bulk of its employees are Arab, Dhahran is a startlingly American town. Yet Riyadh, the capital of what is perhaps the world's richest kingdom, to which go exactly half the profits of the biggest American business outside the United States, is living, in the most important particulars, in medieval, even in Biblical, times.

Saudi Arabia is the last absolute monarchy among the great countries of the world. But when one says that, one is already making a false analogy in time and association. When a Westerner thinks of absolute monarchy he thinks in European terms, for instance of Louis XIV of France, But King Abdul-Aziz al-Faisal al-Saud, known to the world as Ibn Saud, dates, in many particulars, back to the Shepherd Kings of the Old Testament, who rose as tribal leaders by physical prowess, innate leadership, and shrewd political wisdom.

If his rule is absolute it is also, in an Arab sense, democratic. Class distinctions, as the West understands them, are unknown in Desert Arabia. Any tribesman may demand audience with the King, to discuss such seemingly trivial matters as the right of access to a water well. He and his sons may, and do, take to wife any maid who pleases them.

All the Arab world comes to the court at Riyadh, where there are no hotels (or hotel bills) and everyone arrives only by the King's consent and as the King's guest, staying in guest houses within or outside the palace walls. When I was there a delegation had arrived from Tunisia to plead their case against the French, and another from the tiny sultanate of Lahej to plead theirs against (Continued on Page 66)
Meat helps you in so many ways. The protein in it helps
- repair muscles, nerves and tissues, regenerate blood
- maintain your resistance to illness • promote healthy
growth in children • speed recovery after injury or surgery.

Modern reducing diets are based on meat. Complete protein is the reason why.
Meat (any kind of meat) is "a yardstick of protein foods."

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.
Frankfurters continued:

7 tempting ways
to fix
Franks or Wieners
(whichever you call 'em at your house)

Since these all-meat "packages of protein" are so quick, so easy (and so thrifty), what could come in handier than several attractive new ways to serve them? Here they are! We hope they'll help you with your summer meal-planning problems and that your family will agree with the name we've given them all—
tempters.

Tempter No. 1—Easy-eatin' Style. Give the folks their choice of several different relishes—coleslaw, chow-chow, minced onion, catsup and, of course, mustard.

Tempter No. 2—with Barbecue Sauce. Cook 1/4 cup chopped onion in a little hot fat, add 1/2 cup catsup, 1/2 cup water, 1 tablespoon each sugar and Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes, then add 1 pound frankfurters and simmer 15 minutes longer. Serve on cooked rice or in split buns.

Tempter No. 3—in Corn. For a savory skillet meal, cook 1/4 cup chopped onion and 1/2 cup chopped green pepper until tender in 1/4 cup bacon drippings or butter. Add 3 cups fresh corn cut from cob, or canned whole kernel corn, drained. Add 1 pound split frankfurters, cover and cook slowly 25 minutes.

Tempter No. 4—in Hot Potato Salad. Cut six medium sized pared boiled potatoes and six frankfurters into thin slices. Make dressing by lightly browning 1/4 cup chopped onion and 1/4 cup green pepper in bacon drippings. Add 1/4 cup each of water and vinegar (plus sugar, salt and pepper to suit taste). Add potatoes and wieners, stir carefully and heat, covered, for 10 minutes.

Tempter No. 5—with Sauerkraut. In a large sauce pan lightly brown 1 sliced onion in bacon drippings. Add a large can of sauerkraut and a chopped tart apple. Simmer covered 15 minutes, add 1 cup water, one teaspoon caraway seed and 1 tablespoon sugar. Top with 4 medium potatoes cut in half; sprinkle potatoes with salt. Cook, covered, until potatoes are tender. When almost done, add 1 pound wieners.

Tempter No. 6—"Coney Island Quail." Make lengthwise slits part way through franks. Spread openings with mustard and fill with fluffy mashed potatoes which have been well seasoned with minced onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Bake for 15 minutes in moderate (375°) oven.

Tempter No. 7—in Soup. A swell starter—offer for a summer cold-plate supper—penny-thick slices of frankfurter floating atop a bowlful of pea, bean, lentil or cream of celery soup. A fine way to use up those few leftover frankfurters, too . . . if there ever are any!

Over 100 ideas with meat — tips on how to buy, how to save money on large cuts. More than 50 favorite recipes for modest budgets. 48 illustrated pages. Send 5c in coin to American Meat Institute, Dept. J19, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.
the most famous suit in the world

Weathervane®

It's always Weathervane weather—however you wear this wonderful suit that doubles as a dress. It owes its fame to flawless fit, impeccable tailoring and the proven acetate fabric Celanese weaves for Handmacher with a crispness that never cleans out. Where else can you get that look for $25.

Both these suits in a whole new range of exciting colors, in solids, checks or nubby Ruff-text. Both in misses' and junior sizes. Right, also in young Proportioned Plus sizes. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Handmacher-Vogel, Inc., Dept. I8, 533 Seventh Ave., New York.

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

As I pick the raspberries in the upper meadow, heat shimmers down from the polished sky. The dazzling armor of the sun almost blinds me; George's corn grows by the berry patch, tall and taller. Everbearing berries are not so sweet, but they are fine to have. Tame strawberries are not so delicious as the minute wild ones, either, but they pack better.

My sister Jill can pick indefinitely, the sun is her best friend. I get breathless and find a nice tree at the edge of the woods where I can pop a few berries in my mouth and watch a blue dragonfly shimmering.

Nothing is much better than raspberry jam with toasted English muffins for breakfast. Now we are dieting again. I think it will be a hardy guest who spooks the dark red sweetness up while I watch hungrily.

In the course of time, I think I have tried all the diets ever invented. I work my way through like a grim traveler in the Alps. Diet experts do not actually misrepresent the truth, but they come close to it. If you love to cook, as I do, and love to sit down to a delectable meal with everyone just as happy as a healthy chum, you are not going to have fun dieting, as they say.

I have a few tips for other "misfortunes," as a friend calls them. Eat the bitter fiber on the grapefruit too. It stays your hunger and has a certain something that is good for you. A piece of Cheddar cheese in the midafternoon is better than tea or bouillon, lasts longer. It's protein too; and if you do have a friend in this sorry business, it's protein. Drop a bouillon cube in when cooking vegetables—gives flavor and helps cut down the salt.

When you cannot face another salad dressed handsomely with lemon juice, mix cottage cheese with tomato juice and seasonings and use that.

Don't eat late. It is my undoing to put off dinner an hour for any reason. You get hungrier as time goes on, and a boiled hamburger is smaller and smaller. If we are going out to dinner, we have a glass of skim milk around six and that helps me refuse the gravy later on.

At a country auction the other day, I was impressed with the comfortable look of old furniture. So often when I go to visit friends with modern furniture, I cast wild glances around trying to pick a chair or sofa from which I can reasonably suppose I can rise again. Some of the modern furniture is fine and really functional, but some of it is just plain terrifying. For real sitting comfort, I'll take grandmother's old walnut armchair every time. Or a good wing-back that I can lean my head back in.

Old furniture takes more dusting, that is true. But a good chemically treated dustcloth makes light of it. When the thermometer is in the nineties, I try to do the dusting after sundown. I may miss a few spots, but by then it is cooler. When our dear cleaning woman moved away, Jill organized a plan. And it has really worked. Every day we do one added chore, finishing an extra half hour or a bit longer apace.

Today I washed the windows where velvet noes leave smudges as they peer out. Jill polished pewter. Tomorrow I wash one milk-glass cupboard and she does the muddy paw marks on the woodwork here and there. Then with once-a-week vacuuming and so on, we are really quite trim.

I notice the hotter it is, the more I want the house spanning clean. It seems cooler and more restful.

At night, when the white moon shines on the water, we take a last dip, and try to be quiet about it, not to disturb the ones who really own the pond. We particularly don't want to make the trout nervous.

The moon lights the garden; I can hear the beans growing and know tomorrow we shall be freezing tons more. The peppers are coming along, satiny and green. Jill takes a look at an ear of corn, pulling the dark silk down. Even persons on a diet can hardly eat sweet corn with no butter and salt.

There is a peace about an August evening which only comes from a hot day first. It is mellow and gentle. A silvery mist floats in the meadow, a cooling breath comes from the woods. The stars are close enough to pick. Sister and Daphne and a couple of others run in the shadowy night hunting something. August is a very good month, says Sister.
Sing a Song of Summer

there's romance everywhere

says WOOLWORTH'S

Susan Smart

This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant . . . an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged . . . shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.

LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration, safe for normal skin . . . sure for all-day protection. Cream form 10c, 25c, 39c; Spray form 43c; Stick form 94c

SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle Carrisol, Suave keeps hair softly groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. 50c, $1

REFRESHMENT PLUS . . . a clean mouth taste! PEPSODENT with oral detergent (not a soap) gets teeth cleaner. Make your own nest of Pepsodent, compare. Your clean mouth taste lasts board! 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c

WHY NOT BABY ALL OF YOU? Make every inch of your feel young with Paquin's SILK 'N SATIN Lotion. Its lanolin-richness saturates your skin . . . leaves it baby-soft and lovely in revealing warm-weather fashions. 25c, 49c

FORECAST: SUNSHINE in your hair if you'll use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is Toot's fabulous new lotion shampoo . . . guaranteed not to dull or dry. It pampers your hair . . . gives it sparkle. 30c, 60c, $1

THERE'S MAGIC in the right shade of face powder! Choose the perfect one for you from LADY ESTHER'S lovely summer shades. You'll look prettier longer, for Laidy Esther Powder clings for hours. 15c, 39c, 55c

LOOK LOVELY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIR Cake Make-Up to lend natural-looking beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solitair smooths on easily . . . conceals tiny skin faults! Use daily to be ready for romance. 30c, 60c

NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne. Inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you lastingly sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance in your purse. It's spill-proof! 25c, 49c

OUNCE OF PREVENTION . . . whenever you go, take a TEK 29c Toothbrush for after-meal brush-ups so vital to healthy teeth and sweet breath. Soft, medium or hard nylon bristles. Plastic travel case. 29c

TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talc head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in 12c tins, or the latter in an economical 28c tin.3 You'll love them all.

PERMANENT BEAUTY. End summer hair care. Give yourself a PROM Permanent. So easy! Use plastic curlers. Apply. Run 30 minutes later. No need no neutralizer. Never fails! 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. $1.50

GET IN THE SWIM! Try HAZEL BISHOP, the No-Smear Lipstick that stays on so perfectly you can even wear it swimming! And it won't eat off . . . bite off . . . kiss off. Choose from 3 of the smartest shades under the sun. $1.10

* Prices plus tax

† Slightly higher in the West

Many of these products available at Woolworth stores in Canada at slightly higher prices.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
Before you say "I want a divorce—

at any price"... be certain you

know what that price includes.

Penalties of Divorce

MANY a husband and wife, restless and dis-
contented together, decide on a divorce with no knowledge of the difficulties in-
volved in getting it, and with no realistic consider-
ation of their probable status after the decree.

No matter what the provocation, no matter how intolerable the present situation seems, use your intelligence and your imagination to look into your future as a divorcée, before setting the machinery in motion. A sober analysis may dissuade you altogether, or at least induce you both to give your marriage one last wholehearted try. Here are some aspects to ponder:

- **The grounds for divorce.** At best, the process of getting a divorce is a sorry business; at worst, it involves collision, bribery, or even outright per-
jury. In advance, the prospect of making false accu-
sations against your husband may not disturb you; but the actuality is likely to seem shameful—es-
pecially if your husband is also your children's father. And don't overlook the expense involved.

- **Custody of the children.** The weight of opinion and of precedent favors the mother's retaining custody of the children. Even though the father provides support, or takes the children for periodic visits, the continuing responsibility for their upbringing falls on the mother alone. For one parent to bring up children without the counsel and encouragement of the other is always a heavy burden; the load is in-
measurably heavier if it follows the upheaval of a divorce.

- **Standard of living.** The amount of money which enabled you and your husband and children to live comfortably under one roof will not provide the same level of comfort in two establishments. Even though your husband pays a maintenance allow-
ance for the children, it is unlikely to be enough to cover their requirements. Unless he is a wealthy man, or unless you have other means of support, your standard of living will drop.

- **Social status.** Despite modern tolerance, society imposes certain penalties on the divorced person. Because you will find it difficult to maintain some of the friendships formerly shared with your hus-
band, your social circle will shrink. Some wives will regard you with suspicion simply because you are a divorcée. And no matter how well liked you are personally, as an extra woman you will be left out of parties you would attend if you were married. Trivial as these things may seem now, they can deepen your loneliness later on.

Are you sure you are willing to testify (perhaps falsely) against your husband? Will your disposition survive the strain of being solely responsible for the children's discipline? Can you be comfort-
ably with considerably less money? Do you enjoy being the subject of gossip? Honesty answers to such questions as these will help you decide whether a divorce would be worth what it would cost.

My Own Money

MANY a housewife, trying to stretch her budget as expenses mount, thinks her financial prob-
lems would be solved if only she had more money. But extra money sometimes causes more troubles than it eures, as this letter shows:

"After nine years, I'm beginning to think Dick married me with one eye on my money. Despite his $2,150 salary, he gives me only $10 a week to run the house (listed in his name) and cover personal expenses for myself and our two boys. I pay the rest of the $8,000 income I inherited from my parents. Except for the small sum he doles out to me, he spends, saves or invests his money as he chooses, yet constantly criticizes the way I handle mine. I fight back, and the quarrel is on. I thought the extra luxuries my money would buy would bring us extra happiness, but Dick takes the plea-
ure out of that, and everything else."

Though the wife's inheritance has aggravated this couple's difficulties, the real problem is one of atti-
dude. Neither she nor Dick has ever learned to re-
gard all their income as both their income. No amount of money can compensate for failure of

Are You Disliked?

Deep within all of us is a desire to be liked and respected by those who know us. But what we say and do has great bearing upon how others feel about us. Honest yes or no answers to these questions may help you see yourself as others see you.

**Are you disliked?**

Deep within all of us is a desire to be liked and respected by those who know us. But what we say and do has great bearing upon how others feel about us. Honest yes or no answers to these questions may help you see yourself as others see you.

**Do you:**

1. Often borrow things from friends?
2. Usually speak frankly and to the point?
3. Tell your friends about your troubles?
4. Think your mind is much above average?
5. Suggest how others can improve them-

   selves?
6. Ask questions about your neighbor's business?

   7. Like to catch someone in an untruth?

**Are you:**

1. Easily tired or fatigued?
2. Extroverted or easily depressed?
3. Talkative and outspoken?
4. Cautious about making friends?
5. Skillful in winning an argument?
6. Adaptable in getting favors from others?
7. Constantly striving for perfection?

All of these questions should be answered "No," since even one "Yes" can detract from your per-
sonality. If you are married, three wrong answers may explain why you and your husband are not more companionable.

husband and wife to agree on a financial plan which both accept as fair to both. But like every other couple, they can evolve such a plan, if they will accept and observe these principles:

- **All resources should be regarded as joint property.** Money management profoundly affects every aspect of family living: recreation and social life; house-

   furnishings, management and the house itself; the care of the children; provision for the future. In all these things every normal husband and wife expect to share fully. To do so they must also share the responsibility for financing the family program.

- **Whatever its source, "extra money" is part of the family income, to be used for the benefit of the whole family.** A mother tells her child he is selfish and stingy, if he refuses to share a gift of candy with brother or sister. Yet some wives are reluctant to share job earnings or an inheritance with their husbands, just as some husbands earmark bonus or overtime pay as private funds for their exclusive use. The emphasis in happy marriage and family life must be "we" and "ours," not "I" and "mine."

- **The budget should be jointly planned,** and should be adapted to the changing circumstances, wishes and capacities of the individuals involved. No single scheme fits every family; a plan which suited you last year may be unworkable today. If a wife is systematic and accustomed to detail and her hus-

   band is neither, she may take more than the usual responsibility for the family accounts. A wife who can't balance a checkbook or resist a charge account may prefer to operate on a regular cash allowance. The details of the financial arrangement are unim-

   portant, so long as they are agreed upon in advance.

- **Spending, like saving, should be jointly agreed upon,** and should further common goals. The aver-

   age couple can save about 10 per cent of their in-

   come, and even on a larger income it's rarely desirable to save more than a fifth. To save too much simply for the sake of saving is to overemphasize security at the expense of other values.

No plan will succeed unless it is undertaken in a spirit of co-operation and fairness; unless it encour-
ages self-respect and implies mutual trust; unless it is a system of sharing rather than of separating. For the essence of marriage is sharing, whether it be of money or of self."

**Do You Agree?**

My first husband and I were divorced three months after marriage. My second husband ran away with another woman. My third marriage of one year is unhappy. Why do so many people have all the bad breaks?

Your husbands—or yourself? A counselor can help you tell which.
Deliciously yours!

P.S. Hunt— for the best. See your grocer's ads and look in his store for the low price!
Their wedding came out of the book!

All her life, Marianne Delacorte lived among story-book brides — her father being publisher of many famous romance magazines.

So when Bryce Lawrence Holland proposed, and wedding plans had to be made, lovely Marianne grew anxious. She knew her complexion would be beautifully radiant and soft, thanks to years of care with Woodbury Facial Soap. But would her own wedding go as smoothly as all the story-book weddings she’d read about?

No question about it! The editors of her father’s magazines conspired to give Marianne and Bryce a wedding straight out of the book!

THE FASHION editors chose her gown of ecru silk taffeta. And Woodbury skin specialists assured her a beautiful bridal complexion. For they make Woodbury Facial Soap with a rich softening oil found in fine face creams.

HER CAKE was made by the cooking expert who edits the food sections. “But I’m my own expert on my complexion,” says Marianne. “Nothing cleans my skin so thoroughly, so gently, as Woodbury Soap!”

DAILY FACIALS with Woodbury Soap can give your skin too, the benefit of Woodbury’s precious beauty-cream ingredient. It’s a softening oil, intended to help replace natural oils you wash away.

WHILE SOME SOAPS tend to dry your sensitive skin, Woodbury Facial Soap will smooth and soften it. Try Woodbury soon. And for silken skin from head to toe, use Woodbury’s big Beauty-Bath Size, too.

Woodbury Facial Soap... with the Beauty-Cream Ingredient for “the skin you love to touch”
Nancy is a confused girl. She nods enthusiastically on Friday night when Jim says Gene Kelly is a greater dancer than Fred Astaire, and then finds herself agreeing to just the opposite with Dick on Saturday. She gets a crush for roller skating, or long-distance swimming, or mystery novels—just because Sue does. At parties she alternates between trying to imitate Joan, a perennial life of the party because she's so gay and peppy, and Ann, who's just as quiet and reserved as Joan is friendly, but every bit as popular. Her friends all say, "Nancy's so changeable, you never know what she's going to be like."

Nancy has a good personality of her own, but it's buried. She's been so busy making herself into a carbon copy of other girls that she hasn't had time to develop her own personality, her own individuality. No one really knows her because she doesn't know herself.

If This Happens to You: 
See yourself: Take a look at yourself in a full-length mirror and try to see some things you wish you could change: your hairline, your height, your size-time feet. Everyone has dreams like this: "the person I could be if only..." But smart girls forget them fast and concentrate on the real you, and all there are things which are yours for keep no matter how much you'd like to change them—and that they're only as important as you make them. Get the advice of people you trust on using the right clothes and make-up to underplay whatever features you don't like, then forget about them, and concentrate on developing your personality. Say to yourself, "Sure I've got a large nose, but I also have the most blue eyes in the crowd, and no one is better than anyone here. If I forget about my nose, so will everyone else, too."

Let yourself go: If you're feeling gay and your quips are going over big with the crowd, fine. But if it's one of those nights when nothing you say seems particularly funny and you'd rather be off in a corner having a heart-to-heart talk with Jim, go right ahead. Never force yourself to be something you're not—even for one evening—because you won't feel any more, and just as had, you won't have a good time either. The world is a melting pot of many different personalities which balance and counterbalance each other; the crowd loves to laugh at his jokes, the serious soul enjoys being with a girl who's lighter and more flip, the ardent talker needs a person who will sit quietly and listen. And then sometimes the situation will be completely reversed; that girl to laugh at his jokes, the serious soul enjoys being with a girl who's lighter and more flip, the ardent talker needs a person who will sit quietly and listen. And then some evenings the situation will be completely reversed; that crowd loves to laugh at his jokes, the serious soul enjoys being with a girl who's lighter and more flip, the ardent talker needs a person who will sit quietly and listen. And then some evenings the situation will be completely reversed; that crowd loves to laugh at his jokes, the serious soul enjoys being with a girl who's lighter and more flip, the ardent talker needs a person who will sit quietly and listen. And then some evenings the situation will be completely reversed; that crowd loves...

... Decide what you think: If opinions come hard to you, and you either agree blindly with the majority, or squirm in your seat with nothing to say, have a good ball session with yourself. Take a piece of paper and figure out just what your ideas really are on art, baseball, the school elections— anything your crowd is talking about. And keep your mind at work whenever you know there will be a discussion later: during the school play, the band concert, the big game between State and Trent. If Sue's party is going to be loaded with jazz lovers, read up on jazz in the library, play the latest records downtown—and arrive at the party prepared to quiz the "experts." Never be afraid to say what you think—or to ask questions when you don't know something. By developing your own ideas, you're developing your individuality. And even if you're all wrong sometimes—and who isn't?—what fun for the fellow who convinces you!

When I was Sixteen

"... my interests revolved around songs and music. I knew all the new songs by heart, could identify each name band, and when the sound of its licks, and spent my spare time bopping on the history of the best-known jazz musicians. My dreams to appear with a name band, small wonder! I soon turned up singing with bands, touring on one-night stands. And still it seems a miracle to travel, sing and earn money—all at the same time."—Doris Day

Here's exciting news for September—a brand-new Sub-Deb Editor! Here's Ruth Imler. She's not much older than you Sub-Dels are; and has lots of fresh ideas to help you with your dating and your problems. Ruth knows firsthand about boys and girls; she talk and their preferences because she averages three dates a week herself. She has a long list of teen-age friends. When she isn't busy on dates, you're likely to find her at home, curled up on the sofa with a spy story in one hand and an orange Popsicle in the other. She never misses a Stewart Granger movie, likes square dancing on Saturday nights, long leisurely breakfasts with pancakes... and all the fun!"—Sub-Deb Editor

Hello—and Good-by

"... I had a hopeless outlook on life because two things I wanted—a college education and a career as an actress—seemed far out of it. I had banjo and their preferences because she averages three dates a week herself. She has a long list of teen- age friends. When she isn't busy on dates, you're likely to find her at home, curled up on the sofa with a spy story in one hand and an orange Popsicle in the other. She never misses a Stewart Granger movie, likes square dancing on Saturday nights, long leisurely breakfasts with pancakes... and all the fun!"—Sub-Deb Editor

JAN WEST CRAWFORD
Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness—long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Now at lowest price!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
...Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!
The men who can't be bothered to read this girl stuff, we offer VOYAGE VENTURE, by Gaye Merz, a man who after the London bus decided to get away from it all, but a small island in the Hebrides, where made a business of the fishing shark. The fishing shark, in your man doesn't know, is the largest fish in the ocean, as big a London bus, very valuable for the silver, with a hide that can turn a harnpion and a spirit that fights for hours with a harpoon. This—"The Saga of a Chase"—is the account of Max's high adventure. That his friend, the shark, didn't succeed, and the shark found on top adds to the drama.

**Political Ethics and the ER**

**The Hereditarian**

A historical novel we recommend is HUNGRY MEN, Robert Reynolds, a novel that lives you off on a mighty wave of strange tension. It is the period immediately after the fall of Rome, a story of sex vivacities, of a dying empire and a religious, of saints and emperors affairs.

**Discriminating People Prefer Herbert Tareyton**

We suppose every woman who has a married a good long time has moments of depression, as she asper her husband, a she's that she'll rather have the insinuated money," another Ryder gem, quoted in THE THURBER ALBUM, a fine collection of short of James Thurber's pen portraits.

Where to go on your vacation, if you're a hay-fever sufferer, can be a problem. **Hay Fever Holiday** (pamphlet of the Pollen Survey Committee of the American Academy of Allergy) gives a list with ratings. Here are some of the spots which are an excellent risk: Grand Canyon National Park, and North Rim, in Arizona; Mesa Verde National Park, and Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado; El Centro, Escondido, Los Angeles, Oakland, San Francisco, and Yosemite Valley, in California; Keene Valley and Blue Mts. Lake, in New York; and spots in Southern Florida, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Utah, Washington State and Wyoming.

Hay fever affects 2 to 3 per cent of the population of the United States! Yet no known case of hay fever has been reported among American Indians. ... The propensity for hay fever may be present and the onset of symptoms delayed by several years. ... This, and more, in OUR HAY FEVER AND WHAT TO DO About It, by Harry Snortz, M.D.

There's a new theory of the cause of mental diseases which to this ignorant layman sounds like sense. It puts the blame for the patient's condition on himself, instead of regarding him as a victim of circumstances over which he has no control. (This theory was aired at a conference of 21 psychologists on "Conditioned Veneers" held under the auspices of the N. Y. Academy of Sciences.)

The nevrotic's history, these psychologists say, is largely one of evasion and deception. He has learned to get around the conflicts between his desires and the social consequences of gratifying them, by duplicity and trickery. He must be made to see his neurosis as a product of real but well-concealed immaturities. He must see that he has to grow up instead of baring his fears and weaknesses down. Instead of bending the psychiatrist listen to his long defenses, negative muling over his own frustrations, the patient must assume responsibility for his own recovery. That this requires considerable initiative on his part should be all to the good.

*Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value, TAREYTON CIGARETTES, CORK-TIP MODERN SIZE.*

MISS DINE BUL马克思, charming young socialite and sailing enthusiast, Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Bulk took: "I like Herbert Tareyton for its cork tip, extra length and wonderfully mild tobacco."
NEWS! a TOP Contour to match the...
Two boxed corners, taped for extra strength, ease onto foot of mattress like a slip cover...hold the Top Contour Sheet firmly in place all night long. It can't pull out...can't creep up off your feet while you sleep. Sanforized for lasting fit.

Expansion fold lies flat when bed is made...then puffs up to give 1-3/4's of roomy kicking space for even an active sleeper. In the morning, a quick tug at the top hem straightens your sheet. You never need to re-tuck the Top Contour Sheet.

How with both TOP and BOTTOM Contours you make your bed in 1/3 the time!

1. BOTTOM Contour Sheet has four boxed corners, shaped tuck-under, that hold sheet snug for the smoothest, most comfortable sleep of your life.

2. In the morning, your bottom sheet is still firmly anchored in place. No wrinkles, no rumpling, no re-tucking. When you get up, your bed is half-made.

3. TOP Contour Sheet stays securely held on the foot all night long. Doesn't need re-tucking. A quick tug at the top hem straightens the sheet.

4. Expansion fold drops flat for smooth bedmaking. Full length for ample turnover...full width for tucked-in sides. A few seconds smoothes your sheets!

Contour Sheets* TOPS AND BOTTOMS

Get your Top and Bottom Contour Sheets today! Try them...love them! In combed percale or extra-strength muslin, both Sanforized* to fit perfectly after washing. Available for standard double and twin beds in the same price ranges as flat sheets. Sizes adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. At your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. B-D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Home late after shopping?

Don’t let dinner-worry dim the glow of that new hat! Count on quick, quick Minute Rice to feed your family in style—and on time! It’s pre-cooked . . . just bring to a boil and turn off the heat. Comes out perfect every time—each grain fluffy and full of flavor!

Served plain, Minute Rice is delicious—stretches leftovers into a real meal. Or you can whip up a new beauty like the all-American favorite shown below. Either way, you’ll know why so many women are never without quick, quick Minute Rice!

Time to spare...thanks to Minute Rice!

Quick and Delightful!

Minute Rice gives you perfect rice every time! Fluffy, long-grained, delicious! Keep Minute Rice on hand always! Get the new large economical Family Size!

Quick and Handy!

For Quick-Quick Meals

MINUTE RICE

For Perfect Rice

the quick and easy way

For perfect rice...the quick and easy way

"Dinner delish...done in 18 minutes"

BACon'N Egg Rice

Here’s an after-shopping fancy that looks like hours of fixing—done in a hurry thanks to MINUTE RICE.

Prepare 1 1/2 cups (5-oz. package) pre-cooked Minute Rice as directed on package. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 5 slices cooked bacon, diced, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced. Melt 1 package (8 ounces) processed American cheese in double boiler. Add 1/2 cup milk and blend well. Place rice mixture on platter and top with cheese sauce. Perfect rice—a luscious feast—for a hungry-but-soon-made-happy family!

Another quickie—Curried Rice for four: Prepare 1 1/2 cups Minute Rice as directed on package, adding 1/4 teaspoon curry powder with the water and salt. Marvelous with lamb stew, roast pork, creamed eggs, or shrimp.
In August, 1902, King Edward VII was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and parcel post was begun between the U.S.A. and Great Britain. Dan Sullivan wrote the lovely Irish song, "You're Welcome as the Flowers in May." A society woman caused gasps and lifted eyebrows at Saratoga by riding astride a horse in skin-tight breeches, plus a concealing divided skirt.

In the August, 1902, JOURNAL, Editor Bak urges women to concentrate more upon their homes and children than upon outside interests and adds, "I never touch upon this phase of the modern life of women but little stones of marble are thrown at this magazine."

"Very few of the books required in my courses at Radcliffe College are printed for the blind," writes despondently Helen Keller, "therefore I am obliged to have someone spell them with their fingers into my hand."

"A large crash rose with a little foliage is the fashionable flower to wear in the hair."

"How to give a lawn party," 24 minutes danced by young girls in shepherdesses costumes, holding crooks topped with bunches of paper roses tied with ribbon, makes a pretty pageant."

Good health for girls: "If you are obliged to be out in the hot sun, a bunch of damp leaves in your hat will prove a great protection."

"My husband gave up tobacco to provide the family with reading matter," writes a JOURNAL reader, "we now get three newspapers, a weekly, and one twelve monthly magazine."

"A walking skirt should be 2" from the ground, a dress skirt should just expose the floor in front and dip 3" in the back."

CHATTING the other day here with Joan Crawford, who had just finished a picture called Sudden Fear that you'll be seeing soon, we got to talking about how odd a motion-picture actress can be and still play romantic roles. Joan said she'd had her 16th birthday in the spring, and that the lead she takes in Sudden Fear was romantic as well as dramatic, the kind of role she's played by Bette Davis, Elissa Landi, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, and—most amazing of all—Greer Garson.

"Oh, it's not how old you are," said Joan, "it's how you feel."

"It's not how old you are, but how you feel," says Joan Crawford, who, at forty-four, is still playing glamour-girl roles in the movies.

Keelyn McBrine, the girl on the cover, happened to be vacationing in Nassau while Wilhelma Coshman was photographing summer fashion pages in Florida. She flew over to Palm Beach to pose in the big red boat practically as the plane was taking off to bring Wilhelma back to New York. Yes—you're seen her before. She has been on our covers and in our fashion pages, when she was a New York model and a Hollywood starlet.

Natives of Rhodesia Province in Central Africa love Western movies and cartoons.

Among the most fascinating items in the magazine's secret files are the uninhibited comments of our fiction editors and staff readers on the thousands of sponsored manuscript submissions they scrutinize every month. How many best-selling authors would give anything to get a book! Each one receives a minimum of three separate readings; some as many as twelve. Some get a chorus of yeses; others a dirge of noses: most collect a cluster of thumbnail essays, punctuated by monotonous complaints: delight to derision; all contributing to what the top decision-makers do—accept, or reject. Mary Lee Page showed us one little report the other day of which any author might well be proud. It said: "This is an absorbing and wonderful story—aaction, suspense, emotion, and a beautiful conclusion." The story's in this issue, as a matter of fact. The author? Rebecca West. Her story, Deliverance, is on Page 30.
THE train of events that was going to seem to Julie so relentless and like Juggernaut began in the most ordinary way when Aunt Dora Hitchins died over in Buckland County and left the contents of her savings account to her only surviving relatives, Julie Leland and her brother Dan. It was even a perfectly ordinary savings account. It contained four thousand dollars, a logical sum to represent the thrift of a teacher of sixth grade in the county school. It certainly was not a sum which might be expected to catapult an heir to it into any major change in way of life.

Julie, of course, took charge of the inheritance—she popped it straight into the Lelands' own savings account in Lynchville, the seat of the state university where Dan taught the Nineteenth Century Poets. Dan himself was hopeless about money and knew it—his pay check from the university was even made out to Julie, who kept house, paid the bills and, as Dan preferred, doled out pocket money to him for haircuts, a beer at the corner and taking Miss Elsie Lorimer out. Julie was a very sensible young woman about money; her talents were practical ones: she was an efficient housekeeper and an excellent cook. She was pretty, too, in a delicate, unaccented sort of way. If she had not been so shy, she would have been charming.

The Lelands' own savings account already contained a little over two thousand dollars. That made six thousand dollars, when Aunt Dora's money had been deposited. And there it would have stayed, growing slowly over the years, forming a backlog for emergencies and a padding for old age, if Dan had not said what he did at lunch that day.

He had met his class in the Romantic Poets that morning. Julie had been out marketing and shopping for linen in the January sales in downtown Lynchville. She had got home a little before Dan, in time to whip up a delicious little casserole of (Continued on Page 75)
Gwen beheld a gathering of young men in dinner coats and young women whose shoulders rose bare and white above sheaths of velvet and satin. And here she was, all bundled up like some old woman afraid of catching cold!
THE Hastings family had moved from Lotus City to the town of Norrisville. They had traveled a hundred miles in order to effect this move, but the dispassionate observer might have felt they had made no move at all. The towns differed by scarcely a blade of grass. One was as zealous as the other in following a common American tradition, from the steeple on the modest white church to the corn flakes in the supermarket, from the Dalmatian snoozing before the firehouse to the chocolate malts in the drugstore. A radio announcer could have brought his portable microphone to the main street of either town, and addressed the world in the same words, "This," he might rightfully have said, "is America."

But Gwen Hastings was not a dispassionate observer. From her point of view, her parents might as well have brought her to an uninhabited planet on the other side of the moon.

During the first interminable week in Norrisville, she had not been comforted by seventeen letters and three telephone calls from Lotus City. But she had not wanted to burden her parents with any sense of guilt. "The gang," she would report with a small, brave smile, "seem to be having themselves a time." Then she would put another disk on the phonograph, and stare into the dim and treasured past.

Toward the end of the week, however, her father came home with a nerve-shattering announcement. "Well, honey," he told her, "I've fixed it! I've hit on a way for you to meet some of the young people around here. You're all set."

Gwen's eyes flew open in wild alarm. "What," she cried, "have you done?"

Henry Hastings turned to grin at his wife. Then he fished a cigarette from a box on the table. "I put an ad in the paper," he said, "'Wonderful young maiden languishing away on the withered vine. Situation desperate. All applicants call at 791 Dinsmore Street, this city. Bring your lunch.'" (Continued on Page 128)
ONE autumn evening a woman in her early forties walked along the platform of the Terminal Station in Rome and boarded a wagon-lit in the Paris Express. She sat down on the made-up bed in her compartment, took off her small, perfect, inconspicuous hat, and looked about her with an air of annoyance. It was a long time since she had traveled by rail, and she had been pushed to it against her will, because there had not been a seat free on any of the planes leaving Rome that day or the next. But this was the least of her worries, and she wasted no time on it, but set about arranging her passport and her tickets in order to have them ready when the wagon-lit attendant arrived. This required close scrutiny, for although she was a Frenchwoman named Madame Rémy, another impression was conveyed by her passport, her tickets and the labels on her luggage, and she had to remind herself what that impression was, for only a few hours before she had been yet a third person.

Such inconsistencies, however, never made her nervous. They were unlikely to be noticed because she herself was so unnoticeable. She was neither tall nor short, dark nor fair, handsome nor ugly. She left a pleasant impression on those she met in her quiet passage through the world, and then these people forgot her. She had no remarkable attributes except some which were without outward sign, such as a command of six languages and an unusually good memory.

When the door opened, Madame Rémy had not quite finished getting her papers out of a handbag which had more than the usual number of pockets.
He simply stood there, staring at her.

She thought, "He is very young,"
and remained quite still,
_fearing to do anything.
Her Paris wedding gown was of white satin and Brussels lace, with train embroidered in silver and seed pearls. Mother had ordered it after Consuelo's first meeting with the Duke. Orchids from Blenheim arrived too late for wedding.

Consuelo, with sister-in-law, Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, returning from a wedding. Duke's sisters visited at Blenheim, but he seldom invited his mother.
The Duchess, with her diamond tiara, pearl dog collar, Paris gowns and sable coat, was deemed worthy to meet British royalty and her in-laws. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan continues the story of her life as the Duchess of Marlborough.

Consuelo Vanderbilt, great-grandchild of the fabulous Commodore, was born to a life of ease and luxury which a princess might have envied. But she was also born to a mother who, as a leader of New York and Newport society, never doubted her own right to dominate every aspect of her only daughter's life. "I don't ask you to think; I do the thinking, you do as you are told." Throughout a girlhood of private governesses, yachting trips to Europe, annual visits to Paris—where Consuelo made her debut—the timid girl never dared question her mother's authority. But at eighteen she fell in love. Mrs. Vanderbilt was determined to select her daughter's husband, just as she had chosen her clothes and friends. She freed upon the young Duke of Marlborough, cousin of Winston Churchill, as her choice for a son-in-law, little caring that his major interest was in the Vanderbilt millions. But Consuelo, emboldened by her secret plan to elope with the man she loved, for the first time in her life openly defied her mother.

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

MY mother had invited Marlborough to visit us in Newport in September. I had barely six weeks to make my plans and I was nervous and worried, not knowing when or where I could get in touch with the man to whom I considered myself engaged.

On reaching Newport my life became that of a prisoner, with my mother and my governess as wardens. I was never out of their sight. Friends called but were told I was not at home. Locked behind those high walls—the porter had orders not to let me out unaccompanied—I had no chance of getting any word to my fiancé.

Brought up to obey, I was helpless under my mother's total domination. Despairing of ever seeing him, I had succumbed to despondency, when at a ball we met. We had one short dance before my mother dragged me away, but it was enough to reassure me that his feelings toward me had not changed.

Driving home, my mother observed an ominous silence, but when we reached the house she told me to follow her to her room. Thinking it best no longer to assemble, I told her that I meant to marry R., adding that I considered I had a right to choose my own husband. These words, the bravest I had ever uttered, brought down a frightful storm of protest. I suffered every tearing reproach, heard...
"Your first duty is to have a child, and it must be a son, because it would be intolerable to have that little upstart Winston Churchill become Duke."

every possible invective hurled at the man I loved. I was informed of his numerous flirtations, of his well-known love for a married woman, of his desire to marry an heiress. My mother even declared that he would have no children and that there was madness in his family. I had no answer to these accusations, but in my silence she must have read how obstinately I clung to my choice.

In a final appeal to my feelings she argued that her decision to select a husband for me was founded on considerations I was too young and inexperienced to appreciate. Though rent by so emotional a plea, I still maintained my right to lead the life I wished. It was perhaps unexpected resistance, or the mere fact that no one had ever stood up to her, that made her say she would not hesitate to shoot a man who she considered would ruin my life.

We reached a stage where arguments were futile, and I left her feeling as if all my youth had been drained away. No one came near me, and the morning dragged on its interminable course. I could not seek counsel with R., for there was no telephone. I could not write, for the servants had orders to bring my letters to my mother; neither could I get past the porter at the gate.

The house was full of ominous rumors. I heard that my mother was ill and in her bed, that a doctor had been sent for; even my governor, usually so calm, was harassed. The suspense was becoming unbearable. There was no one I could consult; to appeal to my father, who was away at sea and who knew nothing of my mother’s schemes, would, I knew, only involve him in a hopeless struggle against impossible odds and further stimulate my mother’s rancor.

Later that day Mrs. Jay, who was my mother’s intimate friend and was staying with us, came to talk to me. Condemning my behavior, she informed me that my mother had had a heart attack brought about by my callous indifference to her feelings. She confirmed my mother’s intentions of never consenting to my plans for marriage, and her resolve to shoot R. should I decide to run away with him.

I asked her if I could see my mother and whether in her opinion she would ever relent. I still remember the terrible answer, "Your mother will never relent and I warn you there will be a catastrophe if you persist. The doctor has said that another scene may easily bring on a heart attack and he will not be (Continued on Page 52)"

For once Winston Churchill is overshadowed. On steps of Blenheim Palace in the Nineties, with his new American cousin. He was then next in line of succession to the dukedom.

"Dean Jones" room at Blenheim, in which Churchill was born. Modest suite was once assigned to the first Duke’s private chaplain, whose ghost is still believed to haunt the palace.
"In all the years of defeated dreams
and vain searchings I had not cried—
but I cried now and the tears were warm and sweet.
... My little girl was walking!"

By MARIE KILLILEA

She lived a miracle

KAREN was born a few minutes before noon. She weighed under two pounds, and measured nine inches from the tip of her tiny head to her infinitesimal toes. She squirmed immediately and energetically, in what may have been an indictment of the many dire prophecies concerning her survival.

I was wheeled back to my room. The early sun bounded off the cretonne curtains and put a frosty veneer on the maple chairs and bureau. The nurse helped me brush my hair and tie a ribbon around it.

I lay back, bathed in happiness. It was like a brittle shell, this happiness, and I felt that motion or sound might shatter it. My mind flitted from one thought to another and finally fastened on little Marie's striking resemblance to me and the wish that this little mite would look like her daddy.

"Girls should look like their fathers," I muttered sleepily. If she did she'd be lovely. Jimmy has a long face that is both strong and sweet, firm chin with a deep cleft, and eyes that are blue as a summer sky. We had been married six years and my heart still picked up tempo when I thought of Jimmy.

I heard a step and a gentle knock and I opened my eyes to see him hesitating at the door. He was carrying a huge box and I knew that Jimmy's pleasure could only find expression in four-foot gladholi of the more vivid hues.

He came over to me quickly, put the flowers on the foot of the bed and wrapped his arms around me.

"You're prettier than ever," he said and pulled a chair beside the bed. He took my hand and held it in both of his. There was a knock and I called, "Come in."

It was Dr. John Gundy, our pediatrician.

"What do you think of our child? Is she as pretty as Marie?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, smiling. He sat down on the foot of the bed.

"Is that all you have to say?" I asked, laughing a little—since his enthusiasms are more tempered than ours.

Jimmy got up, picked up the flowers, handed them to me. I took off the lid and there they were, all eighteen of them, a dozen blooms to the stalk, salmon, yellow and crimson.

"They're exquisite. You may kiss me again."

John took the box and put it on the bureau. He came back and stood leaning on the foot of the bed.

"While you were making yourself beautiful," he smiled,

"Jimmy and I were talking. You must realize, Marie, she's not out of the woods yet. As I told Jimmy, we've been friends for a long time. I know the best policy for all of us is an honest evaluation of Karen's chances."

I had been right: it was a brittle shell—and sound had smashed it.

The room had grown very warm. I looked at Jimmy; he was watching John and he was pale. I suddenly remembered that he'd been pale when he came in.

John's voice was calm and soft. "I've already told Jimmy that no premature baby is considered a well baby and the chances for survival are pretty much determined by weight. Every ounce gained is a battle; a pound, a victorious campaign. At best, Karen has a twenty-forty-out-of-a-hundred chance for survival."

We talked for about an hour and then John got up to leave. In spite of everything, his honesty and air of natural confidence were reassuring.

After he left I turned to Jimmy. "Thank God for John. If anyone can pull her through he can. He'll work hard, we'll pray hard and one fine day she'll leave here fat and round."

"Of course," said Jimmy, and meant it.

I was impatient to "meet" my daughter, even if the meeting...
She awoke to the most exquisite of morning smells—hot fresh coffee and baking bread. Piercing shafts of light stabbed the drawn window blinds. The wind again. The wind the wind hot and dry. Faraway shouts. The thud of horses’ hoofs. And from somewhere below in the house the mumble of voices talking talking talking an endless flow of talk.

She glanced at the wedding-gift bedside clock, a charming bijou. It was six o’clock. Curiously enough she felt rested, refreshed. Bick was not beside her; he was not in the bathroom, he was nowhere to be seen or heard. In her slippers and robe she tiptoed into the hall. Then she remembered that this was her home, that she was mistress here. She ceased to tiptoe, her slipper heels clip-clapped on the stone floors like every Texan’s. She called, very clearly, “Lupe! Petra!”

And there was Lupe the silent one and behind her Petra, the younger one, less somber and secret. Buenos días, señora. Buenos días, señora. Buenos días Petra buenos días Lupe if this keeps on I’ll be speaking Spanish in no time. On the little tray in Petra’s hand was the ubiquitous coffee. Leslie drank the brew sweet and black and hot, two of the little cups that were the size of after-dinner cups in Virginia.

“Mmm! Delicious!” she said.

The two nodded violently, their faces broke into smiles, they seemed

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Bick leaned far off his horse and kissed her hard on the mouth. Instinctively she sensed that Jett Rink's foot moved to press the accelerator...
The black dress you choose now strikes the keynote of a new season and will be worn for months to come. There are a dozen new slants on your new black dress. First of all—you wear it with color, in a hat, a bag, a flower, a necklace, a pair of gloves. The dress itself often incorporates the color in a cummerbund, a jacket or a jacket lining. Wool is combined with velveteen, taffeta with velvet, jersey with tweed, crepe with faille. Summer fullness slims down to moderate fullness and flare—forecasting narrower lines for fall.

By Wilhelma Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Terra cotta accenting cotton-and-rayon knitted poodle cloth, by Lotte, with velveteen cummerbund and long cotton gloves.

CARMEN SCHIAPARELLI
Ruby-red rose and velvet hat worn with black wool V-neck dress, Ann Fogarty.

Hat by Mr. John

Red bag, red-trimmed shoes with jersey dress and tweed jacket, by Murray Neiman.

Hat by John Fredericks

On-and-acetate taffeta dress velvet jacket, by Ben Barracl.

Elizabeth Marks, bag by Richard Koret

Necklace in sapphire blue and stole lined with blue taffeta add color to Ceil Chapman's beautiful silk-faille coat-dress.

Scarlet velveteen in a new bow-tied cardigan fashion worn over a black jersey dress, by Pat Warren. Suede bag by Michel.
A dime-store picture hubby used to carry in his billfold. Look at the arm—almost as big as most girls' legs. But he never showed this to the fellows!

"A picture of 'Fatso Fishing,' My sister snapped this when I wasn't looking. Hope nobody else was—they'd think the circus fat lady was on vacation. Weighed my heaviest—295 pounds."

Finally emerged from what she calls her "mountain of fat," this picture shows Helen Fraley as she looks today—bright-eyed, cheerful, slim! Her diet, planned by her doctor, ran approximately 1000 calories a day, gave plenty of nourishing food.

1000 calories a day melted 160 pounds away for good-looking, good-humored Helen Fraley. Her 4-star reducing program succeeded because she had—
Sympathetic medical supervision—Will power—
Faith and—The vision of a new way of life.

"I lost 160 pounds and—
I am Just"

Beauty Editor
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAR Dawn Connell Norman: Recently a teen-age girl I scarcely know stopped me on the street and exclaimed, "Jeepers, Mrs. Fraley, you look sharp!" That may not seem an exceptional compliment to the average housewife. But you see, I am far from being "average." For more than thirty of my thirty-seven years I had never heard a kind word spoken about my appearance.

In April, 1950, I weighed 295 pounds. I was about the most miserable person in the world. My terrible inferiority complex made me hate to step outside my own front door. Today I weigh 135 pounds, which is just about right for my height of 5'6". I am sitting on top of the world as far as happiness and good health are concerned.

Under the watchful eye of our family doctor, I shed a total of 160 pounds by simple dieting and eating common, nourishing foods. I never missed having three good meals a day. I used to wear a Size 60 dress. Today I wear a 14 and it has to be taken in to fit correctly.

Have really caused quite a sensation here in my home town of 4000 friendly people. If I had a dime for every nice compliment I have received, I could buy the best outfit of clothes in any Nebraska store. But that is not the way it used to be! During those thirty-odd years I waddled through life as a fat gal, the neighborhood kids used to chant this song each time they saw me: "I don’t want her, you can have her, she’s too fat for me." Then there was the time I went to get the free
"Beginning to Live"

TB chest X-ray from the Red Cross mobile unit which came through our town. The technician was a nice fellow, but told me he was sorry their machine wouldn't take an accurate picture of me because I was "too broad." Our local hairdresser remembers the day I got up after saving my hair done and the chair came with me. And the lady who used to make my corsets still has this written in her diary: "Got my ape measure around Helen Fraley today, believe it or not? Now I think I can get her into my largest outsized garment."

I haven't been fat forever. There was a time when I was a slim, pretty girl. Chicken pox, measles, mumps—everything happened at once and I lost weight. When it was over, my parents decided to fatten me up. From that time on, I never stopped eating and gaining. By the time I was thirteen years old I weighed more than 200 pounds. I quit school in the eleventh grade because the kids made so much fun of me. Also, I was too big and clumsy to join in any of the sports or other school activities. Schoolwork itself wasn't hard for me.

I loved my parents. They never had much money, but they worked hard to make a happy home for their kids. Mother was proud of "setting a good table." I know in my heart that if my folks were alive today they would forgive me for saying I believe it was their fault I grew so fat and missed so much in life because of it. They used to kid me goodheartedly, but they never thought to consult a doctor about my abnormal appetite. Actually I was in perfect health then, as I am today. I just loved food. A corrective diet during my early childhood could have saved me years of misery and humiliation. I bear no resentment toward my folks; I only mention

(Continued on Page 69)
You will find that the moving of rare old houses from poor sites to good, while costly, is fairly common practice, and in almost every case an act of mercy; for it either retrieves something irreplaceable from the doom of slow death or snatches it from the danger of immediate destruction. Take The Lindens here. A mansion of connoisseur quality, built in 1751, during the reign of George II, at Danvers in what was then, of course, the Crown Colony of Massachusetts, it was transported, if you please, not merely to a better part of town, but piece by piece, about twenty years ago, to Washington, D.C. And not a minute too soon. For it was on the point of being dismantled and dispersed. More: in all its long life it has never looked better, or been in better hands, or seemed more at home. —By Richard Pratt

A masterpiece of colonial carpentry, with its front siding grooved and then sanded to resemble stone masonry, like the facade of Mount Vernon, down the river, The Lindens now adds its distinction to that of its neighborhood in the nation’s capital.

The great lower hall of The Lindens provides a really dramatic entrance, with its wonderfully colorful and romantically scenic wall-paper brought from France in the early 1800’s, and with the extraordinary carving and scale of its famous stunning staircase.

What makes this the most important of the four immense and fully paneled second-floor bedrooms is the fabulous English crewelwork bed furnishings and curtains, from the time of Charles II, which are even older than the venerable house itself.
Pilastered and paneled from floor to ceiling, the immaculately reconstructed drawing room is furnished entirely in pieces of the mid-eighteenth century; the prize, perhaps, the noble American sofa, which with its fine form and heroic proportions holds its own amid an assembly of Queen Anne and Chippendale. Large teapot by Paul Revere.

Completely paneled from floor to ceiling like the rest of the house, the dining room, flooded with sunlight, is furnished for the most part in Hepplewhite, the table a three-part tripod type, the magnificent epergne one of the country’s finest. The chairs are wonderful examples of eighteenth-century New York State craftsmanship and artistry.
Late on a summer night do you ever lie in the grass on your back and look up at a star until it becomes as big as a balloon floating a billion miles away? Why could we, as boys and girls, do that completely unconscious of ants, chiggers and mosquitoes?

"I didn’t come out so badly on my daughter’s wedding," confides a neighbor who swears he had to borrow money for it. "She’s given us an extra waffle iron and a duplicate toaster from her wedding presents."

I haven’t conducted a survey, but I’d wager $10 that the smarter and more modern women in our town can "manage" their husbands better with a few kisses and a sense of humor than their more dramatic sisters can with tears and tantrums. Of course there isn’t the same sense of triumph, maybe.

We’ve eaten nine of our fifty outdoor meals this summer, and I doubt we’ll reach twenty-five. It still seems simpler to picnic in a park fourteen miles away than in our own back yard, within the magnetic field of pantry and refrigerator. I despair of convincing women and children that a sandwich and something to wash it down are the ideal picnic menu.

Architectural discovery: Families in houses with picture windows on 30’ lots have far less privacy than people in big-town apartment cliffs. But our town’s quaintest architect thinks if people valued privacy the 30’ lot would never have been invented.

I envy my wife’s knack for a lyrical outburst over water cress, when it takes at least hamburger and onions to make me poetic. Could she be trying to influence me in favor of water cress?

My latest gleanings from Junior’s streamlined vocabulary: if a dance orchestra is really hot, it’s cool.

Three of our fathers are repeating a canon trip we took four years ago, in three canoes, each of us with one son, paddling downstream between snags. But this time if the boys get competitive and want to race we’ll give ‘em each both paddles.

One of our golfers who also reads the Bible predicts (in a locker-room session) that caddies may become fashionable again. "Wives are so busy with activities nowadays," he explains, "and there’s a surplus of girls, and it’s hard to get household help. Any other answer?"

... When your youngest sits on the back steps on a summer night and exclaims, "Daddy, it’s a wonderful world!"...

And your red-haired daughter finally concedes that a red jacket goes well with her hair,... Or Junior compliments you on both your necktie and your batik haircut,... And your wife puts your socks, shirts, handcorkers and shorts in the right drawers and kisses you four times in one day,... And your whole family separately voices solicitude for you and it’s after Father’s Day and Christmas is still months away,... Then you decide against spending those six weeks in a cabin in the Canadian woods and decide it’s time to repair the broken frame of your marriage license.
When they choose,

women can revolutionize politics.

By HAROLD W. DODDS,
President of Princeton University

THOSE who remember the suffragette parades will recall that half the argument for "votes for women" was the improvement which feminine virtue would work in public affairs. The ensuring thirty years disappointed these high expectations. Despite conspicuous—and sometimes short-lived—exceptions, our big cities remain corrupt and contumacious. Crime and politics continue. Influence, big and little, is bought and sold in Washington as formerly. Even local rural government—closest to the people it serves—elbows old-style politics in which private interest so generally prevails over public good.

The most formidable of the ancient hindrances to good government is the presence of women in their civic obligations, continues to infect our democracy; and corruption has once again become a burning issue in many parts of the country.

While no one any longer denies the "right" of women to vote, as some did thirty years ago, it is not surprising that the average male has concluded that since women have the right to vote, they have no need to know behavior. From this he may go on to philosophize that, unlike housekeeping, politics is not women's business. The pity of it is that so many women seem to agree with the average male, for nothing could be farther from the truth. The fact is that many public problems are quite similar to housekeeping problems, and the housekeeper's viewpoint is essential to their solution.

In contrast to the average male, practical politicians—and politicians are practical—know from experience that there is a woman's vote; and pay more than lip service to it. On some issues, such as foreign affairs apart from military service, women's viewpoint seems to agree with the men's. In other areas there is a consistent differential; and politicians, who succeed by winning close elections, respect it.

The issues which concern women most are those which impinge most directly upon their vocation as homemakers. Undoubtedly their vote helps to account for the rapid spread of social legislation which characterized the 1930's.

Opinion polls indicate that on questions dealing with such matters as social welfare, education and public health, women are more liberal than men. They appear more sensitive to moral questions and less tied to the practical—at least as defined by the professional politician.

While women have supported government spending for social services and education, they know from their own economy that every dollar counts in whatever they do and they are not sympathetic to waste in the operation. Candidates who have faced local chapters of the League of Women Voters can testify to this. One learns that he had better know his stuff, for the clairvoyance which may satisfy a roving audience serves him poorly when he faces a meeting of women. Many a campaign for an improved city charter owes much to the greater objectivity of women toward government as an operating proposition. Substantial credit for New Jersey's new and modern state constitution is due to the intelligent interest of women who approached it more as a problem of management than of partisan advantage.

If a man may venture a suggestion, it would be that women should proceed to define more clearly for themselves what they wish to accomplish and the areas in which they intend to concentrate their pressures. Further risk the opinion that many will be surprised at the power they can exert and the broad results they can achieve.

When it comes to the areas of political activity most susceptible to women's influence, I should place less emphasis on office holding than many writers do. While the number of women officeholders has increased somewhat during the last decade, particularly in respect to posts in the party organizations, public life as a full-time career continues in the main to be controlled by the men.

It is easy to exaggerate the significance of this fact. There are natural reasons for it beyond the selfish reluctance of males to share the smoke-filled rooms with the opposite sex. To criticize women for lack of the same enthusiasm for political office that men display is a mistake. To do so ignores the obvious truth that large numbers of men go into politics to make a living or to get ahead in their business, rather than in response to an impulse to serve the public. A full-time public career is closed to the average woman if her days are occupied as homemaker and mother. Part-time service in state legislatures, city councils, boards of education, and similar offices, is possible; but often at greater sacrifice than a man who would make who finds public office not devoid of vocational advantage.

Women's greatest contribution has been herefore in the field of the formulation of issues and the building of opinion to be expressed through the ballot, rather than in the execution of policies through holding public office. Professional organizations of women and nonpartisan civic and parent-teacher associations, in which women have figured so largely, afford clear examples of effective political strength. Any one who has had contact with the League of Women Voters from the start has been witness to the effectiveness of this sort of influence.

Without depreciating for a moment the vast possibilities open to a woman's civic interest in state and Federal elections and policies, local and municipal government is a real natural for the expression of her citizen interest and power.

Local government is essentially a housekeeping proposition, which may be one reason that men have not done better with it. Its services relate most directly to the environment of family life. It is in this area that feminine realism can most readily correct male indifference. The full potential springing from the instinct of women as homemakers, if it were applied to municipal affairs, would quickly work a revolution in both the morals and the business efficiency of city government.

But of equal significance is the assurance that the consequences of such a revolution would spread far beyond the locality; they would run directly to the dignity of all segments of government from the township to the national capital. What happens at Washington is merely a magnified reflex action of what goes on in our cities, counties and townships.

Our Government at Washington cannot rise above its source, which is the level of our local governments. It is at this level that the ultimate fate of the republic will be decided, for it is here that the quality of our citizenship is made. By attending to it, the woman's viewpoint will work to preserve our republic and establish the way of life we cherish.

It is the grim truth that democracy is engaged in mortal struggle for survival against insolent and contemptuous enemies. If we fail to govern our home localities well, popular government will collapse all along the line. If we succeed at home, we shall similarly succeed at Washington.

The Boys in the Back Room

A real politician is as jealous of another's success with the voters as the bride who sees her husband at the theater with another woman.

On the wall: Votes, like plants, do not necessarily grow of their own accord—they must be cultivated.

The late William Allen White was being escorted around town by a youthful reporter at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. The youngster spoke of the remarkable and lunatic rise of the Democrats. "Son," said the Sage of Emporia, "wait until you see how this newly victorious party changes into a party of big-city machines."

Voter's Notebook: No misfit in an elective office should be blamed for being there. It isn't his fault. He didn't elect himself. For every crackpot or incompetent noodlehead in Congress—either branch—there are from 10,000 to 50,000 crackpots, incompetent noodlehead voters in his electorate who put him there.

—STREICHL GILLILAN
Receipts

Tomato-and-Cucumber Aspic
Ham Rolls with Coleslaw
Cold Salmon with Cucumber Dressing
Antipasto
Sour-Cream Fruit Mold
Orange Refrigerator Cake
Peachbunson Pie
You all probably are aware by this time that I take my vacation in my home state and read my home-town paper the year around. A weekly, with Editor's Chair and a whole page of "sports"—no prize fights, of course. Most of our fighting is conducted at town meetings, and so on—but the editorials and country correspondence are prominent in the make-up. And how I would like to own and edit a weekly!

Having more time than usual to spend on reading this sheet, I've found several items I thought would interest you. Or should. One of them is that there are more women in official and political elective (including the legislature) and appointive offices in my home state than in any other state in the republic. Not only that, but more women caught trout on May first of this year than ever before. In any state, in any stream, fly or bait, wade or bank, and all this takes place, and will continue to, in the little—but how big if it were ironed out—state of Vermont. I just wanted you to know that we are born Political Pilgrims up there.

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1632. This will be my honey month. And don't imagine I'm in cabots with any bee—the wretched little gadabouts. Pay strict attention, please. Add a little honey to a regulation French dressing, for a fruit salad.

2 I guess most everyone likes cinnamon toast. Try making it with honey, for a change, and for pure unadulterated deliciousness.

3 And—bananas baked in honey are extra special, with a piece of lemon rind and another of butter or margarine. Make your sauce and haste.

4 French toast is good even in North Pomfret, Vermont. Grate some Cheddar cheese into the milk and egg. Then fry as usual. Serve with grilled tomatoes.

5 A peachy idea: Sauté fresh peach halves in butter or margarine to which you have added a tablespoon of brown sugar. Serve around a slice of broiled ham.

6 When ice cream seems the only way out—and for me, one kind or another usually is—try sprinkling the vanilla variety with toasted coconut, and serve with butterscotch or chocolate sauce.

7 Needing a sandwich for that indoor or outdoor picnic? Crush an avocado with a fork. Add crumbled crisp bacon. That's all—but mighty good.

8 An acorn squash may be a squash, but the acorn tribe has its own ideas about that. Well, if you will, split the little pretenders and scoop out the seeds.

9 Part 2. Stand them up in a pan with a little hot water in it. Bake to a tender stage, well seasoned. Fill with creamed chopped beef. And that's that.

10 Take an angel cake, if you’re lucky. Best cake ever made. That’s one opinion, and I don’t intend to make a point of it any time or any place. Cut the cake into little squares. Dip each square in melted chocolate, roll them in chopped walnuts, harden in the refrigerator. These are tops with ice cream.

11 Hot soup with a cold meal, that’s the old rule. And pretty sound too. So, add 1/2 cup milk or cream and 1/2 cup clam juice to 1 can condensed clam chowder. This will give you such, and delicious too. Just to set things up, croutons or oyster crackers polish off the top of each cup.

12 A piece, as fancy as you like, of lemon or orange, or a black olive sitting nonchalantly spank in the middle of water cress, gives your garnish for fish or fowl a sort of Parsley-shawl effect, and that makes for a choice dinner.

13 Small—really small—tomatoes, baked and discreetly hollowed out, each stuffed with a hot little fish ball, are a guaranteed tomato surprise. Not over-worked. Have the fish balls flat, if you can, better than a seventeen collar on a fourteen neck.

14 Just a hint of nutmeg added to a vanilla pudding mix gives it that subtle something that makes the difference.

15 Griddlecakes aren’t meant to be shoved in the background because it’s August. Listen to this: Put through a sieve or beat to a creamy stage 1 cup cottage cheese. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter, a pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon flour and 5 well-beaten eggs.

16 Continued: Now take your egg beater in hand and go to it. Use it with gusto and a thrill. Bake batter on a hot griddle, griddlecake style: brown, turn, brown. Serve as dessert with jam or jelly, flat or rolled. I like mine sprinkled with powdered sugar, but do as you please. I’ll let you.

17 Just one word about spaghetti, and a short one too. Add a tablespoon of garlic salt to each quart of water when you cook it. If you like garlic taste, if you like spaghetti.

18 Sometime when you are short of maple syrup for your waffles, put some jam or jelly to helping with your problem. And marmalade. Thought of that?

19 Lorenzo was a doughty lad, said he invented the salad (accent on the ad for rhyming reasons). A "Lorenzo" dressing is only 2 tablespoons minced water cress, 2 tablespoons chili sauce added to a French dressing. That’s all. Good with vegetable and meat salads. It does well by grapefruit salad too. And try it as a cocktail sauce for shrimp.

20 The old baked-bean-and-rabbit favorite may step aside a moment while we cover thin slices of ham on toast with a red-hot and very cheesy rarebit. Serve with pickles.

21 You should know that prepared mustard has entered finishing school. It may now be had with seasonings of paprika, sage, curry or marjoram. Perfumed, or seasoned, as you like to call it. In jars, in sets, and they do a lot for a lot of things. You’ll find.

22 Water cress to be used chopped should be prepared with a very sharp knife, and not in the chopping bowl. Be sure that all the stems are disposed of before beginning on the cutting. Cress is pretty nice sprinkled over a bowl of potato salad. Looks nice too.

23 For your canning and jelly-making activities, keep in mind that you may use cane or best sugar with equally good results. Some things go for any form of cooking.

24 While tomatoes are to be had by the bushel, you may be tempted into "doing up" some yourself. It’s a good idea to add some chopped green pepper to some of the jars.

25 For a delicious tomato conserve, I recommend this receipt. Cut 2 lemons into very thin slices. Remove the seeds, cover with cold water, and cook until the rind is very tender. Add 1 quart tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces, of course, 1 pint diced peeled and cored tart apples, 1 cup canned crushed pineapple and 4 cups sugar. Cook until thick and clear. Pour into hot sterilized glasses. Cover at once with paraffin. Makes 6 glasses.

26 From a very old cookbook: "It is a great mistake for cooks to serve raw fruit to anyone, but the habit some have fallen into of letting even small children eat it is nothing less than pernicious. Cook it or let it alone." She must have referred to green apples.

27 Times change and we eat raw fruit ad lib. Just to encourage you, here’s how in a dressing for the fruit-salad line. Take 1/3 cup mayonnaise, 1/3 cup orange juice, about 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon powdered sugar. Beat well and chill.

28 Homemade soda-fountain special is achieved very easily, very cheery-bringing, by putting balls of vanilla ice cream in tall glasses of iced coffee. You won’t need the sugar bowl. You may like it well beaten.

29 You might do worse than to add cooked Lima beans to a good cheese sauce and pour over fried noodles, and get something very nice indeed.

30 Also, you might add a mess of cooked green beans to a macaroni-and-cheese casserole, and cover with crisp crumbled bacon. Bacon is such a handy thing. Keep it handy.

31 I love these long and lazy days, The smell of falling leaves, the buzz That rises over hill and dell, And that’s my choice and so farewell.
"Hi, Mother, what do we eat...?"

You won't be hurried or harried if you just reach for bean with bacon soup... a real, full-meal soup. Youngsters love the bacon taste in it. What goes with it?

Bean with Bacon Soup
(filled with plump, succulent beans)
Battered Toast and Jam... crisp and crunchy
Sugared Strawberries Milk

Soup's ideal as that One Hot Dish with summer meals.

BY Anne Marshall

Up goes the temperature. The long lazy days are with us. And when it's so wonderful outdoors, who wants to be tied to the kitchen?

So, let's start thinking of quick-to-fix meals... meals centered around one hot dish, Soup. And as good companions for it, let's dream up crispy salads, new sandwiches and refreshing desserts.

Soup is the perfect mainstay of delightful summer meals. Hot soup sets off cool dishes... makes them even cooler by contrast... taste even better. Why, even withering appetites perk up at its savory bouquet. Since soup takes only 4 minutes to prepare, you're in and out of the kitchen in practically no time. You can keep cool and cook well.

Besides, it's easy to vary summer menus with so many kinds of soup to spark their thinking. To help you plan... here are a few summer menu growups and children will enjoy.

A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf.

"Can't we eat outdoors?"

Indoors... outdoors... doesn't make any difference with soup so quick to prepare. Here's your easy-to-serve lunch,

Vegetable Soup
(14 different nutritious vegetables)
Hot Dogs and Trimmings
Banana Oatmeal Cookies... and Milk

"Mind if I bring Joe for lunch?"

You wouldn't mind if he brought home a dozen friends. Cream of celery soup, with all the taste of garden celery, will be the main attraction.

Cream of Celery Soup
(crunchy-rich and sumptuous)
Egg and Pickle Salad
Fresh Cherry Sundae and Milk
A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—

because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

In Matherlock's play—

"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all mist blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, feely clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a lusty, curiousey birthplace and awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivaling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is born so—

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is weak, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are courted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—

by the schools and colleges that are educating our boys in the building of their bodies; by the nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage. An Even Chance—an healthy body.

The call will not be answered until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

The GLITTER and THE GOLD

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

3 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not an oily cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather... needs no special rinse!

Wonderfully mild and gentle... does not dry or irritate!

Leaves hair soft, manageable... shining with colorful natural highlights

Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

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(Continued on Page 55)
Now there's another NEW Pillsbury Cake Mix...

Golden Yellow

Now it's no trick at all to distinguish yourself with a real old-fashioned yellow cake that's delicately flavored, rich and fine-grained, light and tender every time. This new cake mix (like Pillsbury White and Chocolate Fudge) has just the right amount of flour, sugar, shortening, eggs—everything you need except the milk. That's all you add. How about surprising your family with a fine old-fashioned yellow cake like this...tonight.

NOW THERE ARE THREE
Elegant White...Rich Chocolate Fudge...The New Golden Yellow

Just add milk. No eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team.
LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 53)

crowd. Rather than remain the objects of curious scrutiny, I agreed forthwith with members of the press who were overjoyed at the scoop this bit of brilliant publicity would represent. I gave a dinner and, as Duchess and Duke and Honeymoon on was now before the carriage found its way to the gates of Ile de Choisel closed behind I had my old horse brought a flood of visions of happy days when my father had been young and had I had other companions. How different from present when alone I faced life with a positive strain. The house looked happy with its burning fire in the living room, from which wide steps of polished oak the leading above, here my mother was had been prepared to take me to the next door for Marbleborough. A sudden solution of my complete innocence as she, bringing me back. Like a dedicated I longed for my family. The ken created by the marriage of two irreplaceable characters is a psychological one; it deserves sympathy and understanding. In the hidden reaches where mem- probes lie too deep to fathom.

For the weeks which followed, I was engaged on a steep incline of a climb to her Marbleborough, which I was to enter, to reach the heights of triumph and success. I was an almost familiar figure to me, and I felt that my presence was...
English, blond and pretty, she was a self-assured young woman with a shrewd appraisal of social standards. Amazed at my unworldliness, she stripped the blinkers from my eyes. In the tarnished mirror of a crude materialism my values appeared absurd and I listened to her vitriolic gossip with mounting concern. Very soon a draught of her ideas I was to meet, gauging the enmity of certain of my husband's friends, the future loomed complex and difficult. Finally, emphasizing the need for fine clothes, for rich jewels and a lavish expenditure, she added, "With our money, our clothes, our jewels we will be the two successes of the coming London season, and all the women will be jealous of us."

Depressed and concerned, I left the sophistication set we had found in Monte Carlo to proceed to Rome. Settled in the high bare rooms of the hotel for my first Christmas without family and friends, I felt strangely lonely and sad.

At the age of eighteen I was beginning to chafe at the impersonal role I had so far played in my own life—first a pawn in my mother's game and now, as my husband expressed it, "a link in the chain." To one not sufficiently impressed with the importance of insuring the survival of a particular family, the fact that our happiness as individuals was as nothing in this unbroken chain of succeeding generations was a corroding thought; for although I greatly desired children, I had not reached the stage of total abnegation regarding my personal happiness. Nevertheless, to produce the next link in the chain was, I knew, my most immediate duty.

From Rome we went to Naples, which I advise honeymooners to omit, since a visit to the buried towns of Pompeii and Herculanum is bound to awaken discord. I, at least, found it a humiliating experience to be left outside the rail while my husband went below with a guide to inspect the paintings and statues erected to the worship of Priapus, the god and giver of life.

At Bredius we boarded a small steamer and after another rough journey reached Alexandria, then proceeded to Cairo and up the Nile. We returned to Cairo, then to Suez boarded a P. & O. steamer for Marseilles. In Paris we took an apartment in the Hotel Bizard on the Place de la Concorde.

I was happy to be in Paris again, and while there completed the purchase of my trousseau. Since I had little experience in shopping, everything always had been bought for me by my mother. Marlborough took it upon himself to display the same protecting rights she had previously exercised in the selection of my gown. Unfortunately, his taste appeared to be dictated by a desire for magnificence rather than any wish to enhance my looks. I remember particularly one evening dress of sea-blue satin with a long train, whose whole length was trimmed with white ostrich feathers. Another creation was a rich pink velvet with sables. Jean Wathe directed the fitterings of these beautiful dresses which he and my husband considered suitable, but which I would willingly have exchanged for the taffeta and organdy gowns of my age wearing.

My father had generously told me to get whatever I wanted as a gift from him, but I was surprised by the excess of household and personal linens, clothes, furs and hats my husband was ordering. Marlborough's ideas about family and affection were equally princely, and since there appeared to be no family heirlooms, jewels became a necessary addition to his ranks. It was then the fashion to wear dog collars; mine was of pearls and had nineteen rows with high diamond chaps which rapped my neck. My mother had given me all the pearls she had received from her father. There were two fine rows which had once belonged to Catherine of Russia and to the Empress Eugenie, and also a sautoir which I could clasp round my waist. A diamond tiara copped with pear-shaped stones was my father's gift to me, and from Marlborough came a diamond belt. They were beautiful indeed, but jewels never gave me pleasure and my heavy tiara invariably produced a violent headache, my dog collar a chafed neck. Thus I was bejewelled and bedecked. I was deemed worthy to meet England's in society. With the first days of spring crossed the Channel.

London looked immense as the train wound through endless dimly lit suburbs. They seemed clean to me, but the streets were clean and the little houses had gardens. There was a general air of homeliness. In those days there was a little discretion—England was prosperous and only the intelligentsia ventured to discuss socialites. Feeling anxious to meet as many strangers—strangers who were to be my family—I gazed animately at the station platform where a small group of people was waiting for us. Lady Blandford, my mother-in-law, with her daughters Lilian and Norah, was there; I, Guest, the good-looking but supercilious cousin who had come to our wedding; Lady Sarah Wilson, an aunt; Lady Randolph Churchill with her son, young Winston Churchill, yet another cousin, and numerous friends.

I felt the scrutiny of many eyes and hope that my hat was becoming elegant, but I felt I was not fine enough to win their approval. They all talked at once in soft voices as they stared accents which were foreign to me and that the precocious hold I had during our months alone secure in his life and affections might easily be broken endangered.

The family dinner that night disclosed feuds between the Churchill and the Hamilton clans. Lady Blandford, a Hamilton by birth, was a typical girl of the late Victorian era—Donnari had made the heroine of one of his novels. She had a narrow aristocratic face of the well bred, thin slightly arched nose and small blue eyes that were kind and appraising. Her black hair was arranged into a mass of curls and puffs which took as long to dress that one done they had to last the day. She had the high bust and finely lined fast fashion imposed and was proud of her small feet and hand smiling that no manicure ever touched her nails. Her outlook was limited, for she had received an education, had poor education, but she possessed shrewd powers of intuition and observation, am she liked me but did not realize.

Lady Sarah Wilson—Churchill—was quite different. She told me to call her Sarah since she thought herself too young to be an aunt, and I felt I could not account for. She seemed to me as hard as her polished appearance, and her prominent eyes, harsh voice and sarcastic laugh made me shudder. She disliked my mother-in-law "Berta," as she called her, and plainly showed that she considered her a fool. To her a woman she was kind in an arrogant manner that made me grit my teeth, for I had no intention of being patronized.

I was glad to turn to Winston, a young redheaded boy a few years older than I. He captured me as ardently as he had and seemed to have every intention of getting the most out of life, whether in sport, in love, in adventure or in politics. He was the next heir to the dukedom and I wondered how he and his mother, the American-born Lady Randolph Churchill, would regard me. At any rate, thought, they would be pleased to notice that there is yet no sign of an heir.

Lady Randolph was a beautiful woman with a vital, quiet, husky voice. For the life in soul of any party. She was still, in middle age, the mistress of many hearts, and the Prince of Wales was delighted in her company. Her gray eyes sparkled with the joy of living and when, as was often the case in her anecdotes were risque, was in her eye; as well as in her words that one could read the implication. She was an accomplished pianist, an intelligent and well-informed reader and an enthusiastic advocate of art.
Brides! Beginner-cooks! Dazzle "that man" with a
cool and peachy
homemade dessert!

Luscious, fluffy-light...
made in minutes!

No more "runny" pies - no more uncooked thickening!

You get real-ripe, clear fruit color in every fruit and berry pie you bake, when you use Minute Tapioca for a thicker! For perfect fruit pie fillings, use Minute Tapioca instead of cornstarch (same amount). When recipe calls for flour, use a slightly smaller amount of Minute Tapioca instead ... it's the best possible thickener!

MINUTE TAPIOCA
BRAND
FULL OF
COUNTRY-KITCHEN
GOODNESS

Product of General Foods Company

Photograph of a woman's face on the cover of "The Journal" magazine. The text talks about the increasing subscription prices for the magazine and the need to extend the subscription order to continue receiving the journal. It mentions a discount for double the subscription price.

Current Subscription Prices

1 Year $6.00 2 Years $12.00
3 Years $18.00 4 Years $20.00

Effective with the January, 1933, issue the single-copy price of "Ladies' Home Journal" will increase to $36. At the same time subscription prices will be increased. Right NOW is the time to extend your subscription order or order a new subscription. This is your opportunity to assure yourself of "Journal reading pleasure" at the current moneysaving prices!

Make sure you continue to enjoy the "Journal" at today's low prices! Send your order with remittance NOW to

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 760, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

MINUTE TAPIoca

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream, using the simple directions on the package. Grill. Serve in dessert dishes. Garnish with peach slices and a sprig or two of the juice. Makes 4 or 5 servings, creamy and light, with homemade, country-kitchen flavor that'll win a round of cheers! But be sure to use Minute Tapioca - no ready-made dessert can match this pudding for taste!
coming speech. Triumphal arches had been erected, children were waving flags, the whole countryside had turned out to greet us, and I felt deeply touched by the warmth of their welcome. At last we reached the house, but here again ceremonies awaited us. Tenant farmers, employees and household servants were ranged in groups, and each had prepared a form of greeting and a bouquet which had to be presented in the customary manner and fittingly responded to.

As I stood on the steps listening to the various speeches I realized that my life would be very strenuous if I was to live up to what was expected of me. My arms were full of bouquets, the fur coat felt heavier and heavier, the big hat was being blown away by the breeze, and I suddenly felt distraught with a wild desire to be alone. My maid was waiting for me, a tea gown of satin had been laid out at bath time, and I dressed for the ritual of dinner such as Marlborough, the chef and the butler had decreed it to be.

But I found it too hard to dread and hate these dinners, how ornamental and wearisome they loomed at the end of a long day. They were served, with all the accustomed ceremony, but once a course had been passed the servants retired to the hall; the door was closed and only a ring of the bell placed before the parlor summoned them. He had a way of piling food on his plate; the next move was to push the plate away, together with the silver, knives, spoons and glasses—all this in considered gestures which took a long time—then he backed his chair away from the table, crossed one leg over the other and endlessly twirled the ring on his little finger. While accomplishing these gestures he was absorbed in thought and quite oblivious of any remarks I might have. After a quarter of an hour he would suddenly return to earth—or perhaps I should say to food—and begin to eat very slowly, usually complaining that the food was cold! And how could it be otherwise? As a rule neither of us spoke a word. I took to knitting in desperation and the butler read detective stories in the hall.

My first duty concerned my household. Taking them in domestic status, first role of the butler, or house steward. He was addressed as Mr. So-and-so by the other servants, and the chief concern was to keep everyone, including himself, in his place. His rule in the men's department was absolute—only the two electrics, who at that time were treated with the respect due to men of science, was his equals. The groom of the chambers ranked next. One of his duties was to keep in stock the numerous writing tables supplied with paper, pens and ink, an expensive item, as I used to find when we had guests who preferred to correspond on our writing paper. They must often have departed with reams, for I remember receiving a letter headed Blenheim Palace from a guest who had long left us. He had evidently forgotten to whom he was writing.

MARLBOROUGH'S valet shared the prestige of the tails and striped trousers conferred. Such a costume was considered necessary to uphold the standard of elegance of the steward's room, where the maids and maids had their meals, strictly seated according to the rank given their masters' uppers. I remember Jacques Balsan on one of his visits to us telling me that he had had to lend his valet a discarded dinner jacket to wear, since his blue suit had been looked down upon by the other valets present.

On the distaff side, the housekeeper ruled. I felt sorry for her, for she had only six housemaids, which was an inadequate staff to keep so colossal a house in order. The difficulty was further accentuated by Marlborough's indifference. I shall not easily forget the day when our worthy and competent housekeeper came to me in a state of flariness and indignation. "His Grace," she said, pulling herself erect and speaking slowly and distinctively, "has accused one of my housemaids of stealing." "Oh, come, Mrs. R." I said, "surely you have misunderstood him."
Your own 1-Minute Wesson Dressing

TASTES BEST... COSTS LESS

3 flavor changes—No bought-dressing monotony

What a joy to see how you can vary your own homemade Wesson Oil Dressing! Each taste-thrilling variation adds fresh enjoyment to your salads.

In all the world there's no oil milder, more gracious to green salad flavors than Wesson. So don't make lovely salads taste monotonous with "bought dressing."

Especially since delicious homemade Wesson dressing actually costs less.

Here is cool as a cucumber salad; vary it with these tasty dressings

1-MINUTE WESSON FRENCH DRESSING
Made with Wesson! Your secret for delicate, delicious dressing

To make 1 cup   To make 2 cups
Salt . . . . . . . 1/2 teaspoon 2 teaspoons
Sugar . . . . . . . 1/2 teaspoon 1 teaspoon
Pepper . . . . . . . 1/2 teaspoon 1/2 teaspoon
Soy . . . . . . . 1 1/2 teaspoons 1 cup
Wesson Oil . . . . . . . 1/2 cup 1 1/2 cups
Vinegar . . . . . . . 2 tablespoons 1/2 cup

Shake up in covered jar. Shake again before serving.

BLUE CHEESE DRESSING: To 1/2 cup Wesson French Dressing (above) add 1/4 teaspoon salt, an extra dash of pepper, and 2 tablespoons crumbled Blue Cheese.

WHITE AND GOLD DRESSING: To 1/2 cup Wesson French Dressing, add 1 drop Tabasco, 1 finely chopped hard-cooked egg.

MIXED GARDEN DRESSING: To 1/2 cup Wesson French Dressing, add 1 teaspoon celery seed, 2 teaspoons finely chopped onions, and 2 tablespoons minced green pepper.

COOL AS A CUCUMBER SALAD
2 cucumbers, sliced thin
6 large radishes, sliced thin
Boston lettuce, chicory, watercress
Radish roses

Soak and chill cucumber slices 1/2 hour in strong salt solution (1 tsp. salt to 1 cup water); then drain very well. Arrange salad greens, Center with cucumber. Decorate with radish slices and roses. Toss with Wesson 1-Minute Dressing or one of the above variations.

Here's your "meal maker"

STIR-N-ROLL
CHILI OR STEW CASSEROLE

(From the Betty Crocker Staff of General Mills)

Perfect companion to your gay Wesson Salad. Quick to fix when you use Wesson Oil as liquid shortening. No fuss, no bother. Wesson pours to measure, stirs right in.

Make meat pie or chili filling (or use canned beef stew or chili). Place hot filling in 2 qt. casserole. Keep warm while preparing crust. Preheat oven to 450°.

Sift together:
1 1/2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested"® Enriched flour
* 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
* 1 teaspoon salt

Cut in:
1/4 cup cold leftover mashed potatoes
Pour into a measuring cup:
(but don't stir together)
1/4 cup WESSON OIL
and 1/4 cup milk

Then pour into flour mixture. Stir lightly until mixed.

Roll out between 2 waxed papers to fit casserole top. (Topping will be quite thick.) Peel off top paper. Place, paper-side-up, over filling. Peel off paper. (Don't flute rim...keep crust inside casserole, or edge will burn.) Make wide slits with knife for steam to escape. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in hot oven (450°).

Topping Variations: Mix into dough 2 tbsp. chopped green onion, parsley or pimiento.

*If you use Self-Rising Flour omit baking powder and salt.
When leaving an upper berth, should you—

☐ Dress completely  ☐ Wear a robe  ☐ Ring a bell

A tired kitten—that’s how you feel! To save your neck, you can’t get down unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It’s okay to dress in the ladies’ room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you looking your best to London fashion. Those pinked-end toothpicks tell tale outlines. And far enough comfort, there’s your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-rolling. Washable; dries pronto.

Are you in the know?

(Continued from Page 58)

mantelpiece that looked to me like a tomb. On its flat surface I read the words “Dust
Ashes Nothing.” This blank inscription in large black letters greeted my walking, and I wondered why Marlborough, when redecorating
the rooms Should have left this morbid sentiment, a survival of his father’s philosophy, in so prominent a place.

My happiest times were daily rides with our estate agent, an accomplished horseman. We used to gallop across country to our outlying farms where I met Marlborough’s tenants. They were fine men, good farmers and loyal friends, and some had lived on the place for over sixty years. Their sons

enlisted in the County Yeomany in which Marlborough was an officer. The Bucking-
hamshire Yeomanry was a light Infantry, as this voluntary yeomany corps was called, used to train in our High Park, and the troops spent there under canvas were a gay time with dinners and dances and sports. I remember an exciting paper chase which I won on a bay mare.

Visits to county neighbors were less pleasant than those I paid to tenant farmers.

The informality of horseback was not to be thought of. Instead I had to drive in an old handcart—sometimes accompanied by my sisters-in-law, more often alone—the long miles that separated the villages. Etiquette dictated a visit of at least twenty minutes. This was usually prolonged to an hour or more as our neighbors invariably wished to show me their best rooms and give me tea; besides, the coachman had told me that the horses required a rest before the eight miles home and I realized that he wanted to gossip about me as well.

There is always a certain jealousy of what is considered the most important family in the finest estate in a county. It was

apparent that the older families whose roots were deep in Oxfordshire regarded the
Churchills, who moved there in the eighteenth century, as the Pilgrim Fathers looked upon later arrivals in America. Perhaps, if it were possible to impress them, they stressed their ancient lineage, seeming to imply that they lived in a long ago past conferred a greater dignity on those living in the present.

My duties also consisted in visits to the poor, whose courtesy I found congenial. In almshouses founded and endowed by Caro-
line, Duchess of Marlborough, there were old ladies whose complaints had to be heard and whose infirmities had to be cared for, and there were blind ones to be read to. There was one gentle, patient old lady whom I loved. She used to look forward to my visits be-
cause she could understand every word I read to her, while sometimes with others she could neither hear nor follow and was too polite to tell them so. I grew to know the

lady so well, that when comfort it was her favorite. Dear Mrs. Prattley—when I looked at her lovely peaceful face, the thin face of an old lady, and crossed her ceiling with her bold, the closed sightless eyes, the lips repeating the
words of John after me. I felt the peace of God descending into that humble
home and I was happy to go there for the strength it gave me.

For the custom at Blenheim to place a basket of tins on the side table in the dining room and here the butler left the remains of our dinner. It was his duty to cram
food into the tins, which we then carried down to the poorest in the various villages the next day. I daresay it had been the habit to mix meat and vegetables and
sweets in a horrible jumble in the same tin. In spite of being considered inexpensive for meat, I often had to run across the house to the chapel fastening the last hook or button and ramming the tassels on the tall old bell housemaids would drop their dust
footmen their trays, housemen their pan carpenters their ladders, electricians their tools, kitchenmaids their pans, laundrymen their linen and rush to reach the chapel time.

Heads of departments had all taken their seats and the curate in his surplice read the prayers and a lesson, and after the short service accompanied him to the door and he

me of any sickly or poor. Those few days were of special attention. On Sunday afternoon

had eucryos; and hymns, which I chose and the schoolboys, kept up to sing.

Sunday mornings we attended service Woodstock.

Those few months of my first English spring spent quietly at Blenheim proved introduction to the serious side of life. England. I came to realize that when Marlborough spoke of a link in the chain meant that there were certain standards which must be maintained, whatever the cost. I was a general by marriage; to him it was inconceivable that he, giving the greatness of his position, should fail to impress a young girl. I lived under the

English countryside was still rural; the farms, and laborers loyal to their landlord, standard of living possible for those whose needs were cleared of their belongings by me and my more democratic ideals, to up the precarious balance. Should he ever become king, my role expected of me by marriage and fulfill its obligations as conscientious as possible.

The Marlborough family had no Lord residence, since Marlborough House had reverted to the crown and was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. We took tiny house in South Audley Street for the months of May. I knew the London of 1896 and 1897 will recall with something of a heartache the brillian the brillian succession of festivities that marked the

Balmoral and other residences, and equal the renowned brilliance of the London season, I felt it as a pageant in which beau

tiful women and distinguished men paraded a style of living. I left Blenheim early May, and as my first season. I miss

almost say to my coming out, for I had been little given to that sporadic, without sequence and results—a few balls in Paris, London a New York, with no time for friendships even under the best circumstances.

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The foreign Embassies were houses of in por tance. The Ambassadors then were as splendid and distinguished as the old school, and belonged to a world which was Europe

and aloof. One met them at Marlborough House rather than at foreign embassies. The Queen lived at Windsor in the season of her widowhood and Marlborough House had become the real seat of the court.

One saw not only Ambassadors and states men but the gay social set which the Prince and Princess delighted to entertain.

In those days fashionable society was

seen in Hyde Park, where in the morning we rode Thornton Square horses and looked best in classic riding habits, and where in the evening, elaborately bedecked ruffles and lace, we would show best in stately parades. At a given hour we lined up near Grosvenor Gate to see the Princess of Wales pass, lovely and graceful as she bowed to right and left. Few people

had carriages, however, for it was difficult to find a pair of seventeen-hand horses, as I regretted the day Marlborough died. (Continued on Page 63)
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

TONI OWEN, top New York designer, says:
“Your figure comes back in focus this fall with the fitted waist and the slimly accented bipline. So, whether you’re dressing for campus, career, or crowded social life, a Playtex Girdle is a must!” The fabulous Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle keeps you slim as fashion’s slenderest whim, free as an autumn leaf! Of smoothest latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric, it hasn’t a seam, stitch or bone. And—see—it’s completely invisible, washes, dries in a flash!

Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles with new Adjust-All Garters, $6.95. With standard garters, $5.95. Panty Brief, $4.95. White Magic or Pink, Playtex® Living® and Playtex Pink-Ice Girdles from $3.50 to $4.50. Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries. At department stores and specialty shops. PLAYTEX...known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Invisible

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdles

With New Adjust-All Garters

Made of smooth latex, Adjust-All Garters are invisible under stem-slim clothes, never sag, never lose their elasticity—adjust with a touch. And they're kinder to your stockings!
New creamy-soft make-up
covers so lightly
Looks so naturally lovely
Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer— with never a trace of "made-up" look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness.

So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!

Pan-Stik
by
Max Factor

1 Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.

2 Swivel up Pan-Stik just as you do your lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.

3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

Delightfully right for suntan season: Natural Tan, Golden Tan.

Availble in Canada at slightly different prices.

CINDY GARNER
as she looks when away from the studio.

Now appearing in
"RED BALL EXPRESS"
Universal-International Picture

She uses Max Factor's Pan-Stik because it feels so light and fresh compared with most make-ups. And it looks and feels so natural.

Dress by Max Fegarty

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type makeup.
my train was taken from my arm and spread, I realized the ordeal had begun. In front of me was a line of royal personalites to whom I should have to curtsey. Sensing that there was a natural curiosity concerning the debut of the American princess, my mother and I approached the society with dignity, since it was no easy task to perform so many curtseys gracefully.

I was glad that when my mother and I had got the train off in manner, adding, "I must tell you, however, I was never to follow in dealings with my husband.

There were always from twenty-five to thirty guests at our week-end parties and they were all considerably older than myself, since it was judged advisable to invite members of the family who had always been important for our debut as hostesses and for my introduction to society. Although I delighted in the companionship of brilliant men and agreeable women, the effort of a perpetual round of entertaining was considered. Marlborough had given me a supervision together with the listing of everything pertaining to the house, while reserving the administration of the estate for himself. Unfortunately he was more inclined to criticize than to instruct and I had to trust to observation to ensure the continuity established by past generations of Englishwomen.

We would return to Blenheim on Wednesday morning and our guests would follow in the last hour. By then I was called out to consult about the amount of trouble their impending visits would give me; for my round of the thirty-guest rooms, accompanied by the housekeeper, for the next day. Fortunately my husband was determined to have the guests arrive at a run, none the worse for mishap which, although it annoyed me, was to me but a cause for remark.

This magnificent entrance I went with another-law to Buckingham Palace, and was attending an afternoon known as a Drawing Room. The Earl and Princess of Wales stood deport themselves and were their due, wearing suits of each mandarin and tedious duties. The dress of Wales—Queen Alexandra, as she was called, was usually a beautiful woman. Like the Empress Eugénie, she stood sloping shoulders, and her breasts were especially fashioned for a graceful display of precious jewels. When she entered the ballroom at Buckingham, her hand lightly resting on King Edward's, she always seemed to have the elevation of grace and dignity.

I felt the little thrill of excitement of the drums and the national anthem as I entered the room. The great officers of state were the Earl of Lathom, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and Lord Chamberlain. They were both over six feet in height, and being exceptionally handsome, absolute uniform looked magnificent as it with their staves of office held them they walked in backward facing and Queen. I did not realize until after the flower had been arranged on a straight line when walking backward to execute a turn in unison without ever ceasing to look straight before them I had not been at the lovely Queen as she as the dais and bowed proudly and bade such grace first to the Corps of 17 of the left, then to the pageboys right of the throne, and finally to the blf company. She was most often adorned with dazzling white ribbons of the order. On her head glittered a tiara; pearls, diamonds cascaded from neck to waist. On her bodice, an emerald, accounted by my tiptop coiffure, the little faint smile, the little hat, no one could have missed a fairer Queen.

my wedding dress was cut low and with the court train immediately behind it. It was formal black and formal white. When I was the diamond belt my husband had me, and on my head a diamond tiara; were also pearls in profusion. When

Song for Any Child

By Joan Labombard

Though you sleep in eiderdown, Rub your elbow on a stone:
You need granite too.
If the lilac stars your sight, Dig its root for damp and rot:
Out of mold it grew.
When the moonlight's at your throat, Build a grail and see it's caught
In an iron cage.
Though the peach is amber sweet It will not intoxicate
Mouns that bite on sage.
I could wish the world might spin From your wrist as on a chain, Swinging for your joy.
You chain the door in rust And your wrist is delicate
For a heavy toy.
LORETTA YOUNG . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Young uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

**The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

When Loretta Young says... "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Loretta Young, will notice a glorious difference in your hair, after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

**No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme.** For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS use LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO for GLAMOROUS HAIR
Did you ever dream that you could make a dress in three hours, from the time you cut the fabric to the time you walked out the door in it? All these designs can be made in a matter of hours; the dramatic effect depends on your choice of fabric and color. We love the idea of things that can be worn frontward and backward... right or wrong side. They add to the combinations and color schemes you can make from just a few pieces. Jersey is a wonderful "quick to make" fabric; it drapes like a dream and lends itself to shirring with elastic thread. Felt is a natural because it needs little, if any, finishing. Remember that a waist cincher worn under any of these designs enables you to pull in your belt at least another notch! If time is not an element, but ease of sewing is... then these ideas are for you too. By Nora O'Leary

Pattern Editor of the Journal

Gray Orlon-and-worsted jersey cut all in one piece (only side seams). Shirring with elasticized thread shapes the neck and waistline, fits sleeves. Journal Pattern 2591, 35c.

Reversible jersey top to wear frontward or back-ward. Takes a yard of each color. 2593, 25c. The skirt has elastic waistband. 2594, 30c.

Double-duty checked taffeta (could be a winter cotton) halter dress. Wear with your own sweater or for evening with a little black velvet basque. About four yards around bottom, cut in only four pieces. 2592, 35c.

Felt and gingham bound with braid, in reversible wrap-around skirt (wraps front or back). 2595, 30c.

Simplest black jersey with shaped shirred waistline. 2596, 35c. Tiny shrug jacket trimmed with jet. 2597, 25c.
What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That's right—naturally lovely!

*it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!*

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

**Helene Curtis Spray Net**

"The magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

**Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!**
- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wavy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wilderness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty.

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**OUT OF THIS WORLD**

(Continued from Page 11)

the British. But the Lord of the Desert, though a member of the Arab League, is himself, something of an isolationist. Though he is strongly pro-American and strongly committed to collective security under American leadership, he holds himself rather aloof from the affairs of other Arab states.

In all the Arab states except Saudi Arabia, many women have had higher education; they are in all the professions; and the harmen, in the greater Arab cities, have become practically obsolete. Not so in Desert Arabia where as in the days of King Solomon men of substance, whether in money or in herds of sheep and camels, have the Moslem limit of four wives contemporaneously and often many concubines, and count their wealth in the beauty of their daughters and the multiplicity of their sons.

Riyadh is a city of palaces, where palace building seems to be the chief industry, for every time a king's son marries he is presented with a palace. Despite electric lights, air conditioning and modern plumbing, the palaces date in basic construction from most ancient times. The material of the surroundings is the earth of the desert and is the chief building material—too hard to be molded of sand, straw and water, and held in the blazing desert sun. Bricks are not in the shape of large loaves of bread, houses are built with the rounded tops, all the surface being smoothed over, then, with more mud, Columns, sculptured capitals are made of the material, and the exteriors are decorated in bas-reliefs in formal pattern, topped high crete additions around the flat roofs. They are, themselves, important rooms. For summer the Arab world sleeps on its roofs under the stars which nowhere else seem so near or appear so bright, the hot night straw mats, the palace dweller on gourds for carpets and cushions.

Inside these storied palaces the walls are plastered and washed with white or off white. Often the windows are without glass.

**Neither Birds Nor Bees**

More hard-won maxims from father to daughter.

By Charles Strysker Ingerman

YOU'LL probably not believe it now, dear, but sex is highly overrated. Love is the thing to keep your sights on—and that's not the same thing at all.

Every young man has, I think, a secret conviction that he could win any girl in the world if he worked hard enough at it.

When you were little, we told you not to play with matches if you didn't want to get burned. At the risk of seeming stuffy, let me remark that the back seat of a parked car is a whole boxful of matches—and no fire extinguisher handy.

Long before the advent of the Atomic Age, people discovered that a mighty small yen can start an explosive chain reaction.

Fun which nibbles at self-respect costs too much.

Biology, despite Darwin, is not very selective. Just take a look around.

Two hands on the wheel are a good deal safer than one on the knee.

It takes two to make a bargain, but one can cast a veto.

I hope I never disparage the man of your choice, but I reserve the right to be puzzled by your choice of a man.

**Biology says: **“Hurry, hurry! We’ve only got tonight.” **Love says:** “Take it easy. We’ve got forever.”

My observation is that men and women who treat sex lightly usually get short-weight returns from love.

The time to lock the barn door is before the kiss is stolen.

Being six feet tall doesn’t necessarily keep a fellow from being a greedy and irresponsible baby.

Spooning, petting, necking—or whatever you call it now—generates more heat than light.

Even if you can put a fire out, there are smoke stains and charred wood.

I can guarantee that what the agitated lad who accuses you of being a tease, a prude or a coward really needs is a cool shower.

I'm not at all sure grandmother was overcautious when she said: "Never kiss a boy you wouldn’t be willing to marry." You might meet him again, someday, with your husband in tow.

All this may make sex sound mighty repellent; well, frankly, in the framework of a lasting love, it is. You're on your own, honey. I've never owned a shotgun.
Back-to-School Beauty Hints

(Reprinted from "Mother's magazine.)

by Ruth Pearson

Water Sweeties—A wardrobe of the plain, "fancy overviews" well-dressed for dollars any hour, any day. But terers can be irritating, if you use a product that leaves the skin raw and tive. That's why it's smart to use yalns, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Its is gentle and pure as your cream, contains none of those acid salts which irritate skin from fabrics. A recent four-week among more than a hundred women, spirited by a leading skin specialist, at out one single case of underarm irritation from using a product, even applied immediately after shaving!

Dolling Dolls—A should be elated at folk rnal dances, but the sure underarm is "shockingly lovely, voqua-4, usually, sleepy, stops perspiration color- lity, it also softens, smooths and life the skin. Massage your feet, "voqua. to keep them happy and upright through an evening being.

Hair—Use too-heavy ip on sensitive ad- skin; nor a too- r-dodoarnt. Use voqua, as in all household products. Need never happen to you if you now, and keep on, using voqua, "beauty cream" deodorant. We aim to please, now, and in the years to come.

or jers, 100, 35c, 60c.

A home of a pricely wife is in a princely household is luxurious. The two have seen hall and European furniture, upholstered in vel- and metal-dreaded davenport, their floors covered with the best Parson and rugs, often laid one over another. In a harem or a reception rooms, chairs and divans are ranged all around the walls, never in groups, and small tables are carried and set before them. Arab ladies of such

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

merely grilled in intricate designs and cur- tained against sandstorms. They all follow a similar plan, all rooms opening off pillared galleries around a central courtyard open to the sky. These galleries are sur- rounded by fairly high balustrades pierced with numerous doors, and often these doors are pointed inside with blue, pink and light green washes.

To the south, Riyadh's palaces present an austere, almost barricade-like, the tramp color of the desert itself, and in Riyadh most of them are built around a huge square as large as a quarter of an acre. For water in most of Arabia is more precious than oil or gold, and in some parts a garden (if it is possible at all) more costly than the most splendid palace of stone. Drinking water may be brought hundreds of miles by pipe and sometimes, as in the city of Riyadh, the deepest wells produce only brackish water, use-

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?

Edited by John Henry

If the average person were to give a health size knocks to the one responsible for his troubles, he couldn't sit down for a week.

—BUD NELSON, Omaha, Neb.

If Patrick Henry thought taxation without representation was bad, he should see it with representation.

—ROBERT B. LYON, New York, N.Y.

The Rev. Loyd M. Thompson, of the First Methodist Church, Illinois, commented, after performing his 1000th wedding ceremony: "1920 had a solemnized one marriage that must be sublime successful. In 1925 a bridegroom promised to pay the wedding fee as soon as his honey- moon was over. So far as I know, that honeymoon never has ended."

—CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

Most of us don't find any use for the advice of our parents until we have families of our own.

—ERL SCHECHER, West Street Journal

"They say he married her because her uncle left her a million dollars. But he claims he would have married her no matter who had left her to it."

—Overland on Dallas, Georgia, Great

LAVORIS

More than a Mask...

Lavoris acts both chemically and mechanically to break up and flush out the germ-harboring, odor-producing coating on film from mouth and throat. Your mouth feels clean because it is clean — and a clean mouth is more resistant to infection.

Here's why...

Lavoris removes and whitens tooth films, removes stains and film from the teeth, making them bright and clean.

Lavoris removes and whitens tooth films, removes stains and film from the teeth, making them bright and clean.

Here's why...

Lavoris acts both chemically and mechanically to break up and flush out the germ-harboring, odor-producing coating on film from mouth and throat. Your mouth feels clean because it is clean — and a clean mouth is more resistant to infection.
cardamom seeds, but no wine, for all forms of alcohol are forbidden the Moslem man or woman. But Coca-Cola! The entire Arab world drinks it, and also chews gum! (The West has also brought alcoholic drinks into the Arab world, especially the world of the more modern cities, with very bad results.)

A harem consists of more than the wives, sisters, children and unmarried daughters of the princely master, though these may number scores. Palaces have midwives, governesses, physicians, chemists, secretaries, and these, or their wives, are part of the feminine entourage. They are often "Western" Arabs, with a knowledge of English or French, who wear European dress. With them one can talk candidly of harem life, to which they themselves belong only by virtue of the positions they have taken. Many of the harem ladies are beautiful. Most Arab women have extraordinarily fine large eyes, set off with heavy applications of eye shadow. But the life they lead tends to make them fat very young, though this is not considered ugly by Arab men. There seems to be little or no jealousy among harem wives when one meets them together, as I did at the garden dinner. According to the tradition and religion of this patriarchal society, each wife must be treated exactly alike by every other, and each has an equal amount of time with her husband. Men, being human, must have favorites, and any Moslem man can put away a wife of whom he is tired, though not without the remuneration settled upon in the marriage contract. And no Moslem can divorce his children.

But the oldest and least comely wife is often, I was told, the real favorite, the mother of many children, or even of few, who lives in her debs and has become a counselor and companion to her husband. This is not an unknown role for a woman. King Ibn Saud, for instance, trusted no counselor more than his elder sister Nura, who lived to a high age and regularly accompanied her brother on visits of state, although, of course, she never appeared among men. And Moslem sons are taught greatly to cherish and respect their mothers, who, in this archaic society, are called by the name of eldest son: "Mother of Faisal," "Mother of Abdulrahim," and so on.

But although wealthy harems are popularized—though not invented—by the Westerner, the Westerner does not usually realize how very high—and although they have been the unseen counselors of princes—how high—-the Westerner does not realize how high—nor do the Westerners of the East. The lady of the harem is idle. She sleeps, bathes, dresses, fondles and plays with her children rather than brings them up, nibbles at sweets, is heavily veiled, in a motorcar, and is continually with all the women around her about the myriad goings on in the life of the palace. She is without the slightest idea of the women of the West, instinctively knowing, perhaps, that freedom, which equals responsibility, is a burden as well as a bliss and is always insecure. (But how we burden, I thought; how blessed an easier life!)

How long will all the phases of the ancient life last, now that modern industrial technology have struck Desert Arabia with dynamic, revolutionary impact? How is the culture fostered by the discovery of fabulous new wealth, will incurable change be for good or ill?

I think for both. There will be no sudden change in spirit to the great Lord of the Desert whom vast sudden wealth has neither ruined nor tamed. Only once it has hit Saudi Arabia—on the famous visit to Churchill and Roosevelt, during the war. But his son grandson knows Cairo, Paris and even Chicago. He is without great, even grand, lack of sophistication or the old King. No successor can, I think, with the absolutism of the man who died and the wealth of Saudi Arabia. And everything will affect change, as it has already, in more specific ways, affected and changed the life of Desert leaders.

But I am glad, being modern and not very curious, to have made that journey back into centuries of time.
Whichever you buy you, too, will
"Sleep in UTICA"

Save on any of these
4 Sheets!

UTICA weaves them all!

For over 100 years UTICA has been famous for making fine sheets and pillow cases. Choose the type best suited to your family needs:

1. **Mohawk Combed Percale.** Luxuriously soft and smooth, yet highly practical. Tightly woven of choice combed cotton. Gives long, economical wear.

2. **Utica Muslin.** Famous for its quality appearance and durability. Made of specially selected cotton, and woven extra-strong for extra-wearing stamina.

3. **Mohawk Muslin.** Wonderfully thickly. Its long-fibre cotton makes Mohawk Muslin exceptionally smooth, long-lasting, easy to launder.

4. **Hope Muslin.** Neat, sturdy, priced low—ideal for budgeted homes. Made with even-stitched hems, strong selvages to withstand youngsters' romping and constant laundering.

Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills, Division of J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
Stevens Building, Broadway at 41st Street, New York 36, N. Y.
one package Starlac makes 5 quarts nonfat milk for as low as 9¢ a quart

Starlac nonfat dry milk is high-quality pasteurized milk with only the water and fat removed. Simply replace the water, mix for less than a minute, and pop your new, tasty, nutritious nonfat milk in the refrigerator...where any milk belongs.

You'll want to use Starlac for drinking, cooking, and whipping...especially after you see how smart and thrifty it is!  

So very convenient! Make a cup, a quart, or all 5 quarts at a time from one Starlac package. And the package no refrigeration, either. Dieticians and nutritionists recommend Starlac for your whole family. You’ll find it far and away the best value at your grocer’s today!

USE IT FOR DRINKING...TASTES DELICIOUS!
USE IT FOR COOKING...SO ECONOMICAL!

BORDEN’S GUARANTEE

Except for the fat, a quart of Starlac gives you the same amount of nourishment as a quart of top-quality milk. Every quart of Starlac gives you:

1. Bread guarantees that Starlac nonfat milk is protein-protected by an exclusive Borden process. The goodness and nourishment cannot escape. That’s why Starlac always tastes so good! 2. Bread guarantees that Starlac uses top-quality milk from tested herds only. 3. Bread guarantees that Starlac is purity-tested 24 times.

IF IT’S BORDEN’S—IT’S GOT TO BE GOOD!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DAY</th>
<th>MEALS</th>
<th>Calories</th>
<th>Total for day, R38</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MONDAY</td>
<td>BREAKFAST</td>
<td>117</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 small glass orange juice</td>
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<td></td>
<td>½ cup puffed wheat</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 cup skim milk</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 cups black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>LUNCH</td>
<td>2 hard-cooked eggs</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 cup spinach</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 slice white bread</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 small fresh peach</td>
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<tr>
<td>DINNER</td>
<td>1 large serving lean broiled steak (beef)</td>
<td>1/2 cup green beans</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 slice tomato</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Thin slice plain angel-food cake</td>
<td>1/2 cup black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tea or coffee</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>TUESDAY</td>
<td>BREAKFAST</td>
<td>141</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 poached egg</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 slice toast and butter</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 cups black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>LUNCH</td>
<td>1 medium hamburger patty</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2 tablespoons cottage cheese</td>
<td>1 small fresh peach</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 cup black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>DINNER</td>
<td>1 serving lean boiled beef</td>
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<td></td>
<td>3 small boiled carrots</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 cup boiled cabbage</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 slice white bread</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 glass skim milk</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEDNESDAY</td>
<td>BREAKFAST</td>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 small grapefruit juice</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>½ cup skim milk</td>
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<td></td>
<td>2 cups black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>LUNCH</td>
<td>2 cups vegetable soup (homemade)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 soda crackers</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 sliced banana and milk</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 cup tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>DINNER</td>
<td>2 slices lean roast beef (pressure-cooked)</td>
<td>1/2 cup black coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4 boiled onions and 1/2 pat butter</td>
<td>1 1/2 cup cabbage slaw</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1/2 cup grated meat (water-packed fruit cocktail)</td>
<td>1/2 cup fresh gelatin (water-packed fruit cocktail)</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Coffee or tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>THURSDAY</td>
<td>BREAKFAST</td>
<td>219</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 poached egg</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 slice toasted bread</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 cups coffee</td>
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<tr>
<td>LUNCH</td>
<td>Oyster stew (6 oysters, 30)</td>
<td>1 cup skim milk</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1/2 cup black coffee</td>
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<td>3 soda crackers</td>
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<td>1/2 pickle</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 cup tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>DINNER</td>
<td>2 slices veal tenderloin</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1 large combination salad (lettuce, tomato, celery and green pepper)</td>
<td>1/2 cup black coffee</td>
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<td>1/2 cup black coffee</td>
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</table>

A Week of Low-Calorie Menus

Taken From Helen Fraley’s Diet

the day. I get up at 5:55 every morning and don’t go to bed until 10 P.M. or later.

Although my diet sheet said “Some exercise must go with this diet daily,” I didn’t do any strenuous exercises. But I am very active. Do all my own housework, washing and ironing. I sometimes iron for other people, too, for a little extra money. We have a big yard and I do all the lawn work. Don’t mind pushing the lawn mower this summer because I don’t have all that “excuses baggage” to carry around!

It was not until I lost 50 pounds that my doctor patted me on the back and said, “I am confident you will reach your goal now. But I will tell you that at first I doubted that you would stick to the diet.” He’s very proud of me because I am a healthy, happy example of what can be done, if one really aims to reduce. I will always say: “The very first thing in reducing is to make up your mind; you want to reduce. Next, set a goal for yourself—and half the battle is won. For me, it was simple as that! I give my doctor a lot of credit too. He was interested and kind. I believe most physicians see in the fat man or woman a patient entitled to all the sympathetic professional care accorded the diabetic or arthritic person. I believe prayer helps too. Many a time I asked God to give me courage and will power. I also thanked Him for what I did accomplish.

I have a dear neighbor who was my greatest booster. She was interested in my diet and my progress from the first day. She has even given me a couple of her nice dresses and said, “I never dreamed the day would come when you would weigh less than I do, but I’m sure happy for you.”

I have one sister, twelve years older than I. I didn’t tell her about my “project” until after I’d lost over 100 pounds. I want you to read a quote from her letter after I told her about it.

March 6, 1954

"Your news of losing 107 pounds is about the biggest thrill of my lifetime. I can hardly wait to see you—but in the meantime send me some snapshots."

September 14, 1951

(after I’d sent her several snaps)

"Thanks so much, darling, for the pictures. I looked at them every day since I received them and still can’t believe it is really you. It’s a miracle all right, but one of your own production. You look grand, Helo. I am so proud of you and at the same time rather anxious, although I shouldn’t be, as I could do the same thing if I’d get my will power to work."

This is a part of a letter from my husband’s sister Ruth, inSeattle:

"Helen, I want to thank you for the snapshots. I can’t believe it. You said you caused a sensation in Blair. Well, you should have heard them around here! Helen, I just can’t get over how nice you look. Why, you’re even slimmer than I am now."

I consider my sweet husband and myself an average American couple—we were never blessed with children, but we have a grand life together. Own our own home, it’s cute and comfortable. Last summer we built on a bathroom, which is our pride and joy. My husband works for an equipment company which manufactures farm machinery. Sam makes around $2000 a year (before deductions). With the high cost of living we have to save much, but we enjoy life and live comfortably.

You know, after I emerged from that “mountain of fat” I find I’m a fairly attractive woman. Have naturally curly hair. It’s prematurely gray, but friends tell me it’s becoming with my youthful face. Always did take care of my hair, teeth and fingernails. I like good cosmetics and a moderate amount of powder, but it always seemed so futile to “dull up” and then have to crawl into a heavy “strait jacket” corset and a Size 60 dress. Believe me, I don’t ever intend to get into that category again! What I have achieved is worth a thousand times more than the effort it took to attain it.

A very happy ex-fat lady.

HELEN FRALEY
Ben Blue says:

When a picnic lunch does this...

better switch to...

instead of this...

WAXTEX
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
FOR BETTER FOOD PROTECTION
WAXTEX

because

WAXTEX IS
FLAVOR-TIGHT!

- yes, air-tight, moisture-tight, flavor-tight!

ANOTHER PRODUCT OF MARATHON CORPORATION
THE success of an outdoor-cooking party depends first, of course, on good food, but ranking a close second is ease and quickness of preparation. No matter how much we love to cook in our own kitchens, it isn’t fun for us or our guests if an elaborate drawn-out ritual is necessary to produce a good meal in the open. One solution is to have everything but the main dish—the meat—prepared in advance, and to see that this main dish requires the minimum of effort. Now, to get down to cases, here’s a menu.

For an appetizer, a highly seasoned sardine-and-pickle spread with rye crackers or Norwegian flat bread to eat it with. The meat will be steak chips with herb sauce, one of the most delicious concoctions I know and by far the quickest to

(Continued on Page 74)

By RUTH MILLS TEGE
The best luck of the day is yours with Van Camp's. Delicious...just as they come...or when you heat—eat—enjoy them for quick meals, picnics, parties.

New packs of peas...with all the sweetness of the summer...now at your grocer's. Make your shelves gay...full of promise of good eating...by stocking up on Stokely's Finest Honey Pod Peas today.

Enjoy the Garry Moore Show CBS-TV Network, every Friday afternoon • John Conte ABC Radio Network, Monday through Friday mornings

Stokely's Finest SINE 1898

2 GREAT NAMES IN FOOD that mean QUICK MEALS for you

Van Camp's SINCE 1861
Kool-Aid

In the Ice Box
by the Pitcher Full

Buy 6 Pkgs. and SAVE on Soft Drinks!

You can't beat Kool-Aid soft drinks for thirst-satisfying refreshment, delicious variety and real economy. Buy Six Packages and SAVE! Select your family's favorites from 6 wonderful flavors. Six packages of Kool-Aid make 12 quarts of cold, flavorful beverage. Don't run out; when you get down to 2 packages, Buy Six and SAVE! At $1 a package, think of the big savings in soft drinks!

(Continued from Page 72)

prepare. The steaks are almost paper-thin slices of beef cut from top round or eye of round, cooked in butter or margarine barely long enough to become hot, and the sauce is made in the same skillet with chopped chives, parsley, mushrooms and so on. I like them best served on extra-large hot split baking-powder biscuits with the sauce poared over them. This combination is really something. For another hot dish we will have Spanish corn, which combines green pepper, pimento, onion and bacon with the corn. It can be baked in a casserole in your kitchen range and be brought hot to the scene of festivities. With a tossed salad of water cress, lettuce and tomatoes, the main course will be complete—and I've made myself so hungry that I'm going to use exactly this menu for dinner tonight.

This is a hearty but not at all a heavy meal, so we can let ourselves go and have a real dessert—angel cherry-cream pie. The pie shell is baked meringue, the filling is vanilla nut pudding and the top is pecan halves. Nifty-looking and so good. But if you want a more simple dessert that is both pretty and delicious, substitute peaches with cherry glaze. We'll plan for six.

SARDINE- AND PICKLE SPREAD

Open a 3%/2-ounce can boneless skinless sardines, drain off oil and mash to a pulp. Cream together 1 ounces cream cheese and 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Add 5 tablespoons finely chopped sweet pickle, 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Tabasco (or more if you like things very hot), 1 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons catsup and the sardines. Mix thoroughly. Add salt to taste and more of other seasonings if needed. With a silver knife work mixture into a thin flat mold and sprinkle generously with paprika.

STEAK CHIPS WITH HERB SAUCE

Call your butcher ahead of time and ask him to trim fat from the round or a piece of top round thoroughly chilled. This is important, because the meat will slice much better if it is very cold. For the actual slicing—at least the first time—you had better be on hand, because he won't believe you know what you're talking about when you say you want it almost paper-thin. Ask him to set the slicer control for very thin slices, and after each slice comes off to lay it on a square of parchement or wax paper and cover it with another square of paper so that the slices will not stick together.

Two pounds of meat will make from 36 to 40 slices, and you should allow at least 6 slices for each person. Serve hot or cold. (Since each serving is two or three chips to a biscuit with gravy, this plan will see you through.)

Firstly chop 1/4 cup parsley, 1/2 cup chives, and 2 teaspoons fresh sweet basil if you get it. Open 2 small cans mushroom pie and leave them in their juice. To 1 cup hot water add 2 envelopes beef bouillon powder, or 2 bouillon cubes.

Now we are ready to make our Creamy Cornbread Dressing, which I advise doing in two shifts. When fire has burned down to a bed of coals, 1/2 pound butter or margarine in a skillet, and as soon as the fat sizzles begin laying in the steel chips. Use only half for the first cooking. Each one should be very flat, so you can't do too many at one time. Cook them a few seconds on one side, turn them over and cook a few seconds on other side. They shouldn't brown—just get it through. Transfer to very hot shallow casserole and keep warm until all have been cooked. When this is done put 1/2 pound butter, margarine in skillet, add half the parsley, chives, basil, mushrooms and bouillon as soon as it bubbles the sauce is done. Do sauce over steaks and serve at once. Another method is to serve plates individually. Each person open a hot biscuit on his plate put 3 steak chips over the biscuit and spoon the sauce. When second helpings are in order repeat the cooking routine. It's so quick done that no one will mind the short delay.

BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS

Sift together 1 cups flour, 7 teaspoons baking powder and 2 cups sugar. Add 1/2 cup shortening and work until consistency of coarse corn meal. Add 1 cup milk and 1/2 cup cream, all at one time, and blend. Turn on floured board, roll rolling pin with flour, and roll to about 1/2 inch thick. Now to the cooking. We want these biscuits to be extra large anduffy. Most biscuit cutters aren't large enough, so I use an empty No. 2 size tin can which makes a perfect cutter. Brush tops of biscuits with a little beaten egg and mix and bake in a hot—400° F.—oven until nice browned—about 15 to 18 minutes. The biscuits can be made in advance and stored in refrigerator until baking time.

SPANISH CORN

Frozen or canned corn can be used, but this time of year with fresh corn plentiful why not use it? Cut corn from cobs, being careful not to tear too many and scrape cobs to get all the good juice and pulp. You
MIXED SALAD

Apo salad of water cress, lettuce and tresses will be perfect with this meat, and the dressing should be rich. French. Make the vinaigrette dressing and serve with mysterious. The tangy taste of water cress is so delectable, and whether you use home-grown or store-bought, let the water cress dominate salad.

ANGE CHERRY-CREAM PIE

A recipe is divided into three parts: the sugar shell, the custard filling and the cherry filling.

Sugar Shell. Separate 4 eggs that have been at room temperature several hours, add a pinch of salt to the whites. Measure 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla and 1/2 teaspoon water into a cup. Nip off 1/2 cup fine sugar and 1/4 teaspoon dark powder. Beat egg whites until stiff, liquids at one time and, continuing to add sugar 1 teaspoon at a time. Beat until and continue to beat 2 minutes. Add salt and beat until stiff. If you use an electric mixer, keep it at a high speed all the time and scrape sides of bowl with a rubber spatula. Roll meringue toward the beaters to form a large glass pie plate, put in the oven and shape it with a spatula so that it is about a shell thickness. If you haven't tried it, you'll be surprised at how easy it is to make meringue shell. It can be stored in the refrigerator, but will not keep for very long.

Custard Filling. Beat 4 egg yolks until yellow; add 1/2 cup sugar, 1/3 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/8 teaspoon coriander and beat well. Drain 2 cups milk and 2 egg whites or go with butter or margarine and stir this into the egg yolks. Cook in double boiler over a small amount of boiling water until thick, stirring constantly. This is a very thick mixture and as soon as the mixture is thick and smooth, it can be used to fill the shell or the eggs can be added to the custard mixture. Add 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly, until thick and boiling. Arrange cherries evenly on top of pie, and when glaze has cooled a little, spoon it over them. To do this carefully so that each cherry is well coated with the glaze. The meringue shell can be made a day in advance, but add the filling and cherry glaze the day it is to be used.

Serve. The pie is easy to make and detailed planning has preceded it. I have used this menu a number of times and perhaps it would be helpful if I described the routine that goes on here, assuming you might want to follow it. The day before, make a nice spread and wash salad greens. In the morning of the party day, make your meringue shell, unless you did it yourself. While it is baking and cooling there will be time for most of the other cooking involved. Prepare the Spanish corn casserole. Stir up biscuit dough—you can use a mix if you want to save time—cut biscuits and store on cookie sheet in refrigerator, and make filling and cherry glaze for pie. When pie is cool, fill it, and now you're free of the kitchen so far as the party is concerned until late in the afternoon. An hour or so before guests arrive make your final arrangements. On one tray put all the dishes, silver and linen to be used. On another, large enough to hold the salad bowl, put salt, pepper mill and crusts of vinegar and oil. On a third tray, large enough to hold the pie, put dessert plates and forks. Rub salad bowl with garlic, fill it with lettuce, water cress and sections of tomatoes and store in refrigerator. Line a large cookie sheet with wax paper and arrange half of the steak chips at each end. They will have to over, so when you separate them leave them on the squares of paper. In the center set four small dishes, two containing the mushrooms and juice and two filled with half of the herbs. Also on the cookie sheet have the cup of bouillon and 1/2 pound butter or margarine. This will look pretty and be manageable for the cooking staff. Now you're right on time. But, what a word to use when we're talking about cooking outdoors!

ONE GOOD DRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

with MILK—America's great body-building breakfast! 100% whole wheat...bran and wheat germ included. Delicious...hearty...nutritious! The original Niagara Falls product.

Don't just say "Shredded Wheat"...say "NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT"
good dress. Do it. You may never see anything that appears to you so much again.

"I'd buy a really good dress with Aunt Dora's money, it ought to be at least something I need—a wedding dress that will last me a long time. Not a ball dress!"

"I'm not talking about buying what you need. I'm talking about your seizing the chance to buy something you really love. Suppose you never do wear it? You've done something to do it. Do you have to be rich to do that? You haven't said so to me.

"I suppose it is fantastic, to be sure.

But if your Don had come back to his classics in the Late Nineteenth Century, she could not get the bright gay idea out of her head. "Surely, " said the Professor. Impeccably Extravagant. For perhaps the only time in her life she had some extra money, and she had not become suddenly homely. She was really beautiful to her. Temptation placed at her. At half past three she decided she might as well go down and at least see how much the really dress cost.

She went.

Falmher's was gray-carpeted, husbanded, French in decor, and they told her that the dress in the Holand Street window cost two hundred and ten dollars. So much, she very much seemed to challenge. She might have been expected to turn away from one hundred and ten.

"I must try it on," she said.

In the padded fitting room the dress fell gracefully down over Julie's slender figure. It really was a work of art; what it looked was that it. Grinning, "I think," she turned into a room, but that cost the hundred dollars that defined translation into thirty-one-fifths-six. It decolette chung against the lines of Julie's back; it's starched folds stood out divinely to the floor. It was, in its own terms, perfect.

"It looks beautiful in it, " Julie suddenly thought, looking in the mirror.

But she could not miss the difference. From pretty, delicate, a bit unmodest, she had become beautiful. She was not quite chanting-looking. Even so modest and shy a girl as Julie was forced to recognize it. It was a sure sign. True work of clothes! Julie felt a transformation like that. And all for a mere two hundred dollars.

"I will take it with me," she said, to the unceasing solicitations.

"Madam has made a perfect choice for her type," the woman said, as she unlocked the safe and gave her the key to her purse of revolutions.

"Madam will be a great success in this gown," she went on. Knowing I had a type. Julie thought, amused, as the woman took the great frock of tulle away. Then she thought, with horror, Because you are going to be a great success it's not your look, Miss! Don't worry, she told herself as she climbed back into her serviceable gray flannel suit, I'll never actually wear it anywhere.

At the moment this was a conscious thought, but when she got home she was overwhelmed by a dark cloud of realization of what she had done.

"And now, intellectual aberrations!"

She burst out to Dan when he came home from his late-afternoon conferences with students. "I bought it Two hundred dollars don't drain! I must have out of my mind!"

"But you love it, don't you?" he said, grinned.

"I should say yes," she replied.

So she put it on again. She came down the little staircase in it, feeling half uplifted by having it on, half ridiculed in the shop, and half perfectly ridiculous.

"You're a dream," Dan said, and his face was all delight and enthusiasm. "Now, that as a wedding dress."

"But what am I to do with it?" she cried.

"Put it on ever evening or something? It's the perfect white elephant. It's a wicked waste!"

"It's not any such thing," he said. "It's really something beautiful, that you love and wanted, and which you now possess. How could anything be a better way to spend money?"

"You're so impractical," she said, but not just grinned. Julie went upstairs again and in infinite care replaced the tissue paper in all the folds of that exquisite creation for which she had no use on earth. But far worse, in fact, a little later that Dan came home for lunch and said, "They've actually got Giles Blair of Harvard to give the Dean- Bertram lectures. It's a flack. Hurrah! You'd go to give them, she has apparently got tuberculous and has to go to a sanitarium. Too bad, but he's an ass and hasn't got anything to say I'd go two blocks to hear. Now, Blair—he is the absolute top in his field. A big man. It's a miracle he was a real man."

"Isn't that nice," Julie said, cutting the bread at table on her mother's old round breadboard, with "Great This Day Our Daily Bread" carved on its rim.

"He'll be here for the three days. They're putting him up at the Campus Club. There'll be all sorts of doings for him, of course." She supposed so, sighed the girl who hated parties.

"It is impossible for even a sly woman to look beautiful without also ap}

The tokens

Big Norman R. Jaffrin

Before our vises were spoken
What pleasure, love, I took
In the fine frame of Fortune's
A rose, a kiss, a book.

And in the selfsame measure
You, my love, who we would court,
Would offer me no pleasure
A trifle of some sort.

And marriage brought no ending:
We lived, as we did forever,
In a fuse, a sock for mending,
A bulb, a household bill.

The president is giving a big reception and dance for him after the first lecture," Dan went on. "I wonder what you think of all this jive dress."

"What?" Julie cried. "Me? I won't, I can't. I hate parties. You know that. I shall be all right.

"You've got the perfect dress for it, haven't you?" Dan said imperturbably.

And of course she had. As she contemplated the result of that fling, conclusions Julie felt quite faint; she had a ball dress and now she was invited to a ball. Two and two made four. It had the ring of doom about it.

Stretching before her she seemed to see a whole whirl of balls and dances and dinners. She was going to simple to because she owned a ball dress. The fact that there were almost no halls for the faculty of the state university paled into insignificance. She had almost gone to being herself into a trap. She had been seduced into buying the dress and, it seemed, retribution would take form of this unforeseen corollary: if you owned a good dress, you had to wear it, even if it meant going to parties when you didn't want to.

"Why did you ever buy that wretched dress?" she cried out loud to herself, washing dishes furiously. But she had said, instead of retelling for her unkward words, performed its calm and enchanting magic on her more than trembling. It put the very pan on the fire, and she and Dan had almost together almost total strangers. Dan made off in Miss Elise Lorimer's direction.

It was all very exciting and new. Julie felt she ought to retrain herself—-that she would become inhaled with the many small commodities that began to drop in her ear.

It's just this dress, she told herself. If I knew that was not all. It was what the hallante was. It is amazing how quickly even women can accustom herself to being a woman.

When one of Julie's partners stopped at the tap on his shoulder and she looked around, she was not surprise. She had sort of expected it.

He continued to cut back on the meat in on him. He kept coming. Julie suspected Dean-Bertram was about to recite, or rent under a rubber tree and Giles Blair.

"Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

"I can't," she said. "I mean, I'd do but—"

"You would love to? Then do?"

"But you're all dated up," she expiected.

"You're the visiting lion. They've going days filled up tight for the whole time here.

"Won't you be there?"

"I never go to parties," she said, "I mean—"

"You're so right!" he exclaimed, surprise. "I shall tell them I'm you in out instead.

"Oh, you can't do that?" Julie asked,.interest.

That would be awful! A famous man it would be, Lylvnie's most celebrated in yearning on not all the carefully prepared study, Lylvnie studied the respected pillars, all because that Leidland woman, rose brilliant and run be. She was terrified—-even Dan fared."

"Well, then, you must come to the," Giles said. "You really must. I go for you tomorrow and you'll be right."

"But I'm not asked to all of them," she said. "And I declined the other ones. I really didn't ask this one because it was official can't!"

I shall see that you are asked. I shall tell them that I can't, that I won't come to the things because I enjoy talking to you so much tonight—do you?

"Yes," she said, her relief so great it was not until she was in the car, or away home from the dance with Dan, that she could be sure she was in for her over. She burst into tears.

"I'll be damned," Dan said, looking at her as he drove. "Gets to be the belle of the ball, gets the lion to give her a big rush, all the woman can think of is to do we.

"You don't understand," she said, sitting. "Tonight was all because of my. I knew he was all the parties I said I go to. I wouldn't be a person I was tonight, it would be all different. I'd just be nobody again. I haven't even got to wear!" she wailed, begineinly cry again.

"Don't be so simple," Dan protested. "That's the easiest thing to fix. Just go to Falmher's in the morning and buy them stupid.

"Wicked, wicked waste of money she said, but she had stopped crying. She didn't look like a waste to me, thought Dan.

It was all strangely a sort of innovation. Julie dressed next morning, she like a deucedly, who, having taken the order. The hallante was the first, fatal drink. Now she was brought down to buy on and on, drunkenly. She felt. Where it all went it all, all the clothes and, having, them, have to wear them to parties. It was li
It's an honest-to-goodness food freezer ... and a dream refrigerator, too!

The Exciting New

Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Food Freezer-Refrigerator Combined

With every important food-keeping convenience you've ever wanted

New super-safe Levelcold! No more see-saw temperatures swooping over the food safety mark - not with Levelcold! This startling new kind of cold is unaffected by kitchen or outside temperatures. The Food Freezer stays zero-zone safe - frozen foods won't thaw or mush. And the refrigerator stays safely, uniformly cold, top to bottom, front to back.

New super-automatic service! The new Cycla-matic system responds in a flash to weather changes and to heavy or light use... without setting a single dial or control. Regardless of outside temperatures, the proper cold is always rigidly maintained in the food freezer, and in the Cold-Wall chilling coils, as well as the Refrig-o-plate - the device which helps cool the refrigerator, and controls excess moisture.

New super-power! With the famous Meter-Miser, of course - which provides enough reserve cold-making power to keep foods safe in hottest climates. Simple, safe, dependable, economical to operate, this wonderful cold-maker is the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built - and only Frigidaire has it!

Here is your Food Freezer

But keeps frozen foods safe for months! It's a real, completely insulated Food Freezer - not the ordinary "freezing apartment." Keeps all frozen foods vitally, flavorful, fresh, for months.

Here is your Refrigerator

With wonderful new Roll-to-You shelves! Amazing convenience! Puts food within easy reach, than any refrigerator. Shelves slide out full-width - easily, quickly, silently. No more "lost" back-shelf foods, no tipping or sagging. Pull-Out Hydrators, too - sliding utility tray - even door shelves!

And here is Cycla-matic Defrosting

In the most automatic refrigerator ever! Doubly effective! Automatically extracts and positively controls moist air at the same time. Here's what happens. The exclusive Frigidaire Refrigerator, and its refrigerated coils, attract all excess moisture within the refrigerator. Then, as the thinnest film of frost appears, it's banished - like that - without clocks, counters, or heaters. So simple - so dependable - and only Frigidaire has it!

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.

See your Frigidaire Dealer. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio... Leaside, (Toronto 17), Ontario, Canada.
Tweed... the one fragrance beloved above all others...to be worn at all times, day and evening. Tweed is more than a perfume...it is a state of mind.
All growing children daydream, but too much dreaming may be a sign of physical weakness—or dangerous emotional tension.

**Daydreaming Youngster? Don’t Nag!**

**By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**

President, Chicago Board of Health

There’s something wrong with Jimmy,” a mother said to me a few weeks ago. “He drags around the house, or sits in his room. I can’t get him to snap out of it. When I ask him what he’s thinking about, all those hours he sits in his room, he says ‘Nothing.’ I’m afraid he’s going something from me.”

Eleven-year-old Jimmy, it turned out, is in excellent physical health, was doing well enough in school and belonged to a normal “gang.” He declared that nothing was troubling him, and he seemed to mean it. After I had satisfied myself on no points, I was ready to advise Jimmy’s father.

“Let him mope,” I said. “He’ll get over it.”

And Jimmy will. Many normal children through periods of comparative inactivity and apathy, alternating with periods of intensive busyness and outgoings. Some daydreaming is to be expected, particularly during the preadolescent stage.

Jimmy is just entering—ages eleven to thirteen, when the average child is beginning to cut home ties and envision himself for the first time as an individual in the big world.

The chances are that Jimmy’s answer to his mother’s question, “What are you thinking about?” is the precise truth. The mind needs rest just as the body does. Jimmy’s mind is blank, as he says, or his thoughts and visions are so vague that he can’t formulate them.

Episodes of daydreaming, when a child is functioning satisfactorily in other ways, should be ignored. Questioning him about his thoughts or urging him to “snap out of it,” as Jimmy’s mother was doing, is a mistake. It won’t do any good, because the child isn’t being consciously inattentive or perverse. And nagging may create resentment and irritation between parents and child.

Jimmy’s daydreaming was obviously of the natural, ordinary, garden-variety which will take care of itself, given time. But there are cases of child daydreaming that I would not dismiss so lightly. If teachers complain that inattention at school is interfering with learning, for example, or if the child “just sits” at home after school, day after day, without entering into any games or companionships with other children, it is time to ask the family doctor for help and advice.

The first thing to be investigated in a case of this kind is the possibility that the child is suffering from some physical ailment. Poor hearing or vision, for example, often results in inattention at school and the shunning of normal social activity. Anemia is another condition that is likely to result in lack of energy, causing the child to retreat into his private, inner world. A few low-grade infections, such as

**New Lotion skin care makes babies 3 ways lovelier!**

**Lovelier—because it keeps baby skin softest, smoothest ever!**

**Lovelier—because it gives baby skin wonderful new protection against rashes!**

**Lovelier—because it checks diaper odor, keeps baby fresh and sweet!**

Smooth baby’s body all over with soothing, snow-white Johnson’s Baby Lotion after every bath. Apply at diaper changes, too. Start giving your baby this wonderful new skin care tomorrow!

Now, available in beautiful new plastic squeeze bottle as well as in familiar glass bottle.

**THE LOTION OF LOVELY BABIES**

JOHNSON’S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

(Continued on Page 81)
"fresh up" with Seven-Up

THE ALL-FAMILY DRINK!

Bright and lively as a baby on the beach... chilled 7-Up goes with a summer day like a dip in the waves. So pure... so good... so wholesome that big folks, small folks, all folks can "fresh up" as often as they like. When the sun's high and your throat's dry—reach for sparkling, crystal-clear 7-Up!

Buy it by the CASE or in the new light and handy 7-UP FAMILY PACK of 24 bottles!

Easy-lift center handle! Space saving! Family supply!
The Pickety fence
By David McLeod

Gie it a lick it's
The Pickety fence
Give it a lick it's
A stickly fence
Give it a lick
A stickly fence
Give it a lick
With a stickly stick
Pickety
Pickety
Pick

The Pickety fence

DELIBERANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

How to make ice cream pies for party desserts

Homemade ice cream pies make wonderful summertime party desserts—and they’re easier to make than you might think. Just shape circles of pie dough over the backs of regular muffin tins, then pinch the edges so the dough fits snugly on the tins. Fill the baked shells with your favorite ice cream, and top with shaved chocolate, chopped nuts or fresh fruit, whichever you prefer.

And for pie crust that’s especially flaky, tender and delicious—make your ice cream in a chilled bowl. A chill makes the pie crust flakier and the pie firmer, so it’s easier to slice.

Another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, Armour’s famous home economist.

Armour Star

Lard is 97% digestible—as digestible as butterfat. Almost completely utilized by the body, it is a valuable and low cost addition to the diet.

(Continued from Page 79)

dull fever and mononucleosis, may have the same effect before other symptoms appear.

In the majority of cases, however, the child who withdraws into a daytime dream world does so for physical reasons. The child who feels insecure or inadequate in the family, or in his social or play life, finds satisfaction and security by retreating into a world of his own. In this environment, he is not an object of comparison among the other family members, he is not expected to perform in the role that is usually assigned to him, and he can be himself and not be asked to do anything other than be himself. This can be a source of great comfort, especially for those children who feel themselves inadequate.

In one case of physical illness, the child who withdrew did so because he was sick. He was very ill and was being treated at the hospital. Here he could feel at peace because he was sick and not uncomfortable. The child who withdraws for physical reasons should be encouraged to participate in the activities he enjoys and to express his needs and feelings.

In the case of a child who withdraws because he is feeling unsafe, the parents should be encouraged to provide a safe, secure environment for him. This can include providing a secure physical space, as well as emotional support and reassurance. The parents should also help the child to develop coping strategies to deal with his fears and anxieties.

In cases where the child is withdrawing because of psychological reasons, such as family conflict or separation, the parents should be encouraged to seek professional help. They should also try to provide a stable, supportive environment for the child to help him cope with his feelings.

Parents should also be aware of the signs of withdrawal. These may include changes in behavior, such as becoming more isolated or withdrawn, or changes in mood, such as becoming more sad or depressed. They should also be aware of the child's physical health, as any illness can cause withdrawal.

It is important for parents to remember that children who withdraw are not doing so out of laziness, but rather out of a need for comfort and security. They should be encouraged to participate in activities and be given the opportunity to express their feelings. This can help the child to feel more secure and better able to cope with his fears and anxieties.

In cases where withdrawal is due to a combination of factors, such as physical illness and psychological distress, the parents should be encouraged to seek professional help. They should also try to provide a stable, supportive environment for the child to help him cope with his feelings.

It is important for parents to remember that children who withdraw are not doing so out of laziness, but rather out of a need for comfort and security. They should be encouraged to participate in activities and be given the opportunity to express their feelings. This can help the child to feel more secure and better able to cope with his fears and anxieties.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"Lester hasn’t called yet."
Lady Pepperell...first for color

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PEPPERELL and are quality they Lady your —

hug just sheets Sanforized white—

shrink—color—sheets with the mattress—Sanforized for lasting fit. Whichever you choose, you just can't buy thriftier sheets in color!

IN Decorator SHEETS DESIGNED TO FIT YOUR BUDGET

Yes, Lady Pepperells in color are your dream of luxury-on-a-budget come true! They’re the same superb quality as Lady Pepperell white sheets with the added glamor of color. Yet they cost only pennies more than white in both regular Lady Pepperells and Lady Pepperell Reversible sheets—the new wonder sheet with corners fitted to hug your mattress—and Sanforized for lasting fit. Whichever you choose, you just can't buy thriftier sheets in color!

IN Fabulous BLANKETS OF THE NEW MIRACLE YARN—DYNEL

Imagine a blanket that's warm as wool yet never attracts moths! Pepperell's Peerless Blanket of Dynel is just that. It's mildew-proof, stain- and shrink-resistant, easy-to-wash, fast-drying—the most practical blanket ever!

Lady Pepperell SHEETS AND Blankets

UNLESS it happens to us, in other way. Our mothers will give us the word “cancer.” Women have learned to say it, and now—if they “look away”—women have in their hands the most powerful weapon combating breast cancer.

Cancer of the breast is the most common type (more than 25 per cent) of all women. Approximately three out of ten will have it today die of the disease.

These are the statistics which was the power to change. Cancer, seldom gives pain or produces any symptoms in its early stages, when it can be effective. But the breast is an external organ which can be seen and felt. Regular self-examination by women whose breasts present no symptoms is the only known method for reducing the high mortality rate.

The self-examination is easy to learn, takes only a few minutes’ time. After a little practice, women who have become familiar with the individual structures in their breasts quickly note even a small new growth—often more quickly than their physicians could.

The examination should be made monthly—ideally, immediately following the end of the menstrual period. Temporary changes occur in the breasts during the period, so that examination then may be unsatisfactory. After the menopause, monthly examinations should be continued, for breast cancer occurs more often between the ages of 40 and 70 than at earlier periods.

Of course not every lump that occurs in the breasts is a cancer. The most nonmalignant. If you detect a lump of any size, however, you should consult a physician, at once. Delay can be serious.

In the first step of a self-examination, sit before a mirror, with your back and your arms at your sides. Examine your breasts carefully in the mirror focusing on size and shape, especially noting any puckering or dimpling of the skin or of the nipple. Now raise your arms over your head and again study your breast, mirror, looking for the same signs as in the first examination. In addition, watch for any sign of fixed breast tissue to the chest wall as your arms and shoulders. The relative position of the breasts on the chest wall should be such that one has become more prominent than the other.

For the second half of the examination, sit on your back on a bed. Place a flat folded towel under the shoulder on one side as the breast you will examine. While the weight of the breast tissue will then be evenly distributed over supporting chest.

Now, with your arm at your side, place opposite hand over the breast to be examined, place your fingers in a fan-shaped manner and gently press the breast tissues against the chest wall, beginning with the outer half of the breast. You should pay special attention to the upper, outer quadrant, where the tissues are thickest, and where the most occur. After you have systematically examined the outer half of the breast, raise your arm above your head and examine the inner half of the breast thoroughly, feeling the breast tissue. The rolling and the padding and the placing beneath the other arm. Investigate the second breast in exactly the same manner, first with the that side down, then raised over your head.

This technique has no value if you allow the habit to lapse after a few examinations. X-ray machines and skilled medical minds are secondary forces with the most powerful weapon in your hands—are the front line of defense.
Just then mother came out of the house. whence she had retreated in the face of Marie's hurt.

‘I think nummy should sit down,’ she said. "Let’s help her into the house."

Marie turned and walked with us. but without any gesture of helplessness. Mother and I went into the nursery, and Jimmy and little Marie stayed in the living room. Beside Marie’s bed was the refurbished bassinet.

From the living room came the soothing flow of Jimmy’s voice, kind, compassionate and patient.

SUSAN, the doll, was lying on Marie’s bed in that position of abandon peculiar to well-used dolls. I picked her up and brought her with me to the living room.

‘Honey, I think Susan’s lonesome and a little hungry. Isn’t it time for you to feed her?’

“You feed her, mummy,” said Marie dispiritedly.

I went over to the couch and inched between Jimmy and Marie. Jimmy put his arm around me and Marie squeezed against my side. We three were together in a new closeness. A closeness brought about by hurt and longing, for a member of our family that none of us had even touched.

The previous daily routine was revised.

I would hurry with the housework so that I could be at the hospital for the afternoon visiting hours from two to three. Marie was too young to take along a kindly neighbor would stay with her until my return. We established a staff of rotating “sitters” for the evening so Jimmy and I could go together and “visit” Karen from seven to eight. As we came up to the nursery window we always held hands and Jimmy would usually say, “She looks much bigger and brighter tonight,” or “Look at her smile.”

We’d look and look and look. At the slightest motions of arms or legs Jimmy would exclaim, “She’s strong!”

“That she is!”

Karen’s first trip was from the nursery to Pediatrics, in another wing. When the transfer was completed Doctor John turned to Jimmy and me and smiled and left us beside our baby. We both worked hard that we should not weep and then—oh wondrous act—we touched her.

“So very, very soft,” said Jimmy, as he ran the tip of his index finger lightly across her hand, and then with great excitement, “Hey, honey, she has fingernails.”

Karen held her own and gained, ounce by ounce. Her weight was now seven pounds. She was seven months old.

The second Saturday in March. John was with Karen when Jimmy and I went for our afternoon call. “I think it is safe now for us to anticipate Karen’s discharge,” he said.

I sat down quickly.

“If she holds her rate of gain.” John continued, “she may be ready to go home in about a month.”

March was a long month that year. The first weeks of April moved sluggishly, too, and then, one brittle Sunday morning, Jimmy and Marie and I were standing in the nursery by the violet bed. (Violets always make me think of babies and I was regretting the lost, sweet months of Karen’s infancy.) Doctor John drove up in his car. Marie ran to him and, hand in hand, they walked over to us. One look at him and there was no need for him to say. “This is a happy errand. Karen is eight months, weighs eight pounds, and you can bring her home.”

Jimmy and I didn’t sleep much that night. Minds and hearts were much too full of tomorrow’s errand. I don’t think we’d been more than an hour when there was a tap on the door. I opened my eyes—it was still dark. “Come in,” I called questioningly. Thinking I had fancied the knock. Marie bounded into the room and up on the bed.

“It’s time to go for Karen. She won’t like to wait. I don’t. Her crib looks pretty. Did
you buy milk? Can I feed her? Can I dress her?”

She stopped to breathe and clambered astride Jimmy’s chest. He was grinning.

“You look happy,” I told him.

“Look in your mirror, ma,” he replied and got up.

He returned to the hospital only ten minutes before the appointed hour. Mother and Marie waited on the lawn and we went into the office to “check out.” When Karen was allowed to bear her child out to Jimmy to carry. In spite of the number of blankets, she was still a tiny bundle. She pursed her lips, but made a few tiny sound and her eyes sparkled as she glanced brightly from one to another.

Marie and I took care of Karen in delightful partnership. Her diet was the same as it had been in the hospital, but she began to show a ravenous appetite. She seemed to have an extra love that went into the formula. She was beautiful. A towheaded, gray-eyed, heavy-lidded, black-complexioned. She had a devastating smile.

Shortly after her home-comings, Doctor Julian left to join the Tenth Mountain Division. We learned that he had a reputation for excellent reputation and took Karen for fortnightly checkups.

During the last months of her stay, we accepted her rotundity and began to watch for development as we had seen it in Marie. I noticed, first, that Karen did not need her blankets; and then that no matter what position I left her in, she was in the same position when I returned. She made no effort to change. I supposed the darker-sighted bottles hung on the bars of the crib.

I spoke to the doctor, who said it was normal. I said it seemed strange because of its permutability, that there was no mistake for a baby’s development, they all did things at a different time. But Karen’s development would not match any of the dolls could not be a yardstick for Karen. “She’s slow,” the doctor said. “Just give her time.”

It was hard not to make comparisons, so we let it be. Two babies. One baby by another parent can erase from his mind the huddling of his child’s mind and body. As the days passed, there didn’t seem to be any huddling with Karen.

I don’t know where fear crept in and became a permanent lodger. Perhaps it was during that most sacred ritual—the queen’s bath. She laughed heartily in her tub, but her feet and legs didn’t churn the water into delightful tidal. They swayed, but stiffly and seemed somewhat stiff. Her hands seemed stiff, too, and she never grabbed for the soap or any of the grotesque creatures that floated on the quiet water.

Perhaps it was during her meals when I would find her hands to check on the bottle, or grab the spoon, shoving them away when they were full and pushing them back when they were empty. With Marie accustomed to us, that as she had been born with large brown eyes, so had she been born with a large sense of concern. Not so second. People referred to her as well-behaved. On these occasions fear spread like a twin stream to every part of my body, for a baby’s Karen’s age does not “behave”; it just “is.”

Now, on occasion, when the phone rings, I would find my left hand limp, my right handvel nine years. At least once during the day Jimmy would call and say, “Hello, sweetheart, how’s Karen?”

“Fine,” I’d say, in what I hoped was a bright voice.

“How’s Marie?”

And I’d recite Marie’s activities at great length, postponing as long as possible the next question.

“What’s well Karen do today?”

“Well,” I’d reply, “she ate a good breakfast, had a nice bath and is enjoying her Victor.” Then I’d get set, for I knew what came next.

“That’s nice, but what did she do?”

There was only one answer, “She didn’t do anything, but just wait until tomorrow. Give her time.” But the tomorrows didn’t change my answer.

We continued our fortnightly visits to the doctor, each time asking about all the things we felt she should be doing and wasn’t, and each receiving the same admonition, “Don’t worry—she’s just slowly—slowly give her time.”

Our certainty that something was wrong, and the other relatives knew it, too, was, gradually took possession of the hours of the night as well as the day.

On a dark, when Jimmy and I were in the kitchen, we would talk about her. When I handed him the bottle, he stated deliberately, “I’m not going to the office this morning. I looked up in surprise.

“I’m going to call the doctor and make an appointment. We’re going to get an answer on Karen—today.”

“All right,” I said. “We can’t go on like this.” I told Karen rather more tightly than before, that she was just a year old and I had had her home four just months.

Any decision is subject to appeal. Looking back on the following days the doctor’s verdict, I know that Jimmy and I strove for an honest evaluation of our situation. We took one faltering step toward objectivity.

The decision on Karen’s mentality, was, of course, the most important. Doctor Julian, who had reviewed the case, and had; had said that her intelligence was above normal; her eyes were bright, alert, intelligent, instead of as Marie, she was a blank in the field since then.

“We shall do what?” Jimmy was having difficulty with his articulation and his voice as we waited.

“I would suggest you see a specialist.”

“What? I don’t know,” he said, gently, but I’ll see what I find out.”

I had a very important question. “What is the life expectation for cerebral-palsied, deformed children?”

“The same as yours and mine.”

Any decision is subject to appeal. Looking back on the following days the doctor’s verdict, I know that Jimmy and I strove for an honest evaluation of our situation. We took one faltering step toward objectivity.

The decision on Karen’s mentality, was, of course, the most important. Doctor Julian, who had reviewed the case, and had...
You asked for it and here it is ... the new PRESTO Automatic Va-Steam Iron. That's right! ... at last you get all 4 of the desirable features you've been wanting in an iron. It uses just ordinary tap water ... distilled NOT needed! 2. Vapor-Steam iron ... with spraying! 3. Vapor-Steam pressure ... even slightly at fatigue, NEW! 4. Dry iron-perfectly out. I think I like about KITCHEN BOUQUET ... it never adds any artificial flavor ... simply brings out the true natural goodness of your food! That's because ... into a unique blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices ... with some natural foods out. I'll wager you this ... never get along as well as a PRESTO is easily automatic, too ... I've had the safety heat indicator to help you avoid scorching of your clothes. And just think of the money you'll save on dry bills alone. But learn all about a PRESTO ... Electrical Homewares Dealer. And you must send you this: FREE Booklet on ironing ... useful hints on making your ironing faster, and better. It's wonderful ... so check OFFER coupon.

It's more fun than cooking outdoors the backyard, the woods, the beach. And even at the weather's turn and wonderful! I love it especially since I learned a quick-way to clean up after the wash. I see, I just turn over a big part of the task to S.O.S. ... for all the cleaners under the sun, for moon! I find it handiest. In fact, I call S.O.S. THE MAGIC Scouring Pads ... because they're a combination of sturdy, interwoven fibers with soap right in the pad. Truly, they clean off dirt and eroded parts with light work of cleaning up ... leaves a every time.

I just happened in summer ... for friends drop in unexpectedly and suddenly you're a! That's why I always keep plenty of TRUSCUTL Hol-Whale Wafers ... because they're so different, they give "air" to even the plainest refreshments. And the real on this ... TRUSCUTL have a just-right-for- texture and beauty. They add to whole wheat taste that's heavenly. And they're salted to a "T". Then toasted to crispy perfection. There's so many you can serve TRUSCUTL Wafers, too, that you come from the package or "crowned" with your spread. Here's mine:

To spread blue cheese combined with 1 tsp. of truff.

I don't save TRUSCUTL Wafers just for parties ... family will love them for both meals and snacks. In fact, they don't accept some of the fancy dressups. Either ... look for the big red NASBCO Seal package before you buy.

Fretting your pretty head ... dishes have to be expensive or elaborate to be delicious. Leftovers, for instance ... I find they become dinner winners when "dresssed up" with a luminous, gray. And that's the kind you can make every with KITCHEN BOUQUET ... for it's absolutely proof, always rewards with an extra-rich, brown, extra-delicious gravy! And here's another

Buy-Lines

by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

Make tomorrow's dream come true today ... by getting those beautiful LADY PEPPERELL Sheets you've always wanted. And now's the time to do it ... while you can save money at the August White-Sale prices. That's what I'm doing ... for it's the most fabulous investment in luxury a personal dream like this (and you!) could make. But you already know that ... because the fine quality, exquisite texture and long "life" of LADY PEPPERELL Sheets have made them a favorite in all the nice homes. I'm getting a good supply of every kind ... and I'm still sure you this. Means both LADY PEPPERELL Fine Combed Percales and LADY PEPPERELL Super fine Muslins ... in the regular and the beautiful new Sog Fit Sheets, Sog Fit Sheets are the brightest hoozy to bed-making over discovered ... and they're "Sanitized" for lasting fit! But turn to page 84 ... see why I say shop for your LADY PEPPERELL Sheets in white and colors while the money-saving White Sales are on.

There are a few problems you must face if you are a woman ... you know what I mean without further explanation. But even so, it isn't necessary to check the calendar before accepting invitations or planning a vacation. It depend on the modern TAMPA method of monthly sanitary protection. What's more, TAMPA is the invention of a doctor ... made up of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed into handy applicators. Inset is easy, changing quick and disposal to trouble at all. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, too ... at drug stores and notion counters.

It's a fact, not a fancy ... you can have lovely undeterminings without paying a fabulous price for them. Just as many of the very finest Rayon Fabrics ... for they're a real bargain in beauty.

That's no exaggeration ... SPUN-LO panties, vests, slips and gowns make up the very finest quality rayon and are luxuriously soft and smooth. They're made for budget care, too, are run-resistant, have reinforced seams and wear practically forever. And talk about fashion and comfort ... why SPUN-LO Undies are full cut and fit like a dream. What's more, they wash in mere seconds and dry while you sleep ... which is certainly fast enough even if you're only one person. And, of course, they need no ironing. So if you love luxurious undeterminings but must be practical, too, SPUN-LO Undies are "made to order" for you. Many styles to choose from in your special size ... at your Favorite Store. But be sure to dem- and one label ... SPUN-LO, P.S. They bear the Good Housekeeping Seal.

Send coupon to Nancy Sasser
Dept. 277, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., for your FREE copy of: "

☐ OFFER 21 ... Presto Booklet on Ironing

☐ OFFER 22 ... "Borden's Book of Magic Recipes"

☐ OFFER 23 ... "The Western Union Telegrapher"

Name

Address

City State
[Continued from Page 86]

"At least you now know what cerebral palsy is," I said.

"Yes," he said in mimicking recital, "it is an injury to the brain, affecting muscles. Brain cells then die, do not regenerate. They may regenerate in appearance, but never in function." Jimmy chanted in a fair imitation of Dr. B.: "And how can we be sure he knows what he's talking about?"

"Well, I hear that this doctor in S— is tops and I was told if we had gone to him first we'd have saved ourselves all our searching. They say he knows all there is to know about cerebral palsy."

"We can't quit now, can we, sweetheart? As long as there is a chance left we must go on."

"That's the way I feel."

We stopped and listened to the waterfall.

"Let's go home and write for an appointment," he said, and added cautiously, "Maybe this will be the turning point.

The phone and called the doctor a letter making our appointment. My spirits had been rising steadily and Jimmy was more optimistic than he had been for many months. S— was an overnight trip. We arrived tired, hopeful, yet fearful. This doctor's office was much different from others, except he didn't keep us waiting. He was short and round, dignified but not pompous. He took us immediately into the examining room and was to be told we were promptly bound to understand. She started to cry and continued crying all through the examination.

While the doctor was using lights, hammer, and so on, Jimmy briefed him on our travels. "We understand, doctor, you have the story."

The doctor didn't answer, but went on with his examination. When he was finished, he called for Mrs. Kilkelly to dress the baby and said, "Come back to my office with me."

I was afraid of the hope that was mounting in my heart. We sat down and he perched on the edge of his desk.

"Mr. Kilkelly," he began, "you said you had been told that I had the answer to your problem."

"We heard it from a number of people," I broke in.

He turned and looked directly at me. "In China, they have the answer." The doctor returned a practised, calm, reassuring smile carefully on the desk beside him. "In China," he went on, "they take such children up on top of a mountain and leave them."

At two o'clock in the morning, exactly one week after our return from S—, I was awakened by Mrs. Kilkelly laying a cold rag rigidly on his back. His face was gray and covered with sweat. It was apparent that something was very wrong. I grabbed the phone and called the operator.

He arrived in less than ten minutes, and ten minutes after that Jimmy was bundled into the back of the car to be taken to a hospital. He was operated on immediately.

I doubt I have ever prayed with such fervor as I did that night. I remember explaining to God that if I had a choice, I'd rather have Jimmy than both the younger and the older. It was part of my life, but Jimmy was my "life." Please, take care of him, not only for me but for the children who daily bring help and comfort to Jimmy, who will become of Karen?"

A week after Jimmy's operation, I was sitting beside his hospital bed reading the evening paper. I had finished the first section and just finished the sports page in the second.

"Anything else?" he asked rather pertinently. (Jimmy is without doubt the best baby any mother could wish for; without doubt the worst patient. It takes me weeks to recuperate from any of his illnesses.) I turned the pages, but halted suddenly at a brief paragraph. I read silently. "Doctor B., cerebral-palsy specialist, will be at the clinic in the Medical Center Friday, from one to five."

Today was Thursday. I looked at my watch— it was five minutes to nine. Providence medical center in the Gray Lady, 7th Street, and the door said, "Visiting hours are over."

My good-night kiss was rather brief and left Jimmy looking rather blank. I hurried out to the switchboard and asked the girl to call a friend of mine who was a resident. He came down shortly and I said, "Bill, will you get the Medical Directory out of the library and help me look up the background on someone?"

"Now?" His impatient increased. "Yes, please. Right away."

"O.K."

He returned with the book and we took it into the waiting room. Doctor B. had a wonderful background. Bill was impressed and this impressed me. "Thanks a million, Bill. Don't mention this to Jimmy," I said quickly and left him staring at the page.

"Doctor, I believe you're our last hope. I feel that if you say our case is hopeless, we must allow the child to be abandoned; if you say you saw Karen you would not say so."

"But—"

I interrupted him and went on: "If you'll tell me what time your train gets into Penn Station, I'll get a redcap to take Karen into the baggage room and look just at her for five minutes, that's all I ask."

"But—"

Again I interrupted, "Oh, doctor, please, please, please, just tell me—is Karen satisfied with looking, or is it hopeless? Is it as they say?"

There was a long pause. "Very well, Mrs. Kilkelly. I can see him bright and early tomorrow and we'll see if we can't fit him in."

"Oh, thank you doctor, thank you——"

"Good night and God bless you."

I didn't want anyone to know about this trip, since, with the exception of our mother,

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If anyone should say, "Are we mist

aken, then, in thinking that love is the essence of life?"

by reason is that we are not mistaken; we are only confused. Love is not a sentiment, not a mood, not even a de
ter softness towards all things, good or evil. Genuine love, creative love, is the most demanding thing in the world; no one will be satisfied and happy, not because it cannot. If it did so, it would degrade itself and thereby become something less than love.

What would the love of God be if our prejudices, our selfishness, our independence, our corruption were not condemned? In a world where some flesh while others store, where race dominates race, where human brother

head is daily proclaimed and hourly betrayed, what would the love of love be if it did not demand an end to evil, gross injustice, arrogance, oppression, selfishness? How can love the

As soon as I got home I went to the tele

phone and put in a-person-to-person call to Doctor B. It was now a quarter to ten. I could hear the bell ringing and finally a voice answered. I said, "Doctor, if you are the operator said there was a call for Doctor B."

"Who is calling?" the woman asked.

I explained that I was a doctor and with the deliberate implication that of course Doctor B knew me and would be glad to talk to me no matter what the hour. It worked, and I heard a man's voice say:

"This is Doctor B."

"You don't know me, doctor. My name is Mrs. Kilkelly and I live in Rye. I read in the paper that you were conducting a clinic tomorrow at the Medical Center. We have a three-year-old child who is suffering from cerebral palsy. We've seen twenty-four doctors in two and a half years. They all tell us the case is hopeless—that a person with cerebral palsy has no memory, no personality. I heard a stilted sigh. "We thought there was no one left for us to see," I hurried on, "and just last week a friend of ours brought her to the hospital, the more apprehensive I became.

This clinic, like so many we had waited in, was crowded with children of all ages. Some still like Jimmy, some with exaggerated con

stant movements, some with facial grimaces, some who drooled, others staggering around with unbalanced gait, and many in wheel

chairs. All had some type of cerebral palsy.

The next day our turn came. I was asked to take Karen into one of the little curtain alcoves in which there was an examining table and one seen—"I am primarily a man. He was tall and slender and I thought he looked tired. As he came he extended my hand. "I am Mrs. Kilkelly," I said, "and I brought my daughter here to be examined."

"Good night and God bless you."

I didn't want anyone to know about this trip, since, with the exception of our mother,

were there a pretty general opinion then that we had carried this "searching" business a bit too far. "You must learn to accept and stop frightening this thing," was the usual ad

vice."

My thoughts were in a turmoil. I had never taken such a trip without Jimmy. The physi

icians had all said that the diagnosis was not frightening, but rather the ordeal of facing a verdict without his moral support. Several days before, it had snowed, then melted and then frozen. It was a skert

ing and the radio had been suggesting that no one should travel unless it was absolutely necessary. Every time I heard the sober an

nouncement, I thought there was no trip more necessary than mine. I prayed a lot dur

ing that time. There are no forgiveness anywhere for what conscience cries out against. There cannot be, God cannot forgive until we have erased the cause of guilt—until, in the light of honest day, we can forgive ourselves.

FELLE DAVIES, M.D.

The Faith of an Unperfect Child

As soon as Jimmy was well enough, we started for the South. One night the moon ever paralleled this trip in the confidence of a bright future. We to the moon until it died in her hands, this journey was in contrast to others we had made. We had been able to "sneak away" somehow, instead of the usual quick glance or the averted head or the bemused stare—passers-by, grinning or tears, like a movie. We had to be, like a young schoolgirl in the office fifteen minutes early. Our first appointment was with Karen from her on the table. "How's my kitten?"

She smiled sweetly and said, "Lo"

He re-examined her, talking to while, telling us what he was doing."

First of all," he said, "it's a piece of art that all cerebral palsy is from rather to anyone at any time to any injury to the brain which affects

control of the muscles or joints. It can result of a congenital malformation, damage during delivery, being enveloped, anoxia, a blow on the prolonged high fever or a stroke."

"I haven't been born," I said, "you never had it," I said in amazement.

"That's a mistake most people don't know, he kept saying."

"Why do some children have exo

vision, and Karen not enough?"

"There are five types with different festations: spastic, atonic, ataxic, and tremor." He explained the various and went on to say that for years he had always referred to as Little's Disease or paralysis. "This is bad," he declared, "but Karen is the one case that really is rather a per

cent. To have proper treatment you have proper diagnosis."

"Here I am, gentlemen," he said, "Do you see?"

The normal child is born with a physical equivalent of a high school c

I explained that I was on the way for years that the normal child is not just a normal child academically, so we have to educate the cerebral-palsy child physically. I explained that it is the desert island, at the proper time he crawls and then he walk. He would develop the muscles of the birds and animals. He would how to reach and grasp and place, and feed himself, because he was born with this generation used to think

tings. The cerebral-palsy child is not made to be taught and can be taught

The earlier treatment is start

(Continued on Page 90)
MEMO TO A SCHOOLBELLE:

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Want good looks? More time for fun and books?
It's nylon for easy laundering. Nylon for incredible wear.
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Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry
VACATIONING LATE THIS YEAR?

(Continued from Page 80)

be teaching the child at an early age when she has the motivation for speech and movement, which Nature provides at the time when the child should normally be learning these things. If treatment is started early the minimal C.P. or the child with slight involvement can be corrected in time so that the laeyman would never know that there was anything amiss.

"The purpose of treatment is not only correct but serves to prevent deformities. If we start early stretching a tight hamstring—the muscle up the back of the leg—it will not resist bone growth. If we do not, as the bone grows the muscle gets tighter and tighter and we end up with a permanent muscle imbalance."

"How can we teach Karen?" I asked.

"Karen needs physiotherapy to learn to walk; occupational therapy to learn self help in feeding and dressing herself and writing. She should have a minimum of each of these treatments at least three hours a week. Then we can work on the other part of the brain to do the work of the damaged area—that is, sending out messages."

I quickly computed the fantastic sums we had spent in the past four years and rather hesitantly I said, "But doctor, isn't that enough? Expensive!"

"Yes, it is. It costs a minimum of five dollars a treatment."

Frankly, a long-drawn-out "Oh, b-b-b.

"Well, you don't have to worry about the cost," the doctor said, "because so far as I know there are no therapists where you live."

I was told where there are schools or institutions of the right kind where we can send Karen to learn," I said. He answered, "There are no schools throughout the country, but the minimum cost is two hundred and fifty dollars a month for three hours of average waiting; list is many years long."

"How are these children going to learn so the lead useful hand to help them."

He said, "I wish I knew. Today, only one out of one hundred is receiving necessary treatment and education. And every fifty-three minutes another C.P. is born, to say nothing of the tens of thousands who acquire the condition later in life."

When we climbed over and picked up a fresh cigarette and lit it. Here at last we had found a solution—and at the moment of light the match was snatched away. Jimmy slapped both his hands sharply on the desk and jumped to his feet.

His voice was raw. "We haven't spent all the time finding the answer to forbid it."

There must be something, some way—"

Suddenly he glanced at me and then faced the other side of the fact that she was a child, first, with all the needs and desires of all children.

2. Many folks with agile limbs are handicapped in the true sense, by a phony set of values, faulty character, and so on.

3. Karen should have compassion—but patience, too.

4. There must never be overprotection. Any fears we have must be conquered or concealed. Fear would undermine and destroy.

5. Our efforts were toward this goal: that Karen would one day be a self-supporting, self-supporting member of society.

To end this we would in the future refer to Karen, not as being afflicted with cerebral palsy but as being affected by cerebral palsy.

Christmas. 1943, had indeed brought admiring glads tidings. "Great joy", Mother had given the children a canary and Karen whistled with its song. We also bought her a turtle, for here was something alive that couldn't whine and that quickly by beyond her and cleaning she were growing accustomed to these two additions to the family, the Bailes presented her with one of their famous Jefferson prints. Family and friends appreciated the necessity of bringing action and companionship to her, since she could not yet do so.

The kitten grew up and left to seek the company of other cats. Our cocker grew old and retired to sleep her remaining days in the kitchen stove. She will be needed, so Jimmy and I bought a beautiful chinchilla rabbit that was "excised at the time of her purchase."

Karen named her "Babbit," which name was, she explained, a combination of Bunny and Rabbit. Babbit may have appreciated Karen's contribution the most, as she was the generous and yet so careful of her, and she added twelve little "babbits" to the household. To a considerable extent, the story is one of the "specialization," and to fill their role had to be in the house during the day. This necessitated "housebreaking" that required considerable, courage to undertake this chome. I had never before attempted such a task with a rabbit, but fortunately it was accomplished in a few weeks.

We'd lay Karen on a pad in her play pen, and she would stay in the play pen or she was not long. Many styles—for purse, pocket or home. Practical hard rubber garry. N.Y. 13.

"Sorry to hear about it," the doctor said, "but it won't last longer."

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NAME:

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In the winter when the children were girding, and 'slowing' was the popular d'angorous variation, Dale stood guard. As soon as Marie exclaimed 'the house is on fire,' Dale would bellow in his sweet high voice, 'Karen's out. No more sleighin' she goes in.' And there was none who ventured to disobey him, or he was caught.He moved away four years ago and I shed when he left.

She fine, bright moon was preparing to meditate on the fact that daughter had gone as far as Twoamcy's away. Helen had called her of her progress. The last call had added the fact that Karen was approaching his first good bad mud paddle. I weighed things when there was a loud quick kick on the back door. There on my door was the familiar uniform of a to-door bailing service.

"Mrs. Twoamy says that your child down re in the mud puddle," he shouted. He also says there's a 'bush where you don't want her up that you don't want her brought me." I opened my mouth but before I could speak he advanced a step, brandishing the Hone-Cooked Crunchbake under his nose.

I have four children of my own. I cover a neighborhood library let me tell you I've never seen anything like this. You don't deserve to have a child." It was a startling transition from a mood of happy pride to that of apparent despair. I seized the astounded man by the arm and propelled him into the kitchen. "You see, my child has cerebral palsy," I said. "I looked blank and then suspicious. "You'll understand in a minute," I raved. "It's a brand new machine I just got out of my public education. And can you help," I added. "After all, you come by here everyday and you will see her often. Just look as naturally as you would any child."

His apologies were so abject as to be embarrassing. He backed out the door, leaving on the table the Home-Cooked Crunchbake. The next day it rained and the clay followed the puddle in Twoamcy's driveway was bigger than before. I dressed Karen in a waterproof suit and put her out in the back yard. She started immediately for the driveway and its puddle like a homespun turtle for its pond.

Some two hours later I received a call from Helen. She was laughing so I could hardly understand what she was saying. I developed that the baker and the milkman had hit her house at the same time. The milkman spotted Karen padding delightedly in the water, and reacted with proper consterna-

I heard Karen yelling, "I'll go to the therapy, Miss Wenkin. It was her job to teach us how to do that." Miss Wenkin was a pretty, motherly woman in her forties. She had worked primarily with children, and had a good rapport with Karen. She greeted us cordially and took us to the therapy room. It was a large room and well stocked with equipment. There was a high, padded table, a full-length mirror, long parallel bars about two feet high, chairs with slanting backs, metromes, two pieces of wood that looked something like a pair of ski, sandbags, high tables about two and a half feet square with a semicircle cut out on one side. The bars and tables were made so that their height could be adjusted. There were many other things, and eventually we came to use them all. A little overwhelmed, we sat down and put Karen in one of the special chairs.

Miss Wenkin said that before she demonstrated therapy, she wanted to explain to us just what it was. "Walking is a highly complicated action," she began. "At each step, literally hundreds of muscles are called on for perfect synchronization. Because of damage to certain parts of the brain, many of Karen's muscles do not get the proper messages. The purpose of therapy is to train an undamaged part of the brain to substitute for the damaged area in 'message sending.' There will be exercises for neck, back and stomach muscles so that Karen can hold up her head, sit and stand. Exercises for legs — tight muscles cause Karen's legs to cross in a 'scissors' gait.' No and occasionally he crossed legs, so muscles must be stretched by pulling the legs apart. Reciprocal action of the legs is necessary for crawling, the first step toward walking. Let me amplify a little. If you cover the average child on a hot day, he will kick the covers off, kicking first with the right leg and then the other, reciprocally. Not so Karen. If she kicks at all, it is by moving both legs together. So, one of our first assignments will be to teach her reciprocal motion, 'passively' at first, doing it for her and working toward the time when the brain will take over and the exercise becomes 'active.'

She explained things simply and well, and I thought we should have no difficulty. "Now I'll show you how to do the exercise for reciprocal motion." Jimmy stood on one side of the table and I on the other. Karen just lay there and smiled and occasionally cried to look at some new item of interest. "The first step," said our instructress, "is to teach the child to relax by your voice, by your touch, by your assistance."

(Mother's Day)
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WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

(Say KRAY-LER)


In Canada: Stratford, Ont.
had developed this sixth sense. Just before her fourth birthday an incident took place which marked the beginning of her clairvoyance.

Our favorite people, George and Aunt Vera, were having dinner with us. I prepared stuffed veal, several vegetables, mashed potatoes, and as the crowning feature of my achievement I had baked an apple pie. Karen was wedged into a high chair with a sandbag on her feet to prevent her from falling or spilling the pie and we were all applauding her because less than half of her dinner had spilled on the floor, when the telephone rang.

Karen said quickly, "I'll answer it, Mom." I smiled and watched the look on her face. She was not yet in the habit of answering the phone, but the look on her face was the expression of a new found skill and responsibility that I could not help but notice.

"Don't run or you might break a leg," Jimmy cautioned, humorously sarcastic.

Karen watched her covertly as he reached for the phone. "Oh, I'll answer the phone right now, Dad," she retorted and burst out laughing.

Jimmy's hand stopped in mid-air. The phone kept ringing, but no one noticed. We sat for a moment, just staring and then we too started to laugh. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks, but the tears did not entirely spring from amusement.

Our house is only five minutes from the beach. Marie had learned to swim before she could walk and went fishing before she could even walk. But before Karen could swim, but that summer we took her to the beach as usual. She loved to lie on the water's edge and thoroughly enjoy the gentle, soothing caress of the sea on her body. We decided that she would be able to go out in a boat to fish long before she could sit and watch, she should at least know how to hold her breath when submerged.

We bought a bag of brightly colored marbles, and she thought it great sport to pick them up and put them in her paid. By degrees we moved them into deeper water so that she could see their colors under water. Before Karen could swim.

The first time she tried to swell up, her breath became shallow and face closer and closer to the surface of the water. Occasionally a wave would slap her hard, and she'd gasp for breath as soon as the wave touched her face. She couldn't go up her nose or hold her head. It was the end of August when he decided she was ready for the final step. He carried her in, laid her on her stomach and placed her favorite bright blue marble deep enough so that she could put her face in the water. Marie and I watched narrowly. The first time she tried she recoiled as she felt the wetness from her brow to chin. "You pick it up, daddy," she told Jimmy.

"If you want it, darling, pick it up yourself. You're big enough now to do things without help. Let's practice holding our breath together and then go after it," at this point I became aware that a number of people were watching. Their expressions were uniformly disapproving. Ordinarily, I would have been too engrossed in the outcome to care. "One, two, three," said Jimmy, happily unaware of his audience, and together they held their breath. They'd this a number of times and then Jimmy said, "O.K., sweetheart, we'll lose that marble if we leave it, so pick it up and hand it to Jimmy." "O.K., daddy," answered Karen, and without hesitation she put her head under and went for it. Triumphantly she brought it up and handed it to Jimmy. "Here's the marble, daddy, and I didn't inhale a drop." "Good girl," said Jimmy. "Now you're ready to learn to dive. We'll have our first lesson tomorrow."
Karen had been off her bicycle for three months, and in that time she had no time for R's bike—or for any other activities, for that matter. She was so busy with her household duties that she hardly had time to think about whether she could stand another month of this routine. But on this particular day, she decided to take a break from her chores and go for a ride on her own.

She got on her bike and started pedaling slowly, enjoying the feeling of the wind in her face and the sun on her skin. As she rode, she began to feel a sense of freedom and happiness that she hadn't felt in a long time. She realized that she needed to make time for herself and enjoy the simple pleasures of life.

Karen arrived at a park where she could park her bike and take a walk. As she walked, she noticed a group of children playing together. They were running around and having fun, completely carefree. It made her realize that she needed to let go of her worries and enjoy the moment.

Karen returned home feeling rejuvenated and grateful for the opportunity to take a break from her routine. She realized that she needed to find a way to balance her responsibilities with her own needs and desires. She decided to make a plan to take more breaks and enjoy the simple pleasures of life.
Next Month

"What is it you want?"

"The answerdireccion against my heart so it is useless. I was almost afraid he could hear it; that, like himself, I wanted to love and be loved, to cherish and be cherished. That was the vacancy that made my busiest hours empty."

Elizabeth lowered her pen.

Love needed no justification, but deception did. How was she to justify it? She was at the time engaged to work with the imperious, difficult Baroness von Schiller on her memoirs. Elizabeth's roommate—with another woman's husband—makes the tempestuous novel by Jess Gregg.

THE OTHER

ELIZABETH

Complete in the September Journal.

When I got home the phone was ringing, and when I finished with the call I gave the house a "kick and a promise," all the while wondering how things were going in the last room on the right.

At 10:45 I could stand it no longer. I gathered up my park, mounted him with an old school churn and tore down to school.

I took up a stand outside the door of the classroom where I could see and be unseen. I couldn't hear anything, but the children's gestures were eloquent.

Karen's chair was beside the sandbox, and she was leaning forward to chaffle with several others. As I watched I saw her raise her skirt a little and speak more seriously. She pointed to her knee and kept on talking.

I watched until it was time for dismissal and then retreated down the corridor. I was on tenterhooks waiting for a report from Sister Rosalie.

She came out to me. "Everything went beautifully." We smiled at each other. "The children accepted her completely and she had a wonderful time."

"Was she well behaved?" I asked.

"She is a very intelligent and well-behaved child," she told me.

I asked her if she knew what had gone on around the sandbox and she said,

"Lucy asked Karen if her braces were broken on her knee."

"A nice healthy interest," I commented. "What was Karen saying?"

"Karen explained that her braces had been put on her legs and then added very matter-of-factly, "I have cerebral palsy, you know. I'm a spastic. Are you hungry? I am."

Thus ended Karen's first day in school.

Doctor B was pleased that Karen had started in kindergarten and he was also pleased with the work we had done with her. He told us to continue the table therapy and parallel bars for her. This was a delightful command, since it was the first active walking approach.

Karen's spasticity gave her an over-all rigidity. Sitting was at first impossible. Even when it became possible it was difficult because of the lack of balance coupled with the struggle to bend at the waist and to bend her knees. Even when she learned to bend at the waist she had to remember to consciously relax her knees, since a stiff-legged position would upset her backward. This difficulty alone limited play capacity. Karen's remarkable capacity to adjust to these environment and her positive and active outlook were two factors that were extremely valuable.

Karen's problems were centered in the area of her knees, which limited her movements very seriously. With a great deal of physical therapy, both in the classroom and at home, and a great deal of effort by her parents, she was able to make progress.

Karen's case is typical of the many children who have cerebral palsy. It is a condition that is characterized by a lack of balance and coordination, and it is often accompanied by spasticity. The treatment of cerebral palsy is a complex process that involves both physical therapy and educational intervention. It is a lifelong process that requires the dedication and support of the entire family. Karen's case is a testament to the determination and perseverance of her parents and the staff at the school. She is a shining example of what can be achieved when all parties work together.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

96
her.

So that while she had to learn to use one
muscles she had, at the same time,

was

difficult for

her to hold and she dropped

several times during the operation.

Jimmy

series of

it

to learn to hold quiet another series. It made
think of a j^ame we used to play as kids,
when we tried (unsuccessfully most of the
time) to pat the top of our heads with an up-

solved this by heating the plastic handle
until he could bend it and by putting a nail in
the wall behind the basin to which he attached one end of a piece of string; the other
end he tied to the toothbrush. Now, when
Karen dropped it, it fell only about ten
inches and she could pull it back up. Even
the ten-inch fall took three or four minutes
to recover
but in one more activity she
was independent.
Not being able to stand or sit on the floor
at play, Karen had been kneeling. This was

me

and-down motion- with one hand, and massage our stomachs at the same time in a rotary motion with the other hand.
More important than the physiotherapy
was the occupational therapy, which meant
simply training her to the simple acts of selfhelp. Simple for normal people, that is. This
was a job for the whole family, for each one
of us had to learn to watch her struggle and it
took a lot of self-discipline on our part to develop the patience necessary to let her do
things for herself in spite of the effort it required, and the time. This was harder for

Jimmy and Marie than it was for me. It was
Rory who at an incredibly early

also hard for

,

age found pleasure in doing anything and
everything for Karen.
When the time came for her to feed herself,
Jimmy bought a suction mat and put it under
her dish and cup. Even so, I should like to
have a nickel for every cup of milk I wiped
up and every meal I swept from the floor
only to prepare another. We bought a tin
spoon and bent the handle in a big loop so she
could control and hold it more easily. We
could feed her in twenty minutes with no
mess or trouble. For a long time her own
efforts required an hour to an hour and a half
per meal. It wasn't long before all the household pets accompanied Karen to table, knowing full well that they would dine royally on
what she spilled. Nothing made me so mad as
to see those four-legged opportunists relishing lamb chop that had jumped off her spoon,
or a poached egg, bathed in butter, that
somehow skidded off the plate and onto the
floor. Her movements were so jerky and uncontrolled that it was several years before we
allowed her to use a fork.
We practiced long, dreary hours on an outsize saddle shoe, fastened to a board. It had
very heavy laces of a bright color and holes
as big as a dime. We pMKh«d holes in hundreds of Christmas cards— they were pretty
and interesting— and had her string them together to festoon her room. It wasn't a large
room and visitors frequently looked a little
dazed when they observed the overflow
draping the living-room cornices or the
shower stall in July. Thus she was learning to
lace her own shoes.
Her arms and trunk were so stiff that
dressing her had always been a problem and
we had to hunt for dresses that opened all the
way down below the waist, for belts that
could be sewn in at the seams on the side.
Loose, they rode up to her chin. To get her
arms in without tearing lining or seams, coats
and jackets had to be bought a size larger
than was required for a good fit.

—

stopped completely since we were told it
would cause deformity. Because of the tremendous pull of the adductors, the muscles
that pull the legs together, a kneeling position
such as she had assumed would further pull
the femur out of the hip socket. Because of
her poor balance, a proper kneeling position
was impossible. As a result, her already limited plgy activity was curtailed to a heartbreaking degree. She had to sit at a specially
constructed table, in a specially constructed
chair ($85.00--C.O.D.) or stand at a standing table. There were few play activities that
she could experience while gripping parallel
bars.

Her total play area, therefore, was three
by three feet, and this at the age when she
should be pushing a doll carriage around the
yard, playing tag, climbing trees.

Jimmy

ar-

-anged a sandbox and a specially built stool
with a back, and this gave her some diversion.
It was an ever-present and seemingly hopeless task to see that she had fun and play

on her intellectual level; to fetch and
carry for her, and at the same time not overindulge, not pamper, not spoil.
Many times when someone has had the
opportunity to watch Karen as she proudly
activity

"independence," he has remarked, "Where did you get your patience?
I know I'd break down and help her." To
this question there is only one answer: "Every parent of a cerebral-palsied child lives
with the thought, What will she do if something happens to us? And even if we live a
long time, should a child be unable to seek a
life of his own, away from home, because he
cannot perform simple acts of self-help? We
expect all children w:ll grow up loving their
parents, but the time may come when she
will not enjoy living with them. Should she
be forced to, by a selfishness that kept her
dependent?'"
The doctor had been right when he told us
it would be difficult, discouraging and heartbreaking. But he had also been right on the
compensations.
flaunts

her

'

We were delighted when Karen's emotional
adjustment was evidenced by a remark to her
friend Patty. This little girl arrived at the

August,

house after a trip to the orthodontist. She
was sporting large braces on both upper and
lower teeth. Karen studied her critically and
remarked, "We're twins you have braces
on your teeth and I have braces on my legs."

—

In the fertile soil of schooling, her personality developed beautifully as a result of
the socialization and competition. She was a
pretty important person when she kissed her
baby brother good-by each morning with an

"Karen has to go to school
now, but I'll be home soon. Be a- good boy."
They adored each other and Rory always
cried when she left. But even this could not
mar the joy with which she set out each day.
ever-so-casual,

Summer was

but when it
from a furnace.
Like any family living in proximity to a
beach, we were conscious of an almost sacred

came

it

blew

late in arriving,

in like a blast

swimming
every day. This year each trip was a major
undertaking. The procedure was set up in
obligation to take the children

steps.

Step No.

1

— Preparation.

The equipment had
wit:

To

to be assembled.

large blanket, 4 towels, 3 pails, 3

1

balsam

shovels, 2

life

preservers,

1

bottle

sun-tan lotion, 3 hats, 3 beach robes, 1 beach
umbrella, 2 boats (1 sail, 1 motor), 1 box
tissues, sunglasses,
juice,

1

vacuum

bottle of fruit

paper cups.

mother had bought a twin stroller so
could wheel Karen and Rory together.
Once assembled, the equipment then had to
be packed in and around children in said
I

stroller.

Step No.

2

— Outward

Bound

(in

two

From house

A

to park.

trip almost all uphill

quarter-mile

and heavy pushing

all

the way.
(b)

From park to beach.

It

was twenty-five

yards from the park to the beach gate.

had

ij.

\

ir-

I

tion that

someday

WuRiNG

this

arms up?
Try it sometime. You will be delighted
find how clever and supple you are.

to

took hours of analysis hours of instruchours of supervised practice and,
hardest of all, hours of watching and not
It

tion,

We

to negotiate three flights of stairs to the

sand and then some thirty yards to the spot
best suited to the varied requirements of our
age spread. The scrupulous unloading and
stacking was to the end that no more than
three round trips would be required.
These steps accomplished, I would collapse
on the blanket, wanting nothing so much as
ten minutes of suspended animation in the
sun. My darlings didn't understand this.
Marie liked me to race with her and Karen
had to be supported much of the time. As for
Rory, he had to be watched like a hawk, since
he would walk into the water and keep on
walking, as though he expected that when he
got over his depth, the waters would part or
at least recede, to provide a depth permanently suited to his stature. He was three and
a half before he realized that though most
things in life adjust to the convenience of a
little boy, the tide does not.

any therapy.
had been warned that there woul
days when the grind would seem unsupp
able. And there were. Days when it ta
to the start of

physical effort to force myself to the fo(
the table to do therapy; when I thoug
should tear my hair over the daily
apparently, hopeless task of teaching K
to button a button when I thought One \n
trip upstairs and I shall just sit on the top
and never move again.
Such a day was August 23, 1946.
;

My body was tired, my mind was ti
Karen had hit a plateau where she had si
for three weeks. We had been to the bt
and it was 4:00 p.m. before 1 started
physiotherapy. I asked the Lord to help
for I knew I should never get through
session any other way. An hour later, w
it was finished, we sat down to our bum
board. I had come to hate the sight of
darn thing and would gladly have used iiT
kindling. It

needed

every minute.
Karen's first efforts at brushing her

own

teeth required frequent sterilizations of the
brush and several brushes, because the brush

was made

of

two pieces

of

':•

attached to vertical edges of wood i
fastened in the center with three huge itons. Every day I pasted a new picture onie
board under the cloth to provide incent
terial

:.

"Today

there's a picture of a beauiil

I

t

Can you

e

.

It's

As the

And we swore a vow.
You were nine that summer.
And was all of eleven.

same now

the

first

year

Driving up the

I

remember

hill

To the shingled house and the
You were a baby that summer.
And was three.

I

sea.

Then, as now.

Sea-wrack smelling

of iodine

I

Grew bronze on

the shore;

mommy,
I

did it— all by myself."
grabbed her and hugged her and
I

sta;

i

to cry.

"I thought you'd be happy." Her ela
ebbed as she saw my tears.
"I am, darling. It's because I'm so ha
I'm crying."
"You're silly," she laughed, and g
more excited. "Wait till we tell daddy
nana. Let's call them right away." I grabii
her up and ran with her to the phone.
called -Jimmy's number, she said hopefi
" Do you think he will cry too? "
"Men don't cry, but he'll surely want
Miraculously, I wasn't tired any Ion;A few days later, Karen had her first
perience with grief. It was a sad day lo
1

i

It's

the

Seven and

We

Sea-heather,

stiff

with brine;

Starred bushes

Of

1 1

wild, white roses.

Now, as

Our

before.

mortal hearts ache

five.

•

As they cry "Will

climbed one day

dishes, beds, cleaning, ironing, correspondI

effect.

then tried doing her therapy immedidly
after her nap and so learned something ir resting. Instead of being relaxed and
immediately after sleep, our daughte
more spastic and it is necessary to allow
full hour'to elapse from the time of wahg

1

Dabble our bare legs
Over the end of the dock.

and

experimented

I always held back till the going got
tough and she began to feel frustrated. .day I sat back and watched with only a siji
part of my attention on the detested bo'.
The minutes passed and sudden!;
snapped back fast as Karen yelled, " 1 di

Homecoming

less than five minutes there were days when I
thought I should go mad if I forced myself to

ence, telephoning, ad repelliini,

I

prompted Karen. "He has si
"
guess what it is?
"Let's find it, I don't want to guess."
said, and started on the buttons.

same now
As when we used to arrive
And dash down to the beach,

by and limit my help to verbal directions.
There was always the temptation to rationalize on the basis that there were diapers,

summer,

same (temporary)

animal,"

helping, while she struggled by herself. As in
most C.P. efforts, it went on day after day,
week after week, month after month and, yes,
year after year. When I could do it for her in

sit

would.

giving Karen her physiotherapy on
beach. It didn't work.
I found that the cold water increased
spasticity, making already stiff muscles
much stiffer (temporarily). I found that rjre
than twenty minutes of sun had much

horns.

l^HEN I felt it was time for her to start
learning to dress herself, we started with a
shirt. But before I could teach her I had to
find out how I put on a shirt. When did I
crook my elbow? How did I hold it to start
with? W'hat motions did I use to spread
the bottom and hold it open? What precise
movements did I make when inserting
my head into the opening? How did I hold
it down at the bottom while pushing my

I

We

parts).
(a)

After an hour and a half, it was time tgc
home.
This involved not only gathering tog£ a
all that we had brought, but also returig
sundry articles that had come into the
dren's possession from their playmates, id
there was always one lost shoe.
By this time the sand was scorching Id
not only Karen, but Rory, too, had to be
ried. So, whereas the trip out took thre nstallments. the trip back to the park )k
four. The gear then had to be reloaded Id
Marie went to work on Rory and I wer tc
work on Karen, eliminating enough san sc
that they might sit comfortably. It
roughly a half hour before we were read
the journey home.
Sometime during the afternoon, Jirjiy
would call and brightly inquire, " Did yoi
the kids to the beach today?" I never
up on him, but I lived with the firm coi

I

My

that

15;

Into the

Tree

To hide

in

of

Heaven,

the pungent leaves.

Last,

And

it

last.

even after we die?"
gulls riding the gray

Make

no

reply.

when our beloved spaniel died.
whole family mourned.
In an ill-advised attempt to console
children, Jimmy promised, "We'll get
another dog."

of us

wind

(Continued on Page 98)

1


Put fresh color in your room with Cannon Percales! (at a price you'd never believe!)

The stuff dreams are made of—Cannon Combspun* Percale Sheets in aquamarine—a calm-sea color at a soothing price!

For your bed—deliciously cool, butter-smooth sheets and pillow cases. To complete the picture—a canopy, bed flounce and valanced drapes, cushions for a settee and Empire chair—all fashioned of Cannon Percales in aquamarine. Such a joy to work on—and they cost less than comparable fabric by the yard!

In gleaming white or the gentlest of pastels. Cannon Combspun Percales are wonderfully long-wearing, luxuriously smooth—yet cost only a few pennies more than heavy muslins! To sleep...to dream...to decorate—you'll want a whole wardrobe of Cannon Percales for your bed and bedroom!

Make your bed...and make it lovelier with Cannon Percale sheets

The pink of perfection! A room with drapes, duster, bench cushion, chair cover, lampshades and dressing table skirt—all made of Cannon Percales in Shell Pink! And to sleep—of course—Cannon Sheets and Pillow Cases—soft...smooth as a petal! Cannon's six dainty pastels stay true to color wash after wash!

What a peach! Directoire drapes, canopy, bedspread, and vanity skirt in Cannon's Sunrise Peach! Walls and velvet carpeting—the deepest of grays! Setting for a fragile beauty—but there's nothing fragile about Cannon Percales—they're Combspun—the cotton's combed till only the longest, strongest fibers remain!
Some vacation problems peculiar to women

Whether you are a "solid" vacationer or whether you take it in scraps and pieces and long week-ends, there are certain problems you must face if you are a woman. You know what these problems are! You know what we are talking about! . . . But do you know about a little product called Tampax (doctor-invented and very all-oriental), which is used internally? By wearing this kind of monthly protection in stead of the external type, a lot of your problems will vanish into thin air.

You can accept invitations with a light heart and without too much "calculating"—if you use Tampax. It will let you enjoy a freedom you haven't had since your girlhood days, because Tampax needs none of those belts and pins that constantly remind you of something unpleasant.

You can reduce your baggage if you travel by plane or close-packed convertible. You can even go on a bicycling tour. All in all, there is no more room in Tampax's case than in the smallest Handy Maid.

A full month's supply may be carried in your purse, so you can be always prepared.

You can face your hostess with a calm conscience at such times, for Tampax presents no disposal difficulties, even with the unruly plumbing found in many summer cottages. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes to you in slender applicators—very neat, dainty and efficient.

You can appear on the beach in a close-fitting swim suit (wet or dry) with not a bulge or a wrinkle to betray your Tampax. Ditto in the scantiest play suit. Naturally! because it's worn internally! For the same reason, no odor or chafing is possible.

You can buy this Tampax at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Make a note of the name—Tampax. Millions of women use it monthly. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(ADVERTISEMENT)
build a great big farm. A little later we played the phonograph and made up some funny dances and all the time I was wondering, When will it be the right time? I started their baths at about 5:30 and right I was busy soaping her I said casually, You, Wren, you've grown a lot this week. You're much taller and plumper than you were last year. You're really too big for Sissy Cyra to lift or carry, so this is going to be your room and I'll help me with Rory. You can teach him all the things you've learned. He's old enough now, and we'll have a teacher come to the house for a while.

I glanced as I told her, This will make walking around the kitchen doubly hazardous.

What does hazardous mean?

Hazards.
LITTLE ladies may be born, but little gentlemen are born, like monuments, out of solid resistance.

Whenever I enter a room and our dog gets hardly down from the best davenport, I try to decide whether it gives me or doesn’t have a conscience or doesn’t have one.

The observant daughter arrives at a conclusion: “One thing I’ve learned from dull parties is never to have chairs enough for everyone to sit down.”

Babies are like hiccups: they often come when you least expect them, require all your attention for a while, and then leave just as you are getting used to them.

It is not too late to warn this season’s brides to be on the alert for that subversive element in the soiled clothes: husband’s black socks carelessly rolled up in his white shirt.

A certain career wife, who does a week’s housework from Friday to Monday, completely confuses her listeners by telling them the reason she enjoys her outside job of cooking is, “I’m a homebody.”

One husband orders a diamond to be put in his wife’s wedding band every time she has a baby.

To this young, fast becoming a woman: “I’m sure, mother, that when daddy doesn’t find a thing, it’s there.”
Sew a fine seam
have a smart campus team in
Avondale Companion Colors

Avondale Corduroys, Woven Plaids, and Chambrays are easy to sew, and made to be matched . . . for school or office change-abouts. Choose your Corduroy, deep-piled and velvet-smooth, from a brilliant collection of new fall colors. To complete the team, and score high for variety . . . add blouses of Woven Plaids (they're PERMA-PRESSED to resist wrinkles and soil) and others of Avondale Sanforized® Chambray in solids or stripes. Ask for Avondale fabrics, in Companion Colors, at your favorite store. They're all washable.

Look for AVONDALE fabrics in ready-to-wear, and by-the-yard

Make skirt, jacket, and weskit in Avondale Corduroy . . . and have two smart suits! Add a blouse of matching woven plaid . . . another of striped chambray . . . for a winning team of change-abouts. Skirt, jacket, and weskit in one Vogue Pattern, No. 7757. Sizes 10 to 20. Blouse, Vogue Pattern, No. 7549.

Avondale chambrays, novelty weaves, corduroys, seersuckers, plaids, denims, ticking. Made in Alabama. Sold through Southerners, Inc.

58 Worth Street, New York 13
Each morning when we saw the mail truck, I grabbed Karen and raced to the door. How could it take so long to make a pair of crutches? A week went by. Two, We were fiercely impatient because Doctor B had told us not to have her attempt to walk on them for a month or two--rather that she should work in the beginning only at acquiring balance and confidence. About two months after she gets them, she will be able to take a few steps," he said.

The long days we waited for the crutches we talked of little else.

"Will I truly be able to go way beyond my bars—anyplace I want?" Karen asked repeatedly.

"Absolutely," I confirmed. "You'll be free as a bird... Remember, Karen, the doctor said it was going to take time," I warned, "probably several months."

"I bet I'll do it quicker than that!"

It was November 17, 1947. I put Karen in her bars in the living room in front of the fire and placed some waiters on the phonograph. "I'm going to take my bath and dress. If anyone knocks at the door just sing out. I left her juggling happily with Shanty curled up on her feet.

I creased my face and relaxed into a steaming tub that was going to make me feel like a new and young woman—hoped, I'll give myself a full twenty minutes, I vowed, and sank deeper into the water. I had probably done that when I first heard Karen call. "There's someone at the door." I scrambled out, my thoughts determined, my cheek, stubbed at my dripping form and slithered into a robe.

"Coming," I yelled, hoping my voice would carry to the far side of the door.

Leaving moist prints, I padded out, opened the door just a bit and poked my head around. "Package, Mrs. Killife," I opened it and there a full five minutes later Karen was standing up in true reciprocal motion.

The full cycle completed, Karen cried, "I did it, moon, I did it. All by myself!"

"I saw you!" I cried in turn. "All by yourself, I can't believe it, I just can't believe it." I picked her up and held her close to my heart. My happiness was overshadowed by a feeling of awe, I don't think there was any blasphemy in my thought, I feel a little bit like God."

Labor Day, marking the close of summer and heralding the coming of fall, finally arrived. The cool weather came quickly and all of a sudden waking up in the morning began to be an agreeable business once again.

Early in November, we set out on our Southern pilgrimage. By this time the trip was an important social event for Karen. Porters, conductors, stewards, bellhops, the like, were at our service. I was glad to see how much time we had to visit with her. Karen was seven, and for three and a half years we had been grinding daily toward the goal of independent walking. Each time we went to see Doctor B we asked ourselves, "Is it now?"

As usual, this question was uppermost in our minds when we greeted him that day. We gave our report on sitting balance, bar work, ski work, the victory of active reciprocal motion, self-help in feeding, washing and dressing.

When he finished his examination of Karen and her braces, he sat down with her on his lap. "You'll have to stay over an extra day," he said. "She's grown so, her braces need considerable tightening.

We groaned over the additional expense. "We made arrangements for Marie and Rony in case we had to," Jimmy said. "Tell us, what do you think of Karen?"

"I want to tell you that Karen is one of the best patients I've ever had. What this child has done for herself is extraordinary, I don't have words to describe it."

We shuffled over the additional expense. "We made arrangements for Marie and Rony in case we had to," Jimmy said. "Tell us, what do you think of Karen?"

"I want to tell you that Karen is one of the best patients I've ever had. What this child has done for herself is extraordinary, I don't have words to describe it."

She was measured before we left for home.
THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW SHEET

FITS SMOOTH AND TIGHT OVER YOUR MATTRESS
WON'T PULL OUT OR RUMPLE UP...NEEDS NO RETUCKING
BRINGS NEW, SMOOTH SLEEPING COMFORT

CUTS BEDMAKING TIME IN HALF!

Four pre-shaped, tailored corners hold the Bibb Fitted Sheet taut and smooth. Slips easily and quickly on mattress—needs no retucking. Sanforized for permanent fit. Twin or Double size.

This marvelous new Bibb Fitted Sheet cannot pull out, rumple or bunch up, even with "toss-and-turn" sleepers. Enjoy new, smooth, cooler sleeping comfort. In Combed Percale and Muslins.

Costs no more than ordinary sheets

HERE is care-free, wrinkle-free bedmaking at last! Here is the smoothest, most luxurious sleeping comfort of your life! Yet the revolutionary new Bibb Fitted Sheet costs no more than ordinary sheets.

The four mitered corners are securely sewn and taped. Bibb Fitted Sheets are easy to launder—actually need no ironing! Standard sizes—twin or double bed. In combed percale and fine muslins. Ask to see these sensational new sheets at your favorite store today.

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BIBB MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MACON, GEORGIA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • AKRON • NEW ORLEANS • GREENSBORO, N.C. • SALTON, GA.
THE DAY had promised to be fair, but now the
wind was shifting to the northeast under a
darkening sky and whipping the water into white-
capped waves that splattered against the Cora's
hull as she lay at anchor off the Cape.

Bob Martin tossed his line over the side and
said, "How does it look to you, Andy?" He'd come
out for a day's fishing on Andrew Worth's old
cabin cruiser—and was depending on his friend's
judgment as to the weather and the seaworthiness
of his craft.

Andy looked at the sky and shrugged, "It may
blow over. May even help us get a couple of fish
for a change."

Bob pulled in his line and grimaced at the bare
hook. "Ever get caught in a real rough storm?"

"A couple of times. If this one gets much worse
we'll get back. Got caught in a bad one out here
five or six years ago. Engine went dead on the way
home, and Cora landed on the reef over there past
the Cape. Had to hang on all night until a cutter
finally came up and pulled us off next morning."

Andy looked at the breakers piling over the reef
off in the distance. "Kind of scared me, there, for
a while. Couldn't see a light anywhere, and the
waves kept pounding against old Cora so she was
like to come to pieces. Then around the middle of
the night it suddenly occurred to me that dying
wasn't what I was afraid of. You figure you've got
that coming to you sooner or later anyway. What
worried me most of all was what would happen to
the family in case I did die. I kept thinking about
all the things I'd planned on doing for them—
things I could have done and should have done—
that I just hadn't gotten around to doing. Know
what I mean?"

Bob Martin nodded and said, "Yes, I guess I
do." He stared thoughtfully at the white-crested
waves for a minute and then said, "Exactly when
did you say that happened, Andy?"

"Fall of '46. Maybe you remember that storm.
It came up out of the Gulf and . . ."

"Yes, and I seem to remember something else,
too. Wasn't it in the fall of '46 that you came
around to my office one day? And wasn't that the
time you said you had finally decided to complete
that Planned Security program I'd worked out to
you at least two years before that? And did that
night on the boat have anything to do with you
taking out that extra New York Life policy I
talked to you about?"

Andy Worth grinned a little sheepishly and said
"To tell the truth, Bob, it had everything to do
with it. I never said anything to you about it
before because, well . . ."

Bob Martin laughed. "I know. Because you
thought that maybe I'd say, 'See? That's just
what I've been trying to tell you right along!'"

"Yes, something like that . . ."

Bob shook his head and said, "No, Andy, but I
must admit that I might have been sorely tempted
to say something trite about an ill wind having
blown you some good!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
31 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.
In California there is a little six-year-old girl with shining eyes, very pink cheeks and a sunny Dutch bob, whose name is Forrest Graffin Ignatius Ashby deButts. Sometimes during the rainy season in Malibu, her home a thousand feet above Santa Monica Bay, weeks may pass without a single playmate to share her games. For the deButts family lives on a tiny farm called "Squeaky Mesa," eleven wind-swept acres far up a steep and winding road. But Forrest is rarely lonely. All her waking and sleeping hours she is surrounded by friends. She can always choose from fifty-six devoted, never-failing pets with whom she talks, walks, romps, naps, and even shares her meals. Doors are never latched even to Shawnee, Forrest's Shetland pony who often rambles into the nursery to nuzzle his drowsy mistress from her nap when she oversleeps. Forrest's father, "Colonel" (Edward), was a U.S. Army Air Force cameraman during World War II, often flew over Squeaky Mesa—then a temporary fort where soldiers had built a recreation barrack. After his discharge in 1945, he and Marianne, Forrest's mother, visited the site, fell in love with it. They bought it for about $3000, counted on a veteran's loan to finance a new home and to dig a well—but their private-road location disqualified them. So the barrack which was to have been a stable became their home—a windowless, drafty shell. Colonel—Navy shipmates gave him that nickname in 1939—has built foundations, floors, partitions, planted a cypress-tree hedge for storm protection. They have electricity, but no phone, no refrigeration, no plumbing. For six years, Colonel has carted every drop of water consumed. Marianne battles cheerfully in a madly inconvenient kitchen, cooking, cleaning, washing on rationed water. The farm does not produce a living. Colonel (who once had a fling in Hollywood, did bit parts, doubled for Clark Gable) can dry-farm only a few acres of barley on the bleakly exposed land. Still, he prefers this, and his job as a Malibu mail carrier at $335 a year, to office work or railroading back home in Virginia, where he and Marianne were born. Devoted Virginians, however, they named Forrest for three kinfolk, But Forrest is rarely lonely. All her waking and sleeping hours she is surrounded by friends. She can always choose from fifty-six devoted, never-failing pets with whom she talks, walks, romps, naps, and even shares her meals. Doors are never latched even to Shawnee, Forrest's Shetland pony who often rambles into the nursery to nuzzle his drowsy mistress from her nap when she oversleeps. Forrest's father, "Colonel" (Edward), was a U.S. Army Air Force cameraman during World War II, often flew over Squeaky Mesa—then a temporary fort where soldiers had built a recreation barrack. After his discharge in 1945, he and Marianne, Forrest's mother, visited the site, fell in love with it. They bought it for about $3000, counted on a veteran's loan to finance a new home and to dig a well—but their private-road location disqualified them. So the barrack which was to have been a stable became their home—a windowless, drafty shell. Colonel—Navy shipmates gave him that nickname in 1939—has built foundations, floors, partitions, planted a cypress-tree hedge for storm protection. They have electricity, but no phone, no refrigeration, no plumbing. For six years, Colonel has carted every drop of water consumed. Marianne battles cheerfully in a madly inconvenient kitchen, cooking, cleaning, washing on rationed water. The farm does not produce a living. Colonel (who once had a fling in Hollywood, did bit parts, doubled for Clark Gable) can dry-farm only a few acres of barley on the bleakly exposed land. Still, he prefers this, and his job as a Malibu mail carrier at $335 a year, to office work or railroading back home in Virginia, where he and Marianne were born. Devoted Virginians, however, they named Forrest for three kinfolk,
Squeaky Mesa Farm, named for a beloved dog, is a waterless hilltop facing the Pacific.

Almost any child would trade his for Forrest's daily chores, which include feeding and watering her animals, helping to clean pens, combing, curry ing and exercising Shawnee. She has ten dogs, nine cats, ten rabbits (currently), ten pet pigeons, two guinea pigs (one fancifully named Number Eight the Second); four bright blue and green lovebirds in her gay pink nursery; four goats; Sarah Drake, the goose; Elsie, the Jersey cow, and her pretty calf, Lady Fanque; four talkative Bantam chickens, including lame Miss M'lou. Pets cost $26 a month to feed.

Rosebud's mother and Squeaky I are in God's Garden, Forrest will tell you. "That's where good pets and people go when they die. It's a lot like our place—I can see it in my heart." Tango (a fusty, officious fox terrier) is often called to San Francisco. she confides, on "secret FBI business." She can tell when this is about to happen because Tango appears all decked out in his pink satin tails. Only Colonel, Marianne and Forrest have ever been known to observe this phenomenon. "Most people can't see very many things," Forrest explains.
Out of doors from morning till night, weather permitting, Forrest has had but one cold in her life, visited the doctor only one time — for shots. Elsie's good rich Jersey milk, and happy freedom, help.

Forrest talks to her animal friends all day, but only Miss M'Loo, the little red hen, clucks back in satisfactory gossip.
At least five dogs follow her everywhere on her eleven-acre playground. Always among them are Rosebud, her favorite border terrier — a self-appointed baby-sitter — and Muggsy, the mongrel, whose dubious origin she explains as "the all-American dog."

Forrest, brought up naturally, saw birth of Schmitty, the kid; was highly puzzled when a child told her that storks bring babies.

When Forrest was 2 1/2 years old, she learned how to milk Elsie. Always, except to parties, she wears dark cotton baby rompers, white shirts and shoes.

At six months of age, Forrest first was placed on Shawnee, held firmly by Colonel. At one, with Shawnee tethered, she rode alone in the paddock, with Rosebud gravely watching.
"Colonel" Edward Delaplane deButts carries mail to Malibu movie stars.

Marianne traveled 2000 miles so that her daughter would be born in the South, named her for two Confederate generals who were ancestors, for a saint, and for Uncle Harry Ashby deButts, vice-president of the Southern Railway System. Far from running wild in the brush-covered hills of Squeaky Mesa Farm, little Forrest is vigilantly trained by her parents. Southern tradition is deeply respected. Forrest must curtsey and say "Yes, ma'am" and "Yes, sir" to grownups. Because she sees more of animals, she must treat them as politely as people. "If Rosebud is sitting in a chair (and she usually is), I wouldn't sit in it," Forrest explains, "because that's manners. A kid should just get up. You shouldn't have to ask her." Dogs, cats, guinea pigs in cages, and sometimes Miss McLoor, clutter the "tack room," their living room.

Shawnee clops-tops in to raid the larder, which she can open—and will, if not watched. The deButts' devotion to animals is inherited. One of Forrest's grandfathers was the manager of Virginia's famous Ayrshire racing stable. Another grandfather helped found the first horse show in America. "Mamma" and "papa," as Forrest has been taught to call Marianne and Colonel, are second cousins. Born and brought up in Virginia within forty miles of each other, they didn't meet until 1933, in California. Marianne was writing for Photoplay Magazine. Colonel was trying his luck as an actor. On a child-star interviewing job, Marianne was thumbing through the telephone directory for the name of Dekiri, found Colonel's name, Edward Delaplane deButts. "Since all the deButts in this country are related, and mostly from Virginia, I leaped at the chance to hear a relative's voice!" Marianne laughs. They made a date, the first of many, and were married eight months later. Both agree that the most important contribution to their happiness is their child. "Forrest is all we live for right now." Colonel, up at 5 A.M., in order to begin his rural mail route by 7, is usually back home by 2, with plenty of daylight hours left to spend with his family, work on the house and grounds. On Forrest's dancing-class days, the deButts are up at 1 for the twenty-mile drive to the Eilen Dancing School in Pacific Palisades. Forrest and her mother wait patiently for the 10:20 lesson, while Colonel hurries back to start on his route. Tap and ballet lessons, begun when Forrest was 2½, have successfully corrected a slight hip displacement and bowed leg, results of her riding Shawnee when she was only a year old. Though the deButts' relatives back in Virginia heartily disapprove of their "unconventional" life, worry about the hardships, Marianne says emphatically, "We wouldn't sell Squeaky Mesa for all the gold in the world, not if it were stacked high as this hill. Our friends say, "How can you stand it? How can you bring your child up under these conditions?" And in the next breath, they say, "Oh, if only we had a place like this for our children to play!"

THE END
KELLOGG'S INVITES THE KIDS TO MAKE THE ADS...

Virginia Goodman, age 12, of St. Louis, Missouri did the ad you see here. Virginia likes Kellogg's Corn Flakes because they give you energy. Of course there's a lot of other good reasons. So if you're 14 years old or less, why don't you make an ad telling why you like Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Maybe it's their swell taste... their freshness... the way they go with your favorite fruits. Whatever it is, let's see what you think about Kellogg's Corn Flakes! So get your colors... make your ad. Then send it along with a Kellogg's Corn Flakes box top to Kellogg's, Box 300, Battle Creek, Michigan. That'll make you a member of Kellogg's Junior Admakers Guild, and you'll get a swell pin to wear. Then if your ad is used in a magazine or over the air, Kellogg's will send you a $100 U.S. Savings Bond. See simple rules for entries on Corn Flakes package or write Kellogg's for them.

ENERGY! That's what's in KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

WHO DO YOU KNOW... THAT DOESN'T LIKE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES?... or WHOM do you know?
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Take home a box of FELSO. Try this new white detergent in your machine or tub. You'll never see cleaner, whiter, sweeter-washing clothes.

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It's gentle! It's fragrant!
It's wonderfully pleasant to use!

Audio ads are quick-setting detergents from the laboratories of FELS & CO.

Delighted out of all proportion. "Delicious, sir! Delicious!" And Leslie repeated delicious after them and added a word to her Spanish vocabulary.

She basted, listened for Bick's retuming footsteps. She dressed, one ear cocked. She decided on one of the planter's daytime frocks. This dress was of soft blue silk, quite simple. The white suede shoes with the smart blue kid tips and the not too high heels. There was a blue head-banding hat to match—a cloche. It was called. She was hurrying now, she was listening for departing hoofbeats. But he wouldn't leave without seeing her.

When she had cluttered downstairs there was no one about. The dining room, of course. There was the long table and the same islands of ketchup and chili sauce and vinegar and sugar and oil and cream. The tablecloth, she noticed, had lost the pristine freshness of the night before. She decided that she'd seem to tend to that. Spotted tablecloths indeed!

Seatd at the table were two men and a woman; the men in boots, canvas trousers and shirts, the woman in what, in Virginia, they called a wash dress. They were eating T-bone steaks with fried eggs on top; and grits and enormous rolls and there were big cups of coffee and large bowls of jellies, yellow and purple and scarlet. The three glanced up from the business of eating and looked at her amiably as she entered.

"Howdy?" they said. "Howdy!" And went on eating.

So Texans actually did say howdy like that. She decided to try it herself but shield away from it at the moment of test and said good morning instead. "Isn't it a lovely morning?"

As they had chosen up from their plates but now they regarded her thoughtfully.

One of the—"the other one—said, "You visiting from the East, ma'am? Kansas City or around?"

She hesitated a moment. "I'm from Virginia, I'm Mrs. Benedict.

They seemed to find this in no way remarkable. "How-do?" said the young woman, a little more in the way of formality. "Howdy ma'am," the men said. And the older one again took the lead. "Howdy!" she thought aloud. "Hodgins is my name. Clay Hodgins."

He pointed with the tip of his knife. "My boy Gib and his wife Essie Lee. We're from up in Dear Rivertert County. We been taking in the Fat Stock Show down at Hermosa."  

Lucia had sat herself at an empty place at table, she leaned forward, her face alight with interest. "Why that sounds fascinating. I'd love to go to a fat-stock show." And she added, "Just the same, but it would be about four miles away, wouldn't it?"

"Well, it's over, honey," the girl said.

A Mexican girl placed a platter before Lucia. She got up from table and asked them if they had any plans for no the morning. "No, we're just going to have a barbecue," she said. "It's Saturday, we're going to have our barbecue."

They gave her a box of matches and showed her how to light the fire. Lucia put on her hat and coat and went out. She walked down the street and turned left onto the main road. She started singing along to a song she heard on the radio.

She was walking down the street when she saw a man running towards her. She backed away and tried to run, but he caught her. He took her by the arm and led her into the woods.

After they got there, he said, "You know, I've been wanting to talk to you. I've been thinking about this a lot and I think you should know how I feel."

"What is it?" she asked. "I'm in love with you," he replied. "I've been thinking about this a lot and I think you should know how I feel."

"I...I don't know," she said. "I mean, I'm not sure if I feel the same way."

He kissed her and she kissed him back. They stood there in the woods, kissing and talking. It was a beautiful day. They decided to go for a walk through the woods. They walked for a few hours, laughing and talking. They eventually came back to town and got into a cab. They went home and had dinner together. It was a beautiful evening.
had set her coffee cup down with a
clack. "The house runs itself, honey,
and giving it a little shove and a push
again, I know how to handle the
cooks. I been living with 'em all my life,
papa and ma and grandpa and gramma
me. Now you just run along and en-
joy yourself!" She shoved back her chair
grating sound.
boundless vitality. No, it wasn’t
Leslie decided. It was energy. Lux-
lia. She ran bated hurried scurried,
was merely motion, wearying to wit-
tue vitality was a deep inner strength
stained anyone who came in contact
stood very still in the middle of the
kang room. "I think I’ll go up and
my room—I mean put away——
patted her shoulder as she trotted
. The girls’ll have you all fixed up
and primped, every book and eye-
the dress, and every button and shoe
a going to take a walk,” Leslie an-
turned at the door, "A what!”
lie long walk, perhaps into town and
around at things—
came back into the room. Her round
ace looked sharp. "You can’t do that.
hope don’t walk in Texas. Only Mexi-
If you want to ride one of the boys’ll
you a nice gentle riding pony.”
let you know,” loyally. "I’ll speak to
and ask about it later in the morning.”
laughed, a short little bark of a laugh.
hey, if you think Dick’s got nothing to
ly take people around the ranch. He’s
away weeks now, he’s got to catch up if
ever going to now. Honey, you just do
nothing or something or reading. Dick
you’re a great hand to read. H’m?”
bushed out of the room, click-click
lick. Leslie felt a surge of murderous.
She turned sharply and walked out of
om out of the great front door. She
d out into the blazing Texas morning.
a almost ran down the dusty roadway.
young fellow who had met them at
the station was on his knees at the
of a small lawn of tough coarse grass.
ough many years she was to see him thus
dark forbidding brush. She stood, the door only inches, only her hand on the doorknob.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I’m Mrs. Jordan Benedict," Leslie said, smiling. And extended her hand. "I’m passing by and I couldn’t resist stopping in — — The woman was staring at her so fixedly Leslie was startled. "You are the schoolteacher, aren’t you?"

Yes.

Leslie decided not to be annoyed. This was, she told herself, a gauche girl who possibly was not accustomed to visitors during school hours. "I just thought I’d drop in and see the children," she said. "I’m out for a little walk."

"Walk!" the woman repeated after her as if she hadn’t done, as Luz and Dorothea had done. It was being slightly annoying. Leslie took a firm step forward feeling suddenly tall and dignified.

"What is your name?"

"Cora. Cora Dart."

What was everyone so cross about? Leslie stepped rather too briskly into the room. A vast whitewashed room crammed with children. Children of from four to fifteen. Their eyes were fixed on her with a steady stare that combined to give the effect of a search-light. Immediately Leslie was struck with the fanciful thought that the seated children mimicked the pattern like that of a pianoforte keyboard. The faces shaded from ivory to almost black, and the lighter ones seemed to curvy like hills. Leslie’s hair was darker than Cora’s.

Cora Dart seemed to have recovered from the shock of a visitor, she placed a chair for Leslie and suddenly Leslie was frantic to get out. The room was stifling. She felt unbearably drowsy, as though drugged.

"Go back to your work," Cora Dart said, in a tone of sternness. "I can’t work."

She then said in Spanish. The battery of eyes turned briefly down to the desks, the next instant was lifted again.

"Yes, really," Leslie said hurriedly. She felt she should ask some intelligent questions, she remembered the way grownups had been to her when they had visited her childhood public school in Ohio. "Can I see the pupils of the children who live here?"

"Yes, you know they are, how silly. She moved toward the door, she smiled at the children, feeling foolish, she smiled at the door Miss Dart. "I have come to see you so much, I am not interesting, you can come up and have a look."

"To me!" echoed Cora Dart as one would say "ohium."

Leslie’s nightmarish feeling of being an intruder followed her to the outer tap, unable to terminate a distasteful encounter.

"Or coffee," she corrected herself hastily. "I have you been teaching here a long time?"

"Too long for my own good." Cora Dart said with extraordinary venom. "They’ve had about a million teachers here, first and last."

"But that’s too bad. I should think it would be upsetting for the pupils."

The woman stared at her with the eyes of promiscuity. "You’d better speak to your husband about that. Your husband is the person you can talk to about that. Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

The woman’s mad, Leslie thought as she returned abruptly to go. Start, staring mad, literally.

The woman had given back the grinning heat Leslie glanced at her face and incredulously saw that it now was ten minutes past nine. Her day was just beginning but she felt she had been here many hours. She wondered where Jordan was, she longed to see him, she looked out and out toward the endless haze of cloud and sky. He was miles and miles away, with as many of those thousands and thousands of cows.

"Men have taken a wrong turning. He spits the heat, the glare and her weariness for he found herself on a smaller rougher road lined with rows of shanties, small and tumble-down.

A thin wailing sound. From within one of the hovels an infant crying. Leslie turned and looked about her. In her resentment and bewilderment she had come farther than she knew. There was the Big House shimmering in the heat, her husband far away. She wondered if she should telephone and ask them to come for her. Of course there wouldn’t be a telephone in a house of dwellings. But perhaps someone could be sent to fetch a car... She followed the sound of the wailing infant, she operated the rickety steps and knocked at the door hung with strips of flyspecked paper. The baby cried without cease—a high-pitched kitten-like mewing. She knocked again.

"Entree!" A woman’s voice.

She brushed aside the paper strips, she entered the dark, and there stood Leslie, in the moment, blinded by the transition from glaring sun to gloom, she could see nothing.

"Am I Mrs. Benedict," she said to no one in particular.

"St.," said a woman’s voice, low and soft. "Perdóname. Pardon me that I do not rise. I am ill."

This in Spanish. Miraculously, Leslie thought, she caught a word—two words—and translated her meaning. Per- dôname. Entrete. Now she looked about her. A woman on the bed in the little front room. A girl, really, black-haired, big-bosomed, her hair around her bare shoulders:

The infant’s shrill cry came from a tiny second room at the rear.

Dorothea had understood English, and spoken it. This girl must, surely, "I am so sorry. Is the baby ill?"

The girl nodded sadly. "He is ill because the sun."

"Well for heaven’s sake!" Leslie said. "You just get a formula and feed him that."

"Go and get your work." Leslie said, and, as she spoke, the infant’s voice pulled through the hot low room. Leslie went to him. He lay in a basket, very wet; dark mahogany beneath the brown skin, very hot. There was no way to pick him up, there was no napkin, no sink. He smiled badly. She took off his clothes, she found some water in a circle, and dumped him with a damper, the woman, barefooted, came shakily across the sagging floor to hand her a diaper.

She turned the child to the basket and small, very blue. The child was dimly smiling on the bed looked up at her submissively. Leslie felt helpless and somehow foolish.

"That is your name?"

"Dorothy."

"What does your husband do here—what is his work?"

"He is a lawyer. He is busier, my father too and my father’s father is scrawny here on Peleta Ranch." She said this with pride.

Leslie longed to ask what his wage was. She told herself this would be disloyal to Jordan. She must ask him.

There was the sound of a motorcar stopping outside, a horn brayed, quick steps on the broken wooden stairs.

"Miss Benedict?" called a man’s voice.

"Ma’am! Miss Luz says you come along home with me, you’re missing out Madama’s says." At the door stood Je-walita. "You ain’t supposed to be in there," he said.

"Bick’ll be mad as hell. And Madama’s fit be to go."

"Nothing," she said, standing, she looked at him, she stared at her, thought, almost insolently. The eyes were too small, crossed. The hair was arranged in tight curls with one lock falling across the forehead.

"Am I Mrs. Benedict," she said needlessly and very formally.

"[Raw text continues...]

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Clorox provides added health protection in routine cleaning by making kitchen and bathroom germ centers sanitary. It’s the most efficient germ-killer of its kind! In addition, Clorox removes stains and deodorizes.

Yes, harmful germs often exist on clean-looking drainboards, sinks, wash basins, tubs, toilet bowls and floors. To give your family extra protection against these infectious germs include Clorox in routine cleaning.

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In addition to making your white and color-fast cottons and linens snowy-white and color-bright, Clorox makes them sanitary, too! Clorox also conserves your linens because it’s extra gentle, free from corrosive... made by an exclusive, patented formula. Directions on the label.
Communion Sunday
By Joan Freeman

So this is love... to sit in church beside you,
To touch your hand, and break the blessed bread,
To hear your voice sing, "Holy God, most holy!"
And see the stained-glass colors brush your head.
My dearest, love is not soul-shaking sadness.
Not blinding glory, neither wind nor flame.
But quiet strength, and harmony of heart.
And peace made holy by His holy name.

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JOHN H. BRECK, INC. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA, CANADA
There was Jordan, not only in the boots and spurs and tans and Stetson but in chaps like a movie hero. As this leather god came toward her Leslie found herself running toward him, she had no other single thought in her mind but to be near him again. The Girls, as they drove up, the figure squatted in front of a red-hot fire on the ground, the open smoker, and the steam coming hotly down an already vanished in a hot haze, the heat heeding, only a thin echo of their indulgent laughter as she stood on tiptoe to meet his kiss,

"You left without even good-bye."

"How do you know? You were sleeping in a tent and a bunch as though nothing could wake you."

"I know, dearest. I was exhausted."

"I want you to meet some of the boys. I want to take you out courting, you know! Look -"

"I'm so happy. Stay near me."

He led her forward. "Boys, this is my wife, Leslie. Leslie, Lucius Morey down from Dallas—you met Adarene... Bake Clinch—you want to watch out for him he's running for sheriff... Ollie Whiteside, smartest law-yet-ground—keeps us out of jail... Pinky Snyth from the Hakes' place—say, Vashit, you hear your pa's sick and couldn't come."

Pinky Snyth was standing without replying. The plump rose face flushed deeper, then paled ominously. Deliberately, and with a kind of awful dignity she replied, "You won't have Pinky Snyth the little cow hand, so diminutive beside her, even in his high-heeled boots and tailored suit, with his toes turned out and her as she spoke she abandoned the patois of the Texan.

"It's not sick. He's walking. He'll get over it, he's alive."

"There's more to it than being bridegroom here at this barbecue. Mott Snyth and I were married yesterday in Hake's]

A final glare at Jordan Benedict, a look that was a tragic mixture of wounded pride and pitiful defeat. The triumphant bride was a sight to behold. Leslie had seen the little cow hand, so diminutive beside her, even in his high-heeled boots and tailored suit, with his toes turned out and her as she spoke she abandoned the patois of the Texan.

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the head and removing spoonfuls of the soft gelatinous brains and placing them on fresh pieces of bread with a bit of salt sprinkled on. But to get them prepared, one is afraid of getting to be very sick, she stole herself, she turned back, she felt a little cold dew on her upper lip and the lip itself was strangely stiff.

"Eat while it's hot!" Miz Wirt Tanner urged her. "They're plenty more!"

"I am hungry. Perhaps if I just had a little of the rice and some coffee. I'm not accustomed to the— the heat— yet."

She ate. She drank. She laughed. She said deliciously how do they make it the rice is so yes indeed the smell is in the East and I usually think of Virginia as the South but of course it must seem East to you there is a dish we sometimes calves' brains on Texas.

The second head was brought up from the pot, it was eaten. Replete, then, the little company wandered off and left the littered table to the runners and to old Eusacio. "It was wonderful," Leslie said to him. Her new word came to mind. "Delicioso. Gracias."

The old nunny face with the live-evil eyes bowed with a stately air, accepting her due as a culinary artist.

She did not disgrace herself, she had not disgraced Jordan, she drew a long breath of achievement. She laughed and chatted, seated on a stark table, feeling strangely lightheartedly and coolly and coolly. One of the runners at the table so recently deserted was pouring a full measure of molasses into a cup and pouring it up, relish as though it were ice cream.

In a corner under the open shed another of the Mexicans had got hold of the cell's bread from the storehouse and had so recently eaten. As she watched him he took a piece of bread and plunged his hand into the open top of the empty skull, brought the morsel up, and popped it into his eager open mouth.

Someone asked her a question, she turned her face, her lips were turned question- stilled. She sniffed straight con- traction of the mouth. At that moment the thumbezih tipped toward her, the sky rolled with it and the ground rose up in front of her and rapped her squarely on the head.

For the first time in her healthy twenty-odd years Leslie Lynnton had fainted away.

Very white she lay then in the big bare bedroom at Renta. Back had sent for Dr. Tom Walker at Vicentico. He was a small slight man, his suit his shoes his hat were the clothes she had been born in. Born white and born by middle-aged men in Virginia's hot weather—by her father. He placed the soft straw hat and the soft suit and the soft straw trousers to the bed. He stood there, dabbing his forehead with a little white handkerchief.

"She will get used to this heat," Dr. Walker said. "I'll just go in and wash my hands. How are you, Back? I heard you'd married. His voice turned pasty.

She heard the water and his hearty splashing and then he stood in the bathroom doorway wiping his hands briskly and talking cautiously.

"This climate's new to you, I'm 'm."

"Yes."

"I takes a while. I'm from Tennes- see myself but this is different. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else now, this is wonderful country but you have to get used to it and look at it the long view. Fifty years from now."

Fifty years! She did a simple problem in arithmetic.

That's a nice age. You'll see wonderful things in Texas when you're seventy-five.

I'll see them."

"Yes you will. Especially if you've been part of it."

"I sound like my father," she said.

He had finished wiping his hands, he came again to the bedside, relaxed and easy. Now he picked up her hand as it lay there so merrily on the coverlet.

"And who is he?"

She watched his face. He was intent on her pulse. "His name is Lynnton. Dr. Horace Lynnton."

"I've heard of him and I know the coverlet, he smiled a little. The routine. The chest, the lungs, the back, the stomach, the heart, the belly."

"She'll be all right, I think," he said turning to Bick Benedict standing so tensely at the bedside. "I say a temporary fatigue and a bit of— have you had a shock?"

"No."

"She's been fine," Bick said. "She's been wonderful until just today. When she faints we thought—some of the women thought—"

Maybe next week you'll drive you to my office where I can really examine you properly. You do that, will you?"

Dr. Tom Walker took out his pocket fountain pen, he began to write a prescription cherishing her—no, I'll give you the advice of a man of medicine, not a romantic. You see, all this is new to Mrs. Benedict. Begin- ning, Mr. Benedict, of things that are most simple of circumstances. But when you have to adjust to marriage and Texas at the same time! That's a bit of— quite a feat."

"Now Tom! You're just playing an old Texian, just aiming to rile me."

Doctor Walker shook his head. He turned to her. "Tell her, Bick. Tell her you liked here what you would do to want."

She sat up vigorously and pushed her hair back from her forehead. Her face was spark- ling, animated. "I feel better. I feel wonderful. Do you do mean exactly whatever I'd want?"

But get—get—get—get—do what is as you like, as you please." He made for the door, one he held high in farewell. "Call me if you're having any hour of the day or night."

He went.

Bick was after him. "Tom! How about down or a cup of coffee."

"Tell her the bedroom looked each other. "That's all right."

"It's meaninglessly. Her usual high color drained to Texas now and she got stirred by this aspect, there seemed so little snifter in the new white face."

Leslie said. "Let's have everything do and open Luz and then there won't be the dreadful hiddings and listening and little situations. I'm sorry if that sounds rude, just I made it."

"That's all right."

"I'm going to dress now, I feel just it."

"I'll have my high cut."

"Down."

"Call to get personal. Tom Walker. I've got a right to know in my own house."

"What do you think, doc?"

"Bick asked.

"He walked towards the door- way, his bag in his hand. "I'd say, as a man and a woman—"

Her eyes were on the doors that isn't good and proper and shows the right spirit in a young wife. She wants to go into her kitchen and cook. Well, what's wrong? She wants to do her own cooking."

But you being her new home. She wants to see the sort of work her husband does, and how he does it. She wants to do the sort of things in the mind and the emotions. If there were more wives like that—"

"I'm trying this here. Mrs. Benedict's voice was high and shrill. "Her house! Her kitchen! I should say anybody'd be glad to have all that responsibility taken off them."

"That the night. He said, Bick, butBick, but her eyes were on Leslie. "She ain't real strong, you can see that."

"That's sitting down."

"I'm going to town now to to- tow her as she sat. She flung the bedclothes aside and swung her long legs in a decorum as they did in those clothes. She got out of bed, was standing in her nightgown, had thrust her arms into her robe and was wrapping it about her with the air of one who buckles on a coat of mail.

"Luz Benedict," she said very distinctly. "I'm not going to behave like Dora in David Copperfield. I don't want to take up, but I won't have you make me. I know I can't take over this house. I won't be. I've just dropped in for a meal like to— like— but— or— you know——"

"We all mixed up, it seems days ago. "You see," said Luz. "He'd held her to it. Leslie honey, you're tired and upset and you don't seem awfully strong——"

(Continued on Page 110)
Why be a slave to Messy Defrosting?

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100% AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING REFRIGERATOR

FREE forever from ALL defrosting work and mess!

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Watch out for cold winter weather with a perfect combination of fresh ground spices and extracts. Fresh French's spices and extracts provide the full flavor of French's best selling products. Use French's spices and extracts in your favorite cake or cookie recipe and surprise your family and friends with an enjoyable dessert. And so easy to make; just use your favorite recipe. Avoid18, warned want suppose love i-T; package don't rich, Mustard HERB Spice CHART. St., on and mix cookies teaspoon Yield: French's and Frost French's Add package spice cake in 'pastry Style pick of trust You found in "Don't Mountains!" He THERE his mountains, he that belong to the mountains, his ears are filled with the sounds of the hills. He feeds on the pastures of Sheba and shepherds of Gilead. He drinks the streams of Lebanon. He looses the wild ox and the wild ass, the herd of gazelles and the young animals of the field. He is the king of the measurement of the mountains of Bashan, the king of Gilead, the king over the Bashan, the king of the heights of the earth. He made the mountains leap like an ox and the hills, like calves of a cow. He makes the pastures blow with the wind, the dunes of Lebanon with his mighty streams. He makes the wild ox to run to thee, and the unicorn to serve thee. He makes the desert flower to thee, and the earth to teble thee. He makes the barren wilderness to sing for joy, and the desolate wastes to rejoice with an everlasting joy. They shall feed in the abundance of the fields, and the lush pastures of the earth shall be glad, and the grass shall prosper under their feet. The calf shall eat grass as it was in the days of Noah, and every beast of the field as it was in the days of Job before the Lord destroyed the cities of the plain. All the beasts of the earth shall fear thee, and every fowl of the air shall be in awe of thee. The Lord shall reign over the nations, and the Lord shall be exalted over all the nations. The Lord shall reign over the nations, and the Lord shall be exalted over all the nations. The Lord shall reign over the nations, and the Lord shall be exalted over all the nations.
Next Month

"It's love on a dime and a dream!"

WITH an enthusiasm that makes every day a new adventure, Bob Paschal and Nancy Wats (she's Mr. and Mrs.) are doing what they like best—dancing. The challenge—living on $3 a day—with dreams to make the difference. Loving all life that touches their work hours with a special magic, it all seems wonderful—this state of being.

STAGE STRUCK
By Hildegard Dalson

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the September Journal

FRENCH'S adds that wonderful flavor!

Hat off the grill—tender, crisp-crusted meats and savory barbecue sauce made with French's golden rich Mustard. French's is a blend of the finest spices, mustard seeds and vinegar money can buy. Flavors better because it doesn't fade out in cooking. Blends better, too, because it's creamier.

Frenchwise Barbecue Sauce

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion minced (or
1 tablespoon French's Onion Flakes
or 1 teaspoon French's Pepper Flakes)
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt

Crush flakes if used. Combine ingredients and simmer 15 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

NEW! Wonderful Handbook on Outdoor Barbecuing

The R. T. French Co.,
1757 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.
Enclosed is 10c in coin. Please send me Carol French's new barbecue handbook, filled with wonderful barbecue recipes and illustrated plans to help outdoorsmen.

Name:
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“He sure enough did. Top hand. That’s how he got to be captain. He can still do those things, though he’s half his age.”

“How old is he?”

“Nobody knows. I doubt that he does himself. But he’s getting too old for this job. And he’s about the only person who keeps his accounts in his head! Hours, wages, stock counts. I’ll have to retire him and put in a young man. Or at least a half-breed. One of the other divisions. I’ve humored him long enough. You ought to hear Maudie Lou and Bowie and that boy of hers—”

“Why don’t they run the ranch, then?”

He came up his jaw, set his whole aspect changed as though he had been challenged or made a rash promise. “Don’t make any mistake about that.”

She looked at old Polo, seated so lightly on his back as though the insect’s weight was less than the moonlight nook, they were stretching and yawning, one of them took a mouthful of water, from a tin cup and spit it out on the round of wet ground—just a sideways affection.

“Dearest, do you work like this every day?”

“Well—no. No, I don’t.”

“I mean it’s wonderful that you can do it, but it’s ghastly rough and tough.”

He actually blushed a little then beneath the russet burn, and he laughed rather sheepishly, like a boy, “Tell you the truth, honey, I was just showing off today in front of my girl,” like a kid chiming himself on the apple tree—

The men were mounting their horses, fresh horses, up from the camp. He saw a cluster of them she had not noticed until now, grazing against the horizon.

“New horses? Are they going to start all over again?”

“Sure, new horses. Or fresh, we’d say, Every Benedict aguarro has got at least ten horses. They’re been charging right along, you just haven’t noticed them. They’ll be riding about five different horses each, today, see that bunch of horses over there? That’s called a remuda. They’re what we call cutting horses. They’re used to cut out certain animals from the herd. Trained for it, You don’t even have to touch the reins half the time. Just sway your body and your horse will turn with your weight this way or that.”

“Don’t need it. I forgot about My Mistake. Is she here? Where is she? I’ve never seen you without her, I love her.”

“Quietly, the man的意思, I meant to tell you. Obregon—over there, that tall fellow in the straw hat—had her out yesterday he says she’s the finest little—”

“Ooh, let me talk to him, will you? Tonight when you get back let’s visit her. I’ll have to write Lacey all about her.”

Summarizing the man came toward them. He was noticeably taller than the average and very slim, with broad shoulders like the American cowboys Lesie had seen in Western motion pictures.

“Angel,” Rick said as the man came toward them, “Angel Obregon.”

“That’s the husband of the woman with the baby! Tell him I know her. Is he the one? If she’s a new baby he is. Yesterday but you don’t know about it.”

The man stood before them. Rick acknowledged his presence with that charming smile, “The little fellow you exercised yesterday,” he said in Spanish, “is a great favorite of the señora. The horse is her own. She has great feeling for the horse.”

The man’s face flashed into sudden radiance, he began to speak, the words rolling out with a missionary fervor, “No, señora. I understand, señor. He says she is a miracle of a horse, that she is swifter than any horse in Texas but she is not spicy, he says perhaps she longs for her home.”

A little involuntary cry came from Leslie.  “Oh, Jordan, I must see her. She’s homesick for Virginia, I want to lay my arms around her neck and comfort her.”

“Yes,” said Rick stiffly. Obregon was speaking again, his hat was in his hand, he was speaking directly to Leslie in a flood of Spanish, the dark eyes glowing down upon her.

Helplessly she smiled up at the ardent face, then she recollected the words with which Tomaso had expressed his own inability to understand her. “No comprendo,” she said, triomphantly.

Bick stood up, “He is thanking you for being so kind to his wife yesterday. He says you have worked a miracle, his wife is much improved, his infant son—Say what is all this! Can’t you have me messing about with—”

But she sprang up, impulsively she laid her hand on the man’s arm, “Oh, I’m so glad. Tell her I’ll be in to see her again, I’ll bring her some delicious things and something for the baby.”

“The hell you will! . . . That is, Obregon. To work now,” The man turned away, he mounted his horse for the afternoon’s work. The fiesta was finished.

The man and woman started at each other.

“Not again.” Leslie said.

He came close to her, “You just don’t understand. There isn’t a ranch in the whole Southwest looks after its people better than we do. You don’t know these people. They’re full of superstitions and legends. If the child or the girl had turned sick instead of better it would have been because you looked at them. You just don’t know, honey.”

A dot had been scurrying like a bug across the prairie. Now it came closer, it spun around a spiral of dust, it stopped with a yip and a grinding of brakes. The calves ran bleating and scattering. The cattle leap ed in terror to the horses reared.

“Damn it! I forgot,” Bick said. “If he ever runs down one of those calves I’ll beat him up myself.”

Jett Rink leaned out and yelled to the man in general.

“You’re late,” Bick said.

Almost gratefully she had sunk into the hot dust from west of the car. “I want to sit up front,” she had said to Bick, “so that I can see everything on the way home.”

Bick on his horse at the side of the car leaned over and touched her hand. “You can’t do that, Leslie. Just you sit. I can’t leave you!”

“Tell me, why can’t I?”

“I can’t. You can’t. I don’t want you alone while I’m gone. Look honey, I can’t bear the thought of you alone.”

“Tell her, Bick,” said Leslie. “It’s all right. Leslie. Luz can ride any four-legged thing.”

Jett laughed. “You know what else she done? She rigged herself out in a old hobo skirt she got out of the atite, she said her grandmother could ride and rope in a hoop start and she’s got herself rigged out in that outfit, rope and all. I ain’t into a horse and rope thing, but I’ll give her a miss. I’ll give her a chance to out shoot any horse on the range.”

Bick took off his hat and ran his hand over his hot wet forehead. His eyes searched the endless plain.

Jordan, I want to wait till she comes,” Leslie said. “My Mistake isn’t used to this terrible—too the sun and the brush and that heavy Western saddle. I want to see if she’s all right.”

Almost harshly he said, “You’ll go along with Jett. I’ll tend to Luz. Alone, I’ll have Angel ride My Mistake home.”

“But she’ll have to rest first. She isn’t just a riding horse. A mile—two miles—three—no not this.”

“I know a little about horses, honey. It’ll be all right. I tell you.”

“And will you be home, Jordan?”

“Oh, how do I know! When my work’s done.”

Quietly Leslie said, “All right, Jordan.”

“Almost gratefully she had sunk into the hot dust from west of the car. “I want to sit up front,” she had said to Bick, “so that I can see everything on the way home.”

Bick straightened, he turned in his saddle to look back at her as he rode away, his hat held high in farewell. He looked hand and foot, with a smile that pleased the celerator hard and caught up with him.

“Look, Bick, can I take her arou nd by other way, the long back road. If she is she can be away, she can be away.”

Bick looked down at him, hesitantly.

“Oh, yes Jordan,” Leslie said. “If it’s a clear day.”

Reluctantly he said, “Well all right, you, Jett, don’t you get any big touring in that empty sinkhead your head over. He grinned, “Put him in a car, he grows road crazy. Last December started out to come Dor Dart—that’s that—started out to come Dor Dart and got his tail up by the cowboy Christmas Ball at An in Jones County, better than two thousand miles. He rode 13 miles.”

Jett’s grin was sour, “Sure. Vamos vanos. That’s me.”

They stared hard at each other. It was the same. They had been sides or in opposite hands and yet there was a kind of understanding—almost a bond—between them. Powerful way. They had been sides and yet there was a kind of understanding—almost a bond—between them. Powerful. They were used to the other way.

“Mrs. Benedict, are you sayin’ you didn’t make it walking yet days?”

“How did you know I started to walk town?”

“Like told you, everybody knows every this every body do around here.”

Likely of that. “Where is the road—high way?”

“Here this is.”

“Bought it—heh! Took it off a gang—bunch of Mexicans didn’t have the brains hang on to it.”
First Lieutenant
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC
Medal of Honor

On September day, near Yongdungp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, and armed with only a .45 caliber pistol, Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleared out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieut. Commiskey says:

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Sweeping the floorboard, they were tearing crazily along the ribbon of road. We are going to be killed, she thought. We must escape. They often bought it and paid for it.

With Prims it's so quick and simple to cover your own buttons and buckles...to give your dressmaking the look of perfection! Just snap a circle of fabric, stretch it over the cap, click on the backplate! So easy! So fast! So professional! 100% metal and nonrust, in various sizes and styles, 25¢ a card at button or notion counters everywhere. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Quick relief from tired eyes

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Quick relief from tired eyes...presents a fresh new look without a headache. The secret? Murne cleans it away. One drop to each eye in water. No residue. No headache.

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Learn money space: open a shop or be a designer! Easy lessons, ready for you at home. Blocks, supplies, and patterns to make 17 hats. Students to each as much as $1000 for practical hats. Easy pages. Wraps for free book. How to become a Milliner.
Iledofono led the way to the workroom. There, Leslie stood aside while Jett Rink swaggered after him. And now Iledofono was the artist in his studio. Along the wall beneath the windows were the work tables and the dark heads were bent over these. And here he had little tools made delicate intricate marks on leather yellow and brown and cream and tan and black.

Iledofono led the way to his own work table. And there were Leslie's saddle and her boots and her belt and her crata and her bridle and her handbag together with sangles and thongs and coils of leather whose use she did not even know.

"Weeks!" Iledofono assured her earnestly. "Weeks ago they were commanded. But work such as this needs many weeks. From Virginia the silversmith's shoes were sent to me. You don't know." So that was where the old brown boots had got to. Leslie looked at all this artfully tooled tewood of leather, stamped and coiled so intricately with hand by the coils and the twist of the Bendict brand. And between these twisted coils were her initials—new initials. L.B. She looked at the heavy ornate saddle and she leathed it. My Mistake, that flighty and lovely lady, must never be forced to carry this ornate waffle on her slim back.

Iledofono Mezo looked at her, triumphed in his eyes. "Leslie, overrided it. "It's—it's wonderful. It's magnificent. I shall go home now and thank my husband for all this. He told me nothing about it."

A look of horror transformed Iledofono's beaming face. "It was to be a surprise for the señorita. How did you know if he did not tell you? I thought you came in another way.

She looked at Jett Rink. Under her accusing gaze and Iledofono's expression was one of utterly unconvincing innocence. "He don't tell me what he's doing, does he? Anybody could come into this shop here, can't they, and look around?"

Abruptly Leslie turned away. "Thank you for letting me see the beautiful saddle Iledofono, and all the other—must go now. I am very late."

Iledofono bowed, his expression no longer correct. But as she turned away, he caught Jett's sleeve for just a second and his swarthy face was close to the ruddy hand-shamed one. A whisper only: "Co-china Pinoy!"

"Spic," said Jett Rink briefly. And clattered out to the car on those high-heeled boots for which he had paid fifty dollars. Leslie was already seated in the car. "Look," he began irresolutely. "I didn't know he was buying them for a surprise for you, how would I?"

"It doesn't concern you at all," Leslie said in her best Lynton manner, "Thank you for showing me the little Mexican town. I would like to sit quietly now, and not talk."

Across the little town then, out to where Renta could be seen hardly like a mirage shimmering in the heat against the flat Texas plain and the soaring Texas sky. Jett Rink was saying slowly: "I haven't quite heard. He seemed to be driving very slowly, for him. "What? What did you say?"

The knuckles of his hands on the wheel showed white. "I say—" he cleared his throat—"I say I never saw a girl—a woman—like you before. You sure are different."

She was rigid with resentment. Then she relented. "You don't say you found her at first sight?"

And Iledofono waved at him, the utmost formality. "Buenas tardes, Señor. Híe a l'elel no essays at your work on Mezo at your own work table. What could she do, what could she say,"<ref>"mucha tracas."" Then she had a little helplessly and Iledofono told her elasticity to keep her company. So we show her the saddle," yell Jett Rink. Her the boots and the belt and the whole thing is still in the work. I must ask Señora to be ready to the workshop."

"Don't find absurd. "I am Mrs. Jordan," do."

Then the man's hat was swept off with a sure that belonged to another century. bowing elaborately from the waist. "La señora es una especie de exquisita."

I am sorry. I don't speak Spanish."

A gesture of his hand made nothing of this. "You need no language. Ma'am"—the dark roll"—"I always say you are very charming."

Well, perhaps Jett Rink had been right. "Uh—If I'm told you are a very important citizen in Napo, I am just a look at your interesting little town."

As glance at Jett Rink was pure venom, a mouth was smiling, "Muy bondadoso," murmured.

"I will tell my husband we met," she ended, she thought, like an exercise in a d'y'copybook, "Good-by,"

again the business with the hat. The bow, sought look. As before he stood looking after them as they drove off.

"But why do they call him Coyote?" she asked at last.

That's a name for houndogs like him, it's the Mexicans call a chiseler, a crook.

Live off of them he sneaks them across the border from Mexico to work as pickers then they're here 'tis he's through them they have nothing left. But they get them working in the Valley as. And he rounds up the Mexican voters does a lot of dirty jobs.

"I can't listen to talk like that,"

There you go. Mr. You ask me, and w when you tell you sure."

"Initially she said only, 's getting rather late, live me home now, me—but not as fast as drove here.' Suddenly was tired with an over-motion weariness, in whose drove the town of Benigno.

She wondered now whether she had found something fascinating of that her arrival. Four days ago. She saw it as a neat enough little Southwest town sitting there in the sun and dust of a late afternoon.

Say, I bet you'd like to see what Iledofono's making for you in there."

She stared at him. "What did you say?"

That there's Iledofono's place, he makes her stuff for Reata—boots and saddles, whole and every kind of leather on the ice, he gets fifty dollars for a pair of boots more. Looka these boots I got on, I've put up ten months for them."

And the smell of leather rich and oily, came you even before you entered the shop of Iledofono Mezo. And there in the front of the was the ancient Mexican saddle tooled in an intricate pattern of flowers and birds, the classic scrolls and leaves and stems of ancient Mexico. Not an inch of that was printed or embroidered, stirrups pinnomed bridle reins shining with engraved in a hundred designs. Jett Rink swaggered in. A whistling and a laughing and a clanging came from the long back room. "Hi! Iledofono! Here's Ming Redback come to see her new rainin' 'rigan,'"

and here was Iledofono Mezo, as much a part of the leather of the Southwest as and had been master of the silversmith's in Italy. A little brown-faced man with the black eyes and glittered hair and hands which might have been made of the leather he was artificed."

Glancing before Leslie, the man bowed in the utmost formality. "Buenas tardes, señorita. Hi, Iledofono Mezo at your work table. What could she do, what could she say, "meunas tracas." Then she had a little helplessly and Iledofono told her elasticity to keep her company. So we show her the saddle," yell Jett Rink. Her the boots and the belt and the whole thing is still in the work. I must ask Señora to be ready to the workshop."

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**Your Choice of Many Brands**

Just be sure it's **CALIFORNIA LEMON JUICE**

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A COOL PROPOSITION

(Continued from Page 49)

_August has it._ You can't deny it and you can't get away from it unless you live in an igloo wrapped in sealskin— it is hot. I like it, and hope you feel the same. So I've conjured my heat-besotted brains and fish up (mixed metaphors are my specialty in hot weather) since—in fact, quite a bundle of this's and that's you can put together or use any way you like, to keep you cuttin' up your brain and trying your patience. Mine, of course, is never tried. (Don't laugh, I am serious.)

It is a mind's notion to throw out some himin' and help-outs so that when you may run up against a stone wall in planning a little out-on-the-porch-or-patio supper, or a luau for the girls (concert special) or a Sunday-night family get-together, you'll suddenly remember one or more . . . little things. Numbers among. Then, take you through with flying colors and without racking your brains, getting all hot and bothered, staying all day in the kitchen or serving the same old thing over again to the same guests ad infinitum. Sounds reasonable. Don't you think? So it is.

_Cooling off with cakes._ About the coolest proposition out of a garden in hot weather is a few slices of green cucumber. Ever eat standing out in the hot sun in a cucumber patch? It's that cool green that gets you first. You dust it off on your apron, polish it up a little bit, and bite into it. First it tastes a part warm. Bite again. The thing is cool. You finish it off, pick some more of the same, heat it in the kitchen, and proceed to make, and set in the refrigerator to wait its table turn—

**TOMATO-AND-CUCUMBER ASPIC**

Sofen 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Have heating 7 cups tomato juice, adding a few celery leaves or bay leaf. 1 cup 3 tablespoons grated onion, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cook until thick. Peel 2 medium-size tomatoes, remove the seeds and cut the firm portion into 1/4" pieces—enough to make 1 cupful. Peel 1 large cucumber, cut it in quarters lengthwise, remove the seeds and chop the firm part coarsely—enough to make 1 cupful. Fold the tomato and cucumber into the tomato-gelatin mixture. Pour the mixture into a 2-portion mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish the top with slices of fresh tomato. Serves 8-12.

_The never-failing ham._ Now if there's a hot-weather must on everybody's list in these hot days, it's ham. And that ought to be set in capitals. From the sandwich to the soufflé, ham's on the mind, in the heart and on the lips of firsts. Take it from me, this is the way to do it. Take a poll. I don't care. I'm betting on it.

And here's a good luncheon number made with ham—

**HAM ROLLS WITH COLESLAW**

Cut thin slices of lean boiled or baked ham into 3" x 5" pieces. Make a well-seasoned coleslaw, adding a little prepared mustard to the mayonnaise. Put a "spoonful of coleslaw on each slice of ham. Roll up and "pin" on the overlapping end of the ham with 2 whole cloves.

_That skinny fish._ One fish that you may call the King of Fishes is the lordly salmon. He's the hard-to-get type. His way of life is a closed book to us, and when he dwells in the depths of rushing waters and is as hard to catch as the good-looking and much-sought-after other salmon. He has a button off his overcoat. He does need a wife, poor man. All of which goes to prove that a salmon-and-cucumber combination is bound to be popular at summer gatherings.

**COLD SALMON WITH CUCUMBER DRESSING**

_For the dressing:_ Grate the firm part of 2 peeled medium-size cucumbers pretty coarsely. You don't care how finely you can truthfully claim it's done. Drain 15 minutes. Whip 1/4 cup heavy cream. Fold in 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons...
Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water for 5 minutes. Add ½ cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir until dissolved. Then add 1 cup orange juice and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Mix well and chill until thick but not set. Beat the gelatin mixture until foamy and fold in lightly beaten egg whites. Pour into a 1½-quart mold lined on the bottom and on the sides with 1 shelled lime (split) or strips of spongecake. Chill in the refrigerator at least 6 hours, or overnight, before serving. Unmold. Garnish with orange sections, sliced grapes and shredded coconut. Serve 6.

**ORANGE REFRIGERATOR CAKE**

How to make a company

**SOUR CREAM FRUIT MOLD**

Divide 2 packages lime-flavored gelatin in 1½ cups boiling water. When thoroughly dissolved, stir in ½ cups cold water. Drain the syrup from one 1-ounce can crushed pineapple and one 8-ounce can pear halves. Combine the syrups and add ½ cup to the gelatin mixture. Stir well and chill until thick. Dice the peaches. Add them, the crushed pineapple and 1 cup thick dairy sour cream to the gelatin mixture. Mix carefully and thoroughly. Pour into a 3½-cup ring mold which has been rinsed out with cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with salad greens, bouquets of melon and cantaloupe balls and raspberries if they’ll hang together, marinated in French dressing as a salad, or with sweetened fruit and no salad greens or dressing as a dessert. This dish needs no recommendation from me. Just make it, and you’ll know why.

**OLD PLATTER OR ANTIPasto**

My favorite food. I have never had a better one. The platter is made up of:

- Sliced salami, 6 ounces
- Ankovies
- Dates stuffed with chopped nut meats, 1 cup
- Pineapples
- Pickles, stuffed with chopped nut meats, 1 cup
- Olives, stuffed with chopped nut meats, 1 cup
- Assorted cheeses, 1 cup
- Assorted cold meats, 1 cup


**OLD PLATTER OR ANTIPasto**


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**OLD PLATTER OR ANTIPasto**

Now’s the time to share our pet freezer ideas, while everyone is enjoying the fruits from a summer’s work in gardens and orchards. Of course we’re assuming you follow the instructions which came with your freezer—but there are dozens of freezer tricks, short cuts and timesavers we’d like to pass on to you. With a freezer, you can buy foods when the prices are down, package them, and freeze them for future use. Then, with the makings of meals secure in your freezer, the three-meals-a-day routine is broken up; some cooking time becomes free time.

.... Chop for the Future

When chopping utensils are out, we chop many things—like onions, celery, green peppers, parsley and nuts. We fill small plastic bags or foil packets with 1-cup quantities; pack them with others of their kind in larger bags or boxes. It’s so easy to toss still frosty, ready-cut vegetables into salads, soups or dressings, or add already shivered almonds to string beans, chicken or desserts. We spread sliced, half-baked French bread with garlic butter, wrap securely, and freeze; heat and brown in fifteen minutes. When making curry, barbecue or spaghetti sauce, try making double the recipe and freezing half of the amount.

For Fruits—Sugar or Sirup?

We pack fruits with sugar— for shortcakes, salads and pies. With sirup—for sauces where we like extra juice. Cranberries and blueberries need no sweetening. Just wash, drain, package. Chopped raw cranberry-orange relish is a freezer favorite. To keep fruits like pears, peaches and apricots from darkening, we use ascorbic acid. It’s sold with freezer supplies, and in drugstores. Add it to sirup, or dissolve it in cold water and sprinkle over fruit before sugaring. Beat the heat; freeze juice or unsweetened fruit puree now. Make spread and jelly when it’s cooler. Heat frozen pineapple before using with gelatin—or mixture won’t “set.”
Freeze, then wrap some soft foods—
not sake of appearances. We like
freeze-on-a-tray idea for chillion
and tarts, open sandwiches and
vegetables, unbaked drop cookies, baking-
dough, biscuits—you get the idea,. . .

Variety in Lunch Boxes
Gifts for two weeks ahead can
be up in a very little time, using
assembly-line production. Spread
slices of bread with butter or mar-
e. Favorite fillings: fish, poultry,
cheese and peanut butter. Skip
fillings that soak bread, or those
cooked eggs—the whites toughen,
lettuce and raw tomatoes aren’t
freezers, add salad garnishes
. . . . For variety, freeze baked ap-
fresh fruit juices, cold fried
en, wedges of pie or cake, or frozen
—each in one-serving-size pack.
. . . At picnic time, pack frozen
for campfire cooking. It thaw s eu
helps keep other foods cold.

ld, Then Chill, Vegetables
ad rule for scal ding—we use a gallon
liter per pound of vegetables. . .
vegetables on towels before pack-
and they won’t freeze solidly into
blobs, will cook faster and more
For variety, freeze vegetable
medleys for soups, sal-
casseroles. We like whole-kernel
string and Lima beans, carrot-
cauliflower, in any combination.
and chill each separately—then
. . . . With vegetables that darken,
mushrooms and eggplant, soak in
in juice solution before scal ding
. . . Scald green peppers to
is for 3 months—no need to cabl
sure they will be used sooner.

Management Points
- Before filling a freezer, plan ahead to have space for seasonal foods. As a
guide in planning, remember each cubic foot of freezer space holds about
30 pounds of fruit and vegetables, 35 to 40 pounds of meat.
- Make food selection easy by using different-colored tapes or labels for fruits,
vegetables, and meat. Use black crayon or wax pencil for easy-to-
read dates and identifications.
- When freezing quantities, turn control to coldest setting a day ahead.
- Make and chill sirup before freezing fruit.
- Be Prepared for emergencies—though rare.
- Ask your dealer about alarms that warn when freezer goes above safe
levels, and insurance that protects investments in frozen food. Learn if
local locker plant has emergency space, and where dry ice is sold.

Spanish Rice, U.S.A.

Simple to do . . . simply delicious!

This is the recipe you’ve wanted for Spanish Rice . . . with
just-right flavor and color, thanks to tomato soup! A dish
to please your entire family . . . and your budget, too!

4 slices bacon
1 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup minced green pepper
2 cans (2 1/2 cups)
condensed tomato soup

Cook bacon until crisp in a large skillet; remove from pan
and break into bits. Add onion and pepper to bacon drippings
in pan and cook until soft. Add bacon bits and remaining
ingredients; cover and cook slowly 30 minutes, stirring
occasionally. Remove cloves and bay leaf; serve hot. Makes
4 servings.

Smother... richer... better tasting
America’s Finest
Tomato Cooking Sauce!

"Mmm-Good!" . . this wonderful sauce,
tangy with tomato, velvet-smooth! Whatever
you use it in, or on, is given a subtle
flavor that marks you as a good cook.

Millions of women have found Campbell’s
Tomato Soup (such a favorite as a soup) is
a superb cooking sauce, too! For Campbell’s
is a perfect purée of luscious, red-ripe toma-
toes, blended with fine table butter and
gentle seasonings. It’s delicious!

You use it right from the can, double-
big—double rich . . as a pour-on sauce
(seasoned to taste) or as a cooking ingredient.
It makes fine dishes . . fast and easy!
"I suppose I can bear this," said Gwen. "Don't tease the child," said Gwen's mother. He said, "Never have any fun around here! The House of the Dead Pan... But the point is Miss Gwendolen, I've got you a date tonight."

"But you're me a date? You? Me? A date?"

"And what's wrong with that, may I ask? Bob Caldwell—one of the head men in our office—has a son home vacationing who was beating the bushes for a girl tonight. He's supposed to bring some girl or other to his married sister's for supper. So naturally I pecked up my ears. It might be a good chance for you to get acquainted, I thought."

"But you didn't say that?" Gwen cried. "You didn't say I needed to get acquainted with anybody."

"No," her father said, "I don't talk much any more. You've made me self-conscious about it. I merely said it would be okay if the boy wanted to call for you. Now is that grammar suitable for you for the rest of your life? Do you have to go into a convent?"

"Well, no, but... when's getting here?"

"At seven."

"It's six now!"

"It's six now. I'll be seven then."

"But I've got to dress and look at my hair and somehow my week polish got all gummed up and— Dad!"

"What?"

"What does he look like?"

"Like any other boy his age. Not bad-looking. Kind of gangling."

"A great many of this same character about fifteen years old..."

"Oh, no! He'd be a fat old fellow. He's in his freshman year at school, I think he said. But he hasn't proposed to you, you know. You don't have to come to any major decision. And..."

Henry Hastings added, with an air of detachment, "if you want to call Caldwell and cancel the whole idea."

"But you couldn't do that!" cried Gwen.

"It wouldn't be polite of you, dad. After all Mr. Caldwell's one of your business associates and you simply can't go blowing hot and cold on people that way. Mother!" she went on without pause. "I'll wear my blue dress with the red petticoat and have you get a pair of really shiny nylons and could I borrow the pearl earrings?"

"Yes," her mother said, "but try to be a little calmer, dear."

By seven, by dint of throwing both her mother's room and her own into complete confusion, Gwen Hastings was dressed. On her graduation from the Lotus City High School, she had been described in the class prophecy as a "ravishing little brunette."

The phrase came into her mind—as it had, perhaps, a thousand times before—and she smiled in bashful admission of its accuracy. Gwen Caldwell was in the hall. He was a tall young man with the collar of a dark overcoat turned up against the blasts of a winter night. He held his hat in his hand and there was something sophisticated about the way he was standing there—something casual and attractive. Gwen Caldwell thought. General Hastings Caldwell.

"Gwen," her father said, "this is Peter."

BILLETLY she tripped down the last few steps. "Oh, hello! And isn't this the most divine way to have a date but isn't it the craziest thing? Why, we both might have been too awful for words!"

Seated beside him in his battered little car, she continued to talk in this same vein. She was simpering, within, with the warm assurance of a woman who has found her man. But she was careful not to let him see any of it. In speaking of her present lot, she allowed no ray of light to pierce the gloom.

"Franckly," she said, "I'm dying in this town. It's simply beyond belief how I'm dying in this town!"

"You don't like it?"

As he put the question, she sent him an anxious glance. He had dark brown eyes with thick, tangled-looking lashes. Her heart seemed to turn right over. But she answered with an even greater earnestness.

"If I could only go back to Lotus City! That's what I keep thinking. If I could only go back to Lotus City!"

"All involved with somebody in Lotus City?"

She permitted a full moment to elapse, then she sent him a sorrowful smile. "Just the crowd. You know."

He nodded. "You have your own crowd and you get used to it."

And his remark was that he should have grasped that point so well. She implied as much.

"I had the same problem when I went to State," he explained. "I had to get used to whole new crowd. You know. It's kind of like your old crowd, but the way it is, you've got to get used to a new crowd."

She turned to him in wonder. "Isn't it strange? We've been through the same thing."

It was a rather special moment. It was a moment to remember, and she should have happened to look at his neck. The shock was unspeakable. His coat collar had fallen back a bit. She could see what he was wearing. It was a black tie. A great many of this same character about fifteen years old..."

"Well, no. He'd be a fat old fellow. He's in his freshman year at school, I think he said. But he hasn't proposed to you, you know. You don't have to come to any major decision."

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She spoke, then, out of desperation. The announcement she made was surprising, even to her own ears. "I'm going to be a writer!"

"Novels?"

"Well, no, not novels. But I'm going to write short stories.

She was sending a hurried explanation to her own conscience. What she had said could almost be true. She had been quite good in English Composition. Mission-Hermit had said so.

"Who?" Mr. Wizzen was asking, "are your favorite writers, Gwen?"

Favorite writers... Her mind seemed to close up, tight and cold, over its own emptiness. She couldn’t remember any kind of writing, favorite or otherwise, but that was strange because she had read things from the time she’d been so crazy about Peter Rabbit. But it sounded hard to speak of Peter Rabbit, and he wasn’t a writer anyway.

"I can’t seem to think of anybody," she admitted at last. "I seem to be sort of nervous.

"I’ve never made a girl nervous before. It’s exhilarating.

Gwen gave him a grateful smile. It was good of a man as old as Mr. Wizzen to be taking so much trouble with her. Yet it was a relief when the dinner was over. When they were all in the living room again, she cast a hopeful eye in Peter’s direction.

He came over to her. "I see you’re O.K."

"Why wouldn’t I be?"

"No reason. I just said you were.

"An odd thing to say," she remarked.

"What’s odd about it? Some of my sister’s parties bore people so much they don’t get over it for years."

"Well!" cried Gwen. "I don’t think that’s a nice way to talk about your sister!

She did not care how he talked about his sister. It was important, however, to give no hint of what she was feeling. Fortunately, Mr. Wizzen was one of the other guests who must have noticed how cold and aloof Peter was, for they had gathered around her, and were doing their best to 개게 her a good time. It was ironic. The kindness of these older people simply made Peter’s attitude harder to endure. But that was the way things happened, she supposed... And of course it was possible he had the same effect on every girl he met. It was more than possible. But a man with all that charm wouldn’t care if he made people suffer or not. There wouldn’t be anything to him. Anything but all that awful charm.

"Peter," his sister was saying imperiously.

"Go over and ask Clarissa to sing!"

"Does she want to?"

"Why, she’s dying to! But she thinks she has to put on one of her temperament performances and you’re the one person in the world with any influence on Clarissa!"

Peter turned a frowning gaze on the gifted young person in question. "She’s talking her head off. I doubt that contact was intended.

Young Mrs. Jeffers brushed that aside. "Nothing but an act! She doesn’t want to talk to him at all. She wants to sing, Peter."

"All right," he said. "I’ll tell her so."

He ambled off. He was not polite enough to excuse himself to Gwen. He joined Clarissa and the architect. He took Clarissa’s car firmly between his thumb and forefinger, and gave the car a tug. Gwen looked hizzly away. It was unthinkable, to see something so divine happening to somebody else.

"You sit here by me," Mr. Wizzen said.

Thank you," Gwen said humbly.

Peter, it seemed, had been persuaded. Clarissa was at the piano, conferring with her accompanist. Now she was turning to the room. She leaned her fingers together, and smiled at everyone. She was ready.

She sang several old English songs about wild bowls and wild planning. When these had been applauded, she sang several old Western songs about horses and true love and homes on the range. She was in the mood to sing the songs for the television people in New York—and everybody said she would be snapped up.

Mr. Wizzen was smiling at Gwen. Don’t look so stricken! Singers don’t last, you know. And writers last forever.
"Hello, I'm Lois McComb"

"Like mother—like daughter! That's the story at our house.

"My mother was a Customer Representative at the Bell Telephone Company—and she's always wanted me to be one, too. When I was looking for a really good place to work, believe me, I found Mother's sales talk hard to resist. So I took her advice—and I'm mighty glad I got the job!

"As a Customer Representative, I have an interesting and responsible position. I handle orders for telephone service for a large group of customers. I also take care of their billing and payment arrangements, directory listings and any special requests.

"My pay is good—with regular increases, paid vacations, sick benefits and liberal pension plan. Best of all, I know there's always an opportunity for promotion. The telephone company is a fine place to work!"

Gwen stared. "He's twenty-eight years old! He told me himself. Twenty-eight years old!"

"Peter's tone was touched with frost. "Several girls as well as men...

PETER paused. He might have been running his breath after running in a tryout. . . .

"... But he and Gwen were confront. . . .

"... They've gone to aiddy... And they're still there... It must have been by the lines this scene.

"... They've been written by Shakespeare.

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Modess .... because
Ivory makes more lather, faster    ... rich, relaxing lather!

Get into a refreshing tub—set a friendly cake of Ivory afloat—and you’re in for pleasure! Pure pleasure! Just a few lazy rubs with a washcloth will give you handfuls of rich, bubbling lather. For Ivory makes more suds, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

You get world-famous mildness, and such a clean, fresh odor!

Mmmm . . . it’s pure, pure pleasure . . . the way that silky Ivory lather pampers your skin! Why, more doctors advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap! And Ivory’s fresh, clean-smelling lather is so refreshing! Leaves you all perked up and rarin’ to go!

Yet wonderful floating Ivory actually costs you less!

Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap! Imagine! You save money on the world’s best soap—pure, mild, floating Ivory!

99 44/100 % PURE    ... it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"
Ipana gives round-the-clock protection against “Tell-Tale Mouth”

KEEPS BREATH and TEETH CLEANER... REDUCES TOOTH DECAY!

Yes, using Ipana® regularly after eating removes major causes of mouth odor—keeps breath and teeth cleaner all day and evening.

This gives you really wonderful round-the-clock protection against “Tell-Tale Mouth.”

And it reduces tooth decay one of the best ways known.

Ipana contains all the ingredients necessary for effective mouth hygiene, including two scientifically formulated cleansing, purifying ingredients.

Try it. Check the clean, keen-tasting freshness Ipana gives your whole mouth. Get this tooth paste that is time-tested and proved in use by millions!

'ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION FOR YOUR WHOLE MOUTH!

LARGE SIZE

Products of Bristol-Myers
Beautiful Hair

SPECIAL COMBINATION OF BRECK HAIRDRESS AND A BRECK SHAMPOO

Breck Hairdress makes hair manageable, soft and lustrous. Breck Hairdress also conditions dry or damaged hair. It does not leave an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress may be applied daily as a hairdressing or as a cream rinse after your shampoo.

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions - one for dry hair, one for oily hair, and one for normal hair. Choose the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair clean, shining and fragrant.

A 50¢ bottle of Breck Hairdress is currently available in combination with a $1.00 bottle of a Breck Shampoo. A $1.50 value for $1.00 plus 7¢ tax.
Heroes of History, a book about the Revolutionary War. The book is titled:

"If you wonder why I have a literary heritage," Jess Gregg writes, "I do. My father was never engaged to a girl, Scott Fitzgerald was once engaged to The Other Elizabeth."

The Wild Blue Yonder is something entirely different from the Air Force song we go to. You may get a hint from Harry Anderson’s illustration on Page 90, during the summer days of his career. Artist Anderson discovered he was allergic to oil paints, shifted to tempera, an entirely unfamiliar medium, and went on to become the top-ranking illustrator he is.

Hannah Smith says, "The Bipartisan Blonde" (Page 12) is based on the personal activities of her younger brother and his bride-to-be. "They courted while folding campaign literature. I’m not sure where they honeymooned, but I’ve always suspected it was the Young Republican Club." The Smiths themselves honeymooned every summer in their short-haul trailer. Mrs. Smith writes short stories and cares for five-year-old Timothy. Mr. Smith is a school attendance officer—known in some circles as "the hoop-cop."

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"I’m saving up to 30% on food
with my new
COOLERATOR freezer"

Take your annual fresh foods bill—cut off 30%. Sound good? You can do it with a Coolerator freezer. It brings you a whole new plan of buying . . . with quantity savings . . . when prices are lowest. Yes, you can buy low and live high with Coolerator . . . eat strawberries in December . . . skip many trips to the market. And convenience is built right in—with removable baskets, a handy carrying-tray, sectional dividers and separate fast freeze compartment, counter-balanced no-drop lid for finger-tip lifting.

What’s more, the Coolerator is quality construction through and through—with its jet-packed Cell-U-Fiber insulation, built-in safety lock, positive temperature control, molded rubber gasket and collar to keep cold in, leveling gliders for easy installation even on irregular floors. Stop in at your Coolerator dealer, compare Coolerator—feature for feature—18 ways—with any other freezer!

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"This is typical of the fifty or sixty cottages which cluster on the boulder-dotted turf at the settlement of Edinburgh on Tristan da Cunha. All the houses face the sea, and most are surrounded by a low stone wall enclosing a 'garden' of New Zealand flax."
Drift cleans dishes
to beat the band!

(ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING POWER
OF THE BEST-KNOWN WASHDAY
DETERGENTS)

But it's oh! so SAFE
for lovely hands!

(A MIRACLE DETERGENT
COMPLETELY FREE OF
HARSH INGREDIENTS!)

NEW MINDER DREFT! The special dishwashing deter-
gent with all the grease-cutting magic of the best-known
washday detergents. And DREFT has a new plus —
new SAFETY for soft, smooth hands!

WONDERFULLY EFFICIENT! Yet with all its new
SAFETY, no product on earth — soap or detergent — can
get dishes cleaner! Rich, instant-sudsing DREFT is spe-
cially made for washing dishes. It cuts grease in a flash,
gets dishes sparkling clean — without wiping! No soapy
scum, no film! No greasy ring around the dishpan.

NO HARSH INGREDIENTS OF ANY KIND! That's
why DREFT's gentle suds are so safe.

GET NEW, MINDER DREFT — the finest suds you can
buy for dishes! SO CLEAN — SO QUICK! And above
all — so SAFE for your hands.

DREFT... the dishwashing detergent that's SAFE for hands!
Literally millions of Americans live in this acetate suit

IT SOLVES COUNTLESS SUIT PROBLEMS— IS ANTI WRINKLES, MOTHS, SHRINKING

Handmacher's Weathervane® suit is one of the most famous suits in the world. Millions of devoted Americans wear it in town and country. Many live in it all year long.

Part of its phenomenal success is the superb way it is tailored—at a good, reasonable $25. The other part is the remarkable fabric it is made of.

The acetate fabrics in Weathervane suits are made from acetate fiber, which has very definite properties. In suits and slings, acetate has an astonishing way of shedding wrinkles and moths. It keeps its shape, and has a crisp surface that seems to whisk off dust. Acetate (aptly called the “Beauty Fiber”) goes into an infinite number of other things—blouses, sportswears, dresses, lingerie. It not only makes them look rich, but feel good.

You will find Handmacher suits at one fine store in your city. For its name write to: Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese

ACETATE, one of the world's great textile fibers
Breezy Fresh-Air Drying—no Baking—in a Bendix Dryer

Put your cheek to the airy softness of Bendix-dried wash. Have a whiff of its airy freshness. Feel what an airy touch irons it. Air and more air... fresh, mild air... whole worlds of air go swirling through a Bendix Dryer to dry your clothes by breezing—not baking!

Oven-like heat, harsh and stuffy, parches clothes dry in other dryers. Only Bendix has the Pow-R-Vent system that spares your wash from high heat by promptly breezing it dry with boundless fresh air!

Even your laundering room is kept fresher by Bendix breeze-drying. Do it any day; you're rid of "bad drying" days, just as you're rid of carry and strain and tangle and drop and drip. For today's new Bendix Dryer freshens you as well as your clothes. See it now in your Bendix dealer's 15th Anniversary display of latest Bendix styling... latest Bendix convenience.


BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Division Avco Manufacturing Corp., South Bend, Indiana
Trust DOROTHY GRAY for beauty out of the blue...

Dreams are realized, hopes of beauty fulfilled, out of the blue jars and bottles that bear the Dorothy Gray label. Because the creams and lotions they contain are personalized, for individual skin types, they reward you far in excess of the few delightful minutes you devote to their daily use.

FOR NORMAL SKIN—use Salon Cold Cream $1.25 to $4; Orange Flower Skin Lotion $1 to $3.75; Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4.

FOR DRY SKIN—use Dry-Skin Cleanser $1.25 to $4; Orange Flower Skin Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4.

FOR OILY SKIN—use &g;ippling Cleansing Cream $1 to $4; Texture Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Suppling Cream $1 and $2.

FOR COMBINATION (part dry, part oily) SKIN—use Salon Cold Cream $1.25 to $4; Texture Lotion $1 to $3.75; and Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25 and $4. All prices plus tax,

(Continued from page 6)
report her child is required to pay the full amount of income tax on the money she must set aside for a day nursery or a baby-sitter.

A recent Gallup poll showed that 60 per cent of the population believe mothers who are working should be allowed, in figuring their Federal income tax, to deduct child care from their taxable earnings. As in many other matters, the Congress is far behind public opinion. How can we influence them to change the law?

By making our wishes unmistakably known. The Journal's slogan, "Never underestimate the power of a woman," certainly applies!

Sincerely yours,
MRS. EDWARD B. JENNISON

Recipe for a Home
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Dear Editor: My grandmother's cookbook carried her original recipe, which I thought you might like.

Add a cup of thoughtfulness
Canned together with a
Pinch of powdered tenderness
Virtually heaviness
In a bowl of loyalty
With a cup of faith, one of hope
And one of charity.

Be sure to add a spoonful of
Gaiety that sings
And also the ability to laugh
At little things.

Moisten with the sudden tears
Of heartfelt sympathy
Bake in a good-natured pan
And serve repeatedly.

Sincerely,
MRS. G. M. COMEGYS

Male Rule Shaken
Jefferson City, Missouri
Gentlemen: Inspired by Political Pilgrim's Progress and the for whom's thought that our greatest unappreciated resource is women, the girls of Central Missouri State College, Warrensburg, Missouri, decided to upset the traditional male rule in the student government association.

The opinions of the boys were varied. Some laughed. Others said, "Women's place is at home—leave this to the men who have had experience." And still others said, "My god! Now who will bear the children?"

The go-getters got, and the dissenters dispossessed. A candidate was selected and the midnight meetings began. "Remember," cautioned the whirlwind campaign manager to the frightened candidate, "your speech before the student body will make you, or break you." "Don't ever mention the fact that you're a female," put in an adviser. "But won't they guess it anyhow?" giggled another.

And so the battle raged for the next week. The boys stood on platforms of experience and promised services; the girls presented one of "a product is only as good as the company it represents—are you willing to stand behind your president?"

When the votes were in, it was found that the girls ran second by a slim six votes, thereby acquiring the position of vice-president of the student body, and the possibility of a walkaway in the coming year.

How do I know so much about it? Why, shocks, I was the frightened candidate! Sincerely,

BONNI DORR

Correction
Rye, New York
Dear Mr. Gould: Before I started tapping keys on my story, I hoped that the Lassie's Home Journal would be interested in it. If only a fraction of your readers peruse this Lassie She Lived a Miracle, we will have reached millions of people with the story of cerebral palsy. Public education is the first step toward realizing the goal of adequate help for all CP's.

If it would be possible to correct the editor's note in the August issue, which lists me as Co-Founder of the National Cerebral Palsy Association rather than the United Cerebral Palsy Association, I would be extremely grateful.

With every sincere expression of appreciation,

MARIE KILLILEA

The address of the United Cerebral Palsy Associations is 50 W 46th Street, New York 19, New York, N.Y.

Tips on Gifts for your man
by McGregor Sportswear

Is your man a September man?
If the light of your life arrived on this planet between September 23 and September 22, he may be another Pisces! He's a wiki at scientific research, because he was born under the sign of Virgo.

Don't worry... he won't be a penniless genius... not by a long shot! He's a mighty capable business man, for all his intellect and what's more, he's blessed with a wonder-ful sense of humour. You're a pretty smart gal!

Gifting of the Month!

THE DRIZZLER AND THE SIZZLER-DRIZZLER...
...two marvellous McGregor jackets!

Pick one of these wonder jackets for his pleasure! Both cut for free and easy comfort... both wind-resistant, stain-resistant, water-repellent, and both completely washable... the perfect action jackets! The unlined Drizzler...$10.95. The Sizzler-Drizzler, lined in scarlet wool reinforced with Nylon...$15.95.

EXTRA! EXTRA! Room companion for Drizzler or Sizzler-Drizzler! McGregor's Washable Hemline Skirt of Sanforized, fast color rayon and cotton. Warm and welsome gift in smart new small figured checks...$7.95.

BRIGHT IDEA #3
 McGregor's Country Suede Sweaterless. Luxury look accessory any man will enjoy! Supple, velvet suede leather with all-wool knitted back and split hem-stitched neckline, fully rayon lined $15.95.

FREE! Your choice now features McGregor's embossed greeting cards and patented "Gift-velope." Choose yours, have it wrapped with your gift.

HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU GAVE HIM
McGREGOR

At his favorite man's shop or department store
David B. Draper & Co., Inc., 305 5th Ave., New York C.

Trust DOROTHY GRAY...
America's loveliest women do!

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
September, 19—24
LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
FOUR TIMES BETTER... FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

Stops bad breath up to three — four times longer

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll or tooth paste products!

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

Listerine stops bad breath instantly... because it kills odor bacteria instantly. It kills millions of bacteria way back on throat surfaces as well as on tooth and mouth surfaces... protects you on these three areas where so much bad breath originates.

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So why experiment with unproven products? Get Listerine Antiseptic! It offers clinical proof... four times better than chlorophyll, four times better than tooth paste.

Use the extra-careful Precaution against Bad Breath... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
She spreads the cleanest cloth in town
... she swears by TIDE!

She spreads the cleanest cloth in town
When 'Granny' comes to tea—
The way Tide gets things dazzling clean
is plain for all to see!

Tide gets clothes cleaner
than any soap!

TIDE not only washes clothes cleaner—
but whiter, too, in hardest water!

CLEANER CLOTHES! When you rinse out a Tide wash, you've
 got the cleanest wash in town... cleaner clothes than any other
 woman will get with any soap of any kind. And here's why—Tide
 not only gets out the ordinary dirt, but removes dulling soap film,
as well!

WHITER, TOO! Yes, tests prove Tide gets clothes cleaner and
whiter than any soap in hardest water. What's more, after just one
Tide wash, soap-dulled colors actually come brighter! Millions of
you women have proved these Tide miracles. You've seen the
proof in your husband's cleaner, whiter shirts... in your own
bright wash prints.

NEW MILDNESS FOR HANDS! Tide is kind to your hands—
now milder than ever before. Get Tide today and hang the
cleanest wash in town on your line!

Always buy two... one for laundry... one for dishes!
Peter Pan and the Red Feathers

The Employed Woman and Her Household

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Women are active and effective politically, using their influence to obtain better public schools, cleaner cities, more humane laws, and better enforcement of them. But they are, I think, least successful in meeting and solving the problems which the modern age has created especially for them, as women.

Modern society is based upon division of labor, and equal education for men and women has opened every field of endeavor to women. They are lawyers, physicians, journalists, teachers, scientists, engineers, architects, decorators, and executives. Married women who work outside their homes do so either because they have special interests and abilities, to exercise which is a necessity of their personalities, or because the family needs their earnings.

But all women are, or aspire to be, wives and mothers also, and our society is still organized on the assumption that the conduct of the home is every woman's natural function.

Yet the conduct of a home, especially if it includes children, is a job in itself. No matter how well it may be equipped with laborsaving devices, someone, in a well-run house or apartment, must make beds, run a vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper and push a mop around every day; must prepare at least breakfast in the morning and a meal at night and wash the pots, pans and dishes. Somebody must shop for food, check and pay the bills, keep the household accounts. Someone must care for the baby and for the older children when they are not in school.

Women who do not work outside their homes spend a normal working week doing just these things. No one has expected men to work from nine to five in an office and then come home and cook a dinner for four or five persons; or get up hours before time to go to work in order to sweep, dust, make beds and prepare breakfast. The simplest workman expects these things to be done by his wife. His job is to bring in the pay envelope. Under any reasonable division of labor, the woman working all day outside her home would pay some other woman to do the

(Continued on Page 14)
New! The only truly creamy
indelible lipstick

in 17 fashion-genius colors!

Revolon

"Indelible-Creme"

Won't smear off on anything—(or anyone!)
Non-drying—made with lip-softening Lanolite.
You know the luscious dewy look your lips have
when you first smooth on your lipstick in the
morning? This is the look your lips can have for
hours and hours with lasting, color-luscious
"Indelible-Creme". Fantastic, how it clings! And texture?
Smooth as cream! No other indelible lipstick
brings you all this—and heavenly Revlon colors, too!

Love That Red—Paint the Town Pink—Pink Lightning
Bachelor's Carnation—Sweet Talk—Plumb Beautiful
Certainly Red—Scarlet Poppy—Touch of Genius
Pink Plumb Beautiful—Stormy Pink—Snow Pink—Bravo
Ripe Pimperate—Rosy Future—Fatal Apple—Ultra Violet

For matching lips and fingertips...
Revolon's new "Improved-Formula" Nail Enamel
The base coat's built right in for incredibly longer
wear! Now your nails stay chip-free, flawlessly
groomed so much longer. (And only Revlon brings
you every shade of red under the sun!)
Revolon’s "Indelible-Creme" Lipstick 1.10" Revlon's regular Lipstick 1.10"
Revolon's new-formula Nail Enamel 60" Revlon's Frosted Nail Enamel 55"
"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty!'"

says Yvonne de Carlo

(Continued from Page 11)

housework. But with the wages of domestic
such as the quality of their services so
often what they are, this is, for most
professional women, impossible.
The result is that most professional
women are doing two jobs, one being the
traditional one of housekeeper. If they do
them both well or even passably, they are
the most overworked class in America.
One must first ask why it is all but im-
possible, for any wage, to find a domestic
worker capable of performing the services
of most wives who give their chief time to it.
The reasons are essentially two: First,
domestic service is looked down upon as menal.
Socially, the "servant" is ranked at
the bottom of the scale.
Second, the full-time houseworker
who "lives in" has little opportunity for social
contacts and almost no personal freedom. If
she wants to see friends, she must receive
them in the kitchen, and she is seldom en-
couraged to do so. She usually eats her meals
from a corner of the kitchen table.
She is a household person, inside a home.
I hold women to blame for these condi-
tions. They themselves look down on
housework. Why?
Properly to conduct a home, and perform
its work, demands more intelligence, or-
ganization, responsibility and skill than is
required of the average factory worker, secre-
tary, typist, or filing clerk. Just why it
should be considered more socially
respectable to put papers into a cabinet
than dishes into one, or to run a mackerel
in a factory than a vacuum
cleaner in a home, is
beyond my comprehension.
A good cook is an artist
(and most artists are good
cooks). Nor do I under-
stand why people will
have their children to
a woman not "good
enough" to be a recep-
tionist in their offices.
If employed married
women and mothers are
to get the help they need, they must find
a way to take the social inferiority—and its
psychological complexities—out of domestic
service. The job of caring for another wo-
aman's home should be put on the level of
caring for a man's or woman's office. One
should, indeed, create the "domestic secre-
tary," and therewith a new social status.
The "domestic secretary" should be a
pilgrim woman who is capable of taking
complete responsibility. She should not
only cook the meals, but plan them, do the
shopping, and do it on a budget, rendering
regular accounts.
Her hours should be regular, though
not necessarily continuous. She should have
free weekends of compensation.
She should not dine with the family, be-
cause family meals are private affairs. She
should have her own dinner first.
Children, for this reason, if she calls her by
her first
name, but address her as "Miss" or "Mrs."
She should not live in, but where ac-
commodations permit and there are chil-
dren, she should have a room where she can
spend the night in case the adults are out
for the evening. But this, during the week,
should be onlv occasionally.
She should be as well paid as a good se-
cretry, making allowance for her food.
As a point of pride, the professionally-employed
woman is going to say, "But such girls
and women don't exist!"
They do. Home-economics departments
of universities turn them out every year.
But they go into institutions, not into
private employment, and for the reasons I
have given. You won't find them through
the domestic-service agencies, and if the
domestic secretary is to exist the new
agents must be created, which will undertake
to place only thoroughly qualified girls or
women, of investigated character.
But the professionally employed
woman will say, "I just couldn't afford such a
person!"
Yes, you could, if the family income
two earnings is high enough, and if you
would successfully use your political post
to convince your Government that the em-
enment of a domestic secretary is wu
partly a legitimate business expense
and tax-deductible, like any other assistant
essential to the conduct of business.
Much work done in offices is for the pur-
pose of freeing others to do more important
things. An executive can make his own a
agement and type his own letters
but he does not dream of doing so. To tod
employed professional woman the serv-
c of someone in her home is essential
that of the secretary in her office.
A widowed friend, holding a respons-
administrative position in a girl's school
with three young children of her own, o
cently described her life to me.
She gets up at six and prepares the chil-
dren's breakfast and also the evening
meal—all except cooking. She gets the
children (all boys) on the school bus, an
then the tidies up to an apartment.
A housekeeper who doesn't really
she never has really good
service.
My friend earns a sal-
ary of $98.00 per year
and pays $1072 in Fed-
eral income tax. Pre-
perate to her mother,
she carries heavy insur-
ance, chiefly for the chil-
dren. Because of her
income bracket she is not
entitled to any widow's
allowance.
She is a girl and uncomplaining
woman, better paid than most men, but
she confesses that sometimes she is "tor-
ied to think." She wishes she had "en-
ergy left over," for cultural pursuits in
connection with her profession, and
that she could avoid the average
woman's life, save during the
morning. "But I'm not going to have
the boys come home to a
nily living room,
unwashed dishes, and a
blanket that stinks.
She can face these things better in the
morning than after a day's work at the school.
No one I could hire woul
do it in two and a half
hours."

Now, my friend Mrs. B. could not
comply with these requests, for expenses
are too high for full time. But a domestic
secretary could have several clients. She
would not work for $1 an hour, but ask
$1.50. In my friend's household such a
really efficient woman could, in three hours'
work, make it possible for the mother to
rise at a reasonable hour and return to an
immaculate home.

Mrs. B. herself normally works a 36-
week year. If she employed such a domestic
secretary during the 39 weeks of her work-
ing year, the services would cost her
$867.50. But if she could deduct the cost
from her gross income, she would save
$2253.36 on her Federal income tax.
She would therefore be paying only 98.14
more per year than she presently is, for
entirely inadequate service.

Of course, to create a clientele for
domestic secretaries of women who can afford
only part-time work would require better
organization than and direction superior to
that of any employment agency with which
must be continued, which will undertake
to place only thoroughly qualified girls or
women, of investigated character.
But the professionally employed
woman will say, "I just couldn't afford such a
person!

The End
Sometime in his life, almost every man dreams of being a BIG LEAGUER

"Want the regular, Mr. Cunningham—medium on the sides and clipper in back? Fine. Would you mind holding your paper up for a minute so I can get this cloth set? There, that does it."

"I see you're reading about Skipper Drake, too. He's doing all right for himself, isn't he?"

"Sure, it's a lot of money. But I guess Skipper is worth it. He's the best hitter in the league and a terrific drawing card. Guess the club can well afford to pay him eighty thousand a year."

"Maybe you didn't know it, Mr. Cunningham, but I used to play a little baseball myself—thirty, thirty-five years ago. Did it for fun, mostly. But I always had a kind of sneaking ambition to get on a big-league team. You know—play my way to fame and fortune and all that."

"Never made it, though. It's like that with a lot of kids, I guess. You dream of being a big leaguer or a great inventor or a captain of industry or something—and then you wind up just doing a job."

"It used to worry me that I wasn't on my way to being a millionaire. And after I got married and started raising a family I tried to figure out all kinds of ways to make a heap of money in a hurry."

"A little more off the top? Why sure, Mr. Cunningham."

"You know Ted Barrows, the New York Life agent down the street? Yes, I guess 'most everybody in town does. Well, Ted's the man who set me right about the whole thing, back about twenty-five years ago. He was in here one day, in this same chair, getting a haircut just like you, and we got to talking about exactly this sort of thing. 'I'll tell you,' Ted said to me, 'What really counts isn't how much money you make, but how much security and peace of mind you buy with what you do make.'"

"Well, one word led to another, as they say, and before long Ted Barrows was back here showing me how, just by putting the price of a few haircuts into life insurance every so often, I could set up a fund for my family in case I died and at the same time start building something for my own old age."

"I guess the reason I'm telling you all this is that the other night Marie and I finally decided to sell the shop and move to the little place up in the country where we've been spending our vacations. It's nothing fancy, but it'll do—especially with our daughter married and young Joe working in Chicago."

"No, I never got to be a Skipper Drake or anything like that, but I figure I've done pretty well for my family and myself over the years, at that."

"Haircut look all right to you? Thanks very much, Mr. Cunningham—and come in again. I'll probably be busy fishing, but the new man will take good care of you."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
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For the discriminating buyer who demands the finest
musically and decoratively...Lester presents this new
Custom Series of Betsy Ross Spinets.

Tonal perfection...superfine cabinetwork...exquisite
finish and individualized design make these
pianos truly outstanding.

Choose from superb woods; from hand decorated
toquets in myriad shades or have any model
finished to order.

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with magnificent tone
sold by America's foremost piano dealers.

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Address_____________________________________
City_________________________________________
Zone No. State ________

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The LESTER GRAND PIANO
is the official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

LESTER

How to Clean Everything, by
Hume Clark Moore, wrote
is not just in the reading. It took
the author ten years to prepare it,
and no matter what we say it is a
mighty useful, comprehensive little
book. The only thing is, it reminded
us of all the spots we hadn't yet re-
moved, the blankets still to be
washed, the bulbs to be dusted, the
clotbespins to be replenished. It tells
about more things to be taken care
of than you ever knew you had.

There's a Food Guide for Older
Folk, published by the U. S. De-
partment of Agriculture. Only 16
pages, but everything there: daily
food guide, listing vitamin content,
protein, riboflavin, iron, and so on;
size of servings; two food plans—a
low-cost plan, $11 to $12 a week for a
couple (as of January, 1952) and a
moderate-cost plan, $16-17. sample
menus; and good general commonsense suggestions.

And going on from there: for every
four persons sitting down by a meal in
1950, there will be another person at the
table in 1975. So says another pamphlet
of the same U. S. Dept. of Agriculture,
called The Fifth Plate. There will be
38,000,000 more people by 1975.

For children of the telephoning
age we've heard of something else:
two telephones, one in the father's
name, the other listed as "Children's
Telephone." The idea was born in a
family that included seven children
of telephone age. Upon that house-
hold, at any rate, it brought peace.
(Continued on Page 18)

"Oh—nothing much. Only cooking,
cleaning, sewing, washing, ironing,
baking, scrubbing, washing dishes,
shopping. How about you?"

"Would you mind ringing this number? It's the only
way I can get my daughter downstairs!"

REPRINTED COURTESY OF
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Man's Idea of comfort plus is a deep-cushioned chair that's luxuriously soft and completely relaxing. That's why men agree unanimously on furniture cushioned with AIRFOAM. For this wonderful new foam rubber cushioning is so soft and buoyant, so sumptuously comfortable, it insures blissful relaxation. And AIRFOAM's muscle-craddling comfort lasts for years and years and years!

Woman's Ideal is gracious furniture that takes no time to tidy and keep neat. And that's why smart housewives vote wholeheartedly for AIRFOAM cushioned furniture. They find this cool and dustless Super-Cushioning never needs fluffing. It plumps up instantly after use — never sags or wrinkles, never gets that saggy “after-crush.” It's a comfort for all, and a joy forever!

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.
A gal from Kokomo

lost her keys in Santa Fe

Buxton

RETURNED THEM!

Here’s how: Kokomo citizen carries Buxton Key-Tainer®, the key case with free key return service... sends name and address to Buxton. Santa Fe finder follows instructions to mail Key-Tainer® with registration card to Buxton and receive reward. In this way, thousands of keys have been returned by Buxton!

BUXTON KEY-TAINERS®

have these superior features, too

1. SAFE locked loops of spring steel keep keys from slipping or twisting off.

2. EASY automatic latch pulls back to release key in a jiffy, snaps back in place.

3. HANDY swivel action (Buxton exclusive) lets key turn without interference.

Many Styles, Sizes and Leathers, 75¢ to $6 plus tax

BUXTON, INC.

Springfield, Mass. • New York • Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto


(Continued from Page 19)

No wonder there’s a touch of pizazz in the best English writers! A man in Warrengshire writes that one evening when he was walking home after visiting friends at a farm cottage, he became suddenly enveloped by a curious shuffling sound—the soft pat-pat of immemorial feet. He struck a few matches, because the night was dark, and there behind him saw hundreds of frogs and toads crossing the lane. He claims they were paying their annual visit to the nearest pond for spawning, but what a lovely start it would make for a T. H. White novel! Remember MISTRESS BANAN’S REPOSE, and THE WITCH IN THE WOOD?

Our own E. B. White is not far removed from the British White. He has a book coming up, CHARLOTTE’S WEB, about a pig named Wilbur and a spider called Charlotte. Charlotte saves Wilbur’s life by weaving “Good Pig” into her web on one crucial occasion, and “Humble” on another. It’s a book for readers of any age who do not mind the barnyard prattle of lambs, geese, mice and other folk.

If little children are to be your responsibility this fall, you might like to know about a particularly sound book, UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN’S PLAY, by Ruth Harley, Laurence Frank and Robert Goldessen. This cross-minded book for parents and prekindergarten teachers gives many specific suggestions as to how to use play materials (water, clay, paint, crayons, blocks, fossils, shells, music, dramatics) to help children, and shows, through revealing observations, just how children’s play is a key to their emotional stability (or lack of it).

CHILDREN’S GAMES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, by Leslie Daleen, is a delightful history of old games that have come down from our forebears to us and which we pass on nostalgically to our children.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, by Ernest Hemingway, is one of the finest novels Hemingway has ever written. It is short. Perhaps you’d call it a novella. But it is magnificent. If anyone had told us precisely what it was about, the chances are we wouldn’t have read it. Anyway, we’d have put it off. So probably would you. So don’t listen, just read!

This is a modern novel bathed in a bond light. The great character in whose heroism is story turns knuckles your warmest affection and near breaks your heart. But no other novel we can think of gives a deeper final (Continued on Page 21)

Fiery cracks between the toes? Look tonight!

Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When open cracks appear it means that Athlete’s Foot can strike.

Absorbine Jr. helps inhibit growth of all the infecting fungi it can reach.

ATHLETE’S FOOT calls for FAST ACTION

Athlete’s Foot can be serious—
but Absorbine Jr. takes care of your misery, fast

• When hot summertime footwork causes feet to perspire and tiny cracks to appear between the toes, Athlete’s Foot fungi can get you in torment, even “lay you up.”

• So don’t take chances—get quick relief with Absorbine Jr., the No. 1 Athlete’s Foot preparation!

Absorbine Jr. kills all the fungi ofAthlete’s Foot it can contact. It helps heal open cracks, prevent re-infection, and promote regrowth of smooth unbroken skin.

Before it gets serious, be sure to get after Athlete’s Foot. Guard against reinfection; boil socks 15 minutes; don’t share towels.


Get after Athlete’s Foot symptomlessly! That is when Absorbine Jr. helps clear them up fastest. Takes care of muscular aches and pains, minor sunburn, nonpoisonous insect bites, too.

SOOTHING, REFRESHING

ABSORBINE JR.

America’s original relief for Athlete’s Foot . . . and the favorite today!
The sense of prideful ownership that comes with possession of your Zenith Quality TV grows deeper as the years prove the wisdom of your choice.

As you first witness the truly superior performance of this superb instrument, you find yourself comparing with other sets you have seen—marveling at the great difference in so many ways.

And as time goes on you come to know the true meaning and value of Zenith Quality in the remarkable freedom from service—the continuing year after year excellence of performance—the unequalled simplicity of operation.

All this stems from Zenith’s determination to spare no expense in the winning and holding of Quality Leadership. Costlier parts. More advanced engineering. A constant eye to the future safety of your TV investment.

Today in the superb new Zenith Royalty Line—you will find renewed evidence of our pledge to you—that though you may pay a very few dollars more for Zenith Quality—nothing in all television can compare with your choice.

These beautiful new examples of Zenith Quality Television are now on display at your Zenith dealer’s.

Built-in Provision for UHF. Every Zenith TV set ever built has built-in provision for tuner strips to receive the coming new-type UHF stations without the use of any outside converter or adapter. No other Television manufacturer can make that statement.

Another example of Zenith engineering foresight that protects your investment in TV.

All Makers of Zenith "Royalty" and "Super Royal" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

Every step a delightful new experience in sheer walking pleasure! You see, Vitality believes, too, that fit is the basis of fashion. So Vitality gives you shoes that cling gently...mold delicately...support lightly.

And all this marvelous comfort is built into fabulously slenderizing lines...shaped to create a Patrician foot...slim an ankle...latter a graceful carriage.

Vitality knows how to adapt fashion and fit for you!

Vitality Shoes $10.95 to $12.95
Vitality Wanderlust Shoes (for dates and campus) from $8.95
Complete Range of Sizes and Widths

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Only Kayser
Fit-All'-Top guarantees
2-way stretch!

So much glamour... plus the
blessed comfort of this patented
top that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s! CAN'T cut
or bind when you kneel, stretch, 
bend! Fully proportioned—up and
down and ALL around!
$1.50 to $1.95

(Continued from Page 18)

What science fiction is we’re not
sure—one part science, two parts fancy?
At any rate, it is sweeping the book-
stands and some of the most unlikely
authors are trying their hand at it.
Take Maurice Samuel, scholarly
translator of Sholom Asch’s books, au-
thor of The Gentleman and the Jew,
and one of the best novels about the
Borgias, The Web of Lucifer. Samuel
now has written The Devil That
Failed, the story of a man who sud-
dently goes blotto and wakes up to find
himself tied on a hospital bed in a
strange room and attended by—mad-
cats! A neat horror story and perfectly
circumstantial.

Do Texans know, we wonder, about
Perotite? According to medical gospel,
Perotite (powd’rt) extracted from a cactus
that grows in the Rio Grande deserts, has a miraculous effect upon
the user: he gets colors instead of
sounds. The warrant of a watch, for
instance, comes to him as a rapid suc-
cession of colors instead of the sound
of ticking... The Indians have
known about it since before the
coming of the Spaniards, and now
the National University of Mexico
has appointed a commission of doc-
tors and psychologists to find the
secret and to direct it, if possible,
to the use of psychiatry.

One of the important books of the
season is Thudbury, by Clyde Brians
Buxis. It is perhaps more of a man’s
book than a woman’s—a variation on
the Hobbit theme and a top-notch pic-
ture of American affairs during the past
fifty years. It also portrays a Leviathan
of a man. Some women will fall in love
with Thudbury for his good looks and
his heartiness. But if they delve deep at
all they’ll find what the men he worked
with found out to their own hard luck:
that the man steered to pretty
small tricks when it served his purpose
do to. There’s a story of an auto race
in 1905, from New York to San
Francisco, that is terrific. Remember, it was
1905! Thudbury was not a good sport,
though few knew it, and his politics
were riddled by termites.

“Sorry, your manuscript is
most interesting, but all our
space articles are written by our
science editor, Mr. Akeley.”

Today, more than ever, a Lassie coat is smart economy. 100% virgin wool
Chungtonge. Red, gold, spice, black, navy. Sizes 7 to 15. Style 2905.
For color fashion booklet and name of store in your city, write
Lassie Jr., Dept. 1, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.
And remember, the lining of every Lassie is guaranteed for the life of the coat.
How to spot a better buy in children's socks

You know all too well what can happen to their socks—the shrinking, the stretching, the constant need for replacement. It's a different story when you rely on the label Durene as a buying guide! This label is used by many fine makers on their famous brands to tell you that the yarn used is Durene yarn—a choice, top-quality mercerized cotton. See the extra you get with Durene!

socks labeled Durene are...

LONGER WEARING ... Durene yarn are made of two or more strands of cotton twisted together and mercerized for extra strength and service.

SHAPE-REMEMBERING ... neat and trim and tidy! The firmness and resilience of Durene yarn banishes untidy sag and droop, even under the merciless yank-and-tug treatment your young ones are apt to apply.

WONDERFUL TO WASH ... you'll find the mending job far easier with Durene yarn—because dirt and Durene part company sooner! Durene is shrink- and stretch-resistant, too (and it's actually stronger wet than dry).

MORE ABSORBENT ... for healthful, day-long comfort! Durene yarn not only absorbs faster, but evaporates moisture faster.

LASTINGLY LUSTROUS ... the soft "bloom" you see on Durene yarn will never wash out—it's there to stay. Keeps socks fresher, better-looking!

QUALITY CONTROLLED ... First, the yarn itself is subject to Quality Control. And second, finished socks made of Durene yarn must be able to pass laboratory tests that show they're well made and will wear satisfactorily.

Get the extra advantages of Durene yarn in all cotton knits: T-shirts, underwear, baby things. Look for the Durene label!
MOTHERS!

DIRT DANGER DAYS ARE HERE FOR YOUR CHILDREN!

![Image of a child washing hands]

Dirty hands can be dangerous... Clean hands are healthy hands.

It's true! "Dirt Danger" days are here for children. With them playing outdoors so much of the time you must take special care that they wash their hands thoroughly. For you don't know where they've been playing, or what is in the dirt on their hands.

You can't afford to take chances! For your children's good health this summer be sure they give their hands a good scrub after playing and before every meal. Health authorities agree that clean hands are healthy hands.

Lava gets out stubborne stirt in 30 to 50 seconds

And there's one soap—amazing Lava soap—that is especially designed to get out dirt and grime ground deep in skin creases-around nails-knuckles. Dirt ordinary wash-ups miss.

During these summer months make certain your family uses Lava soap.

For Lava's rich lather holds many thousands of invisible "scrubbers" you can't see or feel. These invisible "scrubbers" rout out the stubbornest dirt in 30 to 50 seconds. Leave hands amazingly clean. Yet Lava is gentle - safe for tender skin of women or toddlers.

Don't take chances—get Lava

So, particularly during these "Dirt Danger" days keep Lava soap handy for your children to use. Its superior cleaning is especially desirable when your children give their hands their usual "lick and a promise" washing. Remember, clean hands are healthy hands. And Lava soap gets extra-dirty hands cleaner faster, easier than any toilet soaps. Get Lava Soap today!

ADULTS, TOO! And No Fooling

- Don't expect "pretty-complexion" toilet soaps to get really dirty hands amazingly clean as fast as Lava.
- Man or woman... hands regularly dirty or occasionally dirty... in 30 to 50 seconds Lava gets out ground-in grime... grease... oil... rust... paint... metal dust... ink... tobacco or other stains... dirt ordinary wash-ups miss!

Especially in Summer ALL DIRTY HANDS NEED LAVA SOAP

![Image of Lava soap bar]
Good news for lemon-lovers! Now—for the first time from a mix—you can get a pie or a pudding with that really tart 'n' tangy taste—just like fresh-squeezed fresh-grated lemons!

And with Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling you get perfect texture every time. Easy! You said it! No need for a double-boiler in sight! Try Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling—if you and the youngsters don’t think it’s the best there is, you can have your pennies back!

Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings

Pretty enough for a party! Easy enough for every day! And Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings make really economical desserts, too! Be sure you always have all five flavors handy on your kitchen shelf for good-for-you treats for you and the young fry.
Women Organize for Action...

In Baltimore, Maryland, the City-County Democratic Club demands better candidates

"Don't forget your candidate once he's elected—write, telephone," says Mrs. Sanford Larkey, founder and past president.

In a Republican Workshop in Mason City, Iowa, voters study party machinery

"Ring doorbells, talk to your neighbors, but work with the party," Moderator Pat Bain tells her discussion group.

On a Wednesday morning last October, Marilyn Dibble was at the kitchen stove pouring herself a second cup of coffee when the telephone rang.

"I'm Bonnie Fitzgerald—remember me? We met at bridge the other night." There was a note of excitement in her voice. "I know this sounds like a strange question to ask, but I'd like to know how you stand on politics."

"Why, I'm an independent," Marilyn answered, surprised.

"Then you're just the type we're looking for! We're getting together a group to talk politics. Will you join us?"

Marilyn hesitated while she tried to think of a good excuse. "Well, O.K.," she said finally, wondering what she was getting into.

At Bonnie's she met eleven other Mason City, Iowa, housewives who seemed to be wondering the same thing. But shortly before the meeting was over, Marilyn caught her breath. This new Republican Women's Workshop was no ordinary club meeting! The three women squeezed in next to her on the sofa were whispering excitedly. She looked around the room at the intent faces. It's going to be fun, she thought. She never dreamed how much commotion this bunch of amateurs would stir up within a few months.

The Mason City Republican Workshop had begun to perk, in the minds of four young women, six months before at a general meeting of the Republican Women's Club. A guest speaker from the Minneapolis Republican Workshop described the plan. As she talked, Bonnie, Catherine Stueland, Pat Bain and Gloria Laughlin were all asking themselves the same question: could we start a...
Pick the peaches you'd pick yourself!

Pick LIBBY'S off your grocer's shelf and you're picking the peaches you'd pick from the trees

LIBBY'S are the peaches you'd reach for in the orchard—beautifully termes, "right" to the touch, their warm crimson "blush" announcing their very hour of readiness.

Open a can of Libby's peaches. Note their texture, neither too firm nor too soft, their gorgeous golden color. Mark their full delicious flavor—the goodness that Nature put in and Libby retained. Treat your family to Libby's—often!

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.

 Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

My Farmer's Almanac tells me "Fall begins at 9:45 P.M. on the 22nd." What a wonderful and strange piece of news! I don't believe it. Autumn is partly a state of mind, so far as I can see. I have a private moment when I know, but it has little to do with dates.

It is fall when I am picking Mexican-colored zinnias at the edge of the vegetable garden one morning, and suddenly the garden seems to brim with sun, the tomatoes and eggplants and last beans all at once look like a king's treasure. Dozens and dozens of tiny green peppers are setting in useless exuberance, they will never grow old. The black frost will come too soon. It is fall.

Now I must really make lists of fall chores, I think as I get out a copper kettle for the orange and yellow and white and scarlet zinnias. I must list, and then follow the list! On the other hand, I must stay outdoors every minute in this golden and lovely air.

Undoubtedly the best thing to do is pic-nic, pack up whatever is handy, and drive over the country roads. Goldenrod glows along the old stone fences, the wild asters spread their purple stars. Hamburger on a brisk charcoal grill never detract from my enjoyment of the loveliness. The picnic fire-pales which our good state provides along nearly every road are laid so neatly, the wood is ready, we can eat and savor the look of the country at the same time.

Jonquil is just the color of a maple leaf now, but her son, Especially Me, known as Teddy, is still a shining and soft pale gold.

His face has all the eagerness in the world, his tail never quiets down. As he bounces joyfully up on my lap, I hope he may always find the world a good place.

September meals are fun. As long as there is a tomato on the vine I have fried tomatoes at least once a day. Few things compare with a ripe sound tomato, sliced in half, dredged in seasoned flour and fried in bacon drippings. When they are crusty outside, melting tender within, I lay them on a hot platter, stir whatever flour is left from the dredging into the skillet, add cream—sour cream—to milk, evaporated milk or half and half, stir madly until the gravy simmers. The bits of tomato in it give it a golden look. Served on crisp toast strips, or split and toasted rolls, this is a dish I would hate to do without. The bacon that gave the drippings goes in lovely curls on the top of tomatoes and gravy.

If unexpected company drops in, I simply do more and more tomatoes, put them in a casserole in layers, and bake them long enough to reheat them. The gravy goes in a pitcher to be poured over.

Green tomatoes are good cooked the same way; if they are very green, I sprinkle a little sugar on them after they are cut.

September evenings are blue and dreamy. We carry our trays to the Quiet Garden and sit in the last light. Time goes like a falling fountain, eternity is the pool it is received in.

When the moon comes up, we go inside and start a fire in the fireplace. Now is the time to read, and be carried in imagination into other lives, other times, other countries. Or to play a few favorite records: Andy Somers' Ballad of Lady Hamilton, or Vincente Gomez's inspired guitar solos, or Viennese Waltzes. Or if we are quite fresh, a symphony.

Little Sister has an expectant look at the end of the evening. One last race in the moonlight, ears flying. A flurry of falling leaves to whisk through, the night air deep with scents. Then inside, and Sister rushing to get her own spot on my bed before Jonquil sneaks it.

God bless us all, says Sister, settling in a small round ball in her special place.
What's left of Sunday's roast—even extra slices—doesn't dry out or lose that delicious first-serving flavor if you wrap it up in waxed-through Cut-Rite. You see Cut-Rite is not just surface-waxed—it's waxed the whole way through!

Twist a piece of Cut-Rite around half a lemon or tomato. Extra-heavy Cut-Rite keeps foods from drying out, doesn't let moisture seep through. And Cut-Rite is so amazingly pliable it doesn't split or break even when you fold or twist it.

You're sure of tearing off exactly what you want every time! Cut-Rite's famous cutting edge always tears off quick, clean and easy! Be sure to keep Cut-Rite handy to save food, time, dishwashing. A Scott Paper Product.

If you want to be sure—wrap it in Cut-Rite
There comes a day in the life of almost every bride when she threatens to go home to mother. If she goes, she's usually sorry. But how to go back?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

PH.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

In our research and counseling, we have encountered many similar situations. In most cases, the wife does not complain about irregular meal hours, interrupted dinner parties or late telephone calls, for these annoyances she anticipated. She accepts the fact that she and her husband will have little leisure for companionship. But what she does object to is his dictatorial attitude, his assumption that the family life centers on him, and (though she doesn't use these words) her inability to identify with him.

If she can consider these matters objectively, perhaps she can see that they are outgrowths of his work, rather than personality flaws. In operating room, hospital ward or consulting chamber, a doctor not only can but must give orders, and insist that they be fulfilled. With most of his waking hours spent in situations where he is in command, it is almost impossible for him not to carry into his own home the same confidence, assurance and dominance.

Every man's occupation imposes certain penalties on his wife. A businessman may bring customers home to dinner unexpectedly, or attend a meeting after hours; a factory worker may have to accept a new shift, at greater inconvenience to his wife than to himself. Lawyer, electrician, salesman and teacher are alike subject to the pressure of competition, to the disturbance of a clash with an associate. All these circumstances are likely to be reflected in tension at home.

But the wife who is secure in the knowledge that she and her husband love each other can accept these irritations, and will do so as a matter of course. She knows that work after hours is as much of a deprivation to him as to her, because it costs him an evening's companionship; she will not add to his burdens by complaining. Nor will she begrudge him an occasional burst of temper after a hard day; she wants to share his problems, and one way she can help him is to be his safety valve.

Granted, a doctor's wife often has special problems. But so does the doctor himself — and many of them are matters of life and death. If she can remember this, and that she married him because she believed him a special man, she will be better able and more willing, to shoulder her full share of the burden.

How many divorces have been granted in recent years?

Between 1941 and 1950, 1,000,000 divorces were granted. In addition, there have been not fewer than 1,000,000 separations and desertions.
A Happy Marriage starts with love and

Gorham

STERLING 

Start your Gorham Sterling today with one, two, four or more place-settings. There’s no need to wait! Budget-Payment Silver Club Plans are available at most Gorham dealers. To make your selection, ask to see all of Gorham’s 16 timeless patterns. Their finer design and craft-man-ship are things you can feel and see. Ask, too, about Gorham’s new exclusive seamless Sterling knife handle. It’s dent-resistant and rattle-proof.

Enjoy your own Gorham Sterling service now.

$29.75

for a six-piece place-setting (knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon, and butter spreader) in most Gorham* patterns shown here. Others to $38.00, incl. Federal Tax.
Hi! In the sound-effect that goes with my picture, and you'll hear a great big happy Hi! (Somewhere, "hi" is always the first word that comes to my lips when I meet someone I like. You too?) "Hello" is a word that is for an unexpected telephone call or visit. If you linger over the "Hi" and roll the "o" you have time to swallow your surprise!

I'm here to swap ideas with you. I'm always trying to find a better way to do things—act on a date, to get along with your friends and family, to wear your hair; well, just to live, I think you know what I mean. Some ideas I've gone steady with—and then broken up with forever. Others, I've discovered, really work. It's these workable ideas I'd like to share with you. But first I need to know what you'd really like to read about this page, Dating? Getting along with brothers, sisters, parents, friends? Careers? Fashion and grooming? Won't you give me your two cents' worth today—on one of the new "postal cards?"

Now that we've agreed that you'll let me know what's on your mind, I'll confide in you. Certain words and ideas make me clutch my fists when I see them in print, and with your permission they'll never appear on this page. The word "popular," for instance. Are you as tired as I am of being told that anyone can be popular if... he'll just make an effort to be "outgoing"? What does the word "outgoing" mean? What do those people (the ones who give us such advice) think about us anyway? Don't they know we try to be friendly—but that obviously making friends, and keeping them, is much more complicated than that?

Haven't you known girls who were so busy trying to be popular that they became downright obnoxious? Don't you know boys and girls who have loads of friends and things to do without; seemingly, even trying very hard? Aren't they usually happy and interesting people too? But if you hate yourself because you're too fit or too thin, or too moody or too shy, or too tall or too short, or just too anything, how are you ever going to be happy? And if you're bored with yourself, how are you ever going to be interesting to anybody else? If it were possible to make a "pal" out of your own personality, instead of an enemy, wouldn't you be less lonely and bored? I think so, and I'll try to show you how it can be done.

Beating your old brain to find out how you and other people tick, learning to make the best of your own abilities and defects—to be inging more often—isn't easy. But you'll be a happier and more interesting person, and probably so busy that you won't have time to bite your fingernails if the telephone doesn't ring or to worry about the number of birthday cards in your mailbox. Let's try it.

The words "typical teenagers" annoy me too. I don't believe any two of you are exactly alike. Where you live, and how you live, and the things that have happened to you, make you yourself, with your very own problems.

So we won't ever tell you there is only one solution to a problem—or even that you have such-and-such a problem because all teenagers do! You know better than that—and so do we. We'll just point out the advantages and disadvantages of certain kinds of behavior, think up as many solutions (and types of problems) as we can, and then pass the final decision on to you. We'll keep reminding you (not nagging you) that the best decisions always bring you the most happiness in the long run—in your whole life. Sometimes we will suggest that you change yourself or the situation you're in—or both! But, again, the final choice is up to you.

You have the intelligence, the idealism and the courage to solve your problems sensibly. Let's prove to your parents—and the world—that your feet are on the ground even if your eyes are on the stars—because you have a history book under your arm!

Ruth Imler

Something to Save

**God's World**

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt eag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this:
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

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Do you have a favorite poem, recipe, party idea, snapshot or "tip" that you'd like to share with us? It has to be something worth saving and something any girl might like to pin on her bulletin board! We'll publish the best. Send them to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa.
**NOW!**

The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company

**ANNOUNCES**

"**NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL**"

in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

"**Nature's Chlorophyll**" *is what makes Palmolive Green!*

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild...so pure...its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors—leading skin specialists in 1285 impartial tests have proved beyond a doubt that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right...is just right for your skin.

Today...let Palmolive's Beauty Plan start you on the way to a fresher, cleaner, more beautiful skin. You'll need no other beauty aid. Palmolive’s Beauty Plan can make your skin look its loveliest...and its most lovable!

**NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . .** Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

**NOW! FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH . . .** Enjoy Palmolive's Rich, Fragrant Lather . . . Delightful in Tub or Shower!

**DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!**

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!
Dorothy Kilgallen reports the presentation of the "Coronation Collection"

Famed newspaper columnist, Dorothy Kilgallen, chosen as one of America’s Best-Dressed Women by the Fashion Academy in 1952, and a charming member of the “What’s My Line?” panel on CBS-TV, finds "The Coronation" an enchanting new fashion.

Also admiring the grace and beauty of this lovely Red Cross Shoe are: Hildegunde Neff, 20th Century-Fox star; Lisa Kirk, musical comedy favorite; RKO star Elizabeth Threatt; and columnist Betty Biege.

Red Cross Shoes are manufactured and distributed as Gold Cross Shoes in Canada by B & L Shoe Ltd., in England by Somervell Bros., Ltd., in Australia by "Gold Cross Shoes" (Aust.) Pty.
Red Cross Shoes

*at a Fashion Luncheon at the Waldorf*

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

I simply wasn’t prepared for anything like this. I don’t think any of the newspaper women and magazine fashion editors were, who gathered at the Waldorf for the presentation of the "Coronation Collection" of Red Cross Shoes for fall.

We all knew, of course, that the makers of Red Cross Shoes had a special genius for marrying fabulous fit to beautiful fashion in a shoe. But here were shoes with a loveliness and grace that really made us blink our eyes...truly smart shoes to really add a "crowning touch" to any fall costume.

Certainly, they’re fashions that will make Red Cross Shoes more than ever the reigning favorites with millions of smart American women, this fall. Take a look at them, yourself, this week. I think you’ll find it pretty exciting.

This week, see the "Coronation Collection" at your retailer’s...discover why more smart women wear Red Cross Shoes than any other brand of fine footwear.

Red Cross Shoes

FEATURED IN CANADA AS GOLD CROSS SHOES

America’s unchallenged shoe value $8.95 to $12.95

No mail orders. Write for name of your own local retailer. The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati 7, Ohio.
A Frigidaire washer doesn't fool with dirt. Set the Select-O-Dial once—and Live-Water washing takes over. Surging Live-Water currents flush away the toughest, grimeiest, ground-in dirt. Soaks and warm water swirl around and through every piece—getting out hidden, dulling dirt that ordinary washing actions don't touch. Yet it's so gentle that even nylon, wools, rayons are safe!

Then Live-Water Rinsing goes to work
Here's true power-rinsing that surges through every fiber, rooting out the last traces of soap and soil. Washed-out dirt won't drain back through clean clothes.

Remember—in Frigidaire's Live-Water washing, clothes are always in water—never half-in, half-out. No wonder they're sunshine clean and fresh!

**Damp-dries more thoroughly than any other washer**

Your clothes come out lighter—many ready for immediate ironing—because Frigidaire's lightning-fast Rapidry-Spin whirls out up to 20% more water than any other washer! No other damp-drying system, whether wringer, spinner, or squeezer, gets out so much water, so quickly, so safely. Then your Frigidaire Washer drains itself, cleans itself, shuts itself off. Your hands never touch water. Ask your Frigidaire Dealer for a demonstration. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book, or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 15, Ont.

### Tell Me, Doctor

**PART I**

"My wife has been told she needs an operation.

How can I be sure she really does?"

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE doctor cast a quick glance of appraisal at the couple who had just been ushered into his consulting room. The woman was slightly built, somewhat undersized. The man was deep-chested, and bore himself with an arrogance which suggested a high degree of egotism. He advanced to the desk and deposited upon its polished surface a card, which read:

HUGO JEREZ BLACK
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Black, Rouge, Salmon & Black
110 Violet Street

It was obvious that Counselor Black expected immediate comment, and the doctor saw no reason for disappointing him.

"Yes, Mr. Black," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to examine my wife," was the reply. "We've been told she needs an operation, and I don't believe it."

"And you want me to tell you that she doesn't need an operation?"

"That's what I want you to tell me, but I don't expect you will. I don't believe much in doctors. All I hear is operate—operate. You'd think the good Lord didn't know anything about creating women—made 'em all wrong so that every little doctor could think he has to make 'em all over again."

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "I suppose," he suggested, "you have had adequate advice before coming here."

Counselor Black hesitated for the merest instant. "We've had the advice of our family doctor," he admitted grudgingly, "but I'm not convinced he knows what he is talking about."

"It has been my experience," objected the doctor, "that most family physicians are conservative when it comes to recommending operations. However, suppose we see what we can find out. Mrs. Black, what is your age, please?"

"I was fifty last month."

"Any children?"

"Two."

"And their ages?"

"The boy is twenty-eight and the girl twenty-six."

"I suppose you have stopped menstruating."

"Yes, Doctor, four years ago."

"And there's been nothing since?"

"No."

"Were your menstrual periods regular?"

"Why, yes, I think so. I was quite regular."

"Every twenty-eight days?"

"Yes, Doctor, practically on the dot."

"And for how many days did they last?"

"Fifteen, as a rule."

"Would you call the flow slight, moderate, or profuse?"

"Moderate. I should say.""Have you had any serious illnesses?"

"No, Doctor."

"No operations?"

"No."

"Did you have a hard time when your babies were born?"

"I don't think so, according to what I've heard other women say."

"And what is your present complaint?"

"Well, there isn't very much of anything. Doctor, except that I have been in trouble with my bladder."

"Pain, you mean?"

"Not so much pain, but frequency—have to go to the toilet almost every hour."

"I see. And you've already had advice?"

"There was just the suggestion of hysterectomy before Mrs. Black's reply. But I want to talk to my family doctor for a checkup twice a year."

"And he found the cause your trouble?"

"He said he did, he said —"

"Please let me interrupt. I'd prefer a chance to hear what he said until after I've made my own examination. If you will go with the nurse, Mrs. Black, I will be with you in a very few minutes."

"I suppose you've already made up your mind as to what the trouble is, suggest Counselor Black after his wife had left the consulting room."

"I never form an opinion without an examination."

"There could be more than one explanation of Mrs. Black's trouble, then?"

"Offhand, I can think of at least seven I'll let you know in a very few moments, if you will excuse me, then —"

The doctor's return found Counselor Black perusing a medical magazine. "Well, did you find out what is wrong?"

"She has developed a large uterine tumor."

"You're certain of that?"

"Positive," the doctor told him. "I could take your oath to it."

"Indeed! You would swear to the presence of something you have not seen? You haven't seen it, have you?"

"No, but after all these years my sense of touch is about as keen as my eyesight ever was."

(Continued on Page 164)
Here's a brand new workless way to dry your clothes!

New Frigidaire Automatic Dryer dries fast, safe and sunshine-sweet — yet never throws steamy heat or sticky lint around the room!

Cheer, cheer for a brilliant new kind of automatic dryer that works time-saving, labor-saving miracles anywhere in your home — kitchen, utility room, basement — upstairs or down. This new Frigidaire Filtra-matic Dryer won’t throw off objectionable moisture to steam up windows, condense on walls. Nor does it eject annoying lint, that settles and sticks on moist surfaces. Because excess moisture and lint are trapped in Frigidaire’s wonderful — and exclusive — Filtrator!

This great new automatic dryer needs no bulky, expensive extra gadgets to do its sensational job. Needs no clumsy outside vents. Needs no high-cost extra plumbing. Yes, this new Frigidaire beauty is an exciting new machine that doesn’t act at all like ordinary automatic dryers.

For the first time, here is truly tomorrow’s automatic dryer. But you can own it today!

The only dryer with porcelain finish — inside and out!

Your new Frigidaire Dryer owes its gleaming finish to Lifetime Porcelain. It won’t rust, outside or inside — it’s simpler to keep brightly clean — and it’s much easier on clothes! Remember, more dryers rust out, than ever wear out — so be sure to see the only dryer that flatly says: “No rust!”

Plan now to see the new Frigidaire Porcelain Pair — matched Automatic Dryer and Automatic Washer

Frigidaire Filtra-matic Dryer

Determine NOW that some day you’ll own a Frigidaire Leisure Laundry!

You’ve dreamed about this! With no work, sparkling clean washes will come out of your Frigidaire Washer — to be dried sunshine-sweet in your matching Frigidaire Dryer — and ironed jiffy-quick with your so-easy-to-use Frigidaire Ironer. And, all the while, your Frigidaire Electric Water Heater faithfully supplies all the hot water you need, all the time, all automatically.

Does this sound like head-in-the-clouds talk? It’s not, so start planning now! Your Frigidaire Dealer will show you in just five minutes, how to add extra hours and days of leisure to your busy life. See him right away, won’t you?

Frigidaire families live better, because Frigidaire appliances are better
"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!"

Yes, you get more lather . . . faster in an Ivory bath!
You just sit back—let that bar of Ivory float your way and give it a few quick rubs. Then look! You're in the middle of rich, creamy lather! For Ivory makes more suds, faster, than any other leading bath soap.

You get famous mildness . . . and a wonderful clean, fresh odor!
Mmmm . . . it's wonderful—the way those gentle Ivory suds do pamper your skin! Ivory Soap is mild—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And how you'll love the clean, crisp smell of Ivory lather! It's refreshing as can be.

You get more for your money, too!
Yes, wonderful, floating Ivory actually costs less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

America's Favorite Bath Soap!
99.44% pure . . . it Floats

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN September, 1902, the Wright brothers were courageously risking their necks in their homemade glider. President Teddy Roosevelt was struck by a trolley car near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The Army announced that its Civil War blue uniforms would soon change to olive drab, and the noted French writer, Emile Zola, died.

The Journal of September, 1902, (below to get ready for the dressmaker) "Have the lining dressers equipped with black and gray percoline, nude, hair, brind, gray and black canvas, haircloth for interlining, feather-boxing of different sizes, beltting, dress binding, shields and edging frames. This is a long list, but the dress of today is much a bettirnent garment."

The girl who rides bareback: "From an aesthetic point of view, the sidestaddle manner of riding is much to be preferred. Also it is claimed that considerable injury may be caused by riding astride."

"How can I steady too-thick players?" a reader asks, to which "At night you might paste the hairs into a good position with a deoection of quince seeds which should keep them within bounds."

Hair styles: "It is much better taste for a girl of sixteen to wear her hair braided. When the hair is once put up on the head, long dresses should be adopted, which would not be appropriate for sixteen."

"I am in deep mourning, and in doubt whether I should wear patent-leather shoes," worries a reader. "It is better to select dull kid ones," advises Mrs. Ralston.

"Boys from two to four wear Russian blouses and kilts."

Briefest comment on Journal Workshop cooking came from Margaret Truman: one word: "Yummy!"

LADIES BOOTS ONLY $2.00

Dawn Crowell Norman (left) and barefooted photographer Lillian Ramsman.

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| Recently a reader wrote to Beatrice Gould about her picture on this page, taken in India, with Prime Minister Nehru and Mr. Gandhi. "I studied the dress you were wearing—was sure I recognized it. Yes, it was on Page 56 in the April issue. Glad to see you wear what you print. Truly, then, L.H.J. is the magazine women can believe in." Mrs. Gould, surprised at the reader's surprise, says, "Of course we wear what we print, and eat it too." Distinguished guests here are invariably served something you have tried or will try from the JOURNAL. The day recently when Margaret Truman came to lunch the dish was lemon-butter-tossed chicken (remember that from May, 1951?), and when Lomeila Shonter asked out Jeannie, who served, whether Margaret had mentioned how she liked it, the answer was that when Miss Truman served the chicken, she'd marinated, "Yummie!"

When the Goulds got back from their flying trip around the world, one of the feelings they had about Japan was that true democracy there would come only when Japanese women assumed some measure of equality with Japanese men. Shortly after, we were amazed by the coincidence of an AP dispatch from Hiroshima. It told how the brides of Fukuoka village in Hiroshu Island had decreed a holiday for the fifteenth of each month; the men on that day to do the cooking, the house and other chores. Only one catch: the women are expected to use the skill of a grocer's month to create their cultural standards."

Gladys Deny Shalta was telling us about the visit her two little grandchildren paid their doctor at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Vaccinations. Both were so brave about it the doctor wrote each child's name on a printed little certificate of merit and told them they could be redeemed at the drugstore. They were directed, presented their tokens of courage to the clerk, and received in return an ice-cream cone afres."

You learn to take everything in your stride around here, so when we came by the Beauty Department the other day and saw a young and pretty photographer photographing in her bare feet, I didn't turn a hair, but did find out about her from Dawn Crowell Norman, also, of course, very pretty. She is Lillian Bassman, and the only photographer we know, man or woman, who always photographs barefoot, winter or summer. Dawn says she is also the only photographer she knows who acts out what she wants the model to do and has the smallest waist—23". She is barefooted for comfort only, she told Dawn; said her doctor told her if everybody went barefoot we'd all be better off.

Financier Dean Mathey was telling Bruce Gould not long ago about lunch one held at President Hoover's house in Princeton. Mr. Truman was there, and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the late Mr. Thomas Preston, favorite and beloved for her genius for putting people at their ease. She was seated next to General Eisenhower, who did not know it, her first husband had been President Grover Cleveland. When she mentioned having lived for eight years in Washington, the general conversationally inspired where her home had been, instantly, Mrs. Preston spared him the need to regret a gaffe by answering, "It was in the White House, General. That was why I was asked here to meet you." One letter from a recent morning's mail was a little startling. It was to the Garden Editor from a Philadelphia lady: "You have helped me scores and scores of times; now again I appeal to you. What is the easiest and cheapest way not to have anything grow in my yard? I live alone, I'm busy, I'm harassed by high grass, bushes, and so on. I go away; come back; find things growing again. I wish nothing to grow."

Elizabeth Arden was in the other day, eager as ever to talk about the beauty business and her raving stable, both in the same breath (Jet Pilot, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1917, belonged to her). When she came down to see Dawn's newly finished office, which sport a very up-to-date though tiny salon de beuré, and saw there the last word in shampoo attachments, she exclaimed to Dawn, "What a wonderful spray that would be for my horses' legs!"
The Other Elizabeth
"I am an adulteress.
I lied and cheated with no excuse in the world
except that I was in love
and selfishly believed nothing else mattered.
I couldn’t see an inch beyond my heart... 
Can you understand that, my dear?"

By Jess Gregg
Illustrated by Walter Biggs

As the baroness entered, Elizabeth arose. The room was long, permitting the two women to appraise each other before their finger tips touched. "Miss Deveny, isn't it?" The baroness' intonation was skillful, designed to put the young woman at ease without letting her forget this was not a social visit.

Elizabeth passed her tongue over dry lips in preparation to say something and then only nodded self-consciously. She tried not to make her scrutiny apparent, but close range forced an immediate revision of her first impression. Madame von Schillar was not young. Her skin was youthfully tinted, but fine linear webs entrapped the cool green eyes and bracketed the scarlet mark of her mouth. She was fashionably emaciated and her hair had been reddened, yet her artfulness, far from hiding her age, merely attested that vanity had outlived youth.

"Harry Mellett seemed most enthusiastic about you," the baroness was saying. She motioned for Elizabeth to sit down. "I gather you've been published before."

"Yes, A book of sonnets."

"Love poems?"

"Well—yes."

Madame von Schillar smiled. "How long will it take? This book. How long will it take us to write?"

"That's hard to say," said Elizabeth. "Some books take years."

"Well, this one won't." Baronesse von Schillar assured her with a dry laugh. "I don't have forever. A few months. That's all I can give it."

"Then we'll have to work hard," Elizabeth warned.

"Mornings?" the baroness asked.

"Probably," Elizabeth told her. "Mocking martyrdom, Madame von Schillar rolled her eyes heavenward. "I can't work Wednesday afternoons. My hairdresser comes then. And Thursday is my day at home, so I can't work then either. How about evenings? Or are you involved with someone?"

Elizabeth glanced away. "No," she said, too quickly.

The baroness smiled lazily and tapped the girl's wrist. "My dear," she reproached, "think of all the personal questions you're going to be asking me. Well, let's get you settled. You'd probably like to see your room before we do anything more."

"My room? Oh, I've already taken one," said Elizabeth. "Indeed? Where?"

"Down the block. A boarding-house, three doors away. It never entered my mind you'd want me here."

The baroness studied the girl's clean-cut features. "Deveny," she mused. "I used to know someone in Rome by that name. Incidentally, what am I to call you?"

"Elizabeth."

"Well now, that does present a problem. I'm also Elizabeth, you see. I think I'll just call you Miss Deveny. Abruptly, she held out her hand for Elizabeth to come and take. "I like you. So I really must insist you stay here. Besides, we can work the easier."

Without awaiting Elizabeth's reply, she added, "Oh, if it's privacy you want, take the whole second floor. Or the third. I never go upstairs. Besides, you'll be my first guest since my return to these"—she snorted—"delightful shores, so you really daren't refuse."

(Continued on Page 106)
"He's the most beautiful baby
I ever saw," Sherry whispered.
SHERRY BENSON chewed the end of her fountain pen reflectively, as she gazed at the forbiddingly empty sheet of notebook paper in front of her on her cherry desk. It was not usual for her to be at a loss for words to create a composition; ordinarily they came popping into her head like so many little firecrackers, and she had only to race to set them down—race too fast. Miss Smythe always said, shaking her head at the spelling and the penmanship. Today's subject was different; there seemed to be so much to say about "My Philosophy" that it was hard—almost impossible—to know where to begin. A composition was supposed to have an opening, a body, a conclusion. There was supposed to be form to it, not merely helter-skelter jottings of thoughts. If there was one thing Miss Smythe deplored, it was stream-of-consciousness writing. But how could you fit into neatly ordered sentences and paragraphs your whole fifteen-year-old awareness of things like beauty, and the complicated, subtle relationships of men and women, the mysteries of birth and death? "My Philosophy." She wrote the words painstakingly in the center of the page, and sat back to stare at them.

In the kitchen beyond her room she heard her mother's deliberate footsteps: to the refrigerator, back to the stove, across the floor to the china closet; the Thursday-evening routine. Resolutely she closed her mind to the picture the steps summoned up: her mother's once-slender body, shapeless now—dear little-baby-brother about to be born into this family of girls.

Well, that was one thing you could not put into your composition: that the whole business of being a woman was something detestable. You wanted to be free, eager, alive; like dad, with his never-failing curiosity about what made things tick; with his library table piled high with books on the nature of the world and of man. And what did mother read? Sherry's lips curled disdainfully. Detective (Continued on Page 165)
Rosalie Yates, blond, beautiful and entirely bedazzled, got out of Blane Winters' sedan and stood smiling with unhidden adoration at the big man inside the car.

"See you tonight? About seven?" Blane asked.

His velvet baritone had the same entralling effect on Rosalie that it had on his political audiences, and her cheeks bloomed pink. "That's right, Mr. Winters."

"Blane," he reminded her with stern fondness. "Call me Blane."

"B-Blane. Seven's fine. By."

Dazed with bliss, she turned around and ran into a rosebush. Then, weaving slightly, she went slowly up the driveway. She couldn't get over it that she, a mere kid of twenty, a secretary who still had trouble remembering which way carbon paper went into a typewriter, could have attracted this handsome young attorney, a dozen years older than she was, Democratic candidate for state assembly and her employer for the past six lovely weeks. It was only some automatic sense of direction that carried her through the side door to the kitchen, where her mother, a well-preserved redhead in her middle forties, was peeling potatoes. Rosalie, trailing thick clouds of glory, gave Mrs. Yates a vague, blind smile and sat down on the kitchen stool.

Her mother flashed her a sharp glance. "I see the Country's White Hope brought you home again."

"Yes," Rosalie sighed dreamily. "And he's taking me to dinner tonight." She stared at the refrigerator with wide, rapturous eyes while her mother put one potato back in the bin and returned a steak to the freezer. "And tomorrow I'm going to ride with him out to the Democratic barbecue at Senator Turnbull's." She gave the refrigerator a small but radiant smile. Presently she roused herself and looked around in surprise. "Where's Johnnie?" she asked with mild curiosity.

(Continued on Page 171)
Kosalie discovered that the same rules apply to love and politics.

First: Know your opposition.

Just then, as she stared upward, a girl in a pink bathing suit went up the steps to the diving tower, with a tall, thin, lanky boy following after her.
There's a Man in the House

By HARLAN MILLER

After watching seven summer weddings, my Lady Love and I agree that, swathed as she is in veils and finery, no bride need fear the lowest lineup of bridesmaids ever assembled; especially with her back to the church.

Our club cynic took a twig of buttermilk at the round table and argued it isn’t the child who displaced pa as the central figure in the family; it’s ma, an accomplished power politician skilled in using the child as decoy. (We threw the noon edition at him!)

At last our luncheon club’s No. 1 cynic got a unanimous vote when he told the soup-and-sandwich philosophers at the big round table that a man may forget a woman who says “No,” but never the enigmatic lady who says “Maybe.”

Junior tells me that at teen-age parties some hostesses serve ice-cream sodas, and they’re often three times as popular as beer and other sinful drinks. “Some of the sharpest teenagers I know,” he says, “prefer a banana split to anything with alcohol.”

Our youngest takes twenty minutes for a one-minute house errand, but we forgive him: he’s delayed by his curiosity about everything from wastebasket pamphlets to V-mail letters saved from the war, and locates instantly anything in any drawer in the house.

My neighbor around the corner is trying to talk his daughter out of a divorce. “It’s the modern strain,” he explains, brisling the neighborhood problem tots to get out of his flowers. “She talks divorce and even psychoanalyzes now when my wife would have been content to go home to mother for a week end.”

My victory of the year: I talked the Boss Lady into creating our own fantastic sandwiches several meals a week all summer. . . .

“That’s the nearest we come,” says Junior, chomping a four-incher, “to the thrill of killing our own buffalo and eating the sweetbreads.”

His wife gets so interested in what the red-haired beauty across the street is wearing that the man next door complains he once had to tell her three times he’d had a $100 raise at the office.

By this time I wish we had a chain of pictures of the kids taken three months apart. Those we have are worth their weight in gold, especially the one with the fish at Martha’s Vineyard. They’re harder to pose than hummingbirds.

. . . When the day comes that you can borrow Junior’s dinner jacket, instead of vice versa, . . .

And you and your daughter exchange a few sparks and make up quickly as redheads must, . . . or your youngest protests when you razz and belittle your own mental powers, . . .

And your beloved wife passes you into the doghouse with a dish of your pet lentil soup, . . .

When the tasty mulligan stew of family life runneth over.

. . . You take your politics more calmly, confident that, whoever's elected, a happy home is the best blessed sanctuary.

Another moment when I doubt the male is the more sensible sex: at a party on a warm summer night, with the men’s necks enwrapped in eight thicknesses of cloth and the gals in low-cut strapped dresses. (Of course, the men wanted to stay home half made in the first place.)

Ah, as a father I hear the bell toll: The deep thinkers assert the child has now replaced the father as the central figure in the American family. Soon I’ll have to ask Junior for the use of the car.

I’ve never been much prouder of our boys than during our vacation trip, when they made not one overt act to paste tourist stickers on our car windows. When they made mildly derisive comments on the obscured car windows of sticker enthusiasts, I glowed.

The man next door tells me the modern wedding is a sheer miracle of brave-new-world organization. “If the gals are handy with their lists and invitations,” he says, “the newlyweds can begin marriage with such a clutter as took their parents twenty years to pile up!”

My doctor was jovial as he shot 1,000,000 units of penicillin recently into my rear end after a tennis mishap. “And that,” he said merrily, “is just half as much penicillin as I had for a whole naval battalion when we landed on Saipan!”

Around the bridge table last night I gathered there’s now a grave doubt among the ladies whether a wife doesn’t have to work harder spending her husband’s income and writing the checks than he does earning it. (I can name a few instances where they’re right!)

Let ‘em pile high the laurels for John Dewey, but I can name four or five saucy old maid in our town who contributed far more to our modern education (and to our children’s) than John’s Freudian disciples.

“What baffles and scares us men,” says our town’s last surviving affulent bachelor, “is the modern female theory of conversation: if you can’t think of five things to say, then just say the same thing five times!”

I’m still arguing gamely for a yellow oval rug to cover the middle of the twenty-year-old living-room carpet before it wears through. But the Lady of the House says it’d kill her drapes. (She can’t hook me for new drapes too!)

One of the college boys in our block pauses in his lawn mowing long enough to give me The World: “We’re menaced by Russia because we ignored Schopenhauer’s and Spengler’s warnings and became a petticoat republic.” I asked him if he’d seen any Russian girls lately; they look strong enough to take over in Moscow, but physically.

. . .
Virgin widow and college girl—both seventeen—
mirror ways, conflicting and challenging,
in which their country is changing.

By MARGARET PARTON and ERIC BRITTER

UMA NARANG, a black-haired pretty girl of seventeen, with pigtails down her back, stands before the mirror in her college room in Delhi, and with a little brass rod carefully draws the decorative red paste “tilaka” circle in the exact center of her forehead. Then she glances upward for a moment at a calendar picture of a glamorized American teen-ager holding a bottle of Coca-Cola.

"It makes me feel free to look at her," says Uma with a small sigh. "Sometimes when I am told that I cannot leave the college grounds without two other girls going along, that I cannot talk to a boy alone because that is not our custom in India, that I cannot write to a boy because my parents disapprove—then I like to look at her and to think that there are countries where you do not have to be born a man to be free."

But Uma does not really approve of everything about the American girl. "Is it true that American girls are very immoral?" she asks, when she knows you well. "If that is so, then I think they are too free, and I would not want that much freedom. Naturally, we must do as our parents tell us. But I do not think it would hurt us to go to dances or movies with boys, or even to work before we are married."

Uma does none of these things, nor does she even remotely contemplate the rebellion which might make them possible, because she is a good and dutiful daughter of a middle-class Indian family which has brought her up to
"I wish I could ask my mother about marriage, but my little sister is always listening; and besides, we are too shy to discuss these things." Elder sister was married a year ago. Uma says, "My sister taught me all I know about life."

"Naturally we do as our parents tell us"

Parents, choosing her husband, will believe that happiness comes from conforming to group mores. In rare moments of analysis she points out that her mother was very advanced in her day because she graduated from high school, and that since there are only 20,000 women university students among India's 185,000,000 women, she herself may be considered a member of one of the most progressive groups in India. And for the moment that is enough for her.

Uma, cross-legged on her favorite chair, her red sandals tossed casually on the floor, toys with her glass bracelets and contemplates the concept of change. "It is not tradition," she says finally. "Society does not approve."

Americans Should Know--

Within the next four years history in Asia will reach a turning point. It will be a turning point. The pivot is India. Democratic India must prove to her own and Asia's millions whether or not democracy can solve the staggering problem of an Asian people.

India is deeply opposed both culturally and politically to totalitarianism. She has already established a democratic system of government and set an enviable record of achievements against enormous obstacles. She has both the spirit and the will to meet the need of her people and develop as an even stronger member of the free world.

But I am convinced she cannot meet the needs of her people in time without our substantial material help. I do not mean that we can impose our ready-made American brand of democracy with our dollars on another people and culture. Nor do I mean that we can strengthen democracy just
High walls of courtyard protect the Narang family—and Uma in particular—from the world outside the door. The charpoy, a string bed on wooden legs, has a dozen casual uses, is always brought out as a seat for visitors.

Swinging is favorite pastime in India, dating back thousands of years. This swing is on veranda where most family activities take place. Pappu has lessons at home with her mother. Uma helps her little sister learn English letters.

"We do not worship fire; we worship the properties of God which are symbolized in fire," Little Pappu wears handkerchief over head during ceremony. Mother and Uma keep veils over their hair. Adults must discard their shoes.

Adult horoscopes but not the bride.

They are flat statements, made calmly and objectively. There is no bitterness in her young voice, no serious complaint against the adults who have made her world. And yet the desire for change is in her, if—and it is a very important if—society sanctions the change and makes it respectable.

At first glance Uma might seem very young to Western women, for superficially her manner of life resembles that of a carefully raised twelve-year-old. She wears no make-up, and her long pigtails hang down to the middle of her narrow waist—not until she is married will society sanction lipstick, and a bun at the nape of her neck. She does not drink or smoke.
Holy man (with long hair) on platform under sacred tree where villagers join prayers to Rama, Shiva, Krishna. Abhikor and her family, like villagers, are deeply religious.

"I knew nothing about marriage"

This 17-year-old, a virgin widow at 13, has been married twice, and a mother.

or dance with boys. She does not even talk with boys, except at occasional large gatherings. She has never had a date. She would not dream of letting a man kiss her until she was safely married to him.

Yet Uma is no prig, and no twelve-year-old. She is, rather, a happy, sweet-tempered girl who has made a mature adjustment to the world in which she lives. Thus, free from discontent and conflict, she can talk with composure of the things about that world which she wishes were different. Uma has an inner poise which Western women well may envy.

By and large, it is a good world for Uma. The middle girl in a family of three girls, she is secure in the knowledge of family affection and solidarity. There is enough money to send her to a modern women's college, to provide the jingling bracelets and the flowered saris which Uma loves. There is the close friendship of other girls, secrets whispered and laughter shared. The great Indian festivals wheel around every year, bringing holiday for the girls, games like blindman's buff and pin the tail on the donkey, and the consumption of quantities of the sticky candy they so love. It is a world of midstream sunlight, shadowed by nothing more serious than the coming exams and the annoying but

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Abhikor's husband (with five) comes to visit her and must be careful not to hurt his wife. Observing strict customs, he stays alone or with friends.

"In the afternoon we women can relax a little while," Abhikor likes to embroider. As a child she had some teaching, but gaily admits now she's "completely ignorant." Village has no school. Abhikor has never heard of America, China or Russia, and she is convinced that the world is flat.

At noon girls carry food to men working in fields. Burden is heavy but fine for posture. With Abhikor is Brahman girl, her best friend, indicating how caste barriers are breaking down in Indian villages. Old aunts and grandmothers often spend whole day sunning and gossiping on roof. Abhikor is busy from dawn until night. Family caste is just above untouchables.
Martha S. Wight
Delegate to the League of Women Voters
Women's League of Women Voters
New York

I wanted to get things straightened out.

"Community and town politics always used to seem to me unimportant. Typically American, I wanted to get things straightened out at the top, in a big hurry. Then I joined the League of Women Voters and began to see that good government has to be built from the ground up. Your articles have pointed this out even more clearly. To date we have given seven 'Primary Parties' using Journal articles and other materials and are extremely pleased with the results. This is education in which most Americans are sadly lacking. I want to express my thanks for your fine job on Political Pilgrim's Progress."

Mary R. Hauen
South Dakota State Chairman for Women
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Women called up and came in to volunteer.

"As soon as we opened our headquarters, women called up and came in to volunteer for work, saying they had been inspired by the Journal's Political Pilgrim's Progress series. It certainly is a splendid stimulus."

She must be a person who is not afraid of dogs.

"Two months before election, I began to cover the town, door by door, street by street. As my husband used the car, I had to depend upon my bicycle. I put five-year-old Marcia on the back and started out. I soon discovered that there is really only one qualification for a political candidate. He or she must be a person who is not afraid of dogs. I think they must have caught the 'scent' of civic responsibility: for not one of them bit me. I visited 784 homes before election and was consulted about everything from how to cook red cabbage to what to do about the baby's hives.

"I finally lost by only 206 votes. I've been hoping for a long time that someone would begin talking about women in politics and now you've done it in Political Pilgrim's Progress. I may be running again this fall—a wonderful experience!"

Politics Pilgrim's Progress

Even the children got into the spirit of the thing.

"In saying 'we' ran for Congress, I use the plural correctly since this, as all other projects, was a family affair.

"Even the children in the back got into the spirit of the thing. They have a new game which consists in running as fast as possible, screaming as loud as possible, for as long as possible. It is called 'Running for Congress.'"

If, next November, the 100,000 adult men and women who could vote in these United States were taken by the scruff of the neck, hauled to the ocean, dropped in deep water, and told to 'sink or swim,' they would all churn the water while strength lasted or until their feet touched shore. Yet, on November 4, when these very same hundred million have a chance to vote in a crucial election which will determine their fate almost decisively, only 3 out of 5 registered votes is predicted, will so much as lift an arm to swing a voting lever. Why is this?

Fifty-one million of that hundred million who could vote are women. Forty-nine million, who could vote, are men. Astute observers, political politicians, even some hardened politician now predict that the outcome of this forthcoming national election will be decided, in the nation, state, city and village, by the vote of women, some just like you reading this—and the young, new, still independent voters.

People from all over were given a chance.

"Any woman working for good government will find encouragement in your Political Pilgrim's Progress articles. They have been the subject of a lot of conversation out here. It seems to me the story of the 100 per cent plan in De Pere would be a good one for the series. The response has been rather overwhelming. People from all over this area were given a chance to hear and question Stassen, Warren, Taft and Knowles, and at primary time 87 per cent of them went to the polls.

"My husband and I campaigned for our candidate, but since then I've been resting up for the arrival of our third child. I don't wish to give the impression that I have been one of the really busy ones—my contribution has been writing letters and talking about the De Pere plan to everyone in shooting distance."

"I have been reading the Journal cover to cover for a long time. I have been following your feature Political Pilgrim's Progress with much interest, the more so since we ran for Congress in the primaries last June."

"This is the photo I promised to send under separate cover. Looks trifles too young and a little too plump—but it's current."

The Eyes of the World
Your votes certainly will be significant, but wholly determinative. The number of people in the United States who have lived has been declining, percentagewise, since 1880. Then, 78.4 per cent of the eligible voters cast their ballots. By 1920, women first got the right to vote in national elections, the voting percentage dropped to 49.5. In 1950 we reached a new low of 42.

By contrast, in England, 83 per cent voted in last October's election which reelected Churchill to power. In Sweden, 80 per cent voted in 1950; in 1939, in Canada, 75 per cent went to the polls. Even in illiterate India in the 1952 elections 66.4 per cent dressed in their party colors, at their ballots as an honor and a privilege, even though the parties had to be picked in symbols, for most of the voters could not so much as spell out their candidates' names.

Yet we, in these 50-per-cent-nonvoting United States, are the country which "selling" democracy to the world. We are the nation which is trying to persuade Asia, the Middle East, Africa, the South American dictatorships that the right of the people to rule their own destinies is the most precious political heritage man can have.

Because we believe it is a most precious heritage, the Journal salutes the eight women on these pages. They are a valued few of the many thousands of women who have been awakened by the Journal's Political Pilgrim's Progress series, or persuaded by it, or strengthened by it in a conviction already deeply felt—that beyond their family duties the most valuable contribution they can make to this country's welfare is active political participation on the local level in the events which shape their lives.

The editors have been deeply moved, and steadily heartened, by your response. We know how many of our readers have come to share our conviction that national politics can never have more integrity than the local politics in which it has its roots. Women are everywhere learning that the only way to insure a larger place for ourselves is to be active participants in the political life of our country.

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"We don’t get tired of traditional furniture," say those who love it, "and we know it won’t go out of fashion. Things that have survived as the finest examples of fine and design for a hundred years or so will last throughout our need for them, we believe."

Another joy of traditional is that it looks its best with color—and color is one of the decorating musts of our day. These modern pieces were designed for strawberry pinks, damask golds and cerulean blues!

"I think the prettiest room in the world is one which has a red rug and flowered-chintz furniture," says the reader whom we helped design this room. "It lifts my spirits just to look at a room like this."

The traditional furniture you buy today is more comfortable than the originals, yet the lines are just as good; and when well constructed, it will last indefinitely.

You will notice that today we combine the various periods, instead of using one style throughout. The sofa is Chippendale and we feel Mr. Chippendale would approve the foam-rubber cushions. Back of the sofa is a regency sofa table, reviving an old style with great charm. The chest of drawers is called a bachelor’s chest, and next to it the English club-style chair for the man of the house. In front of the windows is a Duncan Phyfe pedestal-type table now good style in living rooms with large floor space. The wing-back chair is English in design, and next comes a charming Chippendale piecrust table. The carved pull-up chair is also Chippendale, and the coffee table is an adaptation with eighteenth-century characteristics.

The secret of keeping traditional furniture in tune with the
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JOURNAL ROOMS
Now and Forever
The Duchess, 19 (on steps), bids adieu to Prince (Edward VII) and Princess of Wales after 5-day shooting party for 30 guests. She admitted she viewed party's end with "a feeling of exultation."

"American women seem to have boys more easily than we do," remarked Consuelo's highly gratified mother-in-law. The Duchess with her sons, Blandford (the present Duke) and Ivor, in 1900.
The Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) inspected housing with Consuelo, said, "I wish my mother [Queen Mary] wore hats like yours."

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAAN

DINNER was an elaborate function. The seating arrangements were greatly facilitated when I discovered a Table of Precedence, and against the name of every peer the number of his rank. I was glad to know my own number, for, after waiting at the door of the dining room for older women to pass through, I one day received a furious push from an irate marchioness who loudly claimed that it was just as vulgar to hang back as to leave before one’s turn.

We had a good chef, but there had to be perfect co-operation with the butler in order to serve an eight-course dinner within the hour we had prescibed as the time limit. This was not an easy matter, since the kitchen was at least three hundred yards from the dining room. We had imposed this limit to prevent the

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The narrow silhouette in a brown tweed suit, sculptured to the figure, by Omar Kiam of Ben Reig. Russet suède gloves, shell-trimmed suède bag.
The straight-coat silhouette by Hattie Carnegie. Velvet helmet-turban with braid.

A leopard dickey is tucked into a gray-green coat and a sapphire-blue suit wears a ruby-red rose. A velvet bag is bound with patent leather, a tweed dress girdled with slipper satin, a camel-beige cardigan lined with plaid wool. A black-and-brown suit has the look of fur, a shoe has a contrast heel, an angora hat matches a blouse. Velvet gloves are worn with tweeds and woods. It's the combination that is the key to fashion this fall.

As you go about planning a new outfit or adding new accessories that fit into your scheme of clothes, this combination idea will be immensely helpful. Two-tone, two-textured is a rule that gives you the right leads. Head to foot, your costume may be a blend of beiges or greens, or in the sharp contrast of black and white, black and russet, gray with red. A tweed suit has a wool jersey or a satin blouse, a tweed cardigan goes with a velvet skirt, a velour hat has a blending chiffon sash.

Clearly, there are three widths of skirt—the straight, the moderately flared and the full; three jacket styles—the molded, the straight, and the slightly cupped or barrel-shaped. The straight coat is the significant one—hem length or hip length. The tulip-flared tunic is newest, worn over a sheath dress. The fitted coat is the dramatic one—small-waisted, beautiful in color, with great style in its pleats or flare. • By Wilhelma Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal

Double-breasted flannel suit by Alvin Handmacher, the beige wool with taffeta blouse by Adele Simpson. Angora sailor, Mr. John; beret by Gladys and Belle.
STRAIGHT INTO FALL

Choose a dress for its idea content: the tweed or wool jersey
to wear before coat time, often with a fur; the soft silk crepe
with a scarf neckline that does day-night turns. Cuff necklines are newest, sleeves
are longer, belts are very wide or necklace narrow. The winter suit,
a new fashion inspired by a need, comes in long-haired
wools, interlined flannel, fur-collared tweed. The ensemble look has many
variations—dress and jacket, dress and coat, from wool to velvet.
The narrow line demands a slightly longer look in skirt lengths.

Tweed sheath with slipper-satin cummerbund, fashion of black and brown, by Ben Barrack.

Short cardigan coat lined in plaid makes a costume with gray flannel skirt, jersey top, by Jane Derby.

Draped hood of angora felt by Lilly Dache with a black-and-ginger furry wool suit.

**COLOR**

...in your hat is a brilliant jewel for your costume, or a lovely soft tone that blends with furs or silks or wools. Sapphire and ruby velvet go with their own tones, or vice versa. Russet felts and velours make a fashion of black-and-spice and gray-and-spice costumes, often matched with gloves or bags. Green is a hat color, the fur hat significant, the jeweled hat a little gem.

Black suède bicorn by Lilly Dache, suit and blouse by Carolyn Schnurer.

Jewel-blue velvet turban, red jersey dress, sapphire chinchilla coat, by Hattie Carnegie.

Brimmed brushed felt hat in palomino beige, by Hattie Carnegie, worn with tweed.
DASHING...

is the word for hat silhouettes. Hats with big soft brims that are far from casual, deep-crowned hats with a hooded look, jersey turbans that drape the head beguilingly, small crisp bicornes worn straight on, profile hats with a pretty slant—these are the fashions that frame the face with new magic.  

By Wilhelma Cushman  
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Brimmed velour hat with chiffon sash, by John Frederics. Fur jacket by Maximilian.

Green velour touched with pink-ruby velvet ribbon, by John Frederics. Beige wool dress, fox scarf.

Side-slanted profile hat in beige felt, accented with green velvet bow. By John Frederics.

Ruby velvet hat by Mr. Alf matches the scarf. Palomino-beige wool dress by Jack Horwitz.
LITTLE GEM OF A WARDROBE

Beige jersey woven in a herringbone tweed pattern makes the perfect day-in, day-out costume. Wear the jacket with a pleated brown wool skirt, or the skirt with a cashmere sweater and a bright scarf. Alligator belt. Vogue Design No. S-4330, 12 to 20.

Accessories for your browns and beiges take on earthy tones. The leopard hat and muff will never go out of fashion, although you may not wear it for a season or two. The alligator clutch bag and beige doe-skin gloves have multiple uses and wear for years. Leopard and gold bracelets.
Delightful touches for blues and browns. Fine cotton gloves with a dainty button detail and matching flower... a jeweled contour belt... pins with mock sapphires, diamonds and pearls, and a bewitching brown nose veil.

Silk crepe is our choice for a soft afternoon dress. If blue is not your best color, the dress would be just as pretty in shades of apricot, cocoa or green, and with belts or jewelry. We made it with a double collar, Vogue Design No. 7759, 12 to 20.

In the Journal’s tradition, this "Gem of a Wardrobe" is chosen from the clothes that invariably give you the most pleasure... the lasting fashions that are just as good in seasons to come as now. These four Vogue patterns, taken all together, make a fall wardrobe that will meet any occasion, any time of day, wherever you go. Fabric interest runs high. The return of heavy crepes for afternoon is important. Silky chiffons float through the evening in both long and short dresses. Textures in woolens—especially the pile surfaces in coatings and the novelty textures in jerseys—are the ones to look for when you shop. Brown as a background color for a wardrobe looks refreshingly new and blends with other new shades. Each costume is a "Gem" in itself.  

By Nora O’Leary
Pattern Editor of the Journal

In alluringly feminine dress of great simplicity. The softly draped olive forms an enchanting neckline... the gathered skirt (about yards around the lower edge) floats when you dance. A dress to dye black after years of wear, Vogue Design No. 677, 12 to 18.

Short evening dresses call for pretty shoes—ours a delicate sandal in matching color. Small evening bag of white-and-gold lame... flowers to wear or carry... a charming white lace handkerchief and pearls complete the picture.
$68.85 FROM HEAD TO TOE  Middy

silhouette in a tweed dress with flaring skirt, taffeta tie, by Kasper, $39.95; worn with velvet sailor, by Elizabeth Marks, $7.95; cotton gloves, $4.00; red leather bag, $5.00; braid-trimmed suede pumps, $11.95.

$79.90 SLIM SILHOUETTE  Dressmaker suit in gray mixture tweed with fluted pockets, by Leonard Arkin, $59.95; velvet profile hat, $7.95; calf bag, $5.00; cotton gloves, $1.00; three-strand pearls, $2.00; pearl button earrings, $1.00. Civet-coat stole, by Harold Rubén, $74.15, not included.

$76.90 WOOL BOLERO COSTUME  (right)

in gray with acetate-and-rayon garnet-red slipper-satin blouse top, collars and cuffs, by Ben Barrack, $55.00. Worn with black felt hat, $6.95; long black hand-sewn cotton gloves, $1.95; cotton suede bag, $5.00; silver pin, $5.00.

FEDERAL TAXES ON FURS, JEWELRY AND BAGS NOT INCLUDED
FASHION COMPLETE

The look you want to achieve depends as much on details as on a costume— the gilet touch, length of glove, brim of the hat, new wonderfully inexpensive glove-cotton bags, slim braid-trimmed shoe...

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

$39.90 YEAR-ROUND acetate-and-rayon black faille suit trimmed with braid, $19.95; Suzy's velvet hat and veil, $10.95; green earrings, $6.00; cotton gloves, $3.00.

SILVER-FOX MUFF BY HAROLD RUBIN, 1964, NOT INCLUDED.

$49.90 TWEED BIB DRESS by Henry Rosenfeld, removable gilet (make your own changes), $25.00; cloche, $10.95; gloves, $4.00; bracelet, $2.00; bag, $7.95.
You remember I told you that I was going to spend my vacation up in my home town. Up there in this little town, as you well know, when we get together for a meal, we don’t go in for anything very fancy. We keep things very simple because not everybody has money enough to dine at the Ritz. We just enjoy things as they come and conversation takes the place of the most elegant mousse, the most delectable soufflé, the omelets that melt in the mouth, the cakes that are the tour de force of many a gourmet supper. Friendliness and understanding reach out their own lovely work-worn hands and grasp others that have not been forgotten through all the lengthening years. We are young again. We are rejuvenated. We are part of a life that is past. We look into a future that is tenuous and yet unbreakable in its beauty and understanding.

You know these suppers that we have include men as well as the female of the species. No chicken à la king and fufu for them. They want something to get their teeth into, and more power to them. So simple or not, here is our kind of meal, and still awfully good. We start out with:

**TOMATO BOUILLON**

Add 4 cups tomato juice to 2 cans condensed consommé. Season with 1 whole clove, 6 peppercorns, half of a bay leaf, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a pinch of sweet basil, 1 small onion, chopped fine, a celery top or two, and a sprig of parsley. Simmer

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By ANN BATCHelder
menu

Tomato Bouillon
Beef-and-Oyster Rolls
Corn and Zucchini
Green Salad
Cloverleaf Rolls
Apricot Ripple—Lemon Spicecake
Coffee
(Planned for 6)
"I run this house," Luz Benedict's voice was shrill, "Her house! Her kitchen! I should think anybody'd be glad to have the responsibility taken off them."

Leslie Jordan (Bick) Benedict's bride, had been in Texas only a week. The lavish gentle living of her Virginia home seemed far away. She'd met Bick there when be bought My Mistake, a beautiful filly owned by Leslie's father, Doctor Lynnton.

Texas was miles and miles of desert glare. Bick's beloved Reata Ranch—3,000,000 acres—was like a country in itself. The people's talk was strange, the food flat and tasteless. The Mexican workers lived in abject poverty, but no one seemed to care. Bick's sister, Luz, ran the Big House. Leslie found that she was to be an ornament, nothing more.

Luz had arranged a barbecue where Leslie met "the girls"—among them Adarene Morey, a bride from Dallas who understood Leslie's bewildernent, and Vashti Hake, the girl Luz had intended Bick to marry. At the barbecue Vashti announced that she had just married Pinky Smyth, foreman on the Hake ranch.

Because Leslie insisted, Bick took her to the ranch roundup a few days later. Bick's impudent, surly handy man, Jett Rink, drove Leslie home. She was frightened because he obviously hated Bick. Arriving at the house, Leslie discovered that Luz, who had gone out for a ride on My Mistake, had been thrown and injured. She never regained consciousness.

EVERYBODY came to the funeral. Fortunately, the actual basic Benedict family was small. A closed corporation. But Texas converged from every point of the compass. Friends, enemies, employees, business connections; ranchers, governors. The President of the United States sent a message of condolence. There had been no such Texas funeral since the death of Jordan Benedict Second.

Luz Benedict had become a legendary figure though no one actually knew her. in her deepest darkest depths except, oddly enough, outsiders such as Jett Rink and Cora Dart and Leslie Lynnton Benedict. Perhaps Dr. Tom Walker, Bick Benedict, her baby brother, knew her least of all; or if he knew, refused to face the knowledge.

Everybody who was anybody in Texas came to the funeral. They came, not to mourn the violent exit of Miss Luz Benedict, spinster, aged fifty-five, but to pay tribute to a Texas institution known as the Benedicts of Reata Ranch.

Every bedroom in the Big House was filled, guests were sleeping in the bookless library, in the mute music room. Even the old unused adobe Main House, the house in which Bick Benedict and the Benedicts before him had been born, was opened for the funeral guests who swarmed from every corner of the vast commonwealth and from most of the forty-seven comparatively negligible states of the United States of America.

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She came to him and knelt on the floor. "I'm going to take over now," she told herself. "I'm going to jolt him out of this."
I wonder how many people know Snow apples by that name. They don't grow everywhere, but they are one of the lovely things that come this time of year. They are but definitely not keepers, but while they last they are wonderful eaters. Taken to teacher, they are guaranteed to improve the marks on the report card. These remarks are directed to the apple-eating set.

2 This will be a two-timer. Part 1: To begin with, heat 2 cups sieved applesauce—you can borrow from the baby's supply or make your own. Add 2 or 3 tablespoons of the little red cinnamon candies, the kind we used to put on birthday cakes, and stir until they are dissolved. This will give just the right amount of cinnamon flavor and a tantalizing pink shade.

3 Part II: Now add 1 envelope unflavored gelatin, softened in water as you always do, and when the gelatin is dissolved, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour this mixture into small individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and serve with sugar and cream. This makes a dessert suitable for this time of year—suitable, as an apple surprise.

4 Nowadays they put spices in doughnuts. In the old days they didn't. But you might add a little cinnamon and nutmeg with good results.

5 Which reminds me. Why do we never, or almost never, find clove used to flavor or perfume certain dishes? It is one of the best spices, if you don't use too much. If you use too much, you're sunk. Watch it.

6 Cream cheese doubles for whipped cream—and up comes a new spread for waffles. Soften a package of cream cheese with a little cream, add a tablespoon maple syrup, and stir until smooth. If too thick, add more syrup. It won't hurt any, and gives that old familiar flavor.

7 Most of you know horse-radish added to whipped cream—and what a combination it is! Add some to whipped cream (and you'd better taste and not get it too strong). Just before serving black-bean soup, add a teaspoon of horse-radish cream to the soup cup.

8 This treatment goes for other soups too. Pea soup, for instance, takes kindly to this notion.

9 We may as well get right here with the soup garnish. Two that I think about are very thin ripes of green pepper, and paper-thin curls of carrot. They look pretty and taste good. That is, if you like carrots. I don't, but I'm willing to give others all they want.

10 For a simple dessert, peel and section 3 oranges and place in a bowl. Drain juice from 1 package frozen raspberries (mash berries to get more juice) and heat. Pour over oranges. Make it as cold as a baking beauty on the coast of Maine. Tastes good and makes ton shiver.

11 Take a cup of crunch meat, chopped fine, and mix it into your regular receipt for baking-powder biscuits. Bake as usual and serve them hot. These go best with a vegetable plate, a soup or a salad—sort of a meat course in disguise.

12 How could we get along without peaches? The answer is, we couldn't. But put two peach halves together sandwich fashion with a filling of softened cream cheese beaten up with a little salt and sugar and enough almond flavoring to taste. I mean taste, so easy. Serve the peaches with a butterscotch sauce.

13 Here is one you can put in the much-put-upon luncheon pail, or serve at the most lace-spread or Dresden-rita tea table. Drain 1 can skinless and boneless sardines and mash them up with a fork. Add 1/4 cup crumbled crisp bacon, 1 teaspoon grated onion and enough mayonnaise to make a good spread. For the sandwiches, use any bread you like except rye. I can't imagine rye and sardines getting chummy.

14 Salted almonds used to figure as just something to chew on between courses or to fill up an empty space on the table. But now they have taken their place in the front pew and figure in a big way in lots of things.

15 For instance, take ice cream (but take a small portion and leave most of it for me). Over the ice cream pour maple syrup liberally laced with chopped salted almonds. Just before you serve it, sprinkle with the salted almonds in what is known as "profusion."

16 Doesn't seem as if walnuts could be improved. But just try heating walnut meats in the oven for a few minutes. Seems to emphasize their goodness.

17 Well, here we go. Make up a receipt of lemon pie filling according to what it tells you on the box. Have ready as many freshly baked apples as you have people to serve. Pour the hot filling over the hot apples. There's a dessert composed of two of the loveliest, tastiest fruits.

18 The prolific green bean has come through the summer and is still green in the gardens. Weary of a steady diet of beans? They taste like something else if you sprinkle nutmeg over them when you season.

19 Lemon Toast: Part I: Cream 1/2 cup butter or margarine and 1 cup sugar. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 cup lemon juice. Toast 8 slices bread under the broiler on one side, turn, and partially toast the other.

20 Part II: Cut off the crusts and cut the toast into inch-wide strips—sponge the toast with the lemon-butter mixture—run under the broiler until a golden brown. Serve hot and at once. Here you have lemon toast, a marvelous creation for certain soups, most salads, and one that certainly belongs on the tea table. And that's a good life for any piece of toast.

21 Everybody's looking for something to pour over ice cream. I find ice cream good enough as is. But if there must be a sauce, here is one that makes use of lemon and nutmeg and mayonnaise. For the sandwiches, use any bread you like except rye. I can't imagine rye and sardines getting chummy.

22 Let's have another for ice cream. I have more use for ice cream. baked custard or rice pudding, which often needs a sauce if it's not made nice and creamy the way I like it. The receipt follows. For vanilla or chocolate ice cream.

23 Put 1/4 cup corn syrup, 1/4 cup water and a pinch of salt in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Cook over low heat five minutes. Cool thoroughly. Add 1 cup crunchy-style peanut butter and heat until smooth.

24 In my life, research never ceases, and so I have come upon the idea that brown sugar and a touch of cinnamon added to whipped cream to be used on hot gingerbread is better than plain sweetened cream.

25 Following my own good advice, I find also that a mere whisper of clove instead of cinnamon has a place in cream for gingerbread. Either of these spices used discreetly with sweetened butter also goes well if you like butter on your gingerbread as well as I do.

26 If you belong to the group that goes in for icebox ice cream, here is a simple one that may serve you. Take 1 supply of hot water and add 1 cup of cream and 1% cup sugar. Beat until stiff. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cream and beat until stiff. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cream and beat until stiff. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cream and beat until stiff. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cream and beat until stiff.
School Days are SOUP DAYS

Lunch at home? Lunch at school? Give them good hot soup

BY Anne Marshall

How youngsters do burn up energy... always on the go! Most of you mothers know this, and try to practice what food experts "preach". You see that your children have school-day lunches that are substantial and nourishing, always including one hot dish. And for this, soup is simply ideal.

It's satisfying, sustaining, warming and cheering. And children love soup. So be sure your children have good hot soup at noon. It's easy to serve at home, and it "travels" well in a vacuum bottle. Soup helps give variety to lunches, too—there are so many delicious kinds to choose from.

SOUP offers you so many tempting noontime lunches

The hearty soups shown above—tomato, vegetable, chicken noodle—are favorites with youngsters. So are the sandwiches and salads surrounding them. Combine them in various ways to suit your child's tastes—add a glass of milk—and you have a nourishing lunch.

NEW! A wide-mouth vacuum bottle now on sale in many stores throughout the country—perfect for hot soup!
A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these?...

A skin that looks coarse?
Its color muddied?
A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can’t keep from staring at her.

YOU can do something about your skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is bound to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not deeply enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don’t need to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.

Free your skin...replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, dry air—all continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—sticks in tiny pore-openings.

To sweep pore-openings clean of embedded dirt...to replace needed oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond’s Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin as a team—in interaction.

As you swirl Pond’s Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this interaction on both sides of your skin.

On the outside, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And at the same time, your skin is given special oil and moisture that leave it softened and smoothed.

On the inside, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color in your skin, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.
Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the re-freshening oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream—oil which just suits your skin—oil which is not too heavy and not too thin—you can feel the tired little tensions ease away. You can feel your skin getting back its flexibility. You can see a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness—each night give your skin this special oil-and-moisture treatment—to cleanse it rightly, deeply—to replenish it:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl up from throat to forehead. Tissue off lightly. Look at your face.

This double Pond's Cold Creaming replaces smoothing oil and moisture as it cleans your skin immediately. At the same time, it quickens circulation, livens your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that in the morning another quick Pond's Creaming start their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—immediately—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night (remember, the constant robbing of your skin goes on every day). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin—and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the interaction of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin, that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go today to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Start using it this very night.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor—People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."
Leslie moved from group to group, from room to room, from crowd to crowd. Sometimes she did not try to identify herself, sometimes she said, "I am Mrs. Benedict."

"Which Mrs. Benedict?"

"Jordan, Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

Mystified for a moment, they would stare. Then, "Oh, Bick! Bick's wife. Sure pleased to meet you. Say, it's pretty lucky Bick's got you now, keep him from being low-spirited. He's sure going to feel Miss Lucie's gone. She was more like a mother to Bick than a sister."

She had telegraphed to Virginia the news of this family tragedy. Her father had offered to come to her, as she knew he would. Do you want us to come, his telegram had said. Mother and I will start immediately.

Don't come, she had replied. It's such a journey the funeral is day after tomorrow I am well Jordan is well enough but terribly shocked how strange and terrible that it should have been my Mistake.

Her husband was a stranger whom she could not reach. She was someone living in his house. It seemed to her that there was no cousin so remote but he or she yet seemed closer to Jordan Benedict than his wife. He was with sudden grief and remorse.

in his stunned mind was a confusion in which Luc and Leslie and My Mistake and the morning of the roundup and the years of deep and hidden resentment against this dominating woman were inextricably blended. Leslie tried to comfort him with her arms about him, with her intelligence, with her sympathy her love her understanding of this emotional shock whose impact he did not grasp.

For the hundredth time, "She just wanted to ride out to the roundup with us," he would say. "Why didn't she? Why didn't she come with us?" He wanted her to say it. "We wanted to be alone. And that was right."

"If I hadn't bought My Mistake she'd be alive today."

Leslie decided on stern measures. "Yes, if you hadn't bought My Mistake your sister Luc would be alive today. And if papa hadn't curred the ulcers of the horse's original owner he wouldn't have wanted to show his gratitude by giving papa the horse. And if Wind Wings hadn't wandered they know the wrong paddock, My Mistake never would have been born. If you want me to go on with this, if papa hadn't been a sergeant, and if he had married mama and if I hadn't been their daughter—well, you can go back as far as you like, Jordan darling, if you really want to torture yourself."

She was shocked, she was in a way frightened, she learned to her father's order that Mr. Benedict's saddle, her boots, her Stetson, her riding clothes and even the time she'd thrown in the Western tradition were to be left untouched in her bedroom as a shrine. How he must have hated her, Leslie thought. Guilt is an awful thing, it can destroy a man.

So she went from group to group, from room to room, always with an eye on Bick. To him she knew, in her heart, the past it would have been amazing to see how she took charge of this vast household. The obsequies had seemed to her the proportions of a grim public ceremonial.

The Girls were wonderful; and of The Girls Vashy Snyth and Adarene Morey were twain towers of strength and efficiency. They knew their Texas, they knew their Benedict's, they were the daughters and grand-daughters and great-grand-daughters of men and women who had wrestled and coped with every native manifestation from drought and restless to Neiman-Marcus and bridge.

"I'll do it, Leslie. Just you sit down."

"I don't want you to do it. I can't."

"I know it. I don't mean really sit down. I mean let me do this and you make out like you're listening to all these people keelhauling at you, I'll hold all the strength yet."

This from the salty Vashy.

Adarene and Lucas Morey had arrived a midnight the dark of the moon. They entered the Big House, they took only Servants. Food, Telegrams, Telephones.

Leslie with a scant week of Texas experience to guide her, moved among the mourners trying hard to remember Texas names and faces. The Places was that easy; and Bowie and his wife are. And his wife and even a niece or two and a couple of cousins. The others, millions of others. Let me remember. . . .


Vashy Snyth insisted that food was the panacea for grief. She kept proclaiming Bick's sleeve, she grasped Leslie's arm. She motioned in the direction of the dimly lit room from which a sustained clatter accompanied by rich and heavy scents.

"You got to eat to go on keeping your strength up. How you going to expect to go through tomorrow if you don't eat?" she would say.

"Leslie, Bick looks terrible . . . Bick, why don't you eat something, you look so thin. . . . Leslie, come on have a cup of coffee and a cake."

Adarene Morey came close to Leslie her voice low in the midst of the clatter, "Relax, Bick's all right. It's good for him to have all these people around. Don't work so hard. Let them do the work. They're curious about you, you know," she told Leslie.

"Even more than they are about seeing Luc, and how Bick behaves."

"Why?"

"The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! If she can take it."

"I can take it."

"There was a stir at the door, there was an acceleration of sound. "What's that? Who's that?"

Uncle Hayes' arrival was something of an event. Uncle Hayes towered even above these Texas men who seemed to fill the rooms to bursting with their great shoulders, their pyramidal heads, their feathered faces, their leather-colored clothes, their enormous hats, their high-heeled boots, their weatherbeaten skin.

Yet there was about this gigantic man a grace, an air of elegance. He was wearing a dark suit and black boots and Leslie's knowing eye was quick to see that these garments had been born of the needle and shears of a New York tailor, or even perhaps of a London couturier of men's clothes. They all hid the slight budges that, at nearly seventy, was just beginning to mar his waistline.

Leslie felt she could not be a stranger to face this giant with the streaming eyes. Those eyes were a faded blue, and the kids crinkled so that lines, etched by the sun and the wind, radiated from them. She knew he had been a Ranger in his youth, with gun notches and all the rest of the fabulous fanfare that went with stories of his near Texas times. Even now, in spite of his
meet the new "wizard" of U.S.

most wonderful new girdle in America...

meet the girdle for freedom...for happy sitting, standing, running, playing...a girdle only long enough in front to do a good smoothing job...but nice and long on the sides to give you a lovely long hipline. Lithe boning positioned by a Jantzen wizard holds it down on the sides without binding or twisting even if you stand on your head. Lithe boning also holds up the special Jantzen "breathing-top" famous for making waistlines two inches younger...10.95...at most stores.

for a lovelier lift, for "forever uplift"... try a Jantzen "forever uplift" concentric-stitched bra... cotton or nylon 2.25 to 3.95.
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perfectly marvelous figuremakers
city suit, he was startlingly like a figure in the romantic fables of the region.

He came across the room, threading his way toward Bick, making slow progress because of the entangled hands and the spoken greetings, muted but hearty with affection. She knew that he had refused to stay at the Big House or at the old Main House. He was quartered in one of the nearby line houses.

Later, when she knew him better, she had remonstrated as his uninvited quarters.

"You should be staying here, in the Big House.

"Oh, yes! Like to choke to death living in this pale. Just as soon sleep in the Egyptian pyramids."

At a gesture from Bick he turned to face Leslie. There were no escaping him, his niece was upon her now and as he came toward her Leslie was dismayed to see that he mopped his eyes with his handkerchief in august Benetteness and that his features were so composed under this fumian of tears. He took her hand in his and looked down at her from his towering height.

"Unequally Leslie murmured, "I know what you must-have means to you—your oldest niece. I am so terribly sorry for you and for Jordan and for—"

He dabbed at his eyes with his free hand.

"Don’t pay this no mind," he said, and his voice was gentle and low. "I ain’t bawling. This is what they call an allergy. Took me better than forty years to find out about it."

"Allergy!" she repeated after him, stunned.

"That’s right. I’m allergic to cattle. Makes my eyes water. I’ve yet to toil in the provinces. Quarts. All my life a cowman and the whole Benedict family first and last for a hundred years or nearly. And then a kid at Johns Hopkins finds out I’m allergic to cows."

Leslie was utterly fascinated. She forgot about Luz and marauding, etiquette and bereaved relatives by-marriage. Temporarily she even forgot about Jordan. With a hand tuckied in Uncle Bawley’s arm she maneuvered him toward a quiet corner of the vast room. A huge couch was angled away from the room proper, by some mistaken whim of a decorator. One corner held Uncle Bawley though she sat with one leg crossed under her.

"This is wonderful," she said, and looked up, at his towering height. "I’m—well—I know now what my mother meant when she used to say I haven’t sat-down today."

"Nothing can be a young sprout than a houseful of people come for a funeral, specially if they’re choused up like this. And you’re new to it here. Bad enough if you’re a Texian."

His shoulders relaxed against the back of the vast couch, his long legs sprawled across the polished floor, his feet turned toes up, slim and arched in the beautifully hand-touched high-heeled black boots. Leslie regarded him with anticipatory relish.

"I must tell my father all about you."

He’d be enchanted.

"Enchanted with me?"

"He’s a doctor."

"He here?"

"No. No, he’s home. I mean he’s in Virginia where—where he lives. He’ll be so interested. Please tell me a little more about it. The allergy, I mean. Do you mind if I call you Uncle Bawley—though I must say it doesn’t suit you."

"I’d just purely love for you to do that, Leslie. I don’t know as that suits you either. Usual thing I go slow with Yankees using their given names. They’re touchy."

"That’s funny. I think Texans are touchy."

"They’re just vain," Uncle Bawley said in his soft almost musing voice. "Vain as the peacocks and always making out like they’re modest. Acting all the time, most of them. Playing Texas."

She stared at him, she broke into a laugh, then checked herself, horrified. "How refreshing you are! I hope you don’t mind saying that, Uncle Bawley. Jordan told me about you, but not enough. Why didn’t you come to our wedding?"

"I never go to weddings. Waste of time."

"For people who can get married a hundred times. Laws folks do. But a funeral, that’s different. You only die once."

"He took from his coat pocket a folded handkerchief, white and line, and as I wiped his trimming lids Leslie caught it prickling scent of eau de Cologne. Sifted the tangle and became upon her new-found relative. This giant’s the leathery skin, the gentle voice, the firm, the dove-fitting boots, was something of a dandy."

Now he glanced at her, a sharp sideways look. "Maybe you think it’s funny, a cowman getting himself up pretty fast?"

"No, like I. Like fastidious men."

"It’s made me a heap of trouble. First of my real-name’s Bawley, Benetness. Then along come this crying and that cinch, it was Bawley Benedict."

"Oh, Uncle Bawley, I’m sorry so. What would you like me to call you?"

"That’s all right. I’m used to it. But I had to list-fight my way through school and college. At Harvard I was a fullback and heavy weight boxer just in self-defense. I like to knit my knuckles proving I wasn’t a coward."

"Harvard?"

"We all go a couple of years, didn’t I tell you? And a trip to Europe young. The girls go to some school in the East." His tone his diction took on a complete change. "Just to prove to the world and ourselves that we aren’t just all cowmen and that we can handle the English language like they can."

She leaned toward him. "Please don’t think I’m rude, but I mean Harvard and Europe and everything—and just now you—but most of the time you talk—well, the only ones who don’t are Jordan, and Maudie Lou. And for all the rest it was a guess."

"Uncle Bawley," she said earnestly, "I love talking to you."

He flushed like a girl. "That’s funny."

"Why?"

"I hardly ever talk to a woman. I got one of them."

No women up to the Holgado Division, hardly, except two of the station houses live in the line houses with their wives and kids. But most of the cowhands are single; we don’t use marriners up there, too near to the border. Course there’s all the Mexican families in Montazar, that’s the town just outside the ranch."

She hesitated a moment but only a moment. The habit of wanting to know was too strong. "But didn’t you ever marry?"

"What girl would have a man who stands there bowing with the tears running down his face while he’s asking her to marry him?"

Leslie was staring at him, she was scurrying about in her mind, putting together the pieces and pieces and pieces as her years with her father had taught her to do. "Cows!"

"Allergic to cows."

"You know you’re right when you buy these "Home-Planned" designs! For this moden is so beautifully made, so pleasant to live with. And "Home-Planned" is a sensible design development that helps you retain the original theme of your home as you need to add new pieces to living, dining, and bedrooms. See Heywood-Wakefield Modern at your favorite furniture or department store now. •
“That’s right.”

She was looking into his face with the most utter concentration. “Uncle Bawley, did you want to be a cowboy? Did you want to be head of Holgado and a big Benedict rancher and all that?”

“Hell, no, honey.”

“What did you want to be?”

“Funny you should ask me that. I haven’t thought about it in years. What I wanted to be was, I wanted to be a musician. Pianist. Leslie’s head turned toward him as if it had been jerked on wires. But the big pink face was bland, almost dreamy. “There’s always been music in the family, one way or another, but the minute it shows its head it gets stepped on.”

“Uncle Bawley, do you mean you wanted the piano to be your career?”

“Well, I don’t know I looked at it square in the face, like that. But when I get to Europe I studied there with Levenov till they made me come home. Big rumpus, there was. The whole family. You’d thought I wanted to run a roulette wheel or marry a Mexican. Pa got after me. Bick’s pa too. They got me out roping and branding and one thing another. Nothing spoils your hands quicker than that. For piano, I mean. Time they got through with me I was lucky if I could play Chopsticks. About that time Brahms was just beginning to catch on. I was crazy about his. Well, you know, you can’t fool around with anything like that. I sat there at the piano looking at my fingers, it was like they were tied on with wires. That was when I quit.”

“Oh, Uncle Bawley dear!” She was terribly afraid she was going to cry. She looked down at his great sunburned hands, splotted with the vague brown spots of the aging. Apologetically he hurried on. “How’d we get onto that! Well, there was Holgado to run and I was packed to run it. Let me tell you something, Leslie. If your kids get a real notion they want to do something, you see to it they do it.”

“I will, Uncle Bawley, I promise I will.”

“You get Bick to bring you out to Holgado for a nice visit. In the spring it’s pretty real, When the Spanish dagger is out. And summers, after the seasonal rains.”

“Is it a success? Does Jordan—do you and Jordan think it’s successful?”

“Holgado! Why, say, it’s the money-maker of the whole outfit. Course I don’t stock all the newfangled stuff Bick goes in for here at Reata. Not that I don’t thank Bick’s an smart boy. There’s nothing he don’t know about a ranch—horn, hide and hair.” He smiled at her, a singularly sweet and childlike smile. “I ain’t talked this much to a woman in years.”

“You’re just fascinating,” Leslie said.

“You’re wonderful. I love you.”

From behind her shoulder came Maudie Lou Placer’s hard loud voice. “There are people coming in all the time, they are asking for you. It seems to me that you and Uncle Bawley—well—Leslie sprang up, “Oh, Maudie Lou, I am so sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

“Rilly,” said Maudie Lou in her best borrowed Eastern accent.

The big room was now so densely packed that just to elbow a way through it was a physical effort. Nowhere in all this vast desert could one find an oasis of peace and quiet. A clamor of talk at the corners, a rumble of sound from the adjoining rooms and the great hall. She made her way to Bick standing there near the doorway with a group of men. She slid her arm through his.

“I’ve been talking to Uncle Bawley. He’s marvelous.”

“Yes, Uncle Bawley’s a great guy,”

“Jordan, have you eaten anything?”

“Yes, I had some coffee.”

“Coffee! You can’t live on coffee. I haven’t had anything either. Won’t you come with me?”

Gently he took her hand from his arm, he shook his head. “One of the girls—Maudie Lou will go with you—here’s Adarene, right here.” He turned back to the men.

And here was Adarene. “You look kind of funny,” said Adarene. “Are you all right?”

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Leslie clutched her arm. “Adarene, would they think it queer if I just went up to rest in my own room a few minutes?”

“Of course not.”

“Will you come with me?”

Guilty they wormed their way through the hall to the stairway and down which people never before had been. All purposefully tramping. It was like being in a museum on a free exhibition day. When she opened her bedroom door, she find a score of strangers there?

“Here we are,” said Adarene, and turned the doorkins. The door was locked. The two women stared at each other.

“What?” demanded Leslie fiercely. “Who is there?”

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder. There was Lupe coming swiftly and soundlessly toward them. In her hand was the cumbersome key that fitted the massive door. Her dark eyes were swiftly and understanding, she jerked her head meaningfully toward the swarming crowd. The key grated in the lock; she flung the door open.

“Buenos dias.” She handed the key to Leslie and vanished, closing the door behind her.

“They’re the ones who’ll really mourn Luz,” Adarene said. “Did you hear them last night?”

“No. Hear what?”

“The Mexicans will have their own mourning ceremonies for her. Lutus and I could hear them last night, long after midnight down in the barrios, playing the guitar and singing of favorite songs. For weeks they’ll be saying ‘rosarios’—evening prayers. She was hard on them but she understood them—the older generation anyway—they respected her... Why don’t you he down and shut your eyes, rest awhile? Do you want Lupe to bring you a cup of tea?”

“No now. Just to sit here away from the crowd.”

Briskly Adarene said, “Anyway, it’s given you a chance to meet the State of Texas. Ordinarily it would have taken a newcomer weeks and months and years. They’re all here—large and small. Old Texas and new Texas.”

“I wish I knew half of what you know,” Leslie said. “It would be better for Jordan.”

“You were pretty vivacious over there talking to Uncle Bowley, weren’t you?”

“I didn’t realize.”

“You’re on exhibition. Uncle Bowley’s never been known to talk as long as that to any woman. He’s woman shy.”

“I didn’t mean to be disrespectful to— to Luz. He was enormously interesting.”

“Luz was a bitch and a holy terror and kind of crazy too. Everybody knows that. But she was Luz Benedict, Madam!”

Leslie walked to the window and glared out between the jalousies and came back, sat at the edge of the bed. She smoothed the coverlet a bit with her hand, a little less gesture. Then she lay back and pressed her forehead over her eyes.

“I’m kind of scared.”

“No wonder. You’ve had quite a way. But you’ll get used to it. It’s the ranch that got you scared.”
in war and peace,
in brightness and disaster
love comes...
the only certain thing
in all the years.
And always with the
promise of forever

All things part of this
forever grow
lovelier in time...
for time and use
are proof of quality,
personal and purchased.

Perhaps this is why,
for a century women have
given the bride,
the beginner,
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The comfort, warmth
and beauty of them
is a little like love itself
... for given common care

pure wool Blanket,
grow lovelier with living.
Each of these can cause an allergy

A few grains of ragweed pollen, for example, may cause "hay fever"—a disorder that affects more than 4 million Americans. In addition, millions of other people in our country have asthma, sneezing spells, digestive upsets, or skin rashes because they are allergic to a wide variety of seemingly harmless things.

Allergy is a sensitivity to certain substances which cause no trouble for most people. While allergies are seldom, if ever, fatal, they can cause great discomfort. Moreover, if allowed to go untreated, they may undermine good health. This is particularly true of asthma.

Medical science has developed increasingly effective ways to control allergies. For example, inoculations against "hay fever" help many people to avoid this seasonal ailment entirely, or make it much milder.

Treatments for this condition are most beneficial, however, when taken well in advance of the pollen season. In fact, at least 85 percent of the patients are relieved through early treatment, but only 40 percent are helped when inoculations are delayed.

Relief from allergies due to obscure causes generally requires much "detective work." This is why the doctor asks detailed questions about where, when, and under what circumstances the condition occurs. Such questions give him clues to the identity of the offending substances. They also help him to determine if other factors—such as emotional upsets—may be involved.

Once he has found what causes the allergic reaction—through the history of the case supplemented by diagnostic skin tests—appropriate treatment can be started. These tests may be made by applying certain substances to the skin either directly or through a small scratch on the arm. The substances may be injected directly into the outer layer of the skin.

The treatment for an allergy may be simple. If, for instance, a patient's sensitivity is caused by feathers, relief may be had by substituting a pillow made of rubber or other materials. Sometimes, however, treatment may be prolonged, especially if an allergy is caused by a sensitivity to many different things.

There is no "sure cure" for any type of allergy, but prompt and proper treatment may lead to its control. So, if you are bothered by an allergic condition, even a minor one, consult your doctor. He, or a recommended specialist, may help you avoid further reactions through treatment that effectively relieves three out of four cases.

—Booker T. Washington

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A Mutual Company)

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

September

LAI)

10. 

You quart they particularly harmless insurance early true things.


to people asthma, health. "hay inoculations due obscure extending activity the layer other materials. that allergy relieves his things.

is found by his men.

ofdistaste. The lab, he shook his fist to the window.

What's this? he asked, viewing table with distaste.

"It's chicken," she said briskly, "I derried it cold and brought it hot. This potato, I can't understand why, and that's some of dreadful greens. A this is your wife. Rem...?"

She came to him, stood before him, and kissed the men functionally and walked away and seated herself at the window.

"A drink," she said. "You can have bo- or you can have champagne, one or the other. In Spanish there's a word—two, three, four, "señor." The señor likes potatoes always and things.

He looked down at his hands. "Fernando," he said, "I'll have to let you know. You're hell-bent on civilizing me, aren't you? Champagne, I think, she said, as plucked ice into the glasses to cool them and gave the bottle a twirl. "Bouillon long but champagne's quicker. Open the... will you, dear?"

"Celebrating, aren't you?" he said an eyes ugly.

He turned to talk over some news, she told herself, "I'm going to go right straight through, I'm going to kill him out of this."

He hesitated, "You can eat a little and rest a little because if you don't you'll be ill. And because I love you, I wasn't thinking of Luz at the moment."

He passed his hand over his forehead and brought the hand down and wiped its palm on his handkerchief. "I didn't mean that."

"But now you've brought it up, the truth is that it was Luz or us. And it is better this way."

He brought his head down to his two clasped hands. She came to him and knelt on the floor and put her hand on his shoulder. "Jordana, my baby, and everything is quiet. Jordana darling couldn't we close this house or just use it for guests? Couldn't we open the old house, the Little Mad House—and live in that, you and I?"

"Why? What for?" he had raised his head. He was listening to her, "I like it. It's a house. I'd love to live in it."

He looked around the room. "What's the matter with this house?"

"It's like living in a big public institution. It's got everything but hush stone walls..."
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A muscle in his cheek twitched, "was different."

"I'll never hedge in the lardem and a poppy seed and see a fine woman. You're a nosy girl when you married me didn't deceive you, sir. From the first moment we met I couldn't have been more pleased." 

"True, true," he murmured. "I only tried you because I hoped I could jog you around and bully you into being my little woman."

"Your mistake. You're stuck with Anyway, you know you're crazy about,

Half in earnest, "Only your grandsire. That fine mind you inherited from your father is pretty repulsive. In a word, it is."

"It'll come in Handy when we're old for gambling."

Up and down the ranch. In and out of the usual tradesmen and the townspeople recognized her and greeted her in all friendly Texas fashion. She drove her car, now, for short distances. The working the little town, the path of its life, the country way, and thinking, began, open up before her in her absorbent mind.

"Jordan, what are the streams and streams of broken-down trucks to Ford that go through with loads of Mexican Men and women and boys and girls and little children. Swarms of them,"

"Workers."

"Workers at what?"

"Oh, depends on the time of year. Cattle, packers, And vegetables and fruit. In it Valley."

"Where do they come from?"

"If they're Mexicans they come from Mexico. Even a bright girl like you can see that out.

"And when everything's picked where do they go?"

"Back to Mexico, most of them. A lot sometimes hide out and stay, but they usually root out and tossed back."

"Where do they live while they're here with all those children and everything. What are they paid?"

"Leslie!"

"I just want to know, darling. This is at an everyday bore to you but I'm brand-new everything's different and strange to me, I can't help it. I am that way."

"I don't know. Very Little Couple of miles. Whatever they're paid, it's more than they'd get home in Mexico."

"Where do they live?"

"Camps. And don't you go near, they're a mass of dismension and TB and every damn thing. You stay away. Hear me!"

"But if you know that why don't you stop it? Why don't you make them change it?"

"I'm no vegetable farmer, I'm no cotton grower. I'm a cowman. Remember?"

JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in "SUDDEN FEAR"—
A Joseph Kaufman Production, on RKO Release.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
“What’s that got to do with it? You’re a Texan. You’ve been a great big rich powerful Texan for a hundred years. You’re the one to fix it.”

He shook his head. “No, thank you very much.”

“Then I will.”

“Leslie.” His face was ominous, his eyes stared at her cold with actual dislike. “If you ever go near one of those dumps—if I ever hear of your mixing into this migratory mess—”

“What’ll you do?”

“I swear to God I’ll leave you.”

“You can’t leave Reata. And to get me out you’d have to tie me up and put me in a trunk or something. And I wouldn’t stay put. I’d come back. I’ll never leave you. I love you. Even when you glare at me like Simon Legree.”

“And you’d look like Carrie Nation, baring around stuff that’s none of your business. I’ve heard that women in your condition sometimes go kind of haywire, but I never thought my wife would be one of them.”

He clumped out of the room, she heard the high-heeled boots clattering down the hall, the slam of the door, horse’s hoofs on sun-baked earth,

He’s gone. Where? Not far. Gill Dave. The Duttees’ Old Pow. If Last were alive he’d be thanking her. And she’d tell him he’s right, he’s always right. Should I do that? You’re a wife, your oh undependability should be submerged in the I don’t believe it can’t I must be myself or I am nothing and better dead. I’m not going to sit home and drink coffee and talktalktalk and play bridge in a Southwest haven the rest of my life. Jordan was really famous this time I suppose I really am a kind of nuisance to him. And my darling Jordan. It is still early morning. Who will drive me? Valets? No. The new schoolteacher that Miss Minto, no. Besides, she has to teach school don’t be silly.

“I’ll go alone,” she said aloud. “Why not? After all, the Valley lies just the other side of Nepal, it won’t take more than two or three hours.”

In her shining little car in her neat silk dress, elaborated and slightly short of breath from excitement she tooted along the wide bright road in the wide bright morning. Through Benedict, familiar now, past the fences and fences and fences that were still Reata, into the gray-white somnolent little town of Nepal. The office of Fidel Gomez. That was the thing. He was the one to take her to a camp. He brought them in in droves. Let him explain what it was that Jordan didn’t want her to see.

A woman in a black rebaco came toward her. Leslie stopped her car, she leaned out and called in her stumbling Spanish. “Oficina Senor Fidel Gomez. Favor de—uh—decirme.”

The woman looked at her as she looked away she muttered “Yo no comprendo.” she walked on.

A man then. A small dark man with a resigned suffering face and graying hair in the black. “Favor de decirme Oficina Senor Fidel Gomez?” The man stopped dead, his eyes swiveled past her, he shrugged, he hurried swiftly on.

Well, what was the matter with everybody? Or what was the matter with her Spanish, more likely, she decided. Perhaps he didn’t have an office. He had been hanging around outside that wineshop or whatever it was, that last time. Maybe that was the place. But Jordan wouldn’t like that, her going there. She would just park outside and blow the horn. Up one dusty little street and down another. Bodica. There, that was it.

At the second blast of the horn, a figure leaped far out of the doorway and it was magically Fidel Gomez. Leslie decided not to try a lot of favor de this time.

“Come here, Mr. Gomez.”

With a nervous backward glance he came forward, removing his great Stetson. As before, she noted that his eyes were wide with apprehension.

“I am Mrs. Jordan Benedict. Remember?”

“Señora, can you ask—”

“Yes, well. I was talking to my husband this morning and I told him I wanted to see one of the camps—you know—where the
Mexicans work—the pickers I mean. Where they live. Will you get in and we'll drive to one. You'll have to show me the way."

"I shot his head, smiling as one would gently chide a child. "No, señora, you would not want to go there."

"But I do."

"I will first telephone. I will call your husband."

Bruklly, "He's not home. He's—he's way out on the range or wherever you call it, somewhere. Get in the car, Mr. Gomez."

Fidel Gomez pointed to a large bright scarlet automobile blazing proudly under the rays of the Southwest sun. "My automobile is there."

"Oh, Well..."

"If you will permit I will drive before you and you will please to follow me. We will stop at my house if you will honor me and my wife. We will drink coffee."

"No! Really no. I don't drink much coffee..."

Very gravely, "It is ten o'clock. My wife will be honored. She will, of course, come with us."

He bowed now, he entered his car and preceded her, a small solemn procession, down the street.

The Gomez house was a neat square white box. Mrs. Fidel Gomez was a neat square dark box. Mrs. Gomez spoke absolutely no English, the Coyote informed Leslie when she tried to assure Mrs. Gomez that coffee was not necessary and that Mrs. Gomez' presence on this expedition was not necessary.

"My wife is happy to accompany us."

Fidel Gomez assured Leslie. "She is honored. She will come with us. First we will have coffee."

In Mrs. Gomez' round olive Latin-American face and in Mrs. Gomez' round black eyes Leslie detected a faint flash of Anglo-American widen resentment. She then vanished briefly while Leslie, in a quiet fury, and the Coyote in a pattern of covert etiquette, sat on the edges of their conversed.

"I am interested in everything."

"Texas," Leslie babbled, feeling. "And Mexican, of course. Whole in those tracks. Even babies and old women. They can't work, can they? Dreen of seven or eight, they seemed."

"Excuse me," said the Coyote. "Oxment only."

"It's no use your telephoning my band. He's not there."

"Excuse me. One moment only."

When he returned. "What are paid?" she asked relentlessly.

"Mrs. Gomez appeared, carrying a..."

She had changed from her neat house to a tight and formal black. They drank strong black sweet coffee essaying one after the cups' edge, crooning their fingers, fuming and smiling. He is benvest, Leslie realized. He is following an..."

"Very unco. He is just trying to let time for some reason."

Abruptly she rose. "I am going now. You wish to come with me, come. But I needn't. I can find a camp alone."

At a word from him Mrs. Gomez gat the cups and in stately silence carried away. A moment later the three stood in the two cars by the roadside.

"Would you like to..."

"No, I am not with me."

She sensed there was some sort of protocol here.

The stuffed and unconomic smile at his face. "It will be more comfortable if you wish me and we drive in my car. I will show the way. You will follow in your..."

Each in the burning-hot front seat of a car. A mad, two three four. There was no Gomez hand giving a stop signal at the top of the red car. And there was a deafening..."
It's a family affair...

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September 2

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WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT


trampled piece of land by the roadside. And there were the broken camp shacks and the sheds. A low-slung crawling dog, lean as a skeleton, went by on a threadbare thing moved in the camp.

Fidel Gomez came around the back of his car and stood at the door of Leslie's car as it stopped. "It is not worth to get out," he said.

"There is no one here."

"Why not?"

What is here is working, packing. The season is near the end.

Sharply she jerked the brake, locked the car. "I'm going to get out and see the place."

Her challenging eyes met his flat depths of black ones and in that instant she saw two little red points leap at the center of his pupils. Two little red devils, she told herself. How strange. It almost seems that before. She stepped out, shook her rumpled skirts.

She walked down into the roadside ditch and up the other side and into the smothering dust of the bare field. Now she saw that there were ragged tents beyond the sagging sheds. She walked swiftly toward the nearest shed. She heard his footsteps just behind her. She peered into the splintered shelter. Empty. A mattress or two on the floor; blankets too spread there as though the sleepers had risen from them and left them as they were; some wooden, oil-soaked beds. Two or three rusty stoves, open and unlighted, stood in the open field.

"You see," came the voice of Fidel Gomez, "there is no one. They are all busy at work in their jobs."

Gingerly, and feeling somewhat embarrassed, she peered into one of the ragged pup tents. A woman lay on a mattress on the ground. Squatting on her haunches at the side of the mattress was an old woman.

The two looked wordlessly, without a sign of recognition, at the chief silencer and listener, figure to held aside the open tent flap.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Please excuse me," Leslie murmured idiotically. And stood there, staring. Then, over her shoulder to Gomez, "There's someone here. Please tell them in Spanish I'm sorry to have—I mean intruding on this.

"I speak English," said the girl on the mattress.

"Oh, how nice!" Leslie said. "Are you ill?"

"I have had a baby," the girl said.

"How lovely!" Leslie said.

"He is dead," the girl said. Leslie took a step forward and let the tent flaps fall, so that she stood within and Gomez outside. The heat under the canvas was stifling.

"Last night," then, at the look in Leslie's eyes, "They took him away this morning, early, before my husband went to work, and the others."

"Let me help you. Let me—— Where is your home? Are you Mexican?"

"I am American," the girl said.

"I have my car here. If you're able—could I somehow take you home? I'd be glad to help. You and your——mother?"

"My home is Rayo. Near the border. There is no one there. We are all here, working. This—" with a little gesture of formality—"is the mother of my husband."

"Working," Leslie repeated dully. She began to feel strange and unreal. "Where?"

"All of us. Tomorrow I will work, or the next day. My husband and my brother and my husband's brother and my sister and my husband's mother."

She had to know. "How much? What do they pay you?" She heard a little stir outside the tent.

The girl did not seem to find the question offensive or even unusual, she answered with the dociety of one who never has known privacy. "Together it is six dollars a week."

"All?"

"Sure."

Leslie opened her smart white handbag. Sick with shame at what she was doing, a cramped little roll of bills there—ten twenty—she didn't know. Miserable, she stepped forward, she stopped and placed on the mattress. "Please," she said. "I'm hungry."

The girl said nothing. The old woman said nothing. Abruptly Leslie turned and started through the tent flap into the blinding sunshine, she bumped into the man standing close to the flap but she went on breathing until a stench that was like a physical blow made her recede there were dirt open latrines, fly-covered, an abominable beneath the noonday sun.

The early-morning barricade, the drive, the shock, the heat, the stench now gather themselves tightly together like a man- chanced fist to deal Mrs. Jordan Benedikt an effective blow to the chin before. She was violently sick on the dust-covered scabare.

Delicately Fidel Gomez turned away.

No, he had not come in at midday, the told her. But then, he rarely did. While an shaking, she put herself to bed. She lay there in the heat of the day, quivering a little now and then with an inexplicable chill. She showed a little. Words drifted through a mist. "I have had a baby."

"I hate it. I loathe it."

"He is dead."

Leslie turned over on her elbow and began to cry; to cry and fell asleep.

She awoke realizing that she was not dressed in herself in one of her trowsers to
gowns. She read and listened. She wrote a let
ter and listened. The crude clanger of the dinner gong. The voices of guests in the hall the tap-tap of high-heeled boots. He had not come up; when she went downstairs, her head high her spirits low he was not there.

They sat at dinner, eleven in all, she could see; she could see the doorway and the great hall beyond but he did not come and she ate quite a surprising dinner and talked and she hoped she was as happy as she could have been.

"It's wonderful," she demanded insistently. "Closer closed. Flushed and disheveld then she lay in his arms. "That Gomez tele
ted—"

"Third."

"What's so terrible about it? What's so terrible about going to look at a Mexican girl?"

"Sh! Never mind. I talked to Adarene."

"Here."

"No, Dallas. I called her. She thinks you're due for a change. So do I. Let's go up to Holgado for a few days."

"Oh, Jordie!"

"Right away, Adarene said they could start tomorrow, if we can. But I said day after tomorrow."

Her disappointment was like a knife thrust. "Can't we go alone, just you and I? It would be so wonderful if we could go alone."

"It would. I know. But there are a lot of things I've got to talk to Lew about. Luz's well and a lot of things. He knows the whole family setup. And Vashi and Pinky are—"

"No no no! Please! Not the Snyths too?"

"It's ranch business, honey. I thought we'd drive as far as San Antonio. The Mor-
eyes will come down from Dallas and meet us there. I don't want you to take a long trip by automobile. From there we'll go by train."

Before they slept she told him of her day at Nolan. It was cleansing to her, like a confessional, until he said:

"But it's got nothing to do with us."

"But it has! It is us!"

Sadly, almost desperately, he said, "Are you going to keep on being like that? Are you always going to be like that?"

"Always," she said.

There at the little station was Uncle Bawley waiting yet blending into the landscape like the mountains themselves. Leslie walked toward Uncle Bawley, she did not extend her hand to him she kept on walking and quite naturally walked into his arms and stayed there a moment with a feeling of having come home to someone she had known for a long long time.

"Well, there's something Holgado never saw before," Bick said. "Uncle Bawley with his arms around a girl."

"If I knew it was so easy," Uncle Bawley said ruefully. "I'd of started earlier."

They piled into the waiting car, a glittering costly thing, elegant and sleek and Uncle Bawley's boots, but even the women recognized it as a model of vintage make. Over the roads at a fearsome Texas speed. The air seemed a visible opalescent shimmer, there was about it a heady coolness, dry and bracing as a Martini.

Leslie gazed about her. "I don't wish to seem too annoying, but I am going to take a number of very deep breaths." In the midst of one of these she stopped and pointed dramatically as they sped along.

"They're real mountains!"

"What did you think they were? Cream puffs?" Bick said.

"I mean they're high. They're really mountains."

Bick produced statistics. "Baldy's over seven thousand feet, Sawtooth's almost eight."

Seen from the road as they approached it, Holgado seemed a village in itself, a collection of adobe houses, whitewashed, squatting on the plain. But presently the main house took on dimensions, sprawling like the old Main House at Benedict in a series of rooms and patios. There were the offices, the bedrooms, the dining room, the big living room, whose waxed and shining tiles were strewn with Mexican rugs and the skins of mountain lions.

Though there, as at Benedict, stuffed animal heads complete with horns manes fangs and ferocious eyes glared down from the walls upon the beholder, Leslie could regard them impersonally. They seemed to suit this house and region.

"You have some coffee on the train?" Uncle Bawley asked. "Breakfast is ready any time you are. You folks probably want to go to your rooms first—you girls specially."

The thick-walled house was incredibly cool, no sunlight penetrated the deep window embrasures. Next white bedrooms opened off a neat white gallery; next white bathrooms, a neat Mexican chambermaid a neat Mexican washerwomen a neat black maid cook in a very starched white apron and towering chef's cap.

"Well!" Leslie exclaimed coming into the cool dining room and feeling strangely fresh and gay considering the journey and the hour. "You pioneer Benedicta certainly rough it. What's that heavenly smell?"

"Ham and eggs and biscuits and steak and fried potatoes is my guess," Bick said, "if I know Uncle Bawley. And probably sausage and pancakes and maybe chicken."

"No, I mean an outside smell. I got it as I came along the veranda. A lovely scent. Fresh and sweet.

"We had mountain showers," Uncle Bawley said. "That's the smell of wet grass and pine and flowers. It's a nice smell than any French perfume."

In came the steaming breakfast dishes in fantastic profusion, they were ranged on the
Every body of young size (age doesn’t matter) finds a little middle and smooth control in Gossard-deb’s wonder panties. A new! A wonderful! Absolutely unique — without a bone! It’s all done with a won’t-roll top, sheer tissuement and satin elastic. Pretty as you please, light as a breeze — to try on now and love ever after. Pull-ons. White, black, green.

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LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

September

By Jessamyn West

Yesterday the years were hard,
Too green for raiding;

Today they’re honey in the mouth.
Summer is fasting.

Yesterday green leaves
Displed the lawn,
Now green leaves are russet,
Summer is gone.

Yesterday was blade-bright,
Beneath a metal sun;
That bronze is hazed today,
Autumn is come.

Bronze haze and pear juice,
Cold till after ten;

Autumn is a new,
Let’s begin again.

Jordan, you know our house was crammed with political talk and career men. Go or Tall, I love it.

I am utterly and completely dumb. Uncle Bawley broke the silence. "My, that’s a pretty dress you’re wearing, Leslie."

In disappointment she looked at him "You too, Uncle Bawley?"

The gaze of the handsome old wreck of a giant met hers and to her amazement his blue eyes were deeply kind and black with the burning intensity of a young male in love.

He stood up. She was furious she was confused. "You men ought to be wearing leopard skins and carrying clubs and living in caves. You date back a hundred thousand years. Politic’s what’s so dirty about your politics that I can’t hear it! Gomez! Jell Rink! Gig Dace! And all of you. Smiling and courting—"

Bick Benedict rose, he seemed to tower above her. "Leslie, you’re not well — I am well!" she told him. "I’m well in body and I’m well in mind. But mellow is going to set in. I can feel it. That silly white sticky stuff that creeps into all the corners. But we’ve got a blossum here comes out in the spring. It’s called the Spanish dagger. It’s on account of the sharp spikes of the plant. To my notion it’s about the prettiest flower there is anywhere." He paused, then went on: "If you can liken a person to a flower, why, I’d say you put me in mind of the Spanish-dagger, Leslie."

This compliment delighted her. she leaned to Bick that the evening was red-eyed and yarning. he came to her in where she was sitting up in bed, reading: "Jordan, what do you think? Uncle Bawley is turning into a ladies’ man. He told me about the Spanish-dagger flower and he thought it was the loveliest flower in the world. And then—pardon my pointingsaid I was like the flower. How’s that for misgivings?"

Spiritedly she said: "I hope so. Who will be to merely white and sweet, like a blushgame?"

The first evening after the very good dinner, and on each succeeding evening, four men gathered into the tightest of lovelace, in one corner of the great living room. The talk was woolly but their tone had timbre of intensity. Occasionally a waltz itself over to the third semidesable women. Election commissioner, tax district . . . Congress . . . Gomez, precioustafter three events of this Leslie drift casually across room and sat down the coach beside Big Conversation ceased.

"Aren’t you mean ing a bit too cozy, Bick’s left ear, noticed, was a bright pinker than usual. This is rathcr stuff, Leslie Business."

"How fascinating I’ll listen. And learn lot.

Lucas Monek leaned toward her, he placed his knee in a strange paternal gesture for man of his years. "Now you don’t want fret your head about such talk, Bick’s voice was flat and hard. "This is only business. It’s politics. Men’s stuff."

"But darling, I was brought up on politics." she told him. "You lads talk as if you hadn’t heard the women have the vote, political talk and career men. Go or Tall, I love it.

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Lovely Elizabeth Taylor says: "I'm thrilled with the new liveness of my skin. It looks so smooth." Skin-Tonic Action will work for you, too!
A D A R E N E again banded her needle, in and out, in and out. She didn’t look up. “If you think anything you can say will make a dent in the tough hide of Texas.”

“I’d like to crack their skulls together like coconut shells.”

“I’m going to get me a snack before I go to bed,” Vashit said. “I’m eating for two.”

“At last,” Adarene agreed. “Look, Leslie, just pay them no mind. It’s the elections coming up this autumn. With Luz dead and Jett Rink off the place and that Fidel Gomez getting up, they say, there are lots of important things to straighten out. I heard that Jett Rink was trying to make trouble with the ranch hands about the name-calling.”

“What’s that got to do with elections?”

Adarene took three or four careful stitches.

“You’ve never seen one of our elections, have you? Sometimes it gets sort of—uh—dra¬matic. The Mexican vote is pretty important.”

Vashit looked up. “It’s real exciting at times. They lock the gates and guard the fences, nobody can get out.”

“Who cares?”

“Everybody. The Mexicans. The ranch hands.”

Vashit, uh—look, Adarene. You two girls forget sometimes that I’m new to Texas. I love to know about things. They lock the gates so that people can’t go out at election time.”

In a tone of elaborate patience, as one would speak to a backward child, Vashit said, “They’ll vote right, of course, honey. So they won’t go out and get mixed up with somebody they’ll tell ‘em wrong. This way they won’t do anything they’re told to do wrong.”

“Told by—who tells them?”

“Depends. Our place it’s pa and two three behind him. And now Pinky too, of course.”

“Oh, I don’t know. I don’t pay much attention to men’s stuff like elections and so on.”

Adarene Morey stood up. “Girls, I think I’ll go to bed, get my beauty sleep if we’re going to get up before dawn. About you, Vashit?”

“I ain’t really sleepy. It’s this mountain air and all, I guess.”


“If? Oh, I don’t know. Rightly. You, Adarene’s Commissary, I guess. Anybody around here. Of course everybody is tied up with the ranches, miles and miles around. Why, they wouldn’t be alive if it wasn’t for us, it’s their living, handling cattle, working cattle, supplies and stuff and all that goes with it. Then of course Roady being in Washington and all, I don’t know, I don’t ask me. Pinky says I’m a nitwit about stuff like that. Why, you ask Bick? I’d like a sandwich, wouldn’t you, too.”

Leslie glanced toward the four men. Their heads were close together, their voices low.

“No, I think I’ll take Adarene’s advice and go to bed. And you, Adarene.”

Adarene laid a hand lightly on Leslie’s arm. “Stop looking like Lady Macbeth, honey. Take Texas the way Texas takes bourbon. Straight. It goes down easier.”

“All I know is, Vashit now was prattling on. ‘Mott says less’n ten years from now about six men’ll be running the whole of Texas. Gabe Target he says, and Olie Wil¬side if he gets judge, and Lew and a couple of Bick and Pinky—Moth.”

At ten o’clock Leslie, reading in the bath and smelling the scent of coffee, the state nick, she must have dozed a bit for sudden Bick was in the room, he was pulling off boots with a little grunt.

“Jordan! I must have dropped off like dozy old lady. It’s this heavenly air.”

Bick Benedick did not reply. He regretted his bride’s earthy and hostile eye. She closed her book, one finger inserted to keep her place. He’s angry, she told herself, cause I wanted to hear the talk. And I suppose I wasn’t very polite.

“Sorry about my cave-man speech, darling. I’ll apologize tomorrow to the other first thing.”

“That’s big of you.” He came to the side of the bed and stood glaring at her. “I certainly distinguished yourself this evening.”

“You come down here and try to tell us how to run the ranch! And tell me, too!”

She held her breath as the words ran through the little stark white bedroom, and I’m sorry about it. She’s impolite. But in principle I was right.”

“You come down here and try to tell us how to run the ranch! And tell me, too!”

Silence in the little room, silence in all the little rooms, silence in the dark fragrant little morning full of sorrow and unsolved conflict.

“Oh, Jordan, I wish we could live up here in the mountains. I wish I could stay up here and Uncle Bawley could run Reata. Couldn’t he? Couldn’t he?”

“That’s fine. And we heard every word you said in there too, tonight. Dirty politics and we date back a hundred thousand years! Who the hell do you think I am, Joan of Arc or something, you’re Mrs. Jordan Bercourt! When the hell a woman’s got to settle down and behave like every body else?”

She got out of bed and walked facing him, ti book still in her hand, pressed against ti lace at her breast. “Never.”

They stood glaring at each other. Automatically his hand came up. He started dro¬pped it at his side. “I almost hit you.”

“I know. My darling.”

“You’re running around in your bare feet cold.”

“I don’t matter.”

“Get back into bed.”

Shivering she crept between the covers. He turned out the light.

A chip on the shoulder is the heaviest load a man can carry.

(Amended from Page 86)

Uncle Bawley called, “What do you girls say we have a surprise breakfast tomorrow?—now, ride up into the hills? And I’ll cook.”

Vashit’s chidlike squeal; “Ooh! I’d love it! Let’s.”

“Well, then, girls better get your beauty sleep, Pinky said. “Or we won’t be able to rout you out come daylight.”

Surely Leslie called to him over her shoulder, “Yes, send the idiot children to bed so that you massive brains can talk in peace.”

The men managed a tolerant laugh but Leslie hoped she detected in it a touch of malaise.

Dear Jean:

How do you like our party girl?

It was a wet evening for Debbie—and I do mean what you think, what with Bob’s flash bulbs going off every other minute.

Fortunately, with these Snap diaper covers, everything was under control. It was easy to get her changed between flashes— Dot Snappers work as quickly and easily. I look for them on everything I buy for Debbie these days—when I think of all the trouble I used to go to for your own sewing

You can put Dot Snappers on the clothes you make, with the Dot Snappers Kit. Complete with professional attaching tool. At nation counters, $1 a box. Refills 25c.

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SPAGHETTI LOBSTER SAUCE

Sauté 3 cloves garlic and 2 medium onions, chopped, in 1/4 cup salad oil. Add 1 large can Italian peeled tomatoes, one 8-ounce can spaghetti sauce, 1 small can tomato paste, a pinch of basil, and salt and pepper to taste. Roll 2 live lobsters in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Split open, being careful to save the juice. Take lobster meat out of shells and break up into small pieces. (Canned lobster meat is almost as good. You'll need two 10-ounce cans and water to make up for juice.) Add juice and some of the water lobster was cooked in to tomato sauce. (There should be about 1 1/2 cups, including juice.) Simmer very slowly for 1 1/2 hours. Add lobster meat in last 15 minutes. Serve with freshly cooked spaghetti. Makes enough sauce to serve 6.

Phil likes a good dessert to round off his meal. One of his favorites is cheesecake. "My wife makes a cheesecake that's just about right."

CHEESECAKE

Roll 3/4 of a 6-ounce package (16 pieces) zwieback into fine crumbs. Add 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine and pat into a deep round 9" spring-form cake pan, covering bottom and sides.

All women like to cook for their men

By ANN SAGAR

"Scooter" RIZZUTO plays shortstop for the Yankees. To him, dinner is a time to relax and eat a "hefty" meal. "I don't get much lunch very often, so by six I'm pretty hungry." As his mother was Italian, he knows and loves Italian food, "the richer and spicier the better." At home or in a restaurant, "one of our favorite dishes is spaghetti with lobster sauce and a mixed green salad. I love garlic—especially in salads."

Cream 1 pound cream cheese with 1 tablespoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 2 tablespoons flour and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Cream until the mixture is light and fluffy. Add 1 well-beaten egg yolks to cheese mixture. Beat until smooth. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 cup heavy cream. Mix well again. Beat 1 egg whites until stiff. Add 1 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold into cheese mixture.

Pour into cake pan and bake in moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 1/2 hours. Turn off heat and let cake rest in oven 1/2 hour before removing.

Bob Feller, pitcher for the Cleveland Indians, likes simple food no matter where he is, whether in training or not. "I always love steak, medium rare." With his steak, he likes barbecue sauce.
FRENCH-FRIED POTATOES, SALAD AND APPLE PIE à LA MODE. "My wife makes wonderful salads—my favorite is her Caesar Salad."

**BARBECUE SAUCE**

Saute 1 cup chopped onions in 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Add 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard and 1/4 teaspoon paprika and 1 cup water. Simmer 10 minutes or until sauce is heated through.

**CAESAR SALAD**

Soak 1 clove garlic in 1/2 cup salad at overnight. Wash, strain and chill 1 head romaine lettuce. When ready to serve, tear greens into eat-easy-size pieces. Put greens in salad bowl. Add 1/2 cup garlic-salad oil, freshly ground black pepper and salt to taste, and 1 hardboiled table-spoons grated Parmesan cheese. Drop a raw egg on top of greens. Squeeze the juice of 2 lemons directly over egg. Toss salad thoroughly. Just before serving, add 1 pint bread cubes that have been browned in some of the garlic-salad oil.

**TAMALE PIE**

Chop 2 or 3 peeled medium onions and 2 or 3 seeded green peppers. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet. Sauté onions and peppers with 1 pound ground round steak in the hot fat until brown, and season with 2 teaspoons chili powder. Add 1/2 cup water. Blend 2 table-spoons flour with 2 tablespoons cold water; add to meat and vegetables to thicken gravy, stirring until smooth. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, 1/4 teaspoon garlic salt, and pepper to taste. Add 1 can whole mushrooms and juice and 1 can pitted black olives, drained. Simmer until onions and green peppers are tender.

Soften 1 cup yellow corn meal in 1 cup cold water with 1 teaspoon salt. Add 3 cups baking powder mixture to flour. Cook over low heat 15 minutes until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1 cup grated American Cheddar cheese, and stir until it is well blended. Pour meat mixture into a shallow two-quart casserole and spread corn meal on top. Bake 30-40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., brown on top. Serves 6.

**HAMBURGER ROLLS**

Put 1/2 pound chopped ham, cut into 1 1/2 pound cooked ham, cut into 1 1/2 parts. In last few minutes, remove cover and turn oven up to 400° F. to brown bread on top. Serves 4.

Jackie Robinson, idol of Dodger fans, spends a lot of time traveling, a lot of time eating in restaurants. Back from a week on the road, he likes to sit down to a home-cooked meal. "My wife's a real good cook—everything she makes tastes good, especially her butter sauce."

When the Robinsons were in California, they had a Mexican dinner every Saturday night. One of Jackie's favorites is tamale pie served with green salad, butter rolls and a fruit sherbert.

**PINEAPPLE PIE**

To 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, add 1/2 cup sugar, a pinch of salt and 1/2 cup hot water. Add 2 egg yolks, beaten until banana-colored. Dissolve 3 table-spoons cornstarch in 2 table-spoons cold water, and add to pineapple mixture. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Cool. Fill a 9" baked pie shell, using your own pastry recipe; cover with meringue (2 egg whites, 1/4 cup sugar) and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes to brown the meringue slightly.

**HAM AND NUTS CASSEROLE**

Soak 1 package navy beans overnight. Drain beans and save liquid. Make a tomato sauce using 3/4 cup catchup, 3 tablespoons brown sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Combine with beans. Put beans in a heavy casserole or bean pot. Add water beans were soaked in—enough to cover (about 1 cup)—milk and bake, covered, 1 1/2 hours in a slow oven, 300° F. A half hour before they are done, stir in 3/4 pound cooked ham, cut into 1 1/2 parts. In last few minutes, remove cover and turn oven up to 400° F. to brown bread on top. Serves 4.

20-year-old American-type A M A T E U R "My wife makes wonderful salads—my favorite is her Caesar Salad."

---

**Swiss Surprise**

It's tempting...and tangy with tomato

This Swiss steak will really melt in your mouth. Folks just "gobble" it up...it's that good!

1 cup chopped onion
1 large clove garlic, minced
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1/6 cup shortening, melted

2 cups flour

1/4 cup milk

2 cups milk

2 cups milk

1 1/2 cups Campbell's Tomato Soup

1/2 cup chili sauce

1/2 cup chili sauce

1/2 cup chili sauce

---

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WHO CARES?

(Continued from Page 51)

choice of our ablest men as Presidents, governors, senators and congressmen is to see that the best and most responsible citizens share in party meetings at the community level. There vital decisions are made. Their cynicism is bred if voters are apathetic; out of that soil of cynicism no national Government can bring strong and healthy fruit.

Women begin to realize that they cannot blame "THEM" any more for bad government. They must begin to blame themselves—or do something about "THEM."

The only place the ordinary beginner can really influence party politics is at the local level. But that is the important place. That is where state and national politics are rooted. That is where the wholesomeness or the rot in the fruit begins.

That is why the JOURNAL is proud to print these women's pictures. Their contribution, as individual citizens, is great. Their significance is greater. They represent literally thousands of unphotographed, unreported women ready to give honest, unspiring and continued effort as citizens.

The world certainly is in crisis. We're all staggeringly aware of that. Democracy is not now what it once was, the height, dreamed-of goal for all oppressed and struggling millions everywhere on earth. Democracy being questioned, it must prove itself to all the world, not by demagoguery, but by easy promises in party platforms made to win votes in November and to be ignored next year. No such hollow pronouncements will help us now. The eye of the world is upon us, a measuring, often skeptical eye. Democracy must prove itself by promises made to be kept, because it will build a good society, honest, fair to all men.

To build such a society is a great and worthy task. It would be pleasant to believe that by merely voting the straight Democratic or Republican ticket this fall we could solve our own, and the world's, ills. It would be pleasant, but it would not be true—and it is the truth, finally, by which we live.

The character of the men whom we shall elect, in November, as our next President and as our other officeholders, is of grave importance. But far more vital, far more important to the world, and to our enemies, will be the relentless expression of the will of the people, in force and numbers, upon all the candidates in all contests, even local, precinct contests, during the next two months, and upon all officeholders after the hallucin- ology of election day is over.

The rest of the free world looks to the United States for leadership. It looks to leadership must come, in its basic nature, from the people. From you, from all of us. We are a government, as Lincoln says, of the people, by the people, for the people. As long as we remember that, and remember- ing, act on it, this nation shall not perish from the earth.

THE EDITORS

SEPTEMBER SPREAD

(Continued from Page 66)

half an hour. Strain through cheesecloth—and I guess you had better use more than one thickness. Now have your boulion very hot, garnish with thin slices of raw cauliflower. The cauliflower may be eaten, and it looks pretty and does no harm.

Men must be fed. In this receipt you will find both oysters and beef; you will recog- nize the oyster in spite of its remote and retiring disposition. Not wanting to be seen, and being the silent creatures, it nestles in complete anonymity in the depths of its protecting blanket of—of all things—beef. Oysters and beef; get used to that one, if you can. This is where the oyster enjoys one of its best moments. And so now we come to the secret of a delicious and unique combina- tion in the guise of:

**KitchenAid**

The Finest Made...by

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines
**BEEF-AND-OYSTER ROLLS**

This is really 2 pounds of beef sliced very thin. You should see to it that the man be the counter gives you what you asked for, which should be cut top round. You may also have to do 1 dozen oysters—and let him give you any little culls, but not eating oysters. Remember it's not an art you're working on, but a science where you're making sure you get the best cuts and varieties with anything. Cut the beef into pieces about 3" x 6". Make a dressing by moistening 1/3 cup old bread—that means you bought yesterday—crumbled up just as you do for stuffing a bird, with 1/2 cup butter, 2 beaten egg, 3/4 cup table salt and a few oyster and some pepper dressing on each piece of beef. Roll up from the thin with toothpicks. Now roll in flour and brown in a large frying pan at 350° for 10 minutes. When they are nicely browned, but not too soft, put the rolls in a 2-quart casserole. Add 1/2 cup flour to the fat in the frying pan, to make a smooth paste. Be sure there are no lumps. You know by this time how to make about even one lump, let alone two or three. So I won't go into that. Stir in 2 beaten chicken broth and 1 1/2 cups light mirin. Stir until smooth and thickened. Add in salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Be sure that everything is nice and thick and not too thick. You can always have a little more broth if you need it. Don't forget to thicken. It's very important. If too much thickening makes you fat, you are plenty of remedies, such as fastening a spell. Cook the gravy for 5 or 10 minutes, stirring the whole time. Pour gravy over the "birds," well (you remember the birds?). Cover the casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour.

If you'd rather keep your eye peeled on these things, you can use beef rolls and gravy and a skillet on top of the range for an hour. It is as well and relieves your mind to have opened the oven, which is likely to make you do bending exercises more than you had figured on. Or maybe you could be doing them because of the tasting.

Along with this main course, serve thick brand grape or currant jelly. You know, I mean the cross between peach-plum jelly, not long ago. Hadn't seen any for years and it certainly is real good. Rather nice to make if you live in a beach and some beach plum, otherwise it comes neatly put up in jars. You can serve curdless, but I leave the whole thing up to you. You know some recipes for it, so just use the one you like best, and it may be a ready-made one.

I remember, I remember. No, I'm not saying to "the house where I was born," when Thomas Hood dreamed that up. I had never heard of and, incidentally, I had never heard of either. In fact, I was quite a girl before I ever saw a cat. Now we have them on each and every occasion. And something very little thing around the refrigerator may, by shutting one's eyes by a sort of derangement, be turned into something.

For our little supper, we provided a triple salad of greens, laced with strips of crust and suchlike, for the color than anything else. So toss up whatever you find with a good oil and vinegar, salt and pepper ceasing and you have a salad. From here you can go on from here to Tennyson's book. And, by the way, I believe that salads mean a lot in the same way that Tennyson meant a lot. Something old has been added. This is one other thing to our old friend, zucchini. As the result of long research on my part—and you know how devoted I am to research. Some of you will remember the work I did on the hen and the lobster and things I found about griddlecakes.

Well, to get on with zucchini, the Italian vegetable, I find, has nineteen different spellings, twenty-one pronunciations, and nobody knows how they got started and gained to their present popularity. But just as they are good in many ways and with many other vegetables, including corn, which everybody likes,

**CORN AND ZUCCHINI**

Slice quite thin 1 1/2 pounds zucchini. Add this to 1/2 cup hot batter or margarine in a large frying pan. Add the kernels scraped from 5 ears fresh corn; or if you are unheathy enough not to have fresh corn, you can always use the frozen corn—you know about that. Add 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped onion. But don't add any water.

Cover the frying pan and cook, stirring about half an hour, stirring occasionally so it won't stick. You don't want it sticking to the pan and turning brown. Now add 1/4 cup light cream, 1 teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Heat a few minutes. And that's about all there is to this—except the eating, which is awfully good.

**SEEN AND NOT HEARD**

The curious name for this dessert is Apricot Ripple. It ripples and yet it doesn't. But that only makes it more intriguing and more amusing, nothing to do with rippling brooks or shady nooks. Nothing which it just ripples along, and when it eventually reaches its destination you will know by what this name and how good it is, especially with an old-fashioned spicecake. Everyone should have at least one good recipe for spicecake so I have put one in.

**APRICOT RIPPLE**

Wash one 11-ounce package dried apricots. Cover with water, bring to a boil and cook for 10 minutes in an uncovered pan. Now cover and simmer 15 minutes more, adding 1/2 cup sugar during the last 5 minutes of cooking. Press the apricots and juice through a sieve or strainer made for this purpose and use with 1 teaspoon almond extract. Cool it.

Have ready 1 quart vanilla ice cream. Treat this as you would a marble cake by making ribbons of the puree between spoonfuls of ice cream. Refreeze in the refrigerator tray until firm.

**LEMON SPICECAKE**

Cream together 1/2 cup shortening and 3/4 cup sugar. Add 1 egg, and beat until very light. Sift together 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger and 1/2 teaspoons baking powder. Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with 1 cup water mixed with 1/2 cup lemon juice.

Now mix in 1/2 cup seedless raisins very lightly dredged with flour—and I mean lightly and not doused. There is a great gain if fixed between dredge and doze. Watch it and don't get dizzy. Now add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 3/4 cup walnuts—chopped medium fine. Pour into a greased and here again, lightly floured pan, 8" x 8" x 2". I always grease and flour the pan for cake, or fried with paper, so that the butter or whatever you use it with takes over and keeps the cake from sticking. I know that most of you know all these things, but there might be someone who didn't and she might get into trouble and call for help.

Now after you have your batter ready, mix together with a fork 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup light brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Toss this together and sprinkle it evenly over the cake batter. Not being satisfied with this "sprinkling" you can do it again with 1/4 cup finely chopped walnuts, as a last layer. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes. Cool on a rack. Do not turn out of the pan. Cut into squares.
I dreamed I opened the World Series in my maidenform bra

What marvelous control! I'll be winning every inning... so fittingly supported by my Maidenform Over-ture.*

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YOUNG INDIA

(Continued from Page 48)

soon-forgotten strictures of the harassed college charmers.

"My sister would help me in any serious trouble," Uma says. Then she laughs and looks apologetic. "But the marriage is—" I don't have any serious troubles!"

Uma knows that there are other women even further along the road of what she calls "advancement" than she is, that there are women doctors, nurses, teachers, social workers, journalists, and politicians. But there are so few of them, so conspicuous—"a terrible fate to a nicely brought up Indian girl. Of the 50,000 doctors in India who have had training in Western medicine, for instance, only 1500 are women; of the thousands of journalists in this veritably prolific land, perhaps 20 women; to cover all of India's 366,000,000 people there are only about 500 qualified women social workers; because of an old prejudice against nursing, there are perhaps 10,000 nurses. This is shown out to one nurse for every 37,000 persons; in the United Kingdom the ratio is better (1 nurse for every 300 people.)

These brave pioneers are as strange to Uma as her American teen-ager, and as remote. More real to her are the village women of India, like Abhiktar in the village of Machari, near Uma's home, and all the other millions of women who live lives of a poverty and ignorance which to Uma are appalling. Once Uma went on a trip with her college historical society to visit a village near Delhi, sister city to India's capital, New Delhi. It was the first time she had really walked through a village and looked at it, and she was shocked.

"We told them not to be so dirty, and how to be clean," she said, "with the lack of understanding of village mentality so often shown by upper-class Indians, and they were surprised and interested. But after I am married I would like to do social work in a village," she added. "Now, of course, they would only think I was immoral if I went alone to a village and besides my parents would not allow it."

Uma does not realize that such work in India demands specialized training, and that many well-intentioned women with no background but good will and a general education in humanities have tried again and again "to teach the villagers to be clean" and have met nothing but stubborn resistance to their good intentions, their immaculate white sari's, and their lack of comprehension of economic realities.

For Uma this is a disillusion to be discovered after she is married—when, in her eyes, life really begins. For it is only after she is married that she will be permitted to move about freely, as a respectable married woman. And the basic reality of her life, the fact which makes her life so different from that of Western women and perhaps accounts for her poise and her composure, is the sure knowledge that she eventually will be married. There is no question about it, because the marriage will be arranged by her parents, and pretty Uma, with her college education and her reasonable dowry, will not lack for would-be grooms. She can be sure of only two things: her husband will be a professional man, and he will earn a "decent" income (that is, at least $30 a month, which is a good salary for a young Indian starting out in the world). Whether he is handsome, gentle and gay, as Uma hopes he will be, depends on luck and the persistence of father in searching for such qualities. Sometimes educated or wise men are found through delicate inquiries among friends; sometimes by the insertion of a sober advertisement in a respectable newspaper. "A Samaj bachelor with B.A. degree earning at least rupees 250 sought for wheat-colored girl with H.A., sweet disposition trained household art."

Naranga eventually chose for Uma a husband, it is still for the future, the full which so often appeared in Uma's daytime merrily mixed with a vision of an electric kitchen crammed with the gadgets she sees advertised in American magazines.

"Let her have her youth now," says I father indigently. "Let her finish her education in college and then think of getting her a good husband."

So in peace and relative contentment Uma is finishing her education, along with some 500 other girls in Miranda House, Delhi University whose parents have also decided that good education for a girl brings in a high-salaried husband, the young run, as probably doesn't the girls much hair at that.

Uma's life has always been peaceful for she is one of the 6,000,000 refugees who came to India from the area which is now West Pakistan following the partition of the subcontinent in 1947. Uma still remembers, though she was only twelve at the time, the Moslem agitation which led to the peas and the cattle raid and the bloodshed of 1947; Moslem lives were in danger in the East Punjab, Hindu lives in danger in the West Punjab, where Uma's family lived. The big Muslim crowd managed to get out...

(Continued on Page 94)
"I had to hold this 'fast action' trapeze shot for what seemed hours," Betty Hutton explained, "and repeat the pose again and again with the ropes chafing my hands. You can easily imagine how red and raw and sore that left them!

"I used 'chalk' on my hands so's not to slip. Actually it's a resin a hundred times more drying than household cleansers. Believe me, soothing Jergens Lotion was a blissful relief after such a session. My skin fairly drank up its softening moisture.

"I was proud when Cecil B. De Mille gave me his special 'award'—a lucky half dollar—'for performance beyond the call of duty.' And Jergens Lotion deserves one, too, for fast performance. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...

"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand you've smoothed with wonderful Jergens Lotion as it will with oily lotions or creams that just coat the skin!

"Close-ups demand soft, romantic hands. No wonder Jergens Lotion is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. So quick and easy, naturally Jergens is a must for busy people whose hands must always be lovely.

Use Jergens Lotion to keep your hands lovely too. You'll find it gives you complete protection against roughness and winter chap—for only pennies a day. Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to $1, plus tax.

"Concentration is the word for Jergens Lotion. It dries so fast, all the screen stars apply it right on the set.

"Betty Hutton co-starring in
CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
A Paramount Picture, Color by Technicolor
just in time (Uma had to leave Kitty and the bracelets behind), and the individual families spread in different directions into the safety of India and found jobs where they could.

Mr. Narang was lucky, for he landed a job as manager of the Diwan Sugar Mills, Ltd., at Salkhotinda in the state of Uttar Pradesh, sixty miles north of Delhi, where his family had lived for the last five years and where Uma’s younger sister, Ranju, was born shortly after the Narangs arrived.

Salkhotinda was quite a change from the sophisticated city of Lahore, and the Narangs still felt the difference keenly. It is not even a town or a real village, for there is nothing there but the big sugar mill with its towering chimneys, the one-story brick quarters of the millworkers, and a muddy street lined with small bazaar shops. Around it lie the flat fields of India, dotted with small mud villages from which come the endless chain of bullock carts carrying their loads of sugar cane to the mill.

In one of these villages lives Abhikor, the daughter of a farmer named Dharma. Uma has never met Abhikor, and although the village girl is also seventeen the two would not find much to talk about if they ever did meet, for they have little in common beyond, perhaps, the worship of the god Rama. Yet Uma must come to understand Abhikor and girls like her if she ever is to do the work she hopes to do in the villages, and we must understand Abhikor if we are to measure the height to which Uma has risen. For Abhikor and her village of Machari are the base on which India rests. There are 500,000 such villages in India, and 80 per cent of the Indian population lives in them.

Abhikor lives in an atmosphere of court-yards and crumbling mud walls, flies, rats, and a belch cane littering the streets, the wailing of babies and the swelling of children. Faded colors under a blinding blue sky, tiny dark rooms, like cages, lighted only by a small hole in the roof.

In one such room Abhikor, her five brothers, and her younger sister were born. The children of Sudras—which is the lowest, or laborer, caste among the four great castes of India. In Machari there are four Brahman families (who run the village), four Kshetriyas and seven Vaisyay (traditionally warriors and merchants but now cultivators like the rest of the villagers), and six Sudras. There are also eight untouchable families, who live in a separate section of the village and who are allowed to enter the caste area only in order to clean the ditches, which are the only form of sewerage.

When Abhikor was a little girl there was an itinerant schoolteacher in the village, and for a while she studied with him. But then the villagers, agitating for a real school, chased the schoolteacher away. They never got a school and now they send their boys to a village one mile across the fields. (Girls are not allowed to leave the village limits unless they are with their families.) Abhikor forgot the little she learned, and now daily admits she is “completely ignorant.”

Abhikor’s lack of knowledge of the outside world is profound—and the outside world begins where her village ends. She has heard the word “government,” but says, “It is in the distance and it means nothing to me.” The only political names she has heard are Gandhi, Nehru, and Mme. Pandit. She has never heard of Communism, America, Russia or China. All foreigners to her are “white people,” and she has the slightest idea of where they come from, nor the curiosity to ask. She does not know the name of the Indian state in which she lives, and she believes the world is flat.

“Sometimes the men talk about these things,” laughs Abhikor, “but they’re always sitting off by themselves smoking the hookah, and we women don’t pay much attention. Anyway, they’re not really educated either. Maybe they know a little more than we women do, but not very much more.”

Yet Abhikor, with all her ignorance of facts which to Uma are commonplace, knows...
For Abhikor was one of those oddities of Indian society—a child bride who became a widow at seventeen. By the time she was fifteen, she was married to a man who already had four wives. But even before her marriage, her parents had planned for her life to be filled with work and responsibility. When she was just twelve, she had to start cooking for her family every day. At thirteen, she was expected to start doing household chores and helping her mother with the heavy tasks of maintaining the large family's home.

Abhikor was married for the first time at thirteen. She never saw her husband's face. When she came from another village, her head was covered with a veil, and she was taken to the village immediately afterward. She was considered too young to be married. He died within six months; the cause of his death is obscure to her, but she thinks it might have been exhaustion.

Another six months later, when she was fourteen, Abhikor was married again—this time to a man who did not object to her, and whose hadscope pleased with her. (Unless you are born on your own, you must never marry a man born on Tuesday.)

There was a six-hour journey in the countryside, with covered faces, and after a day of sitting in the sun and his family went back to Abhikor's village. Six months after that, her protection period completed, the four- and-a-half-year-old girl went off to live with the husband she had never seen.

"I knew nothing about marriage," she says shyly. In the village, when a cow is going to have a calf it is locked away from the sight of children. And when my mother was going to have a new baby she sent us to live with the family until the baby was born. And I was always too shy to ask,hen I returned, where the new baby had come from."

Abhikor seems to accept these tragedies as natural events of life (as indeed they are, in India). One thing that strikes me most in the Narangs is their high regard for their girls. Abhikor was married at the age of twelve, and then she was sent to live with the family of another man. Abhikor seemed to accept these tragedies as natural events of life (as indeed they are, in India). One thing that strikes me most in the Narangs is their high regard for their girls. Abhikor was married at the age of twelve, and then she was sent to live with the family of another man. Abhikor

He knows not his own strength who hath not met necessity.—Ben Jonson

Abhikor was married for the second time, and then she had her mother's own family to look after. Now she is staying with her own family for a while, as a kind of chaperon. She does not know when she will decide to return to her husband. Abhikor seems to accept these tragedies as natural events of life (as indeed they are, in India). One thing that strikes me most in the Narangs is their high regard for their girls. Abhikor was married at the age of twelve, and then she was sent to live with the family of another man. Abhikor

Before her first marriage she owned two sets of clothes. When she was married these were given away, since a bride must always have new clothes, and when she was given two new sets by her own family and two by her-in-laws. So she had four, and felt very rich indeed. Then her husband died, and according to the custom when calamity hits, she had to give away three sets to relatives. She was left with one set. When she was married for the second time, her family gave her another two sets, and her new in-laws one. Four sets again. But when the baby was born, she was forced to give away three sets, and was back to one again. Luckily, however, her parents took pity on her and bought her another, so she is now happily married to her two sets, and two veils—her entire wardrobe.

Abhikor's day follows the same round in each village. She rises before dawn and grinds flour on the grindstone, sweeps the house with a broom, and helps to prepare the heavy loads of sugar canes. In the afternoon she relaxes awhile with the other

The realities of life at Uma and waiting for the boys to return from fishing, Uma lives a life of relative contentment. It's quiet and peaceful, with little to disturb the peace. Her mother, who is affectionately called "Biju," her little sister, known as "Pappu," and her hard-working and kindly father.

Uma says of her parents' marriage. "My mother's word is law in the house, and my father's in the business, and the two listen to the other's advice. That is how it should be in marriage—both should have their say, and one should not be greater or less than the other."

Mr. Narang has a swing on the veranda, and when the days are not too hot Uma spends a lot of time swinging on the Veranda. (Continued on Page 101)
Right to your family's heart—that's where they'll go. Del Monte Peaches are so mellow and juicy, and glowing with golden ripeness.

But something that might escape you (on just a first try) is the fact they look so marvelous, taste so wonderful, every time you spoon them out.

Dependability—that's the real worth of the Del Monte label with every variety you choose. For just this reason, Del Monte Brand Peaches are always a better buy. Why not enjoy them tonight?

P.S. Did you know that, according to the U. S. Department of Labor (May, 1952), canned fruits and vegetables have gone up in price less than half as much as "all foods" since 1935-39?

Peach Lemon Bread Pudding

Pour milk over bread. Beat egg yolks with sugar, salt, nutmeg, lemon peel and juice. Add butter and gently combine with bread. Spread in well-greased 9" baking dish, about 2" deep. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°F) 45 min. Make meringue: Beat egg whites until stiff, add sugar gradually while continuing to beat. Remove pudding from oven and arrange well-drained Del Monte Peach Halves on top. Pile meringue unevenly all around peaches. Return to oven 15 min. to brown meringue. Serve warm, garnished with bits of jelly, if desired. Serves 6.
The Forsaken Girl

(Continued from Page 99)

up to the hotel callers, amid trills of jokes and excited screams. When both girls tired they collapse on one of the stringer walls, called "whipping posts," which are stored against the courtyard wall, and Uma teaches you her English letters. Mrs. Narang shows Pappu in Hindi (as she did Uma in half days in the neighborhood when they were in school nearby), but she knows no English.

Although English is gradually being adopted by Hindus and Indians, Uma, a father, like most upper-middle-class Indians, still feels English is a necessity an educated person. Uma's command of English language is almost perfect.

"I wanted so much to be a doctor," says Uma. "But I couldn't do the required science classes because of the riots and partition. Now other says perhaps Pappu can grow up to be a doctor. As for me, I would be happy if father would choose a doctor for me to marry—then we could work together." She says back against the courtyard wall for a moment, and clasps her hands around her raised knees. "We would end the days in the hedges, writing," she dreams. "Then we would come home to that all-electric flat on Ame Drive in Bombay, and I would cook dinner and wash the dishes, just the way they do in America, without any servants to bother me. And then we would go dancing in a hotel ballroom.

"Pappu is precocious with her dolls, Mrs. Narang is deep in an afternoon sleep on the side of the courtyard, and her mother's sewing machine hums bouncy little waltzes. Uma picks up the flowery embroidery which is her hobby and untangles a thread. "I don't wish more than a few children, or maybe three," she muses. "Any more would interfere too much with my social work and my social life.

Uma's social life at home is far from the pattern of her future studies. It consists largely in the visits of her innumerable relatives and friends to tea with her, and the visits of other officers at the sugar mill. There are no girls of Uma's age in Salkhoti, Nanda. No one in the Narang family smokes, and Mr. Narang long ago gave up drinking.

"I tasted alcohol once," confesses Uma, in the guilty, happy air of one who has not only had first hand experience of what else when one part of me is for it, but I am too young and I am a teacher. My cousin's wife and my aunt and I each took a spoon and tasted it. But, oh, it was awful—so bitter!

Uma married girls should not drink or smoke, Uma believes. "But if they are married and they want to improve, then it is all right in moderation."

Uma and her family are members of the Vaishnav Samaj, a Hindu sect founded about 100 years ago. They do not believe in caste very strongly (although they believe in the caste system in unchangeable tradition), and they are of the second-highest caste, they prefer to call themselves just "Indians." Nor do they give up the worship of idols, as do the majority of Hindus. For this reason the Narangs rarely go to temples, where idols are, they believe in believing instead to worship quietly at home.

In the old days in Lahore the Narangs used to perform the Hindu ceremony every morning. Now, with the family divided and life twisted from its old patterns, they gather for the ceremony on rare Saturdays or festival days. In a square iron bucket they pour sandalwood around the bucket are vases of green leaves and platters of roses and jasmine. A dana (a man seated cross-legged on the floor around the bucket. Fire is lighted, Mr. Narang pours spoonsfuls of clarified butter (called "ghee") over the fire and reads in Sanskrit from the Vedas (sacred scriptures), while the others slowly drop the brown powder of sacred roots on the fire, until the powder is gone and the fire flickers to ashes.

"We do not worship fire," explains Uma. "But it is a symbol to us of God and life."

To Uma, religion and belief in God are as natural as breathing, and do not need much ceremony to express themselves. Every morning she recites two little prayers: "Ram, Ram, Ram"—the name of the one God in which the Aya Samajis and many other Hindus believe—and another in Sanskrit, which roughly translated means, "Worship God, because God is everything."

Religion has taught her, she says, that the greatest sin in life is to hurt others and to be cruel, and that the greatest evil in the world today is the lack of faith of people in one another, which creates wars. As for the personal influence of religion, "When I want to do something selfish or unkind I think, no, I mustn't do that, because if it is wrong God will punish me."

Arya Samajis have cut down the long Hindu wedding ceremonies, which sometimes last for several days in orthodox families, to two hours. But they have not yet managed to cut down the heavy expenses which a wedding incurs for the father of the bride—expenses which often get the father into debt.

Last year, for instance, when Uma's elder sister Kamal was married to Dharam Vir Teneja, of the Punjab National Bank, it cost Mr. Narang about $5,000, or approximately twice his yearly income. It was a wonderful wedding, the most exciting day of Uma's life, and everyone was terribly happy—but she was shocked at the cost. "I didn't want to spend so much money," she says, "But everyone says it must be like that because it is expected."

But the marriage of Uma, who has lived in Delhi since her marriage, and is Uma's closest friend to her home when she is at Delhi, is the first marriage in which she has attended, guide and counselor to Uma. It is Kamal who first told Uma "the facts of life," who comforts her when she thinks she is a "wretched" as an outcaste girl, who tells her to be herself, and who tells her how to govern her womanhood.

In Uma's Hindustani textbooks there is an eighth-century quotation which well expresses Uma's feeling for her sister: "She teaches me all her secrets and it is better to keep our cheeks in snow water, that the powdered root of lemon grass brightens our teeth, that nothing is better than the juice of lemon and sugar cane, that the lossy is not the secret of that charm which shines through her like the luster of the pearls."

When college is in session Uma does not have much time to visit Kamal, for her days

The Forsaken Girl

(Continued from Page 99)

Ere the cock crowed, The least star dwindled, I kneel here at the hearth Till the fire has kindled.
The warm light is beautiful, The flames soar eagerly, I stare unseeing Sunk in my misery.

All at once I remember The whole night through, Dear one, wicked one, I have dreamed of you.

As I remember, The tears come one by one. So the day begins— If only it were done!
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
September, 1942

now exclusive
Tension-Free Support *
answers your mattress question

are filled with classes, games, talk sessions with her closest friends, and "social func-
tions," as she always calls the college parties.
Miranda House is the women's college of Delhi University (just as Barnard is the
women's college at Columbia). Built only
five years ago (after twenty-five years in
mismatched quarters), the university sprawls
below the hilly ridge near India's capital, a
handsome collection of red brick build-
ings still unsoftened by shade trees or age.
Miranda House, where the girls live and
study, is set a little apart from the rest of
the university, as is proper in a country
where higher education for women is a mat-
ter of the last few decades and is still looked
upon with suspicion by the orthodox.
("Why do you want to go away to a uni-
versity?" asked one of Uma's aunts. "Any-
thing could happen to you—you might even
meet a boy and talk to him!" Uma's mother
laughed, and stroked Uma's hand. "Uma
does not talk to boys," she said confidently,
Uma said nothing.)

Considering the fact that Miranda House
offers possibly the best general education
available to women in India, the cost is re-
markably low: $165 a year for the 92 girls
(of whom Uma is one) who live in the hostel,
and $16 for the day scholars. Almost all the
girls are from the upper classes and upper
castes, and some of them, who come from
newsworthy postwar families, tend to boast
about the number of American automobiles
their families own, and the number of
refrigerators. Uma, whose family by In-
dian standards is by no means poor, feels
these girls are "not democratic" and calls
them "aristocrats" in a tone which makes
the word a strong condem-
nation.

"Sometimes my sis-
ter and I used to wish
we had more money,"
says Uma, "but when
we see much richer families quarreling and
without discipline, then we think, well, it
is better not to be rich but just to be well
off."

Uma spent one year at the university in
a preparatory course, which would roughly
 correspond to the American freshman
year. The regular college course, for which
she will receive a Bachelor of Arts degree,
takes three years to complete. Uma, if she
passes all her examinations (which she sometimes
doubts), will be graduated in April, 1953,
when she is eighteen. In India children go
to school at four years, the grades are com-
pressed, and thus university students are al-
ways younger than students in equivalent
classes in the West.

All the university's education is based on
Western teaching (as, because of the long
British influence, education is throughout
India). This is changing slowly, and India
is beginning to experiment with new, Indian-
ized forms of teaching. But the change will
come from the elementary schools up, and
it will be a long time before the universities
are affected.

Thus Uma is studying philosophy,
economics, Hindi and English, and of these
only Hindi has anything to do with her life as an
Indian. In ethics, for instance (with which
she hates), she reads Kant, J. S. Mill, Sedgwick
and Herbert Spencer—but she reads nothing
of the great ethical discourses of Krishna
and Arjuna in the Bhagavad-Gita, nor of the
ethical revolution of Buddhism, nor of the pro-
found influence on Indian and world ethics
made in her own lifetime by Mahatma
Gandhi.

With a system of education based on the
classic British model, little effort is made to
encourage classroom discussion or to help
the girls realize that what they learn has
anything to do with their lives. All
the teachers are women, who follow the re-
quired textbooks to the letter.

"The professors don't like us to dis-
anything not in the course," says Uma.
"Sometimes we discuss different
religions, for instance, but the professor is
upset and says, 'Oh, you can't talk
about that in the curriculum!'"

It is a tribute to her English teacher that
one day Uma went out on her own to
bought three books in English: Muir's
The Rhine and the Holy Bible. Most of her spare-
reading, however, is absorbed by West-
ern magazines and local publications.

As to what they would like to read,
they know more about America than most American girls know.

HOMWORK takes less than an hour a day, perhaps three hours a day in
the month before examinations. Yet even
when she fulfills this somewhat light sched-
Uma is considered overconcerned by her
friends, a group of little-hearts girls given
to teasing of the number of times they cut
class and get away with it.

"I'm too friendly for some of them to
say she does her homework, she never skips
class, and she pays attention even when
she's bored like the rest of us."

Uma works at her education, not
cause she is interested in anything
she studying (except economics) or
prisingly, she likes it but because it's going to
appoint her family to the failure. Her real inte-
ests are directed to ward her friends in the
activities in which they are frequent
involved.

Her happiest days are those when the
college girls volunteer for duty in
some public event. Last winter, for in-
stance, she was an usher at the Stati-
tical Conference to which delegates came
from all over the world. Later the girl
were given a picnic at a park outside New
Delhi by some of the young men in a
the External Affairs Ministry. Uma
to the conference; the girls actually
talk much to the boys, but they played a
joking game of cricket with them, and
listened to a phonograph. To Uma and her
friends it was all sheer magic, and they re-
lived it for weeks.

Angier time they went to sing the
national anthem at the opening of a patriotic
corner in the cafeterias. During the Asian
Olympics, which were held in New Delhi, they
helped to entertain athletes at a re-
cption which was held in their honor at the
university.

"I like to talk to foreign men," says Uma.
"They speak nicely, and they ask me inter-
esting questions about India. One of them, a
Britisher, wrote to me after he left home, and
I answered him even though my parents
don't like me to have men partners. But Indian college boys don't al-
ways behave nicely—they make you feel embar-
assed."

Just in America, favoritie talk session-
topics are religion and sex, with sex far in
the lead. Until Kamal told her the truth just
before she came to college, Uma, like the
majority of Indians, believed that the
docor brought the baby.

Sentimental love, the girls have decided,
is the relationship to be desired above all
others, and it can rarely be reconciled with
sexual love, which they feel must merely be
edured. Their idea of romantic love is a
compound of Hollywood and Indian movies,
both of which they adore, and the romance
magazines. Few of them know of the ancient
lovers, who healthily ad-
ocused the union of body and soul; their
No scrubbing!
No scouring!
Takes 1/2 the time!

Baking soda emulsifies greasy film that mold and gorme cling to. With a wipe of your cloth, film disappear—and so do musky, sour food odors that adhere to enamel.

There's no soapy, "strong" odor left to cling to food, no soda or grit to rinse away.

Just sprinkle soda on a damp cloth and wipe the inner surfaces of your refrigerator. Wash trays and racks in a soda solution.

Baking soda never mars enamel...it is the cleanser recommended by 22 leading refrigerator manufacturers.

Better Coffee

Rinse glass coffee makers with a soda solution (5 lbs. soda in a quart of water) to get rid of fusty coffee oils that impair flavor.

Glasses Sparkle

Etch crystal or cut glass sparkles if you apply a thin looking soda paste with a soft brush and rinse well, rub dry.

The women at the party pictured here are having fun. But they're also being practical. These busy housewives are combining pleasure with comfort, time-saving shopping at a Stanley Hostess Party. While hostesses and guests enjoy themselves, a friendly, independent STANLEY Dealer demonstrates STANLEY's many quality plus Products to make housework easier and to improve personal grooming. More than 11,000 convenient STANLEY Parties take place in the U.S. and Canadian homes every day, many right in your own community. Why not give one of these popular Parties in your home soon?

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STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products featured exclusively at STANLEY Hostess Parties: Housewares, Householders, Dresses, Waves, Polishes, Cleaning Preparations, Toilet Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal Brushes, etc.

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STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASS.

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS OF CANADA LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO

(Sept., Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1938)
Kind to the budget: the sink, $139.95; the range, $188.25; the refrigerator, $209.95, add to less than $600. Space makers on the shelves include a rubber-covered dish rack, a wire rack for spice jars, an adjustable little turn-around in the corner. With plywood partitions, baking pans are filed vertically, and hanging rack holds oddments at supply center.

Even the door doubles as a cleaning center. Racks and hooks hold supplies—spring keeps long handles in place.

Six by Six

It is wonderful what a kitchen you can have in such a limited space as this—it isn’t quite six by six, but 5’9” by 6’. It has room, nevertheless, for a cabinet sink, a four-unit apartment-sized range, and an under-counter refrigerator with four cubic feet of cold storage below and work space above. The sink cabinet has cupboards for utensils, drawers for linen and cutlery. In the corner the handy man built a counter and tray rack.... Many kitchens have big idle wall spaces just asking to be useful. But here there are simple open shelves tiered so the narrow ones are at the bottom not to bang you in the eye, and wider ones at the top.... Color works its magic in making the room seem spacious, restful, yet gay. The soft green of the coated wall fabric with its quaint leaf design is accented by red counter, floor linoleum and Venetian blind. And by a crisp white organdy ruffle at the window. In this happy kitchen I could hardly resist reaching for a big golden-pinky onion to chop!
No, no—don't throw it away

S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads
CLEANS AND SHINES ALUMINUM

will save it!

No pot too black for S.O.S.

It easily removes all trace of stain, scorch and burned-on food.

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S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

YES—S.O.S shines pots and pans like magic!

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"All these jobs—with just one ScotTowel!"

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
September, 18

THE OTHER ELIZABETH

(Continued from Page 38)

"Then I'd be delighted to stay," said Elizabeth. "But I must send you in Worthy to fetch your luggage. She pushed open the double doors to the room. "Dinner will be at seven and quite informal, so —" The doors swung shut, obliterating the rest of her words. Elizabeth stared after her in bewilderment. Not knowing what was expected of her now, she sat and waited, inspecting the ornate parlor.

The stout, elderly woman who bustled into the room was the one who had admitted her to the house. "I'm Worthy," she said. "The Lady told me to fetch your bags."

Elizabeth hesitated. "I can manage alone, thank you."

"Well, suit yourself," the servant moved on.

Fearing she had offended, Elizabeth hastened after her. "It's just that I don't like to be any extra bother —" But without replying, Worthy closed the door on her.

Sighing, Elizabeth climbed the steep stairs and wandered through the shuttered twilight of the rooms. Somewhere a clock chimed five. A strange concord, Elizabeth thought, to keep clocks going in these deserted rooms where time had ceased to matter. She hastened on, oppressed as much by the heavy elegance as by the isolation.

It was with relief that she found one room decorated by little but the fading sunlight. Its high, white-washed walls were free of the gilded tiers of pictures, and the floor was barren plank like a deck of a frigate. There was nothing to distract her, nothing either to admire or to avoid. With symbolic acceptance, she took off her scarf and hung it in the empty wardrobe cabinet.

On the oak panel of its door, she noticed a smeared crimson fingerprint. Blood, she thought, but without actually believing it was more than ancient paint. Impulsively, she put her finger to the red mark.

"Sure now, you don't want this room!"

ELIZABETH whipped around. It was only Worth, carrying the shabby valise.

"The back rooms are nicer," the servant continued, "and second room on the third floor is cozier. Has the Winslow collection of glass shoes."

"Like this," Elizabeth said shrewdly. "It's so simple and . . . without fuss."

"It would be," said Worthy. "It was his."

"Whose?"

"Mr. Wrenn's."

"Wrenn?"

The servant nodded, and Elizabeth studied the room with fresh interest.

Was this his studio or bedroom?"

"Both. Painted here, slept here too."

"And died here?" Elizabeth asked, glancing at the narrow cot.

"No," Mrs. Worthy set down the valise. "He drowned."

"How did it happen?"

Worthy opened the door. "Most likely, I'll tell you about it, when the mood strikes her, miss."

"Her?"

"Mr. Wrenn," the servant said. "The baronet."

Again, Elizabeth opened her eyes. Her possessions were sparse, but she unpacked them with meticulous care. Upo the desk she stacked three books: Keat Shakespeare and a small book, as its own shadow, called Dark Panorama. her lone venture in print. Absently, she flipped open the cover and glanced at the name on the dedicatory page: "For Harriet Mellett."

In her thoughts, she once more stood beside Mellett that afternoon a week ago. She had not summoned her to his office at Chesterton Yard, as usual. This had been a special invitation. Chatting, they strolled down the galleries of the Modern Museum in New York, and she felt the drumming of her heart even in a finger tip.

In judging herself, Elizabeth made a common mistake. Mellett was not expressly story-looking. His hair was brown, cropped short, and his face lean, tanned with white from squinting in the sun. His animation, however, the directness of his eyes easily persuaded one he was handling.

"I'm worried about you," she said. "Why?" she asked happily.

"Because you haven't gotten back to work yet. No new poems for me."

"Do you think it's because my book was a failure that I'm not writing any more?"

"Isn't it, Elizabeth?" Mellett asked.

"Certainly not."

"Don't you want to write any more?" he asked gently.

"It's very much!"

"Good." They resumed their stroll, stopping before a powerful portrait of a girl reflecting her nudity in a cracked mirror. "I suppose this is my favorite picture here," he said.

"Study of Emma?"

He nodded. "Like it?"

She hesitated. "Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Only I've seen it reproduced so much, I never really stop to think."

"Know much about him? Wrenn?"

"Not really."

"Neither does anyone else, " Mellett mused. "Curious chap. I've been crazy to put a book out on him since his work's gotten so popular. But no luck. There just haven't been enough facts to go on. Nothing, except what the newspapers printed during the scandal, and that's mostly nonsense."

"What scandal?" she asked.

"Well—" he laughed—"maybe it's not so scandalous today, but it was too much for Boston, early in the century. Wrenn ran off with some senator's wife. He resulted in the messiest divorce case of the decade, but the two of them braved everything to together and get married. I've always thought it would make one hell of a book, if I could

(Continued on Page 39)

COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?
EDITED BY JOHN HENRY

One thing we like about babies is that they don’t go around telling bright things their mothers and fathers have said.

—Great Bend, Kansas Tribune

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but it generally takes more of them to do it.

—The Pipe Line

The girls stick to the scales as proof whether or not they are gaining weight. I like my own method. About twice a year I try on my wedding dress.

—Greco Dodge White in The Cosy County Democrat, Lancaster, N. H.

Middle age has arrived when you can look back and realize your mistakes and wish you could make them again.

—Tarra Moote, Ind., Indianapolis

If you want to really know what a family is like, peek in its medicine cabinet.

—Maxine E. Kinsinger in Junction City, Kansas, Republic

"Look how a single ScotTowel can be used 3 times over!"

"I-flour fish—For frying on a fresh, clean ScotTowel. Then brush excess flour from towel—and ScotTowel is ready to use again. ScotTowels save your work and save time and energy in dozens of kitchen chores."

New ScotTowel Holder

—LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR DEALER’S—COMES IN RED OR WHITE

1-flour fish—For frying on fresh, clean ScotTowel. Then brush excess flour from towel—and ScotTowel is ready to use again. ScotTowels save your work and save time and energy in dozens of kitchen chores.

"1-flour fish—For frying on fresh, clean ScotTowel. Then brush excess flour from towel—and ScotTowel is ready to use again. ScotTowels save your work and save time and energy in dozens of kitchen chores."

2-dine fish—After frying on that same ScotTowel. Highly absorbent ScotTowels soak up grease thrustily and thoroughly—make fried foods crisper, more wholesome, and more delicious tasting.


150 SCOTTOWELS TO A ROLL

"Look how a single ScotTowel can be used 3 times over!"

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2-dine fish—After frying on that same ScotTowel. Highly absorbent ScotTowels soak up grease thrustily and thoroughly—make fried foods crisper, more wholesome, and more delicious tasting.


150 SCOTTOWELS TO A ROLL
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(C) Plate Rack—safe, cushioned plate storage on cabinet shelf or work surface.

(D) Stove Top Mat saves stove top, defies heat.

(E) Double-capacity Dish Drainer lets you dry dishes the safe, quick, modern way—slices minutes off your dishwashing time.

(F) Drainboard Tray offers complete countertop protection.

(G) Twin Sink Dish Drainer fits down into sink bowl, speeds dishwashing time.

(H) Sink Divider Mat saves many a cup handle and plate edge.

(I) Sink Strainer—bang it ... you can't hurt this sanitary strainer.

(J) Sink Liner Mat turns your sink into a rubber dishpan.

(K) Reversible Soap Dish—one side holds soap drippings, other side drains 'em off.

(L) Rubbermaid Utility Mat.

(M) Tredeasy Floor Mat—sponge rubber for comfort, topped with solid rubber for long wear and easy cleaning.

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HOUSEWARE

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For Premium Protection of Your Home-Canned Foods use BALL Jars and...
Drudgery vanished from millions of kitchens when Revere Ware came on the market. Cooking became easier because the Revere “Waterless Way” is so simple. Menus acquired new zest because natural flavors are preserved as well as precious vitamins and minerals, and because foods look so appetizing. Pot-and-pan cleaning seemed almost a cinch because stainless steel is so easy to keep bright and sparkling and because the welded construction leaves the insides of pans and covers smooth, sanitary and free of dirt-catching obstructions. The cool, comfortably balanced bakelite handles eliminated countless burned fingers and spilled pans.

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SEE REVERE’S “MEET THE PRESS” ON NBC TELEVISION EVERY SUNDAY
Young Mother Wins Sweepstakes Award in Cooking Competition

With her young son and daughter, Mrs. Doracel Wash looks over a scrapbook of her cooking awards. Mrs. Wash is the first woman ever to win three consecutive sweepstakes at the Minnesota State Fair. Her third sweepstakes ribbon was awarded just last fall, along with several other cooking prizes.

Mrs. Wash, of St. Paul, Minn., is another of the many prize-winning cooks who praise Fleischmann’s Active Dry Yeast. “It’s the best ever,” she says, “So fast rising...and it stays fresh for months so I can always keep a supply on hand.”

Folks everywhere find that yeast-raised goodies are rich and delicious...nourishing, too. When you bake at home, use yeast. And use the one prize-winning cooks recommend—Fleischmann’s Active Dry Yeast. It’s so dependable—always gives you good results. This handy Dry Yeast dissolves in a jiffy and really rises fast. Get a supply today.

(Continued from Page 104)

simply loved opera and would keep a careful eye on them. The senator finally persuaded her to leave the doll at home, but she would not consent to take her maid along to chaperon her. She told him, “If your intentions are so wicked that I need a chaperon, then you’re not fit company for a pure-minded woman like worth.”

The next day at the opera remained unoccupied that night. “And I’ve always felt sure that’s why Theo proposed so soon after,” the baroness told me. “He felt that by courting me in public without a chaperon he had compromised me.”

Her only child, born in her second year of marriage to Carver, lived only a week. The baroness went into mourning for an entire year.

There was page after page of such notes. Elizabeth learned through them, and with a sigh of discouragement, added this notation:

For two weeks now I have talked daily to the baroness, trying to understand this woman’s motivations, and so interject her actions. But I can find neither motivation nor meaning. There is nothing but a glittering surface of whim and caprice.

Yet surely, Elizabeth thought, lifting her pen, there must be emotions and sensibility in this woman who had attracted a man like the baron. She was not with Madame von Schiller. It is with me, she wrote to her head.

Turning the page, she wrote, “Dear Harry—I’ve tried, but it’s useless. I want to work so I can’t seem to concentrate.”

“Why?” he would probably demand, “What’s the matter?”

And would he dare to answer, “You’re the matter! How can I write, or do anything, when all I can think of is you? If I could just settle my mind, just know, one way or the other, if you could ever care for me—”

Could she write that to him?

Her mouth tightened. Ripping the page from the notebook, she crumpled it, flung it into the fireplace.

The baroness passed for breath, then began again, “I was thrown out of finishing school, you know,” she said. “Not because I was a bad student. Actually, I was naturally gifted in mathematics and debating. But the poor and the plain think intelligence is their special compensation, and it infuriated my teachers that I should have brains as well as beauty and wealth.”

But then the baroness laughed. “I was thinking—oh, it was funny at the time, Misses Matson, who ran the school, let us have a ball and, my dear, I couldn’t have been more funereal. We girls done up to the chin in pastel gauze. I had a new black gown from Paris which uncovered my shoulders and arms. I told Kitty Leighton—he was a very impetuous boy at that age—I was going to wear the black. Kitty said I wouldn’t dare.”

“Well, that night, I entered the ballroom, arm in arm in pink silk. Such a pretty little dress, and such a pity, I had to spill punch all over it. The Misses Matson immediately ordered me to go upstairs and change.”

Double Your Income

(Continued from Page 115)

Closing the Island House

By Hortense Flexner

Blankets on the line
To be folded with sun in them,
Oil in the door lock
(Why the spider now?)

Pillows brought in from the porch
(Spray from the Atlantic shall fly)

The gull take refuge from the northeast,

The woodpile left dry in the shed,

Logs lichen and bearded
(The squirrel shall find this cover)

And listen to the winds howl.

On the kitchen shelf, the canned fish,
Preserves, baking powder,
Yes, and a little flour in the crock,
A little sugar in the jar,

Simplicity softening art
Shall make his way here.

Going from room to room,
I feel the cold waiting,

Know how icy to touch
Will be my pancake turn,

And hear in the frozen dark
The crack of the witch-hazel bottle.

Elizabeth glimpsed the woman as Wrenn must have seen her—forceful, impetuous, rebellious. It was the kind of girl he, who had burst from a similar prison, the orthodoxy of art, should recognize and adore her.

She stood up abruptly. “Will you excuse me?”

“Where are you going?” the baroness demanded.

“Out to work,” Elizabeth said.

Through the night and into the next day she kept to her room, studying the notes and trying to visualize the events following Madame von Schiller’s. At last, chameleon-like, she began to assume the rigid character of the material. After the set down of the first chapter, it might have been the quintessence of her own girlhood rather than Madame von Schiller’s.

Haltingly, Elizabeth opened the door to the attic and ventured in. The attic, long imprisoned, was then illuminated. “The Winrows were true Yankees,” Madame von Schiller had warned, “Never throw away anything.”

It was on this statement that Elizabeth counted. Intently, she opened trunk after trunk until she came upon the heaping basket of dusty papers—correspondence, legal records, ancient invitations, yellowing newspaper clippings. She bent to her task. (Continued on Page 115)
Smart Shopper feeds 4 on slim budget

HERE'S WHY MRS. EVANS BUYS FOOD IN CELLOPHANE

YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY. Is that meat as lean as you like it? Rolls nicely browned? Fruits, vegetables ripe and appetizing? Transparent Cellophane lets you see. You pick (and pay for) exactly what you want.

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Fritter-franks — French-fried and on sticks!

You'll never taste better franks than juicy, tender Armour Star Franks — plump with beef and pork and made fresh daily in a nearby Armour Sausage Kitchen! And you'll never taste them fixed better than this. Just insert a sucker-stick in the end of each frank and dunk in fritter batter. To make the batter, sift together 1 cup sifted pastry flour, 2 tsps. baking powder, 1 tsp. dry mustard and 1/4 tsp. salt. Then stir in 1/2 cup milk and 1 beaten egg — a Cloverbloom® Egg is best. French-fry the dunked franks in 360°F. fat for one minute. Eat 'em while they're crispy-hot!

It's another of Marie Gifford's favorite recipes! For other unusual meal-planning ideas and interesting recipes, write for the helpful folder, "Hot and Cold Hits." Address the famous home economist, Marie Gifford — Armour and Company, Dept. 541, Chicago 9, Illinois.
"But why?"

"Why do you think? The dear senator was collecting evidence to divorce me. As it turned out, he only ruined himself. What with the scandal he let loose, he never got re-elected."

Ordinarily, Elizabeth was governed by a desire for perfection in her work, but since discovering Wrenn's letter, her curiosity drove her forward to finish the chapters on Senator Carver. To her exasperation, however, Madame von Schillar would not be rushed. For the first time in her life, the baroness admitted, she was actually enjoying spending time with the senator.

And along the way, as she began to describe his faux pas at the British Embassy, "she would say; or 'Don't forget to put in how he was afraid of the dark.'"

"Do you really think we should?" Elizabeth ventured. "I mean, the man's dead now."

"You think I'm being petty?"

"I think it isn't worthy of you."

Abruptly, Madame von Schillar jerked her head away so Elizabeth could not see her face; but her voice, authentic in its emotion, betrayed her. "I don't care! He said worse things about me while he was alive. If there's a library in hell, I hope he reads my book and learns just how much I hated him. I want everyone to know that, so they'll understand that when I finally met a man who was really fine and good, I had to fall in love with him, whatever the cost."

It was the moment Elizabeth had been waiting for. "Where, actually, did you meet Mr. Wrenn?" she asked.

"At a friend's house. I'll tell you about our meeting when the time comes."

"But..."

"When the time comes," the baroness repeated sharply. "Then, patting Elizabeth's hand. "But, to please you, we won't even be at the dear senator. Only not you or anyone will ever make me forgive him."

In her craving for information about Wrenn, Elizabeth turned hopefully to Mrs. Worth.

Tidying the room, Worth indicated Elizabeth's few books with her dust rag. "You don't read much for an author."

"I don't have much time when I'm working," Elizabeth said.

"That's the way with you artistical people, I guess," Worth stated. "Like with him. Books stacked up on the floor and under his cot. I'd say, 'Mr. Wrenn, let me put them downstairs in the library.' But he'd never let me. Only, like yourself, he never left himself time for much but work."

"I wonder what sort of things he read?"

"Didn't say, miss. Never had the notion to look. Myself, I'm partial to the New Testament."

The conversation lingered with Elizabeth. A person's taste in books being a competent guide to character, she felt that it would be possible to obtain a concept of Wrenn through the books which had influenced his thoughts.

"You know, it's funny," the girl began, "perhaps too casual, that afternoon, 'you've never talked to see the work I've been doing.' The baroness stroked her spaniel indi-ently, "Mr. Mellert recommended your work. I trust his judgment. Anyway, reading has been my passion."

"Would you like me to read aloud to you, sometime? I don't mean the manuscript. You have an enormous library across the hall."

The baroness lifted her hands in horror, "Nothing but lawbooks, my dear. The senator used to be a lawyer."

"But your husbands read, didn't they?"

Madame von Schillar uttered a high-pitched sound, a fragment of laughter, "Flix—that's the baron—I don't think he ever cracked a book in his life. And Marion..."
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Only one soap gives your skin this
Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap — with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love" — is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle father is ideal for all types of skin — dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-bright softness, the delicate smoothness, the everlasting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Now at lowest price! Cashmere Bouquet Soap Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!

Next Month

Edna St. Vincent Millay, the poet "who spoke for every woman who has ever broken her heart," wrote an informal and uncontrived autobiography in letters addressed to those she loved and to some of the world's most celebrated men and women. It is a dramatic life story, told with magnificence and candor.

A LOVELY LIGHT

Complete in the October Journal

which she had rapped was opened by white-haired woman.

"I'd like to see Kitty Wallach." "Yes, I'm Miss Edith Harper." Elizabeth stared at her in surprise. M. Wallach was gentle, rather motherly, years unfortified by life. Elizabeth thought of a package into the woman's hand.

"What's this?"

"A book of yours." Mrs. Wallach undid the paper and open the copy of the Inferno to its flyleaf. "So is. Where did you find this? Come on," "I can't," Elizabeth blushed. "I just can't to bring back the book." But she entered apartment.

When she left, an hour later, she came the address of a Miss Edith Harper. So began a chain of interviews and letus, alphabetically indexed. Elizabeth carefully boarded. Neither night pi.. . these fragments together, as at that nig. jigsaw puzzle, always hoping it next day would yield the detail need to complete the picture of Wrenn, and the romance which Madame von Schillar so passionately protected.

Extracts from Elizabeth's index (in alphabetical order):

A. Ayers, Dorothy Jefferson She told much the same story as her brother but added: "Even now, I still like discussing it part of his story, though I was too young to know girls in Marias well. But I apparently, rumor began reaching its family about his conduct. Those dreary Spanish girls. And that Thalwy woman. Finally, my mother went to see him and reproached him for his behavior. Her. "Well, don't be afraid. We were always, but we decided not to see each other any more." My mother asked why he was talking about and he said, "Don't you come here and scold me about Elizabeth Carver?" That was the fact neither knew, he made him promise never to see Mrs. Carver again, but it did no good because they ran away together a month later.

C. Carver, Miss Sarah I went several times to her Beacon Street home, but her housekeeper always said she was away. Finally, I said I'd wait, and the woman said, "She's always late. She hasn't returned anyone for over twenty years."

E. Encyklopedia Britannica "Wrenn, Marias (1802-1915) American painter, born in Boston (Mass.) March 3, 1885. He ran away from home at an early age to work on barges and in canoes along the New England coast. These experiences furnished the scenes and types of his most popular pictures: "Porto Rico," "Herbert of Midnight," "The Captain," and "The Butcher." He was married in 1914 to Mrs. Wrenn. He did not live to see his work recognized, meeting death in a boating accident, July 1, 1915."

Exeteriana, J. J. Painter, critic, and close friend of Wrenn He was killed in the bombing of Coventry.

H. Harper, Miss Edith "I only met this Wrenn a few times, I'm grateful to say. My family knew him — not the Wrenns, they were nobody — but the Jeffs who had excellent connections. Well, old Mrs. Jefferson was most distressed because her grandson ever painted was the drugs of humanity, and she asked my mother to introduce Maria to some proper people so she'd want to paint portraits instead. We took him to Kitty Leighton's. That was enough. Why, we've been laughingstocks if we'd tried to edit him off on decent society."

"Why? Why, indeed? He was a tramp. Oh, handsome, but in an uncouth fashion. He stood over tall, that is, when he talked at all. But of course I didn't have red hair and a fat reputation. Elizabeth Carver got what she deserved."
DREAMING OF A FALL VACATION?

Ask Mary Gordon

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WHERE TO GO AND HOW!

Europe in two weeks? Yes, indeed. Just fly TWA and spend time being places instead of getting there. One fun-packed 15-day tour of England and France that Gordon of TWA recommends, and that you will love, is priced as low as $656 now or $857 during Thrift Season.

Do budgets stretch? They certainly seem to when you follow the many economy tips included in Mary Gordon's booklet "How to stretch your travel dollars." Send for your free copy of this leaflet and use it as a guide in selecting money-saving Family Half-Fare...Sky-Tourist...and Circle-Tours trips.

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P. S. Are you planning a club program? Would your group like to see a travel film...hear a travel talk or give a travel fashion show? If so, write Mary Gordon of TWA...give her the dates of your program, and tell her what your group is particularly interested in. Mary Gordon can supply you with material so that you can give your own travel program...or she can send you 12 to 25 minute travel films on Europe, the Middle East and America...or she may be able to make a travel lecturer available.

Write Mary Gordon of TWA about your club program needs. She'll help you.

Whatever your travel questions...

Mary Gordon of TWA

Hyde's, Captain

Also alluded to as "Hitler" or "Hitlon," I believe Wrenn lived with him and his family for some time after the scandal, but I can find no trace of him now.

P. "Portugee Girls"

Esther and Josephine Anore. Posed for Wrenn in 1909, and for a time his constant companions. Rumor connected him with Josie. She is now thought to be dead, and I can find no trace of Esther.

S. Sprague, Bentley

"Wrenn? Yes, I knew him and I taught him what I could, but it was wasted. He had no talent, Postcard will prove that."

Sprague indicated a sentimental portrait above his mouth—a gypsy said coyly masking her smile with cards spread fanwise.

"See that? I painted it. Beautiful! Know who the model was? Josephine Anore. Can you believe it? The same girl Wrenn painted in his Portuguese thing, only he made her common and squat. Typical of him. I guess making Josie hideous was his revenge on her. She'd never let him touch her, you know."

"He fooled some, but not me. A volcano passing itself off as Mr. Oliver, there's a portrait of him. Emma Thuny, for instance, I'll tell you a secret, but you can quote me: she was his mistress! That's why I say he was a fraud. And the biggest hypocrisy of all, seducing Mrs. Corver. I introduced them. I'll let you put that in your article. Bentley Sprague introduced them. I can't be blamed, though. I always disapproved of their escapade."

"After the scandal, I didn't care about seeing him. But a few weeks before he died, he came back from the Cape for a week end. Elizabeth's house was closed for the season, so he stayed here. That's when I learned how low his taste for ugliness had led him. Oh, the things I could tell you..."

Sprague told me nothing more; however; merely assumed a manner most mysterious and secretive which, I suspect, was to mask the fact that he had nothing more to tell.

T. Thuny, Emma

A chambermaid at the Statler, Stout, middle-aged.

"I can't think which one he was," she said. "I posed for a lot of them, they had more of a figure then. But since, I've had four kids. I got married early, you see. Ed—my husband, Ed Thuny—was a blacksmith, but horses was going out, so I started modeling. So I don't remember this Mr. Wrenn, particularly."

"The next time I saw Mrs. Thuny, I brought a small print of the famous 'Study of Emma.'"

"Yes, that's me," she said. "You can tell I had a fine figure then."

As delicately as possible, I asked Mrs. Thuny if she had ever been intimate with Wrenn. She understood at once, without surprise or indignation.

"No," she said. "Ed wouldn't have liked that. I was just buddies with all them painters. And anyway, this Wrenn was all tied up with someone else. I never seen her, except for her portrait, and he scrubbed that down with turpentine and used the canvas to paint me on it.

"Well, one day his buddy with the funny name [Retrohausy] come in, and gave him a letter. Funny-name, don't want him to read it, but my artist does, anyways. You going back to her?" Funny-name wants to know, "No, says my artist. 'That's all over'. Only after a while, he reads the letter again. Next morning he says, he's done with the picture and won't need me no more. Next thing I know, I see by the newspaper that he and the redhead run away together. I never seen him after."
The only tissue that meets you halfway

Soft! Strong! Pops up!

Have you discovered the wonderful difference between soft, strong Kleenex® and all other tissues? Because of its special Serv-a-Tissue box, Kleenex (and only Kleenex) meets you halfway. You'll see, Kleenex serves you one at a time, not a handful. Ends waste, saves money. It's America's favorite tissue.

One-at-a-time ends waste—saves money!
If your screen looks "cakey" in a heavy make-up...

Choose this sheerer base--for a fresh, young look!

Don't "stifle" your delicate skin in a heavy foundation. Just the merest, sheerest touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream—under your powder—gives you a make-up-off as a whisper, smooth as velvet! No oily shine, no streaking, or discoloring. Because the moment you smooth it on—it snows-white, completely greaseless cream disappears. Leaves only a transparent, invisible film that takes powder evenly—and holds it hours longer!

Glamorizing Mask—dissolves off skin roughness!

Don't let flaky, end-of-summer roughness dull your complexion. A 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream can make your skin look clearer, brighter in just 60 seconds! Lavish Pond's Vanishing Cream generously over your face—except eyes. After one refreshing minute, tissue off. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off dulling, curled-up bits of dead skin. Powder slips on so smoothly over your newly radiant complexion!

La Marquise de Louis Morepoix

This lovely member of one of France's oldest families, says, "A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream never looks obvious. And best of all, my powder seems to stay on so much longer when I use this lovely, sheer base!"
The doctor who invented this internally worn Tampax did not have in mind marriage or single women, particularly. On the contrary, he designed this product for all women who are normal and fully grown and are looking for a more modern solution to the old problem of menstrual flow.

**Has anyone ever told you that you cannot feel the Tampax while wearing it? Or that you do not remove it during a shower or tub bath? Your hands need not touch the Tampax while inserting it—so dainty are the patented apparatus that contain the absorbent cotton!**

**Have you ever checked up on these facts? Tampax requires no belts, pins or external pads. Causes no bulges or ridges under clothing. No odor or chafing. Easy disposal. Adopted by millions of women.**

"Avon Creams leave your skin so lovely"

Coleen Gray

"Every woman wants a clear, youthful-looking skin... and Avon Creams help keep it that way!" says Coleen Gray. "I find it so convenient to choose my creams and other fine cosmetics in my living room with the help of my Avon Representative." Like Miss Gray, you will enjoy the fine beauty care brought to you by Avon. You will like the economy of Avon Cosmetics... and the convenience of selecting them at home with your Avon Representative.

... If chance her when she calls.

Avon COSMETICS

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK • MONTREAL, CANADA
EAT ALL THE FOOD YOU BUY!
(and you'll buy less)

Save flavor and freshness in FOLIAGE aluminum products

Seal in food flavors and save on your food budget. Wrap leftovers, meats, fish, fowl, vegetables, cheese and other foods in this sparkling, pure aluminum. Use it to line roasting pans, broilers, oven racks. Catches drippings, saves scorching. It's the modern way to cook and keep foods.

In handy, economical rolls at grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. Ask for WEAR-EVER Foil.

See WEAR-EVER on the ALCOA Program "SEE IT NOW" over the CBS-TV Network, every Sunday.

Friendly to Food
WEAR-EVER Aluminum

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 118)

neither too fast nor too slow. He wore a most outlandishly battered boating cap, and his hands smelled of turpentine. I pronounced him Bohemian and asked if the artist’s life was not wicked as reputed to be. He replied that he only knew from afterglow, as he was too busy painting to be an artist.

I cannot tell what was the matter with me today. I did not fancy myself as being without experience or poise, yet I could not have been more like some chambermaid with her first swans. I was afraid he wouldn’t talk, and I was afraid to say anything myself—for I chatted interminably. I feared not stop, lest he grab that opportunity to excuse himself and escape. This humiliating prospect grew larger in my mind. At last I stood up and, before he could speak, cried, "Good evening, Mr. Wrenn," and started down the path.

He cause hurrying after me. "What is it, Mrs. Carver?" he asked. "What’s the matter?"

"Please let me pass!" I cried.

He released my arm and stepped aside, "I’m dull company, I know—"

"Oh, damn!" I cried. "It isn’t you. I’ve been bubbling like an idiot, and I hate it, and can’t help it."

He smiled. "Mrs. Carver, maybe we can learn from each other. Because I get silent when I’m ill at ease, just as you become a chatterbox. Together, we might make for moderation."

I sat down again. Now, however, I could think of nothing to say. I made the mistake of resting up at him and my eyes met—not a strange sensation. A tingling shot up my spine like the ascent of a skyrocket and burst a spray of sparks at the roots of my hair. Perhaps I brushed, although it’s scarcely my habit, for he looked away suddenly, and his smile was gone. "It’s getting late," he murmured.

"I know," I said. "We got work to do."

"Of course." I arose. "And for all my talking, I’ve said not one word I intended." I quickly added, "About the portrait, I mean."

He fingered his cap. "I’m afraid that will be impossible. I don’t have much free time."

"Of course." I cannot tell why I felt so relieved.

There was nothing more to be said, and yet we lingered, both of us.

"It’s been very pleasant—" he said.

"It’s been so nice—" I said.

We laughed, but it had a strained sound.

"It’s not likely." I added. "That we’ll meet again—"

"No. Not likely."

"Although I always stroll here about five, every afternoon."

"I’m always at work then."

"Yes. Of course."

I thrust him a glance over my shoulder as I started away. He did not even smile to assure me he would be in the park tomorrow. Well, for all that, "I’m not certain that I’ll return either."

All day today, I kept thinking of things to tell Marius. Could scarcely wait for twilight. While dressing for dinner, I kept glancing out the bow toward the park to see if, perhaps, he would come after all. Once, the senator asked why I found so interesting outside, and I answered very quickly, that the sunset was lovely (it was absurd, as it was already dark.).

I try not to be uneasy. I’m sure no accident has befell him, although everyone is keenly aware that another suggestion.

He was not there again today, although I went to our bench in an hour early and stayed there. I was late to dinner. I wrote him a little note; didn’t send it. To be so forward is frightening him away. Of course, it makes no difference to me whether he comes or not. Actually, it is only because I’m bored the spend any time on him in the first place.

Later: In my heart of hearts, I know this for all the best. He will not be able to come again. Ours could never be a real friendship. To think of his face, of the way his eyes looked mine, of the strength of his fingers when shake hands, of the way his hair tumbled in his holy—well, I shall think of this no more, I hope."

Midnight: I have decided that, under no circumstances, will I meet Mr. Wrenn again.

My will has been likened to temperament. Today was the test of it. I coolly resisted all thought of Marius and even accepted an invitation to ten in the lawn tomorrow. Yet when o’clock came, in the middle of a sentence, I cursed myself and hastened homeward. And how gladly was it yielded to urgency. For when I came into the park Mar was waiting.

"I’m glad you came," I said.

Without reply, he lit his pipe. Other men: a lady’s permission to smoke. He is, as always, independent. We paced up and down, he on side of the path, I on mine. As we passed each other, I saw, start behind the elm, a blue duffel bag.

Somehow I contrived a safe voice. "You making a trip, Mr. Wrenn?"

"No. I’m returning from a trip."

"That sounds pleasant. Did you go far?"

He shook his head. "I jumped boat in New York."

"I don’t know what ‘jump boat’ means."

"I’d signed aboard a freighter."

He volunteered no other explanation, neither why he had run away nor how suddenly returns. My heart supplied me the reason; however, that the same torment is in his heart, he soon verified. It was when he got to discussing the clarity he worships in color. "It must be pure," he said intensely. "No muddy or adulterated."

This last was barely escaped his lips. He stopped and quickly turned to substitute some other word.

I changed the subject, though I cannot save what sense I made, for this word disturbs me too. A hundred times a day, it slips by the guard of my mind. I confront it with all kinds of excuses—that I do no wrong in just seeing Wrenn. I will not be ruled by other people’s morality, that love needs no excuse..."

(Continued on Page 119)
These coffee pots went to college to give you NEW coffee deliciousness

A great American university conducted exhaustive research to determine the exact coffee-pot construction for making the best coffee every time. All Wear-Ever coffee-makers have the results of this scientific research incorporated in them.

Throughout America, in homes where delicious coffee is served, you'll find Wear-Ever Aluminum coffee-makers. Women have told one another; the word has spread: Wear-Ever coffee-makers produce perfect coffee every time... and so easily! Silvery, friendly-to-flavor aluminum protects the rich, natural goodness of coffee, as it does of all foods. Wear-Ever aluminum coffee-makers last indefinitely, too. See Wear-Ever perks and drips at your favorite department, hardware and housewares store today... in sizes to suit your needs.

Friendly to Flavor
WEAR-EVER Aluminum Coffee Makers

See WEAR-EVER on the ALCOA Program "SEE IT NOW"—CBS-TV Network, every Sunday.
How do you do?

Here’s how you do: Just add milk to a package of Pillsbury Cake Mix. Fastest triumph you ever had.

Milk is all you add

Just add milk. No eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury thanks you—for making these the most popular of all cake mixes. Today more Pillsbury Cake Mixes are bought than any other brand—by far

Pillsbury Cake Mixes

WHITE • CHOCOLATE FUDGE • GOLDEN YELLOW
I possess—I was tried

I can’t understand what’s gotten into you! Barson of Von Schiffler Sent a charming address to her criticism. “You’ve been unique as can be these last few weeks. All flitting and darting out for air, disrupting our work in midafternoon.”

I’ve never left a time, and we scarcely worked past four.”

One of the chief reasons that widows get married so quickly is because they find out that bank-rupctures pay for the work that a wife has done for her board and clothes.

DOROTHY DIX

Please!” Elizabeth protested. “I really cannot.

Of course, of course, Miss Carver?”

Miss Carver smiled. “I think you misunderstand Elizabeth personally. She was not only very beautiful, but she had become part of our name. I protected her when the town began to gossip. I warned a little—signed, of course, as I didn’t want to be implicated—warning this Wrenn that she was mine if I were to find trouble. She had a strong affection for my brother when he decided to carry things to court. I told him, Theo, whatever the woman did, remember your interests and not worth jeopardizing that for.” But he answered, “Sarah, if I keep her, I will jeopardize everything I possess—my wharf, my position, my integrity and my principles.”

She knotted her lips until the seams of her lips strained. “I thought once he was free of her and he could resume our old way of life and work undisturbed, but—

She spoke with effort now. “Oh, when I think what I might have done, you can imagine how Elizabeth had obeyed, she continued, “I suppose it is not necessary to introduce my—

“You are Miss Sarah Carver.”

The woman nodded. “I’ve very much regret living been indulged when you called. Since then, I have received a letter saying that a book was being written which might concern my brother. Am I correct in assumption that you came to me for information about him?”

“Yes, partly.”

“Very good,” she will see that you are supplied with his history.”

Her hitherto mannered manner irritated Elizabeth. “I don’t think I’ll need it now,” she said. “At this time of night, I’d rather have a glass of cold water, if you please.”

Miss Carver’s arrogance fell away. “Is my brother to be sacrificed to them?”

“No, indeed,” Elizabeth said. “I’ve been very careful to include his point of view, but how could you know, if you don’t tell me—

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

BRILLO soap pads—

TWICE THE SHINE

in half the time!

BRILLO Brillo’s marvelous! The square metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap whisks pans bright in a jiffy! Shiny mirror rests from Brillo’s outshines others cleansers tested. Brillo has jeweler’s polish. Actually gives aluminum twice the shine in half the time! Perfect on stove tops, too!

New improved Brillo lasts longer!

Hate to tackle crusty pans?
“Soaping” dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

I don’t remember. It must have been just before he started his portrait. Anyway, a man of affairs will not begin meeting by seeing the girl preparing to ask another question, she cried, “No, that’s enough! I’ll have remembered a lot more by the time we’ve finished our chapter on the dear senator,” she did not leave the room, however, but lingered at the door. “The important thing,” she nodded. “It is to make sure you’re not still worried about what that fool Sarah said.”

“No. I’m not worried. I’m glad I met her.”

“What, for heaven’s sake?”

“Because now I know why you had to fall in love—and why you didn’t have to justify yourself—why there needn’t be any more delay.”

“Delay?” “The bareness cocked her head.

“How do you mean?”

The girl flashed. “In my work,” she said quickly.

Elizabeth hurried down the dark path. Wren was already waiting at the usual bench. “I had to come back,” he said. “I was worried when you didn’t show up this afternoon.”

“I had to spend it with the senator and Miss Sarah. And I don’t have much time. Then now, I said I was just going to run over to Kitty’s, for a minute.”

Thunder rumbled faintly, and, somewhere in the distance, someone was playing the same bars of Schumann over and over. At once restless and languorous, the two arose and began walking in silence. Elizabeth paused by the frozen fountain and gazed about, as if to suspend this moment in her mind forever. Her heart was hammering, yet she seemed to breathe not at all.

They drew back deeper into the darkness. Soon a figure, preceded by a long shadow, trod by. Only when he was gone from sight and sound did they release their hands. Her forehead was moist. “You didn’t think it was?” she whispered. “It was.”

“It could have been.”

“But it wasn’t, so let’s forget it,” they were standing close together again, but anticipation had changed to apprehension, and the moment was lost. She turned away. Then, for fear silence would widen even further the intangible breach between them, she bridged it with quick reassurance. “We mustn’t be afraid.”

“Well,” she said. “I am afraid. We’re in the wrong.”

“No, we’re not,” she protested. “Aren’t we? Didn’t you know that from the start? Isn’t that why we met her rather than in your husband’s house? You can’t love and fear at the same time. Fear always wins out and kills.”

Then we mustn’t meet by stealth any more, she considered this, added quickly, “You could paint my portrait. There’s a little room upstairs with a good light. We could be together there, and no one could question that.”

He shook his head. “It would only make it harder to say good-by, and that’s all the future can hold for us.”

“I thought you were a rebel,” she cried fiercely. “I thought you could dare and change.”

“It’s not hard to fight when I see something wrong,” he answered slowly, “but when I know it’s me who’s wrong, I’m defenseless. Soon we’d be blaming and resenting each other.”

She raised her hands and, looking into his eyes, knew his anguish was no less than her own. “Then is that the only way to keep what we have? To—her voice wavered and, almost inaudibly, she supplanted — ‘To say goodbye.’

Rain began falling lightly, streaking the tense faces. Elizabeth touched his hand to it, she said the farewell still, she couldn’t articulate, and suddenly, magnetized by contact, there were in each other’s arms. Ignorant of the thunder’s repeating warning, they moved together, and only when rain began to press them did they release each other.

“Run,” he ordered huskily; and the raced to the gate. She was thrown into the shadows. “I’ll wait here till you’re gone.”

“And tomorrow?”

“Yes. I’ll come. If you’re not afraid, I can be?”

“My house, then?”

“Not,” he said. “We’ll begin the portrait.”

“Oh, my dearest ——” She kissed him quickly, then hurried across the street.

When Elizabeth was in her room again she took off her wet coat. It was nearly ten o’clock. Humming the little Schumann theme, she undressed and brushed her damp, dark hair. It would be in this room, she thought, that room that would become his studio. And it sits by the window where the light is good. They stand over there — She slipped on her nightgown, then lay down on the cot. She did not sleep, however. Eventually, she arose and lit the lamp. To pen scratched as she wrote, but she did not notice:

I thought four o’clock would never come; when it did I suddenly felt unprepared, I was beautifully grooved, it was true, but he never noticed that. The woman he does not, however, the woman with whom there was all unsettled, unsure. Worth had already ushered him into the little room in the stairs. I entered, careful to leave the door ajar. It was unpacking his portfolio; when he saw me it hand faltered. I said a few meaningless words of welcome, come very loudly and then whispered, “My darling!”

Seeing he was still uneasy, I sat by the window and picked up the volume of Dante to read aloud until he was calmer. Soon, he sat down and began making preliminary sketches. I put the book down.

He was watching me. “When did you last know?” he asked, at last.

“I am not sure, I think I knew when I first saw you. And you?”

He shook his head. “There was no moment. It built like a coral reef, one tiny cell upon another, until it lifted out of the sea, a mountain.”

“And you soared into it, wrecking yourself?”

“‘I wasn’t going to say that.’

He came over and kissed me. ‘I love you,’ he whispered.

“Oh?”

“I don’t know. Does anyone ever know why? I’m the only important to know that I do.”

Elizabeth wrote on. The room was silent except for the scratch of her pen.

The third week in February always found Madame von Schiller in low spirits, culminating on the twentieth day, when Worth reminded her of cake and candles that she was a year older.

“How old would you say I looked?” she asked Elizabeth, after dinner.

“I’ve never thought of it,” said Elizabeth, then to counteract this lie, added truthfully, “When you came in the door, that first day, I thought you were perhaps forty.”

With half-closed eyes, the baroness studied a mirror. “I don’t look too grim,” she mused. “In Rome, I could make a man a little more successful. Three times, if the light wasn’t too good.”

“I’m sure those who love you don’t really know what you look like, anyway,” Elizabeth comforted. “The closer you get to a person, the less perspective you have.”

“May be some truth to that,” the baroness agreed. She moved nearer the girl. “That’s why I’ve been so slow about giving out details of Marcia,” she told her. “I know him too well.”

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!
"Like painting a portrait," Elizabeth suggested eagerly. "Sometimes you love a person so much—the sweetness, the understanding, the real person—that you forget the actual appearance. And that's why he could never catch the exact likeness of you."

The baroness was watching her with that air of lazy mockery, "If you please, dear," she begged, "whatever might you be talking about?"

"The portrait. How Marius did it over and over and never could get it right. Remember?"

"Yes—he never finished my picture."

"Why not?"

"People had begun to whisper about us."

"You sent him away?"

"I had no choice."

"But how could you?" Elizabeth cried. "It was only love that mattered. You told me so yourself. What did you care what people said?"

"I didn't care! Well, maybe I did! Oh, I don't know. I couldn't think. I was afraid." She looked away from Elizabeth. "I can't discuss that part now. It's still too painful."

"But could I know how long you stayed apart?"

"I don't remember," said Madame von Schillar. "It seemed like a hundred years."

And then...

"When I couldn't stand it any more, I dropped him a note."

"He came back?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

Madame von Schillar arose and wandered restlessly around the room. When she turned, the girl was watching with that soft luminosity which, more than once in these past weeks, had piqued Madame von Schillar's curiosity. "You know so much about me, and I know nothing of you," she said suddenly. "Tell me about yourself."

"Myself?" Elizabeth spoke like one newly awakened. "It's not very interesting."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You look rather older." Madame von Schillar glanced at her reflection in the pier glass, then turned away with a shrug. "But I wouldn't be twenty-eight again for anything." she said sharply. "An ugly year."

"How do you mean?"

"That was when the senator divorced me. Oh, and the newspapers just couldn't seem to let me alone. Needless to say, all my friends began cutting me dead. I'd get anonymous letters—"

"But even so, you had Marias. You were free to marry him, after that."

"Marias?" Madame von Schillar examined her scarlet fingernails. "But we were talking of you," she said. "Where do you come from? Who are your people?"

"I was born St. Louis," Elizabeth said. "My father was a broker. We had a big house with green mansard roof, and I used to play in the attic—play I was Rumpel, or Joan of Arc, or my mother—"

"Why your mother, for mercy's sake?"

"I suppose because she was so beautiful. She and my father were very much in love—not just loving companions, like most people who've been married for quite a while. When I was about fifteen, my father lost everything in speculation. That same year, he died. My—my mother didn't live without him. She took an overdose of sleeping tablets—"

"How sorrowful," the baroness said. Then, more gently: "Not that elements in my own life haven't been. So—continue."

"I—I went to live with relatives. They'd also been hit financially. So quick as I could get a work permit. I began taking jobs, just anything—waitress, switchboard operator; sometimes, at night, I was a baby-sitter. That's when I first began writing poetry. I gave my earnings to my aunt, and I suppose it helped her out, but I was never made to feel I belonged there. I'd get home late, when the others were asleep, and I'd go out early before they were up. Sometimes, at the switchboard, I'd listen in on the conversations and pretend someone was talking to me—"

---

"Blemishes no longer trouble me," Jesse Paz of Philadelphia says. "Noxzema's Beauty Routine quickly helped heal them. My skin looks so much smoother, I'm delighted."
A Yarn

Luster is NOT a Girdle...

Luster is a Yarn

A yarn that stretches, gives, and when woven into fabrics, imparts stretch and wondrous control to them. It is these fabrics elastized with Luster that help designers create the magnificent couture of today. Corsetry that molds you into the figure of fashion ever so easily, lightly, comfortably. Next time you shop, ask for a girdle made with Luster, a yarn that makes things fit.

The miracle yarn

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York

September

Luster is NOT a Girdle...

If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life.

—HEAVELock Ellis

The Dance of Life

Houghton Mifflin Company

As she turned away, she glimpsed her reflection in the windowpane. Startled, she stopped. It was not a beautiful girl with red hair that she saw, but a slender, dark woman, whose startled eyes stared back at her.

The shock of recognition anchored her senses. She looked down at herself. Her feet were bare. She was standing there in her old red cotton shoes, standing on her bed, and it was morning. She had just awakened, she decided, but with fragments of her dream still clinging to her in defiance of daylight.

As she approached the closet, she decided to go down to breakfast, to discover some fresh-penned notes on her desk. They were in her own handwriting. She glanced at a paragraph, and the cokes drained from her hands. She found a letter from Marius merely a dream, when had she written about it in such detail?

She stepped back in confusion, and her foot touched something... the rolled-up gray socks on the floor.

"Were you here, then?" she asked wryly.

"What's it? I don't know," she answered.

Holding herself rigid against panic, she tried to remember the passage of the entire night, yet her mind refused to finish it from fancy; but she was frightened.

"Marius Wrenn is dead," she said aloud in desperation. But before I was ever at the office, I stepped into the reflection a mirror she witnessed the barroness tucked the envelope behind the Sargent portrait, called me, "Kitty Leigh," and said, "I'm Elizabeth Wallach. She told the older woman, "I was at work--"

As it was difficult to persuade Mr. Wallach. Three o'clock was the hour set for the visit, and all through the next day Elizabeth was wildly busy. When, however, Worth announced that Mrs. Wallach was waiting in the parlor, Madame von Schillar only groaned. "I knew they'd come," she said. Above this petty idea of punishing her, like other called friends.

Quickly, Elizabeth slid her hand in bag of Madame von Schillar's big black portrait.
Now for the first time science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon—safely!

Have you noticed your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—little by little, week by week, taking on a gray film that dulls its beauty?

Now, at last, a NEW KIND of powder bleach lets you SAFELY, gradually whiten nylon and rayon, fabrics you could never bleach before. Named "snowy" bleach, it comes from the Gold Seal Company that brings you "GLASS WAX". Different in its powder form, different in its gentler, more patient action, "snowy" is also used differently.

Use "snowy" bleach every wash! Make nylon and rayon whiter with every bleaching!

"snowy's" action—safe and gradual—continues every time you wash. A few bleachings, and gray lingerie starts to sparkle again. For new lingerie, use "snowy" from the first wash and keep that new look!

The same gentleness that makes "snowy" safe for fine fabrics makes it safe for brightening tub-fast colors and prints. Wonderful for baby's delicate things too. Not irritating. Kind to your hands. And "snowy" has a clean, fresh fragrance!

Use gentle "snowy" every wash. Use a full 20-ounce package, then see the difference!

Only "snowy" bleaches With 3-Way Action:
1. Conditions water. More suds...easier washing.
2. Dissolves gray film. Film floats away with water.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. If your store does not have "snowy", send 25 cents to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for generous trial package.

Have you noticed your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—little by little, week by week, taking on a gray film that dulls its beauty?

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SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. If your store does not have "snowy", send 25 cents to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for generous trial package.
What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They're using Helene Curtis Spray Net—the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place, looking naturally lovely. That's right—naturally lovely!

*It's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!*

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net. For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it. Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist holds waves in place, makes loose curls and stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather. It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Helene Curtis Spray Net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

*Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!*

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

(Continued from Page 126)

brown envelope was there, but nothing else. She hurried to the next picture, expectantly, and lifted it from its hook. It was an hour later when Madame von Schiller returned to her suite. Everything was in order, and Elizabeth was sitting in exactly the same chair as before. She glanced up glumly.

"Have a nice visit?"

"Grim Kitty's let herself go snow-white," she chatted on volubly, but Elizabeth, staring straight ahead, heard not a word.

If she discontinued her search of the house after that day, it was not because Elizabeth had relinquished hope of finding Wrenn's letters; she was inspired by an easier plan of getting at them.

The following morning, an elevator lifted her to the loggia of the state library. She thumbed through bound copies of prominent newspapers, dated 1912. Curiously enough, the Carver divorce was mentioned only once, a brief paragraph. An attendant supplied the reason.

"Decent papers didn't print that sort of thing," he explained. "In those days, particularly about worst families"

"But were there no scandal sheets?"

"Oh, to be sure. The Reveille, for instance."

The yellowing sheets of the Reveille were brittle, the edges flaking in her fingers as she turned each page. Here, the Carver divorce proceedings were generously in evidence. As she read, Elizabeth's nostrils pinched. Had there been any doubt in her mind before, none was left as to why the barren feared print. No love letters were printed as evidence, however.

With dragging footsteps, Elizabeth returned to her room. She tried to write, but every page she began was soon crumpled.

She mopped the perspiration from her brow. Why, she asked herself, why seal the imagination when it was all she had to work with? She had turned from fantasy to fact, and it was in fact that she had loved. If love and understanding were to be found in illusion, then to insist upon reality was madness.

"Give in," she whispered. "Give in." It seemed to be Wrenn's voice, instructing pleading.

She leaped to her feet, pressing her hand against her ears. A moment later, she dragged her suitcase out and began flinging it clothes into it. Her breath still came fast as she wrote a note of good-bye to Madame von Schiller.

Yet as she reread it, the words seemed unreasoning, hysterical. With a sniffl of wry amusement, she crumpled the note. I can just as easily wait for morning to say good-by, she decided. I'm calm now—out of danger.

Even so, in falling asleep that night, she reached out and gripped the handle of her suitcase for reassurance.

Either she awoke or dreamed she did. It was still dark. Although the room was chilly, her nightgown was damp with perspiration. Drowsily, she pushed aside the shutters and glanced out at the silent, ice-polked window. It was empty. Of course it was empty. Her threat conspicuous and she turned away.

In crossing back to her bed, she stumbled against something. It was a suitcase.

"Maybe I was going to run away with Marius," she mumbled.

She pondered this, then sadly shook her head. Marius did not even know she still longed to see him. Perhaps at this very moment he was awake, too, thinking of her, summoning her, conjuring her, "Sometimes, when I say your name enough, I can bring your face to my mind." He had said that, once. "I suppose this should be enough for me, but it isn't. I want to see you, talk to you. A letter, Elizabeth," he said. The tears had come to her eyes, and suddenly she picked up a pen. The moon provided enough light to write.

**Ask any Woman**

By MARCELINE COX

EFFICIENCY is lighting the birthday cake from the center candles first.

It is possible to make room in the refrigerator for a watermelon your husband brings home unordered, but you can never divide the summer guest who arrives unexpectedly.

Bride's voice out of apartment: "I'm pretty sure there's something you do to macaroni before you bake it."

A girl is a creature who can go around for a week in a bathing suit, yet end up on Saturday with a tubful of laundry.

Whenver her son gets into a boyish scrape, a certain mother consents to her family with, "It's never the nicked cup that gets broken."

The parsimonious "saver" predicts a flood instead of a rainy day.

A child knows whether or not an adult really loves him, just as a plant knows the difference between a bucket of water thrown over it and rain from heaven.

The nearest man I've ever heard about was the one who stood over his critically ill wife and demanded, "What did you say to the Browns that made them take their business away from me?"

My husband's idea of painless picknicking is eating in a good restaurant.

My Aunt Annie affirmed her faith with, "I do not understand how anyone can look upon a newborn baby and not forever afterward believe in God."

Major periods of crisis in family life:

Putting in a garden.

Putting up a Christmas tree.

Putting aside the income tax.

Perhaps the second daughter is really being aided in weeding out one or two suitors by her father's setting them to digging postholes, when they arrive for a long week end.

One understanding teacher, after passing out each pupil's supply of fresh paste; "Any child who wants to find out what it tastes like may do so now.

The ten-year-old son of the neighborhood's most progressive couple was overheard saying to his mother, "You may choose the TV programs today, mother, since it's your birthday."

Whenever I desperately need a safety pin I look in the hems of the youngest's skirts.

Neighborhood's daughter: "We had ten-minute steak and partially boiled potatoes."

I remember thinking that I was grown up when I could no longer get my hand in and out of a lamp chimney.
Marina—Forgive me, I hadn’t the courage to go on before, but now I haven’t the strength to go on without you. It’s too late to think of cost now. And nothing could be worse than the torment of these last weeks. I’ll be in the park tomorrow night at nine. Be there, I implore you.

Elizabeth.

She sealed this into an envelope and was scarcely aware of the time it took her to find a stamp or to finish the addressing. Pasting on her coat, she crept down the stairs. The front door closed as she opened it, but above caution and without haste, she slipped out and across the silent park to the mailbox. Whether this had been a dream or fact, Elizabeth could not distinguish when the morning light awoke her. More substantial was her knowledge of surrender. Humming softly, she unpacked her suitcase.

Her work with the baroness, that day, was shot through with nervous excitement. “Happy today, aren’t we?” the baroness drawled. “Within an inch of my life,” said Elizabeth gaily.

“And so gloomy yesterday! Really, my dear, one could get quite seasick trying to follow your emotional ups and downs.”

Dinner was at seven. Elizabeth barely touched her food. Continually she eyed the clock which seemed to be in conspiracy against her eagerness.

She dressed that night, with infinite care. She let herself out of the house, crossed the street into the little park. After brushing the snow from the bench beneath the familiar elm, she sat down. Several times she glanced at her watch. Abruptly, she straightened, hearing his step. Then he was beside her, whispering, “Elizabeth, Elizabeth.”

“Thank God,” she gasped. “How long has it been?”

“A hundred years.”

“No, it’s been a hundred years just while I’ve been waiting here, tonight. We won’t be apart again, ever, will we?”

“Have you the courage for that?”

Her smile was wistful. “I don’t seem to have much courage at all, any more. That’s why I need you so.”

“Then we’ll find a way,” he promised. “Somehow, we’ll find a way.”

It was an hour later when Elizabeth returned home. As she hurried toward the stairs, the baroness appeared at her door.

“You flounced out without a good-bye and pop back in without saying hello,” she accused.

“Can I do something for you, now?” Elizabeth asked.

“Nothing! Don’t bother about me. It doesn’t matter if I get lonesome,” said the baroness wearily. “Where’ve you been, anyway?”

“Out walking,” Elizabeth nodded gravely and swept upstairs.

Within a week, the chapter on Wrenn was well in progress. No longer able to discriminate between what was fact and what was fancy, Elizabeth blindly included both in her narration of the romance. Never once did she question this, for her identities of Elizabeth Deveny and Elizabeth Winslow Carver were not separate viewpoints, but, as two eyes, identifying a singleness of vision.

“You’re mad!” cried the baroness. “Absolutely mad!”

Even though this was a telephone conversation and she was unseen by the other speaker, her face was alive with smiles and her eyes practiced a subtle coquetry. She hung up and turned to Elizabeth.

“Harry Mellett,” she stated. “He’s in town on business and wants to take us to Symphony tonight.”

“That’ll be nice.”

Elizabeth’s absence of excitement did not escape Madame von Schiller’s. She dipped into a chair. “You’d better call my hairdresser and tell Worth I’ll need her to do some pressing. The Schiaparelli. Haven’t worn it for ten years. But its cut will be daring a century from now. It ought to make the Back Bay ball!” She smiled. “Lots of people I used to know may be there, and—well, Mellett is good-looking.”

The only translucent finish that veils your complexion in sheer loveliness... so that you seem not to wear makeup at all, but to possess great natural beauty. 7 lovely shades... more lasting... more easily applied than ordinary makeup. 125. **Plus tax**
Ceiling and wall duster with springy DU PONT NYLON bristles

Here's a handy brush for those hard-to-reach places. Springy Du Pont nylon bristles quickly whisk away dust from walls and ceilings...stay fresh, firm and resilient...last longer, too. And they're so easy to clean. Look at these features:

- Resilient Du Pont nylon bristles do a thorough job...won't or break off. Their gentle bristle action removes dust and dirt without leaving paint or wallpaper. Whenever you buy any brush, remember that:

**The best brushes have Du Pont NYLON BRISTLES**

---

Elizabeth submitted without much protest. She was to be served dinner at seven. By six, the women had transformed Elizabeth. She stood before them in the gray-and-silver laces of a gown, as though curls had been threaded through her back hair swathed high, exposing the nape of her slender neck. It was a pose, a picture, as Cormier said, "Don't you think so, baroness?"

"I suppose so." Madame von Schollar glanced at her own reflection, then asked, "Where exactly did you get her on?"

The artist in Cormier was instantly displaced by the saleslady. "It's called 'Gingerly,' and honestly, baroness, it's made for miracles.

Defily, Madame von Schollar applied some to her face and neck, then stood back from the mirror. Her eyes darkened sharply from her reflection to Elizabeth. Her mouth tightened. "You kept me under the drier too long. I can't see everything...I think I'm going to have a headache." Then her eye was caught by Elizabeth slowly revolving behind the long mirror. She had been looking for mercy's sake. She had seen that dress torn to shreds in ten minutes. And slick up your back hair.

The criticism did not end there and, as quickly as she posed, Madame von Schollar edged up the stairs stiffly, fearful of stepping through the hem or snagging the delicate threads of the dress as she passed by her. She dared not sit down and risk wrinkling the dress. Although she was sewed into one of Madame von Schollar's gowns, and though the color was white, she would have never had she felt less like Elizabeth Wimlow.

Mellett arrived shortly after seven. The baroness timed her appearance a few minutes later.

They had eaten cocktails when Elizabeth came downstairs. Both watched her descend with wonder. The girl's face had been scrubbed until it gleamed lichen polished bone. She was very thin and long black skirt. A wet comb had eased out the curls, and her dark hair swung free and swinging to her shoulders. She wore perfect poise, holding out her hand to Mellett.

"Elizabeth," she cried admiringly, "you are beautifully dressed."

The baroness slipped an arm around Elizabeth's waist. "Much, much better, my dear," she whispered.

At dinner, Madame von Schollar invested the brightest treasure of her charm in conversation. In the shadow of this gaiety, Elizabeth was forced to listen to Madame von Schollar— the fragile curve of her lips, the shadow cast over her face, the bars she had beentoed. Once, as he watched, she lifted his to. Always before, she would wrench away her glance with a stony allure to bellow. How she had advertised her face, her body, her emotional life, with no emphasis. He cocked his head wonderingly, and his face held both smile and frown.

They were late to Symphony Hall, and the entrance Madame von Schollar had awaited all afternoon was lost in the darkened auditorium. Only the girl appeared at seven. She walked across the auditorium. Her eyes were gleaming, her lips half parted, and her head majestically tilted. Yet there was no focus of her thoughts; she was entirely absorbed by Wrenn's nearness.

When the program had concluded and they had, somehow, captured a cab, Mellett said, "We've still got business to discuss. Let's find us a nice, quiet little café.

Whatever for?" Madame von Schollar, "When I've a perfectly good kitchen at home?"

"Lady," he said, "don't tell me you can boil water!"

"Dear man," she drawled, "I make souffles and blanfutes lighter than an angel's conscience. He'll scold me if I don't go!"

No sooner had she reached the kitchen, however, than the baroness, in the responsibility of fixing the supper enjoyed her to the stove, across the room from Mellett's. She was "Dear," she called, at last, that headache's coming. Would you be a dream and do the eggs?"

Even in her apron, with a smile, in her hand, Madame von Schollar retained the quality of unconcealed elegance. Mellett tried discussing the merits until six, with Madame von Schollar, but he was consistently distracted by the girl's movements.

"Actually, she isn't beautiful," he suddenly told the baroness, "but damned if she doesn't act as if she were."

"Who?"

"Elizabeth," he said, "You've been a wonderful influence on her."

"Really?" Madame von Schollar's smile was a little tight. When Elizabeth brought the dishes, he sat up with a yawn. "My darling," she said, "I've said news, I'm not hungry now. She crossed to the door, flashed a heartless smile, and asked, "You are going to want to be with mockery. He would see how long Elizabeth's "beauty" lasted once the "wonderful influence" had withdrawn. "It's been, he thought, "You've been a beauty."

"Yes, Mr. Wrenn."

While it is true the brighter force of conversation left with the baroness, a more quietly pace gave Mellett the opportunity he'd awaited. You're changed," he announced.

"Ah, yes"

"Well, haven't you?"

"We live," Elizabeth said, smiling, "in a state of flux. Then: "Is there enough salt in the soup?"

"Yes, now, be serious..."

"Very well." She arranged him a face of long, tense beauty. "You're changing, Harry. Have you considered it might be you who's changed?"

"You, I don't recall your ever being so abrupt before. You didn't demand answers to silly questions. You took me as I was. And it was very pleasant that way."

"She held out a crushed package of cigarettes.

"Well, one thing hasn't changed," he said, "I'm not about to breath that the most beat-up cigarettes in the world."

He left shortly after, but returned the next day prior to leaving Boston, on the point of discussing the unfinished business. His iron, when told that Elizabeth was not home, was scarcely flattering to Madame von Schollar.

She sharpened her words against her smile. "Elizabeth isn't always to be accounted for, any more. Elizabeth was going moaning about..."

"I hadn't noticed the moaning."

"How could you miss it? It's been going on for weeks. She keeps denying she has a young man in one breath, and in the other she limits him."

"What?"

He reached for his hat. "The reason, I think, is in her. The baroness nodded. "I know you quite well for her as I am." He laughed. "Of course.""
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...gives plenty of foot room

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Full Length ... Full Width
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Get your Contour Sheets today! Combed percale and extra-strength muslin, Sanforized* For standard double and twin beds. Sizes adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. In the same price range as flat sheets. At your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. 9D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.® Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
HOW BUSY WOMEN STAY LOVELY
ON JUST 12 MINUTES A DAY!

Every morning take

THREE MINUTES to cleanse your face with Cara Nome Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream, or Special Cleansing Cream. This softens and loosens surface impurities that tend to clog pores and interfere with their natural functions. Cream is easily removed with tissues.

TWO MINUTES to pat your face briskly with Cara Nome Tone Freshener (or Astringent, if your skin is oily). This removes surplus cream, gently stimulates—gives skin vibrant freshness.

THREE MINUTES to massage with a softening lubricant. Use Cara Nome Skin Cream or Skin Oil. This helps keep skin smooth and soft.

TWO MINUTES to stimulate surface circulation with Cara Nome Skin Freshener or Astringent. This leaves complexion dewy fresh, clean—ready for Cara Nome Skin Lotion (for oily skin) or Cara Nome Make-Up Stick: foundation for dry skin, as a make-up base.

TWO MINUTES to apply one of the delicate shades of Cara Nome Face Powder. Then the final touch, your Cara Nome Lipstick ... and you're ready for the day—radiantly lovely!

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Three famous face creams by CARA NOME
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COLD CREAM ... for normal skin. Non-absorbable, almost flinty in texture. Tissues off easily, leaving complexion refreshed.

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SPECIAL CLEANSING CREAM FOR DRY SKIN. Softens dirt, makes-up for quick, gentle cleansing. Leaves skin clean, soft, appealing.

7/16-oz. jars ... regular $2.20
Only $1.10 during half-price sale

Oils, Tonics, Face Powder 50c up

(Continued from Page 109)

... folk, however, always suspicious of alien intrusion, were sharply aware of her. They competed in speculation about this proud, slender girl who walked alone by the outer fringe of low tide, whispering to herself.

"Then you're not afraid to up yours the bargain," she interrupted.

"Circumstances force me," he sighed, holding out pratechdelities.

"Starving again, no doubt!"
"But absolutely starving!" He flic speci of list from his lapel. "After all dear, your name may go down to post thankless to dear Marius. But my grant that my only hope for immunity must insure their welfare as well. I can't do anything as I have."

The baronet remained expressionless. "How you must hate Marius, she snickered

"Hate poor Marius?"
"Because he became great, and didn't! Listen, my friend, your grandchild aren't starving. You're merely tryin' punish Marius through me, and paper pockets, as well.

"That's an injustice," he cried, raising hands in mock horror. "I adored Marius after all, when your book comes out, I will want to know more about even more here. I dare say some magazine or newspaper will pay me a pretty penny for my recollection. Of course I should hate mentionin' things. But a man must live."

"If you published a word, I'd sue," said "You have no rights, no evidence back up your fool statements."

"Do you," he asked, "have any evidence to prove that my story is false? Of course don't."

"She flicked him a contemptuous glare. "It seems a pity that you never concentrate your cleverness into your painting, instead of your intrigues. Maybe, then, you would be reduced to blackmailing old friends.""

"Temper," he warned coldly, "isIOUS. I beg you, don't make me lose voice. As for blackmail, that's such a dramatic word. All I'm asking is that buy a picture and I can afford to live in a seclusion as a gentleman should."

"She stood close to him. "Now, Ben it's not that I don't want to help you, that I can't. I'm almost stony now."

JENNIFER

"We'll probably make wonderful mothers—cause we love to do all this stuff and everything."

September

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
"But you're going to have a best seller," he reminded her.
She slapped her hand against the tabletop.
"Well, you're not going to come to a cent of it, be sure of that!"
He met her hard, green eyes. "Then I must write a best seller of my own.
"I'll never reach the light of day."
"No? Who'll stop it?"
"Can't you guess?"
Their eyes met.
"I wonder," Sprague said thoughtfully, "I wonder, if instead of putting him to all that trouble, I could persuade him to become a patron of the arts."
"He could afford it better than I," said the baroness. "And who knows—he might even enjoy your little paintings. He's so fond of the conventional."
He bowed. "Let me congratulate you, dear. Your genius for passing the back, at least, has not deteriorated with age."
"Nor your avarice, my dear. I only hope it will not be too taxing for even his fortune."
"If it is," Sprague said, going to the door. "He can borrow."
"Of course. He has strong connections everywhere," She spoke carefully. "The banks, the city hall, the police force, the district attorney's office—"
Sprague halted at the door. "How's that?"
"I said, he has lots of influential friends, if he needs help. Undoubtedly they'll see you're well taken care of. Good afternoon, Bentley."
Her triumph at outflouting Sprague buoyed her well into the next day, but when this worn thin, she found herself spoiled for less challenging occupations.
By nightfall, she was literally praying for Elizabeth's return. In these last months, without realizing it, she had come to depend on the sympathetic audience which the girl provided.
On the third day, the baroness saw no possible way to face another hour by herself. She loathed being alone, loathed this enforced idleness, and before long she was blaming Elizabeth for it all. What right had the girl to run off to Cape Cod? For research, Elizabeth had said, but the more the baroness considered this, the less likely it seemed to occur. It had come to her that Elizabeth had gone there for a few quiet days with her lover.
She arose abruptly, mounted the stairs, and began recalling through Elizabeth's possessions. They were scant—the drab clothes in the wardrobe, the neat, inexpensive cosmetics on the washstand. She turned to the desk. There were no letters; only the carefully penned manuscript. As the baroness had not yet read this, she flipped open the pages.
A moment later, she snuffled and reached for pencil. The girl had made a mistake that must not go uncorrected. Then her eye traveled farther down the page. "Impossible!" she snorted. "I never said such a thing in my life!"
With mounting fury, she read on until, gasping for breath, she hastened downstairs and put through a call to New York.
"Mr. Mellett," she said when he was connected, "I want you to come here at once."
"Is something wrong?"
"Of course, it is. I hope I may expect you tonight. Otherwise, we'll simply have to forget about my book."
Harry Mellett arrived shortly after ten. A rough trip by air, added to Madame von Schillar's imperial command, left him in no mood to toy with social amenities. "Now then, what's the trouble?" he demanded.
The baroness was not to be rushed. She studied Mellett. "That girl is an idiot!"
"Not entirely, baroness." Mellett smiled. "Just a writer—a lesser degree of idiocy. Is she grounded?"
"Naturally not! She's hiding out on the Cape for a week. For research, I suspect, but I rather fancy she is not researching alone. Her private life does not concern me." She indicated the manuscript. "Read this. It will speak for itself."
He picked up the manuscript and sat back in a chair. Impatiently, Madame von Schillar drummed her red nails on the table.
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**

**STOPS**

**BAD BREATH**

**AND**

**STOPS DECAY**

**BEST!**

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath

In 7 Out of 10 Cases

That Originates in the Mouth!

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**Colgate Dental Cream Makes Your Mouth Feel Cleaner Longer!**

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth, in other toothpaste has proved to completely stop it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

---

**Good Will on Young Legs**

**By Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

I cannot see the boy who wakes

This morning like a slender bell.

But he believes in every man

Who passes, anyone can tell.

He is not old enough to keep

Happiness to himself, he cries,

"Hi!" and gives every tired and stopped

Milksan, launderman replies.

Every man along the street

Blossoms out with "Hello, son!"

The boy with morning for his mind

Becomes the son of everyone.

Offspring of so many men,

The shill small boy cannot keep still,

He overflows his yard, his street,

The universe with pure good will.

Each weary unbelieving man

Turns tall believer as he goes,

Dares to be father to good will

On two young legs. And so do I!

---

**LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**

September, 1927
DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR
to radiant loveliness...at home tonight...with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Now's the time to do something about distressing dandruff...hard to manage hair...a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the amazing new way to soften, soothe, beautify hair.

And here's news! You can CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! No fuss...no bother with hot oils, wet towels. CREAM-TONE is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONGING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONGING is GUARANTEED...or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONGING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return the empty bottle and get DOUBLE your money back.

Cream-Toning is easy... follow these simple steps!

1. Brush your hair vigorously, then part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently at thoroughly along each part. Let the soothing, lanolated oils relax, caress every inch of your scalp.

2. Gently rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. Feel the rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their soothing, magic way to the very ends of your hair.

3. Leave the Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your hair for a few minutes, a half hour or overnight. Then shampoo with quick-sudsing Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff and grime.

HAIR CARE HINTS FROM Lady Wildroot:

- Everyday, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush...and see how glossy your hair stays in place!
- Between CREAM-TONGING... use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.
- When shampooing...if you lack time for CREAM-TONGING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away the snarls and tangles.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing...50¢ and $1 sizes
fashion can be comfortable...
I was wearing a white silk dress, with a pale green sash, because it was early morning, and my hair was so blue, not a cloud—"

"I didn't want you to know, but now that we've just begun to make the best of it, I could tell you..."

"That's right—" she whispered. "I've got to get the finished—and then, I can rest!" As the sentence was leaving her mouth, her eyes filled with tears. "Worth, you don't even know the name of Mr. Wrenn's doctor."

"No!" the baroness cried. "I won't have you saying such things. I'm too sick. I tell you, I mustn't think of it."

"Yes, she could think of nothing else. Details, incomprehensibly accumulated, now fused into an unrecognizable design."

"She thinks she's mad!" the baroness whispered. "The fool thinks she's me. Those scenes—"

"Grabbing up the manuscript, she wasn't reading it, hoping to find something to contradict this; but the more she read, the stronger became her conviction."

"Worth was still waiting, watching her intently."

"Worth, I don't think that—"

"Worth, I don't think that—"

"Open the book!" the baroness shouted. "But if you let her go on, we're the guilty ones. For good or for bad, she ought to know the truth about Mr. Wrenn."

"Worth, you think—"

"I can't pretend it. It's true."

"But, ma'am, it's dangerous, this living in make-believe."

"Dear friend, I know the book, and I can't do a thing to interfere with her finishing the book."

"Worth, don't you care? If I don't, I'll do everything—just as you wish." She smiled at Worth and patted his hand. "Is that a bargain?"

"Worth, don't look up. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"And have I none?" the baroness cried. "Am I to be left in hell?"

"The baroness' control lasted only until Worth left the suite; then she slumped back among her pillows, weak from the effort."

"Worth, she's a maniac, a maniac, a maniac."

"Worth left the room, and she slumped back among her pillows, weak from the effort."

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I, want...^ to say "just Pond's and iittlt^ See Mrs. noticeable make-up. Pond's Cream. Get age, at Circle use Reid) air is rich Skin for and natural Cream. and dig in who's I The The Madame "That Elizabeth's you sat wasn't a raised a shutters didn't reach her for and outstretched, in the church, you'd been blinded in the door, but it won't do you any good, anyway. Until my dree was final, then I came back and married Marius." "Yes." "Then you're carried over the threshold? The baroness nodded. "Watching the girl with stricken eyes, she cried out, "It is the meaning of my life. And, happiest of his, You believe that, don't you? Oh, I do, I do." "It's hard to talk about such moment You see that, don't you?" "Yes," Elizabeth said softly, "I see everything." "Dear," the baroness said to Elizabeth Monday morning, "I see that you need fresh air and rest, and since the cottage is so handy—it might give you all kinds of a local color, since Marius and I were there who is, from my point of view, and Cape Cod?" "Yes." "Elizabeth's face lit up. "How soon can we go?" "Not so loud," the baroness cautioned. "We can't wait a few days, we've got to get away. It's not because of you. I've still got some pages to finish here, but the minute they're through—off we go." (Continued on Page 140)
ICE. First, it comes in a bravura potpourri spout that's easy to open, a close and pure form. But even more surprising is this: the cream of RICHE, easy to pour, is made of milk by many pediatricians because it has these distinctive advantages over any other kind of cereal:

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- Good for baby's diet.

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mEaket bouquet called "Eagle Blag Magic Rice" is the most priceless possession any cook could have because it's so easy to use. I think you will save time and money... yet treat your family to a wide variety of rich, more delicious sweet-treats. Be sure to write RICHE'S for offering it to you FREE... and be sure to write Nancy Sasser, Dept. 1, 27 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. In the meantime, try these magic "6-way" cookies made with RICHE'S Eagle Sweetened Condensed Milk... one of 70 magic k, magic easy recipes in RICHE'S wonderful book. They practically make themselves... you just:

- 1 1/3 cups (15-oz. can) BORDEN'S Eagle Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1/3 cup smooth nut butter and any one of these 6 ingredients:
  - 5 raisins, 2 tbsp. sugar, 3 tbsp. chopped pecans, 2 tbsp. chopped nuts, 2 cups flax seeds, 1 cup chopped nuts or 2 cups chopped dates. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto well-greased baking sheets, bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 12 minutes or until firm. Remove from pan at once.

one meal planner to another, I'd like to be a suggestion... one of your best protein "buying" recommendations, I highly recommend MING'S Sirloin Salmon... a flaky pack salmon that's rich in iron and high in protein and utterly delicious. And it's so economical... it's all salmon, no fat... thanks to an exclusive trimming feature... skin and back removed! MING'S Salmon's versatility, too... it's as talented hot dishes as is cooler. Makes all kinds of tantalizing delights that are wonderful any time, any o' day... salads, appetizers, baked treats, croissants, sandwiches, cocktails, fish cakes, fish chowders. Want some grand new tostid recipes? Then send this:

REE Booklet... beautifully illustrated in color and check full of rare and wonderful recipes to help you serve dinner... economical and delicious. A selection of fresh and frozen dishes. I find it invaluable and so will you... so SUGARLY Write Nancy Sasser, Dept. 1, 27 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

feature fried foods on my menus these days for I've learned how to deep-fry them as expertly as world's finest chefs, I owe it all to my amazing new easy-to-use Automatic DEEP FRYER... for it "serves" kinds of delicious dishes, chicken, fish, beef, milked, mouth-watering goodness you usually find only at the finest restaurants. Its do it so quickly, easily and efficiently, too... rewarding with perfect results every time. The credit for this goes to its exclusive, automatic temperature control... it prevents soggy, over-cooked foods and over-heating of shortening...
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(Continued from Page 189)

"Off we go!" The baroness laid back. "Is it the wild blue yonder?" she mused. "Or the wild blue yonder? That off we go into?"

But Elizabeth, smiling to herself, was no longer listening.

It was afternoon again. The doorbell, ringing, startled Madame von Schiller from her reverie. "Who is it?" she asked, when Worten entered.

"Mr. Hereford again, ma'am."

The baroness glanced at a mirror, then grinned. "I can't see him."

"That's what I told him, ma'am. But he's insistent."

Madame von Schiller sighed and pushed herself upright. "Well, if I must... Draw the curtains. Make it dark. He can't see me looking so...""distress.

As Quincy Hereford was ushered into the darkness, she hastily slipped his silhouette against the park light. "There's a chair in front of you," she warned. "Sit down, if you must."

She heard the creak of the chair, and then his voice. "I'm sorry you're not well, Elizabeth."

"I'm perfectly well, just weary. I play too hard, you know."

"I can't go on this way, Elizabeth. I can't go on being tortured every day, wondering if you're going to tell everything in your book."

"Everything about what, pray?"

"Now, Elizabeth, let's not be absurd! I have no intention of being, my dear Quincy, and I'm trying very hard to keep you from being, I'm afraid you've been carrying a rather distorted impression, all these years."

"Distorted? That we were in love?"

"Were we in love? Did I ever tell you so?" She laughed softly. "Oh, my dear, you were charming—" but I've loved one man in my life, and that, of course, was Marius. What I felt for you was something quite else again."

"Was it?"

"Yes, it was nothing but pity. You were playing the piano the first time I ever saw you. Chopin, I think. Your hair was all sunny, and you were so pale, so delicate. Lucy whispered that you had tuberculosis."

"Tell me, please..."

"Suddenly I wanted to hold you to my heart, as if you were my child—only I wouldn't even look in your direction."

"I thought you were beautiful!"

"But a Heresford is cautious, eh? After all, a married woman! The wife of a United States senator!

"And the mistress of an artist?" he added sharply.

"And glad to be!" she retorted. After a while, she added, "I wish we'd never met. Quincy. Or anyway, I wish my friends had been worth while, I could have turned you into something so magnificent, if only you'd let me."

"If only I'd let you," he laughed. "You'd have thrown me aside, my dear, just as soon as you'd proved yourself."

"Proofed myself?"

"Gotten the whip hand."

"That's not true."

"I wonder if it isn't," he said. "You always had to show you were stronger than the man, didn't you? You had to prove yourself the dominant one, whatever the cost, and whatever it led to."

"Is that what you always thought?"

"Not then. I loved you, Elizabeth."

"You chose a curious way to prove it."

"I didn't love you. I do now, but I didn't then."

"But she was socially acceptable. She hadn't figured in any scandal."

"I married her because it was what my family wished. I dare say you wouldn't have me if I'd married you, I should have been disinherited."

"I wouldn't have cared. I have money."

"Yes, exactly. You would have had the money. The whip hand. I've been just your puppet. A sick puppet you could fuss over.

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...I want ry "interest the you. Makes have."

"The last May before he—before he died. We were in the garden. In the pergola — "Yes?"

"The baroness folded her hands to keep them still. "We were having some lemonade and ... just a tad. Nothing important."

And then—somehow the subject came up—we began to talk about truth. Just to tease him. "I asked! "Yes, I remember, ma'am."

"What glorious days those were," she prompted. "The sun was always shining, remember? And how I'd tickle if I so much as poking my nose outside. I used to be so envious of you men—out in your little sailboat every day—"

"It wasn't every day," Crisler corrected. "Only on Sundays, when I didn't work. We used to fish together on Sunday. Marius and me. As if I didn't just enough fish every other day of the week."

This set him off on descriptions of the fishing jaunts he and Wrenn had taken, and how, once, the artist had swum out in the bay to retrieve a bottle, hoping it might contain a message; how they had walked along the beach at midnight, in search of phosphorescent driftwood.

The baroness sighed. She had expected to find new sustenance and comfort in these memories of Marius, but instead was only irritated by the old man's appearance and the way he spoke.

"Father," the woman said, at last: "it's time to go."

"Why do we have to go so soon?" he demanded. "I haven't blotted out anything —"

"Hush," said his daughter.

"What does he mean?" Madame von Schillar asked.

"Nothing. Only he always gets talking too much about Marius, and I said if he didn't behave himself, this time—"

She figured you wouldn't want to be reminded. the captain rumbled.

"Why not, Hyltie?" Madame von Schillar inquired. "It was the most beautiful part of..."
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It was nearly a week before Mellett learned of Madame van Schillar’s death. The news magazine, open on his desk, summed up the sixty-eight years of her life in approximately two paragraphs. Stoked by the facts of the情形 exaggerated by Elizabeth’s failure to inform him at once, he put through a call to Boston. “She’s not here, sir. No one here but me, the housekeeper. I’m closing the place up.”

Miss Deveny’s left already?”

“Yes, yes! Last Friday, just before the occurrence.”

“Then she left Friday, she’d be back here by now,” Worth’s voice was troubled. “Is this the gentleman?”

“Yes, Mellett. Did she say where she was going? Leave a forwarding address?”

“Now, sir.”

Frowning, Mellett hung up and glanced at his calendar. It was Thursday. Abruptly, he rang for his secretary. “Are you certain Elizabeth Deveny hasn’t called me, this past week?”

“She’s not here, sir. Mellett!”

When, by Monday, neither telephone nor mail had brought word from Elizabeth, Mellett once more put through a call to Boston. Worth answered. He said, “This is Mellett again. Any news yet?”

“I’m afraid not, sir.”

And you’re sure she didn’t give you any hint where she was going?”

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"No, sir. She needed a rest, and probably that's what she's taking."

"Where? That's what I want to know."

"I don't. -" Worth paused, then added abruptly, "They was going away, sir, her and the Lady. They didn't mean me to know, but Miss Deveny's suitcase was packed, and so was the Lady's."

"What was in it?" Mellett demanded.

"I haven't opened her bags, sir. I'm not supposed to touch personal things."

"Look in the suitcases," Mellett ordered. "If you say so, sir."

Mellett tried to wait patiently. At last he heard the servant pick up the telephone again.

"There was just clothes in her suitcase."

"What kind? I mean, clothes that she might wear on a ship, or in New York, or what was?"

"Well, sir. I did come across a bottle of sun lotion, and a pair of them high cork clogs, and some dark glasses —"

"The beach?"

Worth did not answer.

"If she went to the beach, which one would she be likely to choose?"

The servant's voice was faint. ""The Cape, sir. Shilleth. She had a cottage there."

"Might she have gone to Shilleth, anyway? Miss Deveny?"

"Sir," said Worth in great agitation, "I'll go there now. It's my responsibility!"

"Your responsibility?"

But she hung up without answering.

Mellett's call to Shilleth proved fruitless. Yes, the real-estate agent had received word from the baronet that she was going to open the house there, only she was dead now. Yes, he remembered Miss Deveny, the dark-skinned girl. She had been here once, a month or so earlier, but she had not returned since. On Thursday, when Mellett returned from lunch, there was a notation on his desk that Mrs. Worth had telephoned. Immediately he put through a long-distance call to Madame von Schillar's. The operator informed him that this number had been disconnected.

Trying to curb his impatience, he flew to Boston that afternoon. The windows of the great stone house were shuttered. Unable to locate the servant even through Madame von Schillar's, Mellett returned to New York.

May merged into June, and there was another call from Worth, not word from Elizabeth. June passed, and July became August. Regrettably, Mellett shelved plans for publishing the autobiography.

It was in mid-September that he received a note from Worth, enclosing a name and address where, he said, information concerning Elizabeth could be obtained. Mellett went to Boston at once.

The address was that of a shabby building in view of the harbor. He climbed creaking stairs to the top floor. A note signed by the door read, "Sullivan. Bell out of order." He knocked. Soon the door was flung open, and a plump, ruddy-faced woman looked out.

"Mrs. Sullivan?"

She smiled. "You must be Mr. Mellett. Come right in." The room was neither large nor well-furnished, but it was cool and spotlessly clean. Above the oilstove hung a reproduction of a Wrenn seascape. Without preamble, he demanded, "Do you know where she is, then?"

Mrs. Sullivan indicated a chair for him and drew up a rocking chair for herself. "I'll take you to her, directly. But first, we ought to talk." "She's all right, isn't she?" he asked uneasily.

"She is now."

"But she's been ill? You should have let me know at once."

"How could I, sir?" Mrs. Sullivan asked. "When she come here, we didn't know where she come from, or who her friends were. Not till after Mrs. Worth come searching for her. Right off, I wanted to write you, but the girl wouldn't have it."

"Why not?"

"She wanted time to pull herself together. She'd been through quite a shock, you see."

"But now she wants to see me?"
I don’t know you’re coming, Mr. Mellett, I was a measure me and Mrs. Worthing was best. I’m only a measure. That is it?” he cried. “What’s been the talk? Has she told you?”

“Talk, sir?” She rocked her chair, frowning. “I heard somewhere from Mrs. Worthing that she has. But from herself, not a word. And don’t tell me. You’re not really over a peak till you can talk about it. So why do you call? The girl sets great by you, Mr. Mellett. Maybe she’ll help her heart to you.”

“Could you take me to her?”

Led him down a dark, shelf-lined hall flanked by the narrow back room, swallow glancing in. “Someone to see Betty.” She slipped away, leaving him alone on the threshold. Elizabeth had turned from her desk, as thin, and her hair was too long, but bright which lit her face when she saw him. “Harry! Harry!” She grasped him, and when he slowly, he kissed her. Still gripping her, they looked at each other. They were almost too big at each face. “Here!” he told her.

“Don’t,” she cried. “If you meet any of the others—”

“Your sailor? No, isn’t he who will.” She sighed. “He’s a fool.”

The man in your mind. “You’re the only man in my life, you know.”

Then who’s the other friend?”

Why, Captain Mellett’s, Mrs. Sullivan’s father. They’ve not such friends to so kind, so personal.

If patience is the hallmark of friendship,” she said, “then patience, my dear, in your closest need. I’ve waited for months.”

For the manuscript?

“Well, for that too.”

“I burned it, sir.”

“I’m sorry, I told you.”

“I’m afraid it wasn’t worth much,” she said. “Just a lot of words, meaning nothing.” He didn’t smile, but only searched her with his eyes. “Where’ve you been this time, Elizabeth?”

“Here.”

“You came right here from Madame von Allard’s?”

“Oh, Harry, do let’s talk about something else.”

“But I have to know. Why didn’t you tell me? Or let anyone tell me where I’ve been? I’ve looked everywhere for you.”

“Everywhere doing the same thing,” she said. “Looking high and low.”

“For whom?”

He! I had to find me. Only I didn’t know it. I couldn’t go back to the old way. But you can’t go back to the old way. I destroyed all my books because it was a lie; so why not me?

“Go on,” he urged. “When you left me next?”

“I must have handed down here to the bay,” she said slowly. “Then I saw the name of this street. It was familiar. I tried to

WHAT IS THE USE OF GOD?

There will be no eager seeking after God so long as men and women believe that everything that happens, happens because it is the will of God. People who believe that the war, and Hitler, and concentration camps, the destruction of half Europe and much of Japan, were all the will of God... I have found many people during the war whose faith was shaken in their faith because in God’s plan such things can and do happen. They have said in effect, “What is the use of God?!” And the answer that all of us need to learn is that man’s freedom is indeed a terrible fact, and that when men misuse that freedom, the results are terrible things may happen. But God does not interfere by force to prevent them. He shares all the suffering which they cause—“As in all our afflictions He is afflicted”—but He does not take away man’s freedom, because He is its possession of that freedom which gives us the clue to the real meaning of human life. Were freedom gone there would, indeed, be no sinners, but also no saints. There would be no personalities purified, refined and strengthened by carrying the responsibilities of life—no love, no pity, no heroism, no tenderness and no self-sacrifice. The glory would be gone from life. There would be no moral meaning in creation and in history: no men and women becoming fully sons and daughters of God through the discipline of the moral life. A. HERBERT GRAY, D. D.

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For Bob and Nancy Paschall, two young actors in New York City, it's love on a dime—and a dream!

by HILDEGARDE DOLSON

SLICE off one wall of Nancy and Bob Paschall's boxy, bright little Greenwich Village apartment, and you'd have the stage set for a play about young actors in love with the theater and each other. The usual cliché is "struggling young actors," but as twenty-five-year-old Nancy says, "Struggling sounds so grim." The newly married, Southern-born Paschalls look about as grim as a rose-colored baby spotlight.

Nancy, who is still Nancy Watts in the theater, has the delicate blond prettiness of a Little Eva, but her wide, mobile smile and husky, rather husky voice have none of Little Eva's sticky pathos. When she mentions that she fainted from hunger after going without food a day and a half to pay her train fare to Virginia's Barter Theater, there's the same matter-of-factness as when a child tells you a story with the good and bad all woven into one entrancing whole. "I was so woozy I blew up on my lines and went blank at the Barter audition," she says, "but they gave me another chance—I could hardly believe my luck—and I met Bob that same day."

Twenty-nine-year-old Bob could be type-cast as a freshman fullback eager to tackle his first dummy or his first love, and his villain's curse is the "Sorry, you're too young" from Broadway producers and television directors. To remedy this, he wears conservative dark blue or gray suits that play down his almost six-foot, 190-pound blooming healthiness, and tries to brow-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL PERUTZ

Nancy, twenty-five, and Bob, twenty-nine: type-cast for happiness.
Breakfast, then the daily rounds to casting offices. The fearsome cat, Tony Jones, has plans of his own.

"We don't ever expect security from the theater, but we get it from being married to each other."

Nancy's daily marketing on $1, sometimes $2, limit has two effects on Bob: he feels well fed, and proud. ("I ask you, how many beards are that efficient?")

Nancy averages $17 a week babysitting, keeps a hope handy that the children will belong to a big-name producer. This occurred once, but nothing happened.

Bob left law school for the theater, had first big break with the road company of I Know My Love. "When my father heard that, he thought I was famous!"

Nancy has turned her five feet two to advantage by specializing in little-girl roles, and dressing the part in flat-heeled slippers, young white blouses and ballet-full skirts.

"Though Senior members of Equity, with over 30 weeks' professional experience in summer theater and stock or road companies, the Paschalls' income as actors is still so precarious that Nancy's baby-sitting often puts the food in their mouths. The demand for baby-sitters being considerably brisker than the demand for actors, she averages $10 to $20 a week from the Part-Time Child Care Agency. Just once, she baby-sat with a radio producer's progeny, and says now, "I really knocked myself out being super-efficient that evening, because I hoped the producer would be..."

Beat his rumpled brown hair into a more mature mold, as befits a man who has played everything from ministers to hard-boiled photographer, the latter on tour with the Lunts in I Know My Love, Nancy has turned her five feet two to advantage by specializing in little-girl roles, and dressing the part in flat-heeled slippers, young white blouses and ballet-full skirts.

Auditioning for a radio play, Bob and Nancy heed the director's advice. Nancy is "typed" for little-girl roles, Bob runs gamut from ministers to photographer.
Scene: Housewife reacting to rain on washday.

Nancy's pet extravagance? Says Bob, faintly baffled.

"Blouses, all white," His? A big smile. "Photography!"

"We play a lot of chess—Nancy usually wins."


About housework: Bob does dishes "all the time"—"occasionally"... depends on who's telling you.

so impressed he'd offer me an audition. But all I got was my usual sixty cents an hour."

When Nancy and Bob moved into the twobedroom apartment last spring, and lugged their worldly goods up the dingy three flights, said goods consisted of two wooden benches scrummed from a property manager, an amorous alley cat with a cauliflower ear, the clothes that double as wardrobes for summer theater, and a passionately prized cookbook autographed to Bob by the author, a chef named Alfred Lunt. After paying the first month's rent—$38—the Paschalls were too broke to buy furniture, and bopped down cheerfully on the floor, although they paid a deposit to have a phone installed, because, as any actor knows, a phone is more essential than a bed. They also lacked such effete luxuries as window shades or curtains, but thought nothing of it until the building superintendent's wife said tactfully, "It's too bad

A little strenuous relaxation from study sessions with the Herb Nelsons, fellow actors. During rehearsals, Bob and Nancy exchange criticisms—"tact set aside."
Right now, the play's the thing, but plans and dreams overflow into the future, include a bicycle tour next year through Europe, "one baby soon—and maybe a couple later." Whatever the time, place or role, Bob and Nancy are living life to the hilt—and loving it!

Hard work, high hopes—and faith in each other.

...
Deliciously yours!

P.S. Hunt—for the best, see your grocer's ads and look in his store for the low price!
Acetate-and-rayon-faille dinner dress with satin collar, $17.95; velvet bag, $3.00; cotton gloves, 92c; pearl earrings and choker bought on sale for 60c.

WONDER WARDROBE—$101.97

Nancy Paschall's role in real life is the romantic young wife, following the same career as her husband. She is a natural full-skirt and petticoat type and wears them all the time—tweeds with jerseys and cotton shirtwaists for casting-office rounds, traveling and baby-sitting, taffeta and velvets for dress-up. She loves picturesque big sleeves, schoolgirl collars, ballet shoes, and her favorite tricks are done with ribbons in sashes, bows at neckline, on hairdos, on her shoes.

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

Batiste blouse bought at antique shop for $1.50; velvet skirt, $8.05; ribbon, 36c.

Wool-and-rayon tweed skirt, $5.95; cotton-and-wool jersey blouse, $3.95; belt, 94c.

Fitted gray wool winter coat with velvet collar, $39.95; red velvet hat, $5.95; red plastic bag, $2.98; suede pumps, $5.99.

The same skirt with cotton blouse, $2.98.
You can be Lovely to Love Always and Always

How wonderful to be his love...keep his love, always and always. And for this moment...you'll want to be sure you won't offend. That's why so many smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant.

For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous protection and added protection in moments of emotion and exertion. Because the amazing "moisture-control" formula in FRESH gives you that added protection you need in perspiration emergencies. No other deodorant has ever made you this promise!

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness...bathe daily with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!
available fresh the year ‘round!

so plump and meaty...with the Flavor of Springtime!

This is the super eating chicken of all time! Specially raised to grow plump quickly, it's a full month younger than the ordinary frying chicken—combines springtime flavor with lots of tender meat. At your dealer's, displayed fresh on ice or under refrigeration—52 weeks of the year! Look for this tag on every chicken you buy!

tender-grown
Swift's Premium

**Meat-Ball Stew**
French Bread—Margarine
Green Salad
Milk

*Meat-Ball Stew.* Add 6 tablespoons milk to 1/2 cup package stuffing—you could dry your own bread, of course, and add your own herbs and seasoning, but you might want to make this dish right away tonight. Let stand 5 minutes and mix 1/2 pound hamburger into it thoroughly with a fork. Shape into small meatballs and brown them nice and evenly (achieved by a gentle tossing around as they cook) in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. When done to your liking, push them to one side of the pan and sauté 1/4 cup chopped onions in the drippings a few minutes. To go a can of gravy and 4 small or 2 large peeled and quartered potatoes which have been cooked with 3 wrapped carrots cut into 2-inch pieces in boiling salted water to just cover. Simmer 15 minutes, and it's all ready to dish up. By letting the potatoes and carrots cook while the meat and onions are browning, you save a bit of time. No salt is really needed as gravy, stuffing and vegetables are already seasoned before combining. Add pepper if you like. This will serve 2 generously.

***

**Tuna-Broccoli Hollandaise**
Spoon Bread—Margarine
Sliced Ripe Tomatoes
Fruit Gelatin
Milk

*Tuna-Broccoli Hollandaise.* Wash 1/2 bunch broccoli. At approximately 35c a bunch, you'll have plenty for another meal. Cut off the tough bases. And here's a dividend: peel these ends, dice them and combine some night with a few carrots. They are really tender under the outer layer. Good raw in a salad, too, if slightly blanched. Cook the broccoli about 5-6 minutes in boiling salted water until tender. While it cooks, make this sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour and a good pinch of dry mustard until smooth. Add 1 cup milk and stir and cook gently until it's smooth. Season with salt, pepper and onion salt to taste. Add 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, a tablespoon at a time, and 2 teaspoons canned or fresh lemon juice. Drain the broccoli. It should still be a lovely bright green. Spread out in greased overproof glass pie dish. Drain off the oil from a can of tuna. If in big pieces, crumble it. Distribute over broccoli. Pour the sauce over all. Crumble a few crackers fine (about 1/4 cup) and toss with a tablespoon or so of butter or margarine. Sprinkle over the top and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 25 minutes. Serves 2.

***

**Bon and I make Southern fried chicken last two meals. Tony Jones, our pet cat, always got the chicken giblets until I discovered I could make a very flavorful jambalaya with them at...**

**By NANCY PASCHALL**

**EVER** walk into a chain store with a dollar—no more, no less—to live on for a day? We have lots of times when the acting business is at standstill and baby-sitting's our main income. It's fun once in a while to see how interesting you can make meals on $1 a day. Milk toast for break fast and soup and bread and butter for lunch leave enough money for meat potatoes and a vegetable at dinnertime. Here's a dollar's shopping list to one day's eating: 1 quart of milk, 20c; loaf of bread, 15c; can of soup, 15c; carrots, 10c; three potatoes, 5c; 2 pork chops, 35c.

Staples (sugar, flour, salt, pepper, and so on) last a long time and are bought when we have a windfall. We usually try to maintain a $2 eating budget to allow for eggs, fruit and greens. The following are typical dinner menus we've had that add up to a dollar.

**Meat-Ball Stew**

French Bread—Margarine
Green Salad
Milk

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<thead>
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<tr>
<td>Meat balls</td>
<td>1 portion</td>
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<td>French bread</td>
<td>1 slice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Green salad</td>
<td>1 small</td>
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<td>Milk</td>
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Sliced Ripe Tomatoes
Fruit Gelatin
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<table>
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<tr>
<td>Broccoli</td>
<td>1 bunch</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spoon bread</td>
<td>1 slice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margarine</td>
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<td>Fruit</td>
<td>1 fruit</td>
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**Meat-Ball Stew.** Add 6 tablespoons milk to 1/2 cup package stuffing—you could dry your own bread, of course, and add your own herbs and seasoning, but you might want to make this dish right away tonight. Let stand 5 minutes and mix 1/2 pound hamburger into it thoroughly with a fork. Shape into small meatballs and brown them nice and evenly (achieved by a gentle tossing around as they cook) in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil. When done to your liking, push them to one side of the pan and sauté 1/4 cup chopped onions in the drippings a few minutes. To go a can of gravy and 4 small or 2 large peeled and quartered potatoes which have been cooked with 3 wrapped carrots cut into 2-inch pieces in boiling salted water to just cover. Simmer 15 minutes, and it's all ready to dish up. By letting the potatoes and carrots cook while the meat and onions are browning, you save a bit of time. No salt is really needed as gravy, stuffing and vegetables are already seasoned before combining. Add pepper if you like. This will serve 2 generously.

***

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**Bon and I make Southern fried chicken last two meals. Tony Jones, our pet cat, always got the chicken giblets until I discovered I could make a very flavorful jambalaya with them at...**
Oriental Fish Fillets
Spinach
Heated Rolls—Margarine
Apple-and-Celery Coleslaw
Milk

Giblets (Jambalaya)
Bob's Salad
Red Apples
Milk

Giblets Jambalaya. Simmer giblets and 1 frying chicken in water to cover, seasoning with salt, pepper, onion and lery tops. Drain. Save broth. Cook diced giblets. Brown them in 2 teaspoons bacon drippings—I always use mine for cooking. Add 1 small onion, chopped, 1 clove garlic, minced and crushed, and 1/4 cup minced green pepper. Add 1 bay leaf, crumbled, 1/4 cup washed raw rice, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Now stir in 1 cup if broth in which giblets were cooked. Cover and simmer over low heat until rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed. This takes about 20 minutes. Serves 2.

Bob's Salad is a version of one he read about in a book titled, Joe, the Younged Tennis Player. Starting with whatever salad greens I have on hand, or almonds with tomato, sliced cucumbers, sliced radishes and one or two hard-cooked eggs, chopped. Before tossing with French dressing, he throws in a handful of grated Romano cheese or another of tossed bread cubes.

Oriental Fish Fillets. Mix together 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 1/2 teaspoon ginger—a good pinch, really—1 tablespoon brown sugar and 1/2 tablespoons salad oil. Wash 1/2 pound fish fillets. Pour sauce over them. Cover and let the fish marinade in the sauce in the refrigerator about 2 hours. Lift out of the marinade. Lay in a flat pan and broil 5 minutes until nicely tanned. Do not turn. Serves 2.

We actors have the old habit of late midnight snacks. It is our lunch of the day and usually it's sandwiches and milk. In spite of having had a good bit of it in the Army, Bob is crazy about canned pork luncheon meat. I cut off two thick slices and broil them with a frosting of horse-radish, mustard and brown sugar. There's always plenty left over for sandwiches.

GI Broil
Dutch Green Beans
Sautéed Sweet Potatoes
Whole-Wheat Bread and Butter
Blue Grapes
Milk

GI Broil. Cut 1/2-inch slices canned pork luncheon meat. Spread one side of each lightly with horse-radish and more generously with prepared mustard. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter or margarine. Broil 10 minutes to heat through and glaze nicely.

Dutch Green Beans. Add a little chopped onion to green beans when you cook them. When drained, season with salt, pepper, butter or margarine or bacon drippings. Add a little sugar and vinegar so they are sweet-sour.

Starlac makes nutritious nonfat milk for as low as 9¢ a quart

Starlac nonfat dry milk is top-quality milk, with only the water and fat removed. You put back the water, mix for a minute, and chill. Makes wonderful-tasting, nutritious nonfat milk for drinking, cooking and cereals. You can whip Starlac, too.

So convenient! Starlac package needs no refrigeration. You can make a cup, a quart or all 5 quarts at a time.

Starlac is wonderful for your family. Ask any home economist or nutritionist.

Get a package of Starlac at your grocer's today.

BORDEN'S GUARANTEE

Except for the fat, a quart of Starlac gives you the same amount of nourishment as a quart of top-quality milk. Every quart of Starlac gives you:

1. Borden guarantees that Starlac nonfat milk is protein-protected by an exclusive Borden process. The goodness and nourishment can not escape. That's why Starlac always tastes as good! 2. Borden guarantees that Starlac uses top-quality milk from tested herds only. 3. Borden guarantees that Starlac is purity-tested 24 times.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!
Here in our cheerful pink-and-turquoise offices, we put our heads together each day to sift, sample and streamline the beauty ideas and suggestions you read on our pages each month. At the left, Dawn Norman listens while the special advantages of a new home-permanent rod are outlined to her. Above, the rods are given a try. Doty Robinson, editorial assistant, does the winding while Carolyn Robinson, guinea pig for the day, does the wondering.

"Enough of everything and not too much of anything" is the beauty refrain that runs through the . . .

Journal beauty workshop

Your air-mail letter flies across the country to us: "My husband due home from Korea in a month . . . how can I lose the extra weight I have gained while he was gone?" Your friendly note comes along: "My children are reaching the age where they are very anxious for 'mother to be attractive' . . . I do so want them to be proud of me." Your special delivery, brimming with excitement, reaches us: "I'll be in town for a week . . . can you suggest a new hair style? I'd like something special to surprise the folks back home."

Your requests reassure us in our belief that woman's desire for beauty emanates from her inner being and is carried forward in the knowledge that her achievement of beauty will bring happiness into the lives of others—as well as her own. Such longing for loveliness is a natural desire, and it should be encouraged in a natural way.

Here you see the Journal beauty staff giving the sort of beauty counsel you might follow in your own home. It is sound advice based on simple procedures, for we know beauty does not come from striving and artifice. It begins with a dream of yourself as you might be—is arrived at by practical steps, faithfully followed. Most of all, it is achieved through recognition of your own inner possibilities. A warm heart, a generous spirit and a forward-looking mind quicken your own response to beauty—and the world's response to you.

Our Beauty Workshop is like an extension of your own home. We like to try out on ourselves and one another the beauty offerings devised by ingenious manufacturers. We live on the diets. We follow the exercises. You can do all that we do. An honest facing of facts, planning, and a willingness to do a little every day are all that are required. What better time to start than today?    By Dawn Crowell Norman, Beauty Editor of the Journal
Who isn’t interested in the subject of weight? Even ninety-pound Nancy is anxious to consult our ideal height-and-weight chart (reproduced on the right, for you). Although Journal diets vary with seasons and seasonsings; they have this in common: Their success depends on your recognizing your reducing or building-up regimen as a three-part program which counts on courage and conviction— as well as calories! Above, right: Even the slimmest figure needs exercise to perfect posture and to keep the body firm and flexible. Here, Carolyn Robinson demonstrates the Journal’s favorite waist-tiecher to Nancy. Easy to do, this all-over stretch helps tone from top to toe. Try it yourself each morning!

Journal Beauty Commandments

Begin each day on the premise that a fresh body makes a fresh spirit. Count on plenty of soaping, scrubbing and scouring—as well as clean and tidy clothes—to get you off to a bright start!

Develop a proud posture and a graceful walk and you will feel younger and look younger too. Go forward with your head high, your shoulders erect, your spine straight. A sprightly carriage implies courage and confidence.

Look forward to (as well as back upon) a trim figure and the good health, becoming clothes and compliments that go with it. First, reach your ideal weight through diet. Then, maintain it by allowing yourself no more than a four-pound margin for error. A weekly weight-watch and a firm attitude against “extras” between meals and at the table will keep you in line.

Let your skin glow with a softly feminine look, by treating your face, neck and hands to the cleansing, creaming and protection they need each day to stay young and beautiful.

Coax your hair into a major expression of your good looks. Give it the daily brushing, regular shampoos and nightly pin-ups necessary to maintain its sparkling good health and good order. Experiment with a new length, a new rinse or a new permanent. Change the arrangement often enough to keep you feeling and looking like an up-to-date beauty!

Cheer yourself and those around you with a freshly made-up face, even if you use only a bright and well-aimed lipstick! For further embellishment: find the shade of powder which adds a pink or rosy glow; eye shadow in a soft shade which intensifies the color of your eyes; mascara to add sweep to your lashes! Apply your colors with a deft touch.

Let your sense of “fashion” extend to the things you wear around the house. Work won’t seem so humdrum when you are wearing an apron in your favorite color, a house dress with a flattering neckline or “flats” in bright red leather!

Help yourself each day to these five free beauty treatments: Exercise. Relaxation. Sunshine. Fresh Air. Sleep! All designed to soothe your jangled nerves and give you strength to go on.

Encourage other people’s interest in you by widening your own interests. Freshen up your days with new things to do. Devote your spare time to a new hobby. Cultivate your talents for becoming a gracious hostess. Have a ready smile and something pleasant to say. You’ll soon enjoy more fun—and more friends!

Long hair needs extra rinsing after a shampoo. Dusty lifts Nancy’s hair up and away from the head to get the clear warm water in close to the scalp. A “finger tip” from “ manicurist” Carolyn: Use one of the new colorless-base coats with added ingredient designed to prevent nail-splitting and breaking.

Nancy ends her tour of the Beauty Workshop on a note of glamour. The sleek chignon, veiling and ribbons were decided upon when Dawn Norman wanted to prove to doubting Nancy that there was something special she could do with her hair for dress-up nights. Our philosophy? Arrangements always should be becoming, easy to care for at home, and charming to keep you an up-to-date beauty!
Making ends meet is a problem these days, isn’t it? Well, here’s real help for your budget. You can cut your soap and detergent costs in half by using Fels-Naptha.

Yes, Fels-Naptha costs you only half what you pay for those high-priced “miracle” washing products.

And don’t forget this! No other “soap” product, at any price, gives you more real washing help than Fels-Naptha.

It gives you two great cleaners in one—one golden soap and gentle, dirt-busting naptha—plus a wonderful “sunshine” ingredient that banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray.”

For thoroughness, gentleness, economy, there just isn’t any substitute for the Golden Bar with the clean naptha odor.

Try Fels-Naptha and see.

An honest product
—honestly priced

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL
September

STAGE SET FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 150)

most terrible fight we ever had” came about in Macy’s when the Paschalls were spending $150 to furnish their apartment. After spirited arguments, they had settled on the chintz love seat ($38) and two unpainted ladder-back chairs ($6 apiece), when Nancy fell in love with a Swiss cuckoo clock ($5). Bob said it was too silly to have in their house, and the battle was on. Describing this crisis, Nancy said, “Of course Macy’s is awfully public, and when Bob and I fight, we blow our tops and say absolutely evil things to each other.” By this time, her listener, a bit apprehensively, for a sample of the absolutely evil things she said to her husband on this occasion, Nancy explained, “I told him he was too staid and conventional.” Naturally, after an insult like that, an actor-husband had no alternative but to stomp off in a dramatic exit—on the nearest escalator.

The Paschalls’ usual method of projecting cold fury is to sit in separate rooms. “Then whichever this feels guiltier comes to the other and makes up.” Nancy glanced benignly at the carved clock on the wall, as a flauty wooden bird popped out and chirped Cuckoo, Cuckoo. “But I didn’t take Bob long to see I was right,” she added slyly. “And now he says the cuckoo clock does more for this room than anything else we have.” From the fact that young Mr. Paschall kept a sympathetic straight face while she explained this, one may prove he’s as good an actor as he is husband.

Nancy says he’s fine on both counts, but, “When Bob’s rehearsing, he’s always sure he’s the worst ever and that the director will fire him, and he fears himself to pieces so ruthlessly that I feel torn too.” In spite of this, or maybe because he works it out of his system before an opening, she says Bob is “wonderfully even-tempered in the theater, and gets along well with everybody.” Her tone was a bit severe as she went on, “He gets along almost too well with other people, though he enjoys parties, even when we hardly know a soul there, and he always wants to stay hours longer than I do.” Nancy, who prefers small groups of close friends, sometimes goes home without him. “And he talked much too long to some female at the last party,” she said.

Bob countered with a masculine show of virtue. “But I was sounding that woman out, and don’t forget I got the tip on the job with the Lunts from a girl I met at a party after you’d gone home.”

Nancy, radiant again, said, “That’s another story. And Bob is much better than I am about making the rounds of agents and producers.”

Bob says the quality he likes best about his wife is that she’s so honest with herself. “It’s one of the things that make her a good actress.” Her worst fault, he thinks, is procrastinating on job hunting. Coupled with this, he said, “She takes forever to dress and it used to drive me crazy and I’d keep looking her up in the mirror and read The Wisdom of India and China, while I’m waiting.”

“Now that he’s so patient I make a real effort to hurry,” Nancy remarked. “But when I get all ready and say, ‘Do I look all right?’ he mumbles, ‘Sure, fine,’ without even glancing at me.” Bob Paschall laughed, and Bob said suddenly, “You know the thing I like best about being married to Nancy? She’s never tried to change me.”

When he first saw Nancy Watts in the dining room of the actors’ dormitory at the Barter Theater, three summers ago, he kept on staring “because I thought when I saw all that blonde hair she must be the new apprentice from Australia.” The mistaken identity plot became even more as You Like It when the real apprentice from Australia, who was sitting next to Nancy, poked her and muttered, “Darn’t that boy look like a movie star?” Nancy gazed at Bob, said “I’m-m-m,” and went back to her food.

Later, the object of their speculations came to show the newcomers around, and a discovered this home town Charlotte, Virginia, was a good place. He even visited the nearby streets, and discover the bliss of the local不惜, acting. “Paschall was very big-deal show? Nancy says. He had been stopped by an editor in the local star, Miss Watts had just washed her hair, but she came away with towel draped around her scolding locks, and Mr. Paschall chatted for her. Bob promised to bring Nancy one of the tombs of tomorrow’s。“For the new shows, she’s as much as just finding out about their everyday children and all that.” For this reason, this stage set for love.

Even beyond their Southern background they must have found a lot in common. In their mothers had died when Nancy was five, and Bob’s mother was a fast-talking saleswoman, traveled so constantly that Bob lived with his aunt and uncle, and when he was seven, he gave up school to help support his family. The fact that young Mr. Paschall kept a sympathetic straight face while she explained this may prove he’s as good an actor as he is husband.
He worked even harder the following summer, at Fishkill, New York, where he played the jilted fiancé in Philadelphia Story, "and nearly went insane as stage manager when we put on The Women with all that sets." He also acquired the cat, which he found in a bar and named Tony after a Fishkill mechanic. Meanwhile, Nancy was playing small girls and ingenues in William, New Hampshire. Back in New York in the fall, with very little left of their $30 salaries, they decided that, "We'd probably never save enough money to get married on, so we might as well get married anyway."

They craved an out-of-town wedding, and chose the location by looking in the phone book and picking the town that had the cheapest toll rates, on the theory it would be thrifty close to New York. "We took Nyaack because a night call is only twenty-five cents, and we like the name." On November 17, 1951, with a combined nest egg of $80, they bought round-trip tickets to Nyaack where they registered at the best hotel and phoned the Presbyterian minister. "He said he'd marry us, but to hurry right over because he had a funeral."

They hurried so precisely that the groom forgot to get change. "So he gave me the minister dollars for marrying us," Nancy says, "and that wrecked our finances and I was furious."

Anyway, of course I realize you can't ask a minister for change in their wedding finery (an eggshell faille dress and a blue seraph). So they passed a movie theater offering American, Latine or 45 cents. "We couldn't resist seeing it at such a bargain." That cinema move so dramatically depicted their remaining capital that they ordered the two cheapest dishes on the hotel menu for dinner: oyster stew and lobster salad. But one of my roommates had given us a split of champagne, enough for a glass apiece, Nancy says, "so that was really festive." Back in New York the wedding is happy and exactly enough to pay bus fare to their new home, an apartment on West 8th Street. They have0' ants and with their current home on noisy 4th Street, where Italian pizza, art pottery jewelry and artist poets vie for attention. It is a living gallery, harmless. in that it's also the foil and Roman bath, with the bathtub enounced on a wooden platform under the sea-blue drain board. The adjoining lavatory "looked sort of dreary" until Bob painted it petunia pink and tacked up a cheap large-print copy of a Robert Service poem: The Cremona of Sam McGee. They're now having aesthetic discussions on how to lower the ceiling of the small living room by painting it dark green. Bob built the window seat and bookcase, and designed the two charming tables, sheets are evasively placed on chessboards and mounted on black iron frames—"they only cost eight dollars!" The bedroom, which is big enough to lie down in, has blue curtains Nancy made as her first real sewing venture. "Forty-nine cents a yard," she adds briskly. Both Paschalls can tell you their wedding day to the last red cent with what they paid, but admit cheerfully that whenever they 've saved a big sum like a hundred dollars, we blow it in on steaks, clothes and theater tickets!"

Last year, Bob earned $2700, as compared with the average actor's total of $780 computed by Equity. For the first five months of this year, his theater earnings add up to $148, and until he and Nancy started their summer engagement at Fishkill, at a combined $10 weekly, Bob's unemployment insurance on them because they contain all the nutrients, all the vitamins and all the healthy pets need. The odor-endling chlorophyllin that is now added to Ken-L-Products is tasteless and harmless. Dogs can't tell the difference—but dogs own ers.

Start your dog on nourishing, odor-endling Ken-L-Products today. Get Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Meal, or Ken-L-Biskit wherever dog foods are sold.

Yes, Ken-L-Products with Chlorophyllin End Dog Odors.

Here's Mrs. Harter's Letter!

"We have a small dog who had very bad breath. When we went away for a day we would put her in the cellar and she would make the cellar smell, too. I heard about Ken-L-Products so I thought I would try some. Within a week my husband and sons were asking me what I did to stop the dog smell. Everyone who comes in is surprised at the dog. I sure would like to be without Ken-L-Products as it is a real pleasure to have the dog around now."

Mrs. John Harter
307 Winston Avenue, Elmhurst
Wilmington 14, Delaware

You too can feed away dog odors! Here's how: All three Ken-L-Products—Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Biskit, and Ken-L-Meal—now contain the magic odor-end ing discovery called chlorophyllin. Regular feeding of any of these super dog foods will now end breath and body odors in any normal dog!

Complete nutrition, too! Your dog will love the hearty appeal of these famous foods. All dogs thrive on them because they contain all the nutrients, all the vitamins and all the healthy pets need. The odor-endling chlorophyllin that is now added to Ken-L-Products is tasteless and harmless. Dogs can't tell the difference—but dogs own ers. Start your dog on nourishing odor-endling Ken-L-Products today. Get Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Meal, or Ken-L-Biskit wherever dog foods are sold.

All 3 contain odor-end ing chlorophyllin!
Happy? Yes, he's new around the house and as happy as he can be about everything! And you can help him stay that way if you make certain that the "money problems" which darken so many children's lives never cast their shadows over him.

The B.M.A. All-Ways Protector Plan is the ideal solution. You can build your own income protection plan by combining any of the following B.M.A. services to fit your family's particular needs.

1. A plan to pay hospital and surgery benefits for yourself and your dependents.
2. A plan to pay monthly income while you are disabled by illness or accident.
3. A plan to pay medical and surgery bills when your children are hurt at school or play.
4. A plan to cancel the mortgage and refund all payments on principal in event of your death.

Your B. M. A. representative will be glad to tell you more about these services, or if there isn't a B. M. A. representative nearby let us send you complete information about this remarkable All-Ways plan without obligation.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Offices in More than 60 Cities, in 36 States, The District of Columbia, Hawaii and Guam

Business Men's Assurance Company of America
B. M. A. Bldg., Kansas City 10, Missouri
Without obligation on my part please send me information about the B. M. A. plan to cover the needs I have checked.

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

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How the Paschalls Spent Their Money Last Year

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Food</td>
<td>$700.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing</td>
<td>300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rent</td>
<td>150.00</td>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furnishing apartment</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical, dentist</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recreation</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telephone</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magazine, newspapers</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigarettes</td>
<td>150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union dues</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carfare</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secondhand refrigerator</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total $2333.20

*Because the Paschalls have been married less than a year, some of these figures are rough estimates.*
In the Kitchen!
Barbecue • Roast • Broil
Grill • Fry

In Minutes!
WITH INFRARED

Broil-Quik

AC only

Infra-Red Broil-Quik TWIN $39.95
Broils • Grills • Fries! 19" overall

AC-DC

Broil-Quik Broiler—America's finest!
Model A—17" overall $32.95
Model B—19" overall $35.95

A new way to care-free cooking! Infrared
"Quick SEAR" heat seals in all the
juices... all the flavor. Kitchen stays
cool and smoke-free. Whole meals in
minutes with that "outdoor-broiled"
flavor. All Broil-Quik units at
Premium chad plate steel, E-Z Grip side
handles...Kool Grip talcing tray handles.
Light, portable, factory guaranteed for
full year!

Write for illustrated booklet "G"

Broil-Quik Co., 2330 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 37

World's Largest Manufacturer of Infrared Broilers and Broil-Cabinets

WOMEN ORGANIZE FOR ACTION

Democratic Club
(Continued from Page 25)

party organization in March, 1950. Then
they started to act on issues. This not
newspaper and radio publicity. Husband of
club members were aroused and asked to join.
One of them, Dr. Clarence Long, recently was
cast elected president to succeed Mrs. Larkey.
Several politicians have come to argue
that the club's meetings and to augment
the club's membership.
The 83-year-olds are really only a token
payment, but they do give members a feeling
of belonging to and working in a party club.
They know it will be money well spent. Eventu-
ally, the club wants to be prepared for an
all-out fight, with a campaign school for
workers, a sight-seeing bus to take people
on a tour of the precincts, a baby-sitting
brigade for registration and election-day work,
and a motor corps to drive people to the
polls.

This year the City-County Club launched
its first real election work by organizing
candidates' meetings. Members brushed up
on the campaign issues by reading newspaper
and magazine articles and holding informal
discussion groups. Then a month before the
state primary, the club invited its members
in the newly formed Seventh Congressional
District to a gala evening to meet the candi-
dates—"and bring your neighbors along
too!"
The evening proved to be an instructive
one for the candidates as well as the club.
Nearly fifty voters kept five candidates busy
from 8:30 to 11:00 P.M. answering questions
on FEPF, Point Four, the United Nations,
civil liberties, reciprocal trade, defense
production... the Taft-Hartley Art. Several
doctors asked questions about Federal aid to
medical schools, which none of the candi-
dates could answer. One of them took the
floor and explained the issue, to the delight
of both audience and guest speakers. The
candidates also learned that club members
favored cutting government expenditures in
Maryland first. "That's a refreshing point of
view," one candidate commented. A young
lawyer, nervous at first, admitted later he
was pleased and surprised to find his audience
was willing to listen and discuss his ideas.
The City-County Club, now a little over
two years old, is still too young to put up its
own candidates and back them all the way,
but that is its long-range aim. Until a club is
established, it's risky to endorse candidates in
a primary, because, as Mrs. Larkey puts it,
"if he wins, you become known as his club;
if he's out, then you're out, too."

Even so, the club can command almost
any political speaker it wants at general
meetings as well as the monthly "Monday
Morning Meeting" meetings. A paid mem-
bership of 200 is enough to make any can-
didate sit up and take notice. The membership
includes a member of the all-Democratic
city council, two members of the state legis-
lature, and a national committeewoman.
This year the Baltimore City-County Club
joined the United Democratic Women's
Clubs of Maryland. It all adds up to close
party ties and a speaking acquaintance
with many officials—the opportunity to talk
phone as well as write congressmen. Club
members feel that even if they don't get the
man they wanted in the first place, they
possibly influence the winning candidate.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

SECRET
OF LUSCIOUS
FLAVOR

When You Freeze Meats
USE FREEZER PAPER

Secret in savory juices... keep out air...
prevent melting. Freezer-paper meat is too
valuable to risk unsafe methods. KVP
originated freezer paper— keeps it
the leader in protection.

Paper Maids Save Time — Save Work
Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy
Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Maywood's Dusting Papers
• Pig Tape • Baking Cups • Plate Mats • Cookery
Parchment • Painting Paraffin • Kitchen-
Kelimoose Vegetable Parchment Co., Parchment, Michigan

America's Favorite
Gravy Maker

Rich, brown gravy every single time... without meat juices. Look for the familiar proof recipe on the
carton. Sold by food stores everywhere.

Airko FREE-FLOW SHAKERS

More than 12,500,000 pairs are going great
shakes in American homes. Airkos, with the
exclusive Airkote top, keep salt dry in all
weather—no muss, no fuss, no bother.

America's Favorite
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Rich, brown gravy every single time... without meat juices. Look for the familiar proof recipe on the
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Need a Vaporizer? Ask your druggist for DeVLBIISS!

THE NAME YOU KNOW BEST IN VAPORIZERS, NEBULIZERS, AND VAPORIZERS

WOMEN ORGANIZE FOR ACTION

(Continued from Page 25)

workshop, too—all here in Mason City! After the meeting they conferred with the speaker. The outcome was an invitation: "Why not come to Minneapolis and see for yourselves how it works?"

A month later at 6:30 in the morning, they climbed into Catherine's car for the drive to Minneapolis. They sat through four intensive workshop sessions all that afternoon and the next day. Midway through the instruction Catherine suddenly kicked off her shoes and slumped back in her chair. "I'll never be able to do all this," she moaned. But the women at home armed with outlines and notes, their heads were abscess with the excitement of working with a group of women interested in politics.

The group met again a week later to talk about party plans and the opening session. They got an affirmative response.

Marilyn vividly recalls that first session—"I was impressed at seeing twelve women sitting there and being so serious and sincere about trying to better things." Coffee cups were set aside almost immediately and Gloria started the ball rolling by throwing out questions such as, "What do you expect a political party to do?" "..." "Why do people work in politics?" Answers sometimes were quick and spontaneous, sometimes long and rambling. At the dinner table with her husband that evening Marilyn was bubbling over with statistics on independent voters and gave with a commentary on the party system that astonished herself almost as much as it did him.

The next week the twelve "students of politics" reported back to the workshop, all eager to learn about the state party structure and all a little more talkative at this time. "This is dumb, but I don't know what a caucus is," a short, stocky woman declared. Pat had hurriedly took a first bite of coffee, then leaned over to pick up a stack of charts from the floor. "That's because hardly anybody ever attends a caucus," she said. "The precinct caucus is supposed to be a meeting of party members, but we've let eight or ten party faithfuls have the run of things. In Iowa, the party caucus is a sort of primary election—the only place we can express a choice for a presidential candidate." Pat paused a minute to hold up a chart and point out each step in the nominating process. "The delegates we elect at our precinct caucuses go to the county convention to elect delegates to the state convention. That's where delegates to the national convention are chosen."

Bonnie looked over the rim of her glasses at a former Democrat in an Eisenhower button. "So you see, it isn't enough to say, "Sure, I'll vote.' You have to register the party and go to caucus and vote for a man or woman to represent you."

The group met again the next week to talk about party plans and the opening session. They got an affirmative response.

Pat had given up such momentum that the workshop was running six series of meetings in single week, when the temperature dropped to 20 degrees, and snow piled high at every curb. When the night of March 7 rolled around, caucus rooms were overflowing with women, and never had a caucus been so well attended. The same thing happened a week later when delegate and alternates, confirmed the old county caucuses for the Republican county convention was the biggest turnout in the county's history, and a victory for the Eisenhower forces. Pat handed out questions about political caucuses and conventions. Nearly 300 women got the answers at the workshop.

By January, the campaign had picked up such momentum that the workshop was running six series of meetings in single week, when the temperature dropped to 20 degrees, and snow piled high at every curb. When the night of March 7 rolled around, caucus rooms were overflowing with women, and never had a caucus been so well attended. The same thing happened a week later when delegate and alternates, confirmed the old county caucuses for the Republican county convention was the biggest turnout in the county's history, and a victory for the Eisenhower forces. Pat handed out questions about political caucuses and conventions. Nearly 300 women got the answers at the workshop.

The workshop was under way—and at important time. In the runnings of Taft-Eisenhower fight, people in Mason City were starting to ask questions about political caucuses and conventions. Nearly 300 women got the answers at the workshop.

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WHAT CAN YOU DO?

In Mason City, Iowa, the Republican Women's Workshop has stirred up a regular hornets' nest of political activity. Everyone is urged to train as a "citizen-volunteer."

1. Vote in state and county primary elections. Every individual vote counts.

2. Attend party caucuses and speak up. Bring your friends and neighbors too.

3. Tell your party leaders you think the party needs a good pre-committee committeewoman. Give them your ideas about party policies.

4. Be willing to act as a delegate to party conventions or as a precinct committeewoman or committeeman.

5. Help get out the vote. Telephone, ring doorbells, write letters, talk it up at your clubs. Ask your friends and neighbors to pitch in and help.
"Use marching fire—and follow me!" Shouting this command, Lieutenant Carl Dodd struck out in advance of his platoon to lead the assault on Hill 256, near Subuk, Korea. During the fierce infighting that followed, he constantly inspired his men by his personal disregard of death. Once, alone, he wiped out a machine gun nest; another time, a mortar. After two harrowing days, Dodd's outnumbered, but spirited, force had won the vital hill.

"You were helping, too," says Lieutenant Dodd. "You and the millions of other citizens who have bought United States Defense Bonds. For your Bonds, which keep America strong, were behind the productive power that gave us the weapons we used.

"I hope you'll go on buying Bonds—always. Because your Bonds—and our bayonets—make an unbeatable combination for keeping safe the land that we all love!"

* * *

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3½% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) All maturing E Bonds automatically go on earning after maturity—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work! Or inquire at any Federal Reserve Bank or Branch about the Treasury's brand-new Bonds, Series H, J, and K.

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!
Dental Research Indicates You Can Help Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder

Yes, Colgate’s Great Dentifrice Gives Extra Protection As It Cleans Your Teeth—and Breath!

1. Removes acid film usually associated with tooth decay! Laboratory tests indicate that when you use it regularly as directed, Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

2. Teeth look cleaner, feel cleaner immediately. That’s because Colgate’s funny cleaning action removes dulling film so well teeth get naturally, sparkling clean.

3. Cleans breath, too . . . Removes tiny food particles that cause much bad breath. Has a minty, mouth-refresher flavor that even children love!

Get Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder today for the whole family. Available at any toilet good counter.

4 oz. 27¢ 2 oz. 22¢

With A Flavor The Whole Family Will Enjoy

Tell Me, Doctor

(Continued from Page 14)

Admitting that your diagnosis is correct, what is the procedure that you suggest?”

“Operative removal.”

“Dentists are all alike, Operate. Operate...”

“I admit, yes. I am of the definite opinion that the case should be operated.”

You doctors are all alike. Operate. Operate. Is there not no more need of an operation than I am?”

“How do I know you’re right? Perhaps I consulted the doctor across the street, and tell me my wife didn’t need any operation. Perhaps he would.”

“Suppose I tell you that I have already been advised by a competent authority that Mrs. Black is in no more need of an operation than I am?”

“I wouldn’t change my opinion in the least.”

A well-known doctor. His office crowded all day long. We didn’t wait for more than two hours before we could see him.

“Indeed? And is he a surgeon?”

“Well, I know that he does surgery, least.”

“I see. And is he connected with the staff of one of our large hospitals?”

“He isn’t. He is not trying to gainsay my professional reputation in any degree,” stated the doctor, “least of all in any attempt to humour my own. I don’t have to do that, if I am sure that I can show by how any competent man could form a more different conclusion than my own.”

“IT’s a rather difficult proposition, why you have given me,” continued the patient. “I’m times referring now to the case of Mrs. Black, in the hope to see how you really stand.”

“I am not going to gainsay my professional reputation, or go against my legal training, customed to balance before weight of evidence.”

“And that solution Doctor?”

“Get a fourth opinion.”

“Humph! I don’t think the expense, but I don’t see what it is you want to get me to be running around from doctor to another, to see how many different opinions I can collect.”

“I agree with you. I am also positive that any competent opinion is bound to agree with mine.”

“Humph! And how can I know that be a competent opinion?”

“You can get a competent opinion, right. Under the Specialty Board system, any doctor with a specialty rating, if consulted by his own colleague, is able to advise you of such an opinion. Was this man you consulted a specialist?”

“He said he was.”

“The doctor reached across his desk for large, clothbound volume. “Hence in list all the recognized specialists in America,” he stated. “By the way it calls the Specialty Boards. Through the list of gynecologists, Counselor, and see if your name is among them.”

Minutes later the counselor closed book with a bang. “I don’t see his name,” announced.

“Then you may be sure he isn’t a really specialist, I suspected it from some statements you made.”

“No, let’s return to business,” the doctor continued. “Tell you one thing, son one else tells you another. You would be wise to select a man among the gynecologists whose record appears in that book, and go to him for an opinion. Will you do that?”

There was silence for a long moment.

“I don’t know what I will do, Doctor. I have to take this matter up tactfully with Mrs. Black.”

What can be done about urethral displacement? As the example, Doctor Safford’s right is taken in the JOURNAL.
THE WILD BLUE YONDER

(Continued from, Page 41)

Stories: "There's nothing like a good, gory murder to take your mind off a houseful of kids," Mother chuckled whenever Sherry reproached her with it. Cookbook fans, with names like Wine Cookery. Love stories, even, and the end of the love stories was always the same: whether they were about love in a basement, or love in the haunts of the idle rich; they got married, and the lady settled down into being the charming little wife and, inevitably, the charming little mother, with no concern beyond changing diapers and wiping tiny noses, and making peanut-butter sandwiches. And the sad thing was that perhaps that was all they were good for—like mother. Her mind drew back from the disloyalty, it was not that she was not fond of mother, even very fond. Other people seemed to find her mysteriously attractive. But mother no longer interested Sherry as a person; it was as simple as that.

She wondered sometimes, almost querulously, how dad could continue to put up with such a good front of actually loving mother. His sharp, quick mind must long ago have discovered that mother was not the woman he should have married; that he should have had someone as intensely alive as he was to all the fascinating complexities of the world; of books to be read, of journeys to be traveled. Oh, mother made a show, a facade, pretense sometimes of being that sort of person; would sigh, her big, dark eyes twirling, "Just you wait till this brood grows old enough, and I'll be the one to take off into the wild blue yonder"—watching dad's plane taking off on a business trip. But then it began to look as if she never would get the brood raised up, not with dear-little-baby-brother on the way. You'd think a person ought to have more sense. She'd trailed in her mind—having another baby, when the girls were so big, almost grown. And to look so pleased about it—to smile and laugh with her friends when she had to be helped out of chairs (she who had always looked so gay to her feet), played such a nimble game of tennis. When she couldn't go to the beach, or the races, on the rare days when dad had time to enjoy an all-day family outing. To behave as if she was doing something rather clever, when she must know that dad needed what, any man needed, was a good companion.

Sherry herself did not intend to have any children, ever, except her brain children: the long row of bright-jacketed books with her name on the cover; another delightful work from the pen of the talented Sherry Benson. Somewhere in her future would be a tall, lean husband (something of a cross between dad and Gregory Peck) who would brave men with pride in this incomparable woman who, though feminine to her finger tips, was yet remarkably without the faults of women. Her tow-headed hair would be ash-blonde by then, and she would wear it in a shining chignon low on her neck (not done into light braids like mother's coronet, whatever mother said about its being near, less bother that way). And never, never would her husband say to her, when he was explaining nuclear fission, or the Baconian theory, "Sherry! I don't believe you're listening to a word I've been saying!" and she be forced to reply, with a half-guilty, "Oh, darling. I was wondering whether Martha's coat could possibly do for Susan next winter."

And you couldn't put any of that into a composition on "My Philosophy." It must be time to set the table, Sherry thought, as she prepared for the next line of the composition. The composition would have to wait till after supper; Thursday night rules were that if she let Martha beat her to the table setting, it would mean that she would be left to do the dishes, and the evening would be half gone before she could get back to her homework. Worse than that, it would mean no time to discuss with dad the Stephen Leacock essay Miss Smythe had read in class today; no chance to brighten his evening with one little spark of intellectual companionship. She could not deprive...
Here’s how La Mode Buttons define the fashions that make the news!

Making the new middy-like suit?

Polo! Use La Mode’s gloves on hands.

Flannel! Mode spool buttons are news.

Making the new pocket-accout chime?

Jersey? Why not La Mode’s fleur-de-lis buttons?

Croset? Try La Mode’s new mbble buttons.

Print! Add La Mode’s rhinestone-hearted bubbles.

Silk shirling! See La Mode’s new rhinestone earrings.

For 75 years, La Mode Buttons have made fashion news on both sides of the Atlantic. No matter which of the new fashions you’re making, La Mode makes the button that’s right for it.

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL Fall, 1957

Problem Child?

or hearing problem child?

Crass words at any age—“problem child”!

But fortunately scientific means are now at hand to help you hear again! When you have a hearing problem, you’ll find Maico’s new FREE BROCHURE extremely helpful. See your local Maico Consultant (on principal cities) or mail coupon today.

Cushioned SHOES

Crisp fall styles fashioned to compliment the smart loveliness of your new fall wardrobe. Soft “Cushioned Comfort” makes your feet feel as lovely as they look.

Write for beautiful full folder.

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Please send FREE BROCHURE and tell me how I can hear better!

Name

Address

City

State

—Are you all right, Marty?” he asked in surprise.

“Of course, I’m fine,” mother said again. “Or for heaven’s sake, will you please sit down and eat your dinner.” She sounded aloud cross.

She bounced in at the front door, loaf of bread squeezed out of shape under a plump arm, “Back the same day,” she said coldly. “I’m everybody happy?” Mother didn’t even smile.

Sit down, Sue,” she ordered. “Eat your dinner. And no horseplay, please.”

They were almost through with the strangely silent meal before Sherry noticed that mother hadn’t touched anything. “You haven’t eaten any dinner,” she accused, finally. “Mother, don’t you feel well?”

Mother rose with great dignity, in spite of her distorted shape; almost, Sherry thought with a flash of understanding, because of “No,” she said with precise clarity. “No! Do not feel well. Sam, if you call the doctor I think I’d better be on my way. Mart, you’re to help Sue with the dishes. John, you’re to go out and find a decent hotel. Sherry, my suitcase is in the coat closet. You would be so kindly.”

“I’ll get the car out,” Sherry said impatiently, falling into the swing of things.

It was all too easy to put his own feet up to the telephone in the hall; and all, it had to be who was dialing Doc Perry’s number, because dad’s hands were turning so.

“Please, put your feet up to the telephone in the hall!”

Sherry could not help wondering whether had been like this the other three times, whether it was because she was herself old enough to be concerned to dad that every thing was moving forward so effortlessly. They were in the car and driving off, leaving the two younger grandchildren in the done way, their months round o’s of bewilderment.

“Will, thank goodness you all had a good dinner, anyway,” mother said at last, in an astonishingly normal voice. “There ought be enough pot roast left for at least another picnic.”

“Never mind that, darling,” dad said, picking her hand helplessly as Sherry guided the car.

Well, really! Sherry thought with some asperity. You’d think she’d be having some noble feelings, at least, instead of worrying about pot roast. They went on and on, for drive that seemed as long, and actual consumed twelve minutes by the dashboard clock.

The hospital loomed gray and forbidding against the darkening sky, but moth
TODAY'S TRADITIONAL
(Continued from Page 52)

times is to lend it the charm of fashion colors and well-selected accessories. Here are some of the originals of these period styles which were upholstered in ravishing watermelon pinks, flower-like blues, radiant yellows and greens, and each piece still appears their charming best when part of a gay, color picture.

All the accessories are modern copies of old ones, except the pink Chinese jar, the white epervine and the Gould bird prints. You need fewer accessories when they are good ones and large in scale, as were most of the old, ornamental pieces. The American Beauty carpet, today's important contribution, keeps the color scheme, and is picked up by the brilliantly colored chintzes, which costs only $1.80 a yard!

This is today's room, young enough for moderns, but with the lasting dignity of the traditional, a room with furniture which you can do over at intervals throughout a lifetime and always be charmingly familiar.

New FLAVOURED Children's Size
BAYER ASPIRIN

Just imagine—now, when your doctor prescribes aspirin for your child, you can give him the best aspirin money can buy—without coaxing... without fussing... without fretting! For new, flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin not only provides all the advantages of genuine Bayer Aspirin, but tastes so good, youngsters willingly chew it or let it melt in the mouth... drink it dissolved in water... or eat it mixed with food.

And because each new, flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin tablet is equal to the "half an aspirin" doctors usually prescribe for children, it's far and away the most convenient children's size aspirin you can use.

Flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin
Saves You Money! Flavored Children's Size Bayer Aspirin costs far less to use than any other children's aspirin. 24 tablets—tablets half the size of regular Bayer Aspirin—only 15¢. Buy it today!

New, Flavored Children's Size
BAYER ASPIRIN

sat down again as the stretcher disappeared, but his eyes remained fastened to the elevator door.

"As I was saying," Sherry began again, after a polite moment, "this essay of Stephen Leacock's—"

Dad looked at her—through her—as if she were a stranger. "I hope it's a boy," he said, vaguely. "She's still a boy so much. I hope it's a boy this time."

"Miss Smythe says that his essays are models of their kind," Sherry went on a little feebly, "Stephen Leacock's, you know."

Come back home, dad, she cried inwardly. This is Sherry talking, offering you a little intellectual companionship. But just nodded, and she knew he had not really heard her, not with the ears of his mind.

"If anything should happen to her," he said. "If anything should go wrong—"

There was a look of agony on his face, a look she had never seen there before; there was no need for him to finish the faltering halting sentences.

Why, he's frightened, Sherry thought, startled. He knows the names of the planets, and the distances of interstellar space, and he reads the essays of Plato in the original Greek, but he's frightened now. The figure of her mother as she had just seen her rose up before her eyes; mother wasn't frightened. She had a job to do, and she was doing it, without any fuss: just the way she did everything. An immense wave of superiority swept over her: Women are stronger than men.

It seemed no time, or all time for perhaps the two mixed up together, before the doctor stepped out of the elevator, his head still swathed in his surgical cap, making him look unlike familiar Doctor Perry. He came toward them. "Congratulations, Sammy! It's a little boy, and Marty's doing fine. Everything went like a breeze." He bared down on the hall.

And then there was mother on the stretcher again, smiling sleepily, with something—someone—wrapped in a blanket lying in the crook of her arm. "Isn't he handsome? Isn't he beautiful? Look at all that hair."

Hardly daring to breathe, Sherry gazed down at him. He was very pink—she couldn't forget herself to the word "red"—but the tiny fist clenched outside the blanket seemed to her the loveliest thing she had ever seen. Real little fingers, curled below a real wrist, where the blue beard haircut spelled out B-E-O-N.

"Oh, he is beautiful," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "He's the most beautiful baby I ever saw." She gave dad a pitying glance. Poor dad... poor men, who could not do anything half so wonderful as this, for all their learning; who could only sit and write their books, while the women went about the real business of the world.

When I have a baby, she said to herself softly, she would exultingly go toward the car, hurrying home to the girls with the news, when I have a baby.
Crying is good for a baby—but not so good when it's a sign of stomach pain which might be dangerous. Left alone.

**Stomach-Ache, Trivial or Serious?**

*By DR. HERMAN V. BUNDESEN*

President, Chicago Board of Health

The subject of children's stomachaches presents an opportunity to say something that has been on my mind for some time. Do you who read this have a family doctor whom you trust, and who knows you and your younger? If you do not, please use my advice and choose one right away. The local hospital or county medical society will give you a list of doctors your neighborhood. Or if you have moved to a new community, your former physician will be glad to help by inquiring among his medical friends. This kind guidance is more reliable than the likes and dislikes of your friends or neighbors, whose needs and tastes may be quite different from yours.

When you have chosen your doctor, pay a get-acquainted call to explain your baby to him. After that, you needn't hesitate to call him in a late-night emergency, and the doctor won't hesitate to respond. Whereas a doctor who has spent a full day and possibly an evening as well in caring for his patients may not welcome a night call from strangers, who for all he knows may have got excited over nothing.

The reason for this preamble is that no experience is more terrifying to young parents than to be awakened in the night by a screaming child who complains of severe stomach pains. Never do they feel greater need of a friend in the medical world. Appendicitis leaps to the mind, and dad and mother recall lurid stories they have heard of midnight crises. Will the child have to go to the hospital? Will an operation be necessary? Might the child die? Should they call the doctor right away, or will he be resentful if it proves to be nothing to worry about? Parents are calmer, and can deal with the situation themselves in more capable fashion, if they have a kindly, reliable family doctor whom they know they can count on if he is needed.

In the case of stomach pains, it may not be necessary, actually, to have the doctor unless the stomach-ache continues without diminishing in severity for several hours or more or if there are other severe symptoms. Within a few hours, the great majority of ordinary abdominal pains due to transitory causes will subside or change character. Most such pains, I have found, are due to a simple digestive upset, and relief comes naturally before long.

You may give the youngster a few sips of warm water, milk or tea. Often this helps to relieve discomfort. If the pain is severe, you may give a small quantity of aspirin. (Tablets that are either tasteless or flavored are now made especially for children.) But here's one ineluctable rule: *Never give a child with stomach-ache a laxative!* The laxative will not relieve pain. And if the cause should be an intestinal infection such as appendicitis, it may do serious damage.

(Continued on Page 171)
HANES MÉRRICHLID SLEEPERS
WON'T SHRINK OUT OF SIZE!
WON'T STRETCH OUT OF SIZE!

Merrichilds are size-fast, and that's good news for mothers everywhere!
No need to buy overlarge sizes! And no more shrinkage problems!
The soft, warm, springy-knit fabric gives freely for greater sleeping comfort—snaps firmly back into shape for better fit and longer wear. And look at the prices—so thrifty!

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Hanesknit of the finest cotton, in
suds-fast pink, blue, canary, and green—
$1.89
In red $2.25

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SMOOTH, STRONG, FLAT SEAMS
One-piece, sizes 0 to 6, $2.20;
in red, $2.49. Size 8, $2.59;
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LAUNDRY-PROOF GRIPPER FASTENERS—
EASY-TO-TRAIN SEATS!
Two-piece, sizes 0 to 4, $1.89;
in red, $2.25

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SNUG CUFFS AND COLLARETTE!
Three-piece laundry-saver
with extra pants,
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Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.

EUPHIDES

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First call to blackboards and books means first call for Stride Rites...fine shoes, so carefully made to help those young, helter-skelter feet grow straight and sturdy. And so carefully fitted by your Stride Rite dealer, who has a style, size and width for every small scholar.
KANTWET'S exclusive dorsal construction gives the extra firmness so many doctors recommend

From cover to cover, America's best known crib mattress is designed and built to give your baby the firm, level resilient sleeping surface that does so much to assure correct posture in the crib. Only KANTWET has all these features for the firmness recommended by so many doctors:

- **Firm, level Dorsal Construction**
- **Firm-O-Flex lock-type Innerspring** — for added firmness with needed resilience.
- **Deep Layers of fine White Cotton Felt** — with extra layers where most necessary, for firmness and comfort.
- **Double-Sealed Tufting** — that anchors filling in place — locks out surface moisture.

And KANTWET, made with wetproof fabric, with washable plastic welting seams, is always sweet, clean, sanitary.

**DORSAL CONSTRUCTION**

A strong straight-line reinforcement at the very heart of the mattress. A double layer of sial — stitched to a stretch-resistant inner core. Helps keep baby's back straight in the crib.

There's a KANTWET Pad for every Nursery Need

Rosalie started up the stairs. At the landing, she turned around. "Johnny," she said firmly, "get it out of your head for good, please don't buy that Blane comes from.

"That's that," she thought, going on up the room, feeling a little like a child, then she could put Johnny out of her mind. She think of the blissful evening ahead.

However, it was fairly difficult to ban Johnny Freer entirely. In one corner of room stood a studded leather sofa with a small kangaroo in its pouch—Maureen and M. Rice Marsupial—Johnny's present on fourteenth birthday. On the dressing table was the giant bottle of Scarlet Sin, brought by Johnny last month—because of the man, she said. And staring down reproachfully from the frame above her bed was the startling lifelike caricature of Johnny himself, do last year at the county fair.

"I'm going to refuse it!" Rosalie nounced in cold tones, and immediately she got out her new black dress; highest heels, poured a week's supply of salts into the tub, borrowed a pair of the stone earrings from her mother's bare. Coming back, steaming fragrantly from bath, she paused in the hall to listen. 

"Everything is now over between us?" Johnny's voice was a tragic croak. "All those years I pedaled you to school on my bike were for — nothing?"

"Exactly."

"Uphill too. And I even registered for pre-law because you have this mad fixation on politicians. Civil law. Business law. Corporation Law. Tort. All for you."

Rosalie looked pointedly at her wrist watch.

"You mean," Johnny whispered in a raspy, broken voice, "you'd send me out to seek other female companionship?" A great, happy smile crept over his face and he ran a hungry tongue along his lips. "Like Betsy Chancy, maybe?"

Rosalie shrugged. "Why not? Why don't you run over there now?"

Johnny's smile slowly died. "You mean we aren't even friends any more?"

Rosalie gave him a kind, motherly look. "Of course we're friends, Johnny, but —"

"Hi, friend!
Rosalie rose from the couch and started to throw his long arms around her, but Rosalie side-stepped neatly. Then, abruptly, she slapped him. They both stood staring at each other in shocked silence.

"Well, you stopped arguing, slowly, putting his hand to his cheek. "Why, Rosalie! Rosalie avoided his eyes. "I'm sorry," she said in a shaky, defensive voice. "But you won't listen! I keep trying to tell you that I'm—I'm interested in Blane Winters and him."

Rosalie turned away. She sat down and began at once to организации and to get them inside the house. "I've got this idea, and I'm not going to go through with it!"

"Thank you, Rosalie."

Rosalie turned away. She sat down and began at once to organización and to get them inside the house. "I've got this idea, and I'm not going to go through with it!"

"Thank you, Rosalie."

"The right way to kill time is to work it to death."

R. G. LETOURNEAU
"You don't need to," she said. "I think this is just Johnny's idea of a farewell gesture. I told him how I felt tonight; he won't be back."

"Rosalie," Blane said, taking her clenched fist and dropping his voice to a devastatingly tender pitch, "I started to say out in the car..."

"Yes, Blane?" Rosalie's fingers uncurled. She turned her face toward Blane, like a flower toward the sun.

The doorbell rang.

Rosalie sat up straight. "Come in," she called in a clear, acid voice. "Do come in."

Blane gave her an uneasy glance. "Haven't you better go to the door?" he asked, just as Johnny sauntered into the room. He was painfully, splendidly well-dressed, dark suit, sober tie. Hair slicked down like black linoleum. He bowed deferentially to Blane.

"I just happened to be passing," he said, "and saw the light. Thought I'd drop in."

Rosalie was silent—with a lead, eloquent silence that rang through the room. Johnny, however, seemed dead. He gave Blane an eager, admiring smile and came over to occupy the other third of the couch.

"Mr. Winters," he said earnestly, "I'm a political-science major and I've been anxious to ask you some questions. Could you tell me how to go about getting started in politics?"

"Johnny Freer—?" Rosalie began, but Johnny waved her aside.

"I've been advertising your campaign," he said, ignoring Rosalie. "And I thought I'd like to learn how... that is, I'd just like to follow in your footsteps Mr. Winters!"

Rosalie snorted. She waited for Blane to lay the hypocrite low, but he appeared to consider Johnny's peremptory question with sober approval.

"Well, Freer," he said slowly, "he's a dark-eyed, friendly-looking fellow. I'd say— first, get your name and face before the public. Meet influential people. He learned back, his arms behind his head. "But I believe the primary thing is... know your opposition."

Without removing his mesmerized gaze from Blane's face, Johnny whipped out a small black notebook and a fountain pen. "Know your opposition," he repeated in fascination tones.

"Learn him through and through," Blane said. "Now take the incumbent, Breyfus—"


Johnny's pen was moving rapidly. Two or three slicked-down wisps of hair broke loose from the restraining oil and stood up suddenly on top of his head, as if overcome by his eager zeal. "Go on!" he begged.

Rosalie's glare was steady and lethal. "I'll kill you, Johnny Freer," she thought. "You show in the game. You—"

"I learned everything I could about Breyfus," Blane was saying. "For instance, he hates to go to evening meetings, so I show up at every one I can find. Contrast—youth and age! People think, "What we need is some young blood around here." Breyfus is pretty easy, too, about thanking people for favors. Rosalie knows—and he flashed her a quick, intimate glance—"that I send someone a thank-you letter just about every day."

"Three today," said Rosalie proudly. She moved an inch closer to Blane and smiled sweetly at Johnny.

Johnny had eyes for no one but the man between them. "Mr. Winters," he said impetuously, "could I help you? I mean—well, I've done some campaigning at junior college and I like it. Maybe I could help at campaign headquarters. Pass out literature, see what goes on—"

Rosalie snuffed. "If you think—" she began, but Blane gave her a hurt, innocent stare.

"I know you won't be there," he said. "You've got a suspicious mind, Rosalie Yates."

Blane glanced at Rosalie with a mild air of disapproval. "Why, of course, Freer," he
said heartily. "I tell you what—there's this Turnbull barbecue tomorrow. I'm supposed to furnish some help on arranging the entrance, keeping things going along well. But I have a lot to do—I'm going to speak after dinner. Perhaps you could go out early and help. Show people to the swimming pool, to the barbecue tables. Things like that." Rosalie accepted with simple gratitude. "Sure!" she said. "That's right down my alley. Isn't it, Rosalie?"

Rosalie's tone was regarding. "Well, yes, he is pretty good at running a party. Blane."

"Well, fine!" said Blane. "I'm not. I stick to politics. I'd rather run for office than eat, I think."

He gave Johannie a man-to-man grin. He stood up, and Johannie, perforce, stood up too. Before Rosalie could do more than raise his deftly, Blane had escorted Johannie to the door and told him good night.

As Blane came smiling back into the room, she thought curiously, "Don't let him look you! He's up to something, I'm just sure! All that—"

Blane looked down at her with fond amusement. "Well, right," she said. "But he is? Maybe it wasn't pure political fervor on Freer's part, but what difference does it make? We do need the help out at Turnbull's. And you and I can still drive out there together—alone. Grow up, darling."

Rosalie's eyes wavered and fell below the look at Freer's. Yes, she thought breathlessly, I must—grow up in a hurry. And again, for a brief second, the splendid picture of the White House reception line flashed through her mind.

As she came down the front steps the next morning to meet Blane, she felt extremely mature and sophisticated, in a smart white linen dress and a cart-wheel hat, both new for her season, as was the white bathing suit over her arm. Blane, she saw, was in high and elated a mood as she was, as they drove out through the country golden with morning sun.

"What are these?" Rosalie asked idly, pointing with her toe to the stack of white placards on the floor of the car.

Blane glared savagely. "Those? Johannie must have put them in. Some of my campaign posters." All at once he stopped the car and, jammin' between the glove compartment, produced a wrench and some tacks.

"Mind waiting a minute, Rosalie?"

He pushed up a poster and advanced on a nearby telephone pole while Rosalie watched admiringly.

"Just what the landscape needed," she called coldly.

"What it needs," Blane said, getting back in the car, "is yours up there with it. We'll have some pictures out at Turnbull's today; I want some with you."

Rosalie felt her cheeks burning. Their picture together—it would be just like an advertisement, she thought. Wait till Johannie sees that!

"There's another good place," Blane said, standing. "The Sour Round, Rosalie. You know the sound of laughter? I have a dream to reach for a poster and Blane's fingers curled around hers for a second as he took it.

They stopped six times in the next mile. At the seventh Rosalie glanced uneasily at the sun. It was already riding high in the middle of the car. She had gotten back in the car after attaching his portrait to an accommodatingłemen. After all, you're going through the back of Blane's garden. Rosalie gave her a seafood look. "Johannie had other things to do," he reminded her. "We don't want to lose sight of the purpose of this trip.

She laughed ruefully. "Of course not, 1— I was just getting hungry. Aren't you?"

Blane nodded his head from a promising—looking barn ahead to glance at her vaguely. "Hungry? Not especially. Anyway," he said, "I never eat before I speak."

It was a quarter after one when they turned in between the big stone gateposts of the Turnbull ranch. From the pool at the side of the house ran Rosalie's glassy, being splashing. From the crowded loggia along the front of the big house came the high hum of voices. Out from the patio in the rear drifted the tempting sharp fragrance of roasting meat.

Rosalie got out of the car and started for the patio. One eye, always when Johnnie, in swimming trunks and sweat shirt, came toward them. He was eating a sandwich with a "Committee" pinned on his chest. Behind him followed a small pudgy man with a press camera.

"Oh, here you are!" Johnnie said in an insipid, important voice. "Thought you'd never come." He was blocking the way to the patio, and Rosalie's pictures, didn't you, Mr. Winters?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Blane said, as he put a light, possessive arm around Rosalie's shoulders.

September 31

To My Mother
By Maxine K. Hamburg

I cannot come near you, mother, now.
Your hands upon me are past tense
Belonging to my innocence.
You look at me and know somehow.
Your child returns to you made wise,
Not knowing what you gave her when
She was a yearling among men.
You read the meaning in my eyes.
Your days of shielding, cushioning
Her soft hide from the rays of truth
Are gone the way of your own
And thus I could not come to harm,
And thus your life was made complete.
I kiss your forehead and your cheek.
Between us stands the lost belief.
But let it never bring you grief
That now I know both we are weak.

Keep your pet sleek, strong and handsome
Puss 'n Boots is made of fresh-caught whole fish blended with choice cereals. It furnishes proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milk and food from the table.

QUALITY MAKES IT AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CAT FOOD

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Look... No attachments!

New fashion stitches... so simple on a SINGER

Now, in a matter of minutes, you can turn the plainest dress into an expensive-looking fashion, add decorative personal touches to blouses, lingerie, linens.

It's easy—with the clever new SINGER fashion stitches. No attachments of any kind! Simple sewing does them all, on a SINGER® Sewing Machine.

You can learn the four stitches shown—and five others—in one easy lesson at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. No cost. Make an appointment for your free lesson today!

Learn how to do these and more in one FREE LESSON at your SINGER SEWING CENTER

CORDONNET—lovely on little-girl clothes

So dainty! The touch that makes a dress a real party dress. Adorable on big sister's organza outfits, your own sheer blouses, too. Imagine how long it would take by hand. Then hurry and learn the SINGER way!

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In a matter of minutes you and your SINGER can turn everyday totes into pretty bathroom accessories with your own personal initials. Smart on terry robes, teen-age blazers, or for colorful designs on tailored dresses.

CABLE STITCH— to pretty-up a plain dress

Add a custom touch like this—and you add dollars to the looks of a simple dress. You'll love this new SINGER stitch for blouses, housecoats, lingerie. You'll have to try it to believe how really easy it is.

METALLIC STITCH— new glamour for evening gowns

Better than Cinderella—the magic you work by adding gold swirls to a jacket... silver threads to the bodice of a gown. And you'll never "meet yourself" at the party! P.S. Good also on pocket or collars of a dressy work.

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prolonged delays that occur between courses. It also appeared to us sufficient time to linger over dinner, since the men spent an additional half hour over coffee and liqueurs. But such a schedule had at times drawn-backs and, at Lady Londonderry's, where the rule was most rigorously enforced, I once watched with amusement the silent battle between the resident guests, who wished to eat every morsel of his large helping and a footman equally determined to remove his plate.

At the end of the prescribed hour I rose to lead the ladies to the Long Library. There were, however, evenings when a guest would delay over the fruit she had placed on her plate—impossible to make her hurry.

At one of my first dinner parties, to my surprise I found the ladies rising at a signal given by my husband's aunt, who was sitting next to him. Immediately aware of a concerted plan to establish her dominance, and warned by my neighbor Lord Chesterfield's exclamation, "Never have I seen anything so rude, don't move!" I nevertheless walked to the door and, meeting her, inquired in dulcet tones, "Are you ill, S?"

"Ill," she shrieked, "no, certainly not, why should I be?"

"There surely was no other excuse for your hasty exit," I said calmly.

She had the grace to blush; the other women hid their smiles, and never again was I thus challenged!

I found Ascot Week very tiring. Fortunes were yearly spent on dresses selected as appropriate to a graduated scale of elegance which reached its climax on Thursday; for fashion decreed that one should receive one's most sumptuous toilette for Gold Cup Day. Of course there was always the danger that it might rain that day. Meteorological predictions were not at everyone's disposal and the English climate is proverbially as fickle as his majesty. It would sometimes provide an icy wind in midsummer. We spent our mornings donning various dresses in accordance with the vagaries of the weather, and by noon we were apt to be not only cross and tired but also probably attired in the wrong dress.

It was during that summer of 1896 that I had the honor of being presented to Queen Victoria. The Lord Steward's invitation to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle arrived casually on a large printed card without an envelope.

One was barely given twenty-four hours' notice. As Queen Victoria was nearly eighty and had for years been a recluse, this honor was viewed as something of an ordeal. We traveled to Windsor by train, where we were met by a Royal carriage and conducted to our apartment. Lady Edward Churchill, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting and a great aunt of Marlborough, kindly came to instruct me on what I should have to do. She said that there would be but a few guests, and gave me strict injunctions only to speak when spoken to by the Queen and to limit myself to the most formal expressions for only the Queen had the right to initiate a subject. On being presented I was to kiss the Queen's hand. Her Majesty would in turn imprint a kiss on my brow, which was the protocol for a peasant.

Having heard so much about the Queen's terrifying personalリアl and in some trepidation that I awaited her appearance before dinner. When eventually she came in, a little figure in somber black, I discovered to my dismay that she was so small that I almost had to kneel to touch her outstretched hand with my lips. My balance was precariously held as I curved low to receive her kiss upon my forehead, and a diamond crescent in my hair caused me anxiety lest I scratch out a Royal eye.

The dinner itself was a most depressing function. Conversation was carried on in whispers, for the Queen's stern personal impassioned restraint. After dinner we retired to the narrow and somber corridor where we had assembled and listened why, when all the rooms the castle possessed, we should be confined to this small passage. We were in turn, conducted to the Queen's apartments and she addressed a few words to each of us.

I found it most embarrassing to stand in front of her while everyone listened to kind inquiries about my reactions to that adopted country, which I answered as best I could. I was, moreover, haunted by the fear that I might utter the little bit of French with which she was able to communicate, and I confess to a feeling of discomfort when her appearance was so serene and unassuming.

It seemed to me that it was her deliberate intention to emphasize the dignity of her rank and person, and I felt that any word she might have spoken must have been buried with the Prince Consort.

In the autumn of 1896 we were invited to Sandringham by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess proved to be delightful hosts. The more stringent protocol of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace was relaxed here and in the intimate atmosphere of family life one might almost forgo the prerogatives of Royalty. Nevertheless the Prince's stout but stately presence made rare such lapse as that of which a frien of mine was guilty: in a moment of forgetfulness she addressed him as "my good man," which with a somewhat formal intent he replied, "My dear Mrs. B please remember that am not your good man.

In spite of this, he was always accessible and friendly and knew how to discord ceremony without any loss of dignity.

In the mornings we sometimes walked to Yel Cottage, where we lived in the park of the Forty Hall, where the Duke and Duchess of York (the future King George V and Queen Mary) lived with delight in the rest from functions and formalities.

I grew to love Princess Victoria, the lovely princess who never married because of loyalty to her mother, to whose selfishness she became a slave. Princess Maud, who had recently married Prince Charles of Denmark, was there, and the Princess Royal, married to the Duke of Fife, lived nearby. They were all simple and kindly and their family life was a model of virtue—though the Prince of Wales, if rumour to be credited, found many pleasures outside the family circle. He was a shrewd man of the world and longed to have a voice in the policies and destiny of his country. Everyone recognised the fact that, in spite of Queen Victoria's determination to exclude him from all affairs of state, he was the best-informed person in the kingdom.

During our visit the Prince expressed a wish to come to Belgium, where we at once began the rather onerous preparations such a visit entailed. Our proposed list of guests having been submitted and approved, we became engrossed in plans to make the visit agreeable and memorable.

There were, however, over a hundred people in the house, including thirty guests among whom were not only the Prince and Princess but Princess Victoria, Prince Charles and her husband. PrincessCharlotte, whose rooms on the floor ground were given over to them, and we retired to crowded quarters upstairs.

Our party lasted from Monday to Saturday, and each day I had the Prince as my neighbor for two long meals. This was a terrible ordeal for anyone involved in the politics and gossip of the day as I was, since I liked to discuss the news and to hear the latest scandal, with all of which at that time...
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I was unfamiliar. The Princess of Wales, gay and animated with an almost childish interest in everything, was easier to cope with. She was full of fun. Gossip and stories about people delighted her. She made us laugh, telling us how she had to use a ladder in order to get into my bed, which was on a dais, and how she kept falling over the white sheets hung from the bed. That was on the floor.

This visit was a tiring and anxious experience for me, since I was responsible for every detail connected with running the house and ordering the pleasures of my numerous guests. The number of changes of costume was in itself a waste of precious time. To begin with, even breakfast, which was served at nine-thirty in the dining room, demanded an elegant costume of velvet or silk. Having seen the men off to their sport, the ladies spent the morning round the fire, reading the papers and gossiping. We next changed into tweeds to join the guns for luncheon, which was served in the High Lodge or in a tent. Afterward we usually accompanied the guns and watched a drive or two before returning home. An elaborate tea gown was donned for tea, after which we played cards or listened to a Viennese band or to the organ until time to dress for dinner, when again we adorned ourselves in satin or brocade, with a great display of jewels. All these changes necessitated a tremendous outlay, since one was not supposed to wear the same gown twice. That meant sixteen dresses for four days.

In the first months of the New Year we moved to a small house near Melton Mowbray, since my husband wished to hunt with the various fine packs of hounds Leicestershire boasted. He was a good horseman and looked well in his pink coat, his gray horse—for he had only grays—conspicuously in the field. As I was then expecting a baby I was unable to hunt, but Lord Lonsdale, who was Master of the Quorn, drove me in his buggy on days when he was not hunting. I found a few days spent hunting the fox on wheels sufficient initiation and decided to continue hunting until I was able to ride.

Meanwhile, I read German philosophy with a teacher who came from London. This, to my surprise, consigned me to the company of bluestockings and I realized that I had shown more courage than tact in advertising my preference for literature. Only this interest, however, got me through the first depressing winter, when my solitary days were spent walking along the highroad and my evenings listening to the hunting exploits of others.

Whenever there was a frost Marlborough went off to London or to Paris, since it was considered inadvisable for me to travel in my condition I remained alone. From my window I overlooked a pond in which a former butler had drowned himself. As one cannot have everything, I began to feel a deep sympathy for him.

On September 18, 1897, my eldest son was born. We had taken Spencer House, overlooking Green Park, for the event. It was fitting that Churchill should be born there, since they were descendants of the Spencer family. My mother had come from America to be with me. After my son was born, she told me she had been surprised by the insipidity of the obstetrician who attended me; yet he was then considered at the top of his profession. Comparing the antiquated methods then practiced with the painful births young women now are privileged with, it seems as if Eve, in spite of the curse imposed upon her, must have redeemed her original sin.

On awakening from a week’s unconsciousness, I found to my surprise the family doctor at my bedside. He had been summoned from Scotland where he was vacationing and had arrived just in time to order a partridge and broad sauce for my first meal—a prescription that cost us dear, since he had the right to charge a pound a mile. It was only then that I realized that my condition must for a time have been cause for anxiety, but my recovery was rapid and the joyous ap-
the joy of good eating

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TWO GREAT NAMES IN FOOD that mean QUICK MEALS for you
New Daughter
By Elizabeth McFarland

The little bride
With its thin wishbone
May thicken to shelter
A heart of stone,
And the sunlit eye,
So round and merry,
Wither and harden
To a bitter berry.
Here is a child
Born to your keeping,
World, where the dragons
Of cruelty are sleeping,
Lead her your gentle ways
Down aisles of dove,
Suffer her mother’s praise
And her father’s love.

Ladies’ Home Journal
179

How to make apple dumplings
an easier way

—another hint from Marie Gifford, Armour’s famous Home Economist

Make pie dough according to Marie Gifford’s famous 5-minute recipe. (It’s printed right on your carton of Armour Star Lard.) Roll out and cut into 6-inch squares. Peel and core 6 apples and place in center of squares. Fill apples with mixture of 1 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Top each apple with 1 tsp. butter — Clobberloof Butter is best. Fold corners of dough over the apples and seal with water. Pinch seams together.

Mix 1 tsp. cinnamon with 1 1/2 cup sugar. Stir in 1 tsp. nutmeg. Add 3 tbsp. butter and 1 3/4 cups cup boiling water. Pour around apples in baking dish. Bake in 400°F oven about 45 minutes.

The real secret of these delicious apple dumplings is in the tender, flaky lard-made crust. Be sure to use Armour Star Lard—the lard so many State Fair pie champions use. It’s the “neat-type” lard that stays fresh at room temperature, always ready to blend instantly!


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consultant, says:

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There are Joanna Western Cloth Window Shades for every purpose — a room-darkening shade (left) for bedroom, nurseries, TV rooms... and for other rooms, a beautiful shade that lets just the right amount of light shine through.

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deevor to follow a flirtation his prince was happily engaged in pursuing. It was useless to remonstrate with the mischievous lady, whose vanity was at stake, for she had announced that she meant to annex him. It was not due to any lack of effort, as I realized when I saw her (who never rose before eleven) rowing on the lake with him at sunrise, that she did not reap with the German Crown Prince the same measure of success another American was later to find with an English king.

Signing the visitors’ book on his last day, our royal guest gratuitously added, "I have been very comfortable here." He then expressed the wish to drive our coach to Oxford Station, where he was to entrain for London.

Resigned, I climbed to the box seat beside him, primed to seize the reins in an emergency, though I had never driven more than two horses in my life. As Gladys Deacon sat behind us between Metternich and Marlborough, the Prince spent more time gazing back at her than at the road and we had several close shaves. I heaved a sigh of relief as the train bore our guest away. His sly face protruding from the window to catch a forlorn and parting glimpse of the lady he was leaving.

A week later a letter from the Emperor’s chamberlain informed me of His Majesty’s indignation at the fact that Miss Deacon should have persuaded the Crown Prince to part with a ring given him by his mother on the occasion of his first communion; he requested me to order Miss Deacon to return the ring at once. So ended a foolish and completely futile conquest.

My children, aged four and three, had developed into definite personalities: Blandford, melancholic and willful, forever rebelling against authority; Ivor, gentle and sensitive, already displaying a studious trend. Indeed, it is Blandford who can claim credit for the only time I ever saw my mother at a loss. I had left him and Ivor sitting in the barouche with her while I went to Goode’s in South Audley Street to choose some china. I was absent only a few minutes, but when I came out I saw a small crowd and my mother for once nonplused. My elder son was happily and busily engaged in throwing my card case, my pencil and various other gewgaws into the street where a hurried footman in red knee breeches, tall hat and powdered hair was running to collect them from under busses and pedestrians. As I reached the carriage I heard Blandford singing, “Gentle Jesus meek and mild loves this little child,” greatly to the amusement of the company. Punishment was a great problem. Blandford, whenever spanked, reflected as I let him go, “You have hurt your hand much more than you did me,” and that a variety of deprivations had to be found, which in turn he said he did not mind. I had definite ideas concerning discipline, but had difficulty in overcoming Marlborough’s stubborn opposition to any form of punishment. Claiming that he had been bullied by his father, he refused to exert any control, and punishment became for me a doubly painful duty in view of his critical disapproval. Never a strict disciplinarian, for a sense of humor and the love I bore my children rendered punishments hateful to me. Nevertheless, I believed that certain standards of behavior had to be maintained. That my children recognized this obligation our tender and loving relationship testified.

Looking back on the last years of the Victorian era, I see a pageant of festive scenes. But pomp and ceremony were becoming tedious to one who, as my husband complained, had not a trace of snobishness. The realities of life seemed far removed from the palatial splendor in which we moved and it was becoming excessively boring to walk on an endlessly spread red carpet.

I remember a dinner in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales to which I went a diamond crescent instead of the prescribed tiara. The Prince, with a severe glance at my crescent, observed, “The Princess has taken the trouble to wear a tiara. Why have you not done so?” Luckily I could truthfully answer that I had been delayed by some
terrible function in the country and that had from the start a very negative effect on the people. I arrived in London, but I was disappointed. The city was not what I had expected.

In the winter of 1902 we went to Russia for a great court function which then ushered in the Orthodox New Year. My husband, who had a weakness for paintings, wished to buy a fitting piece for the Magnificat, painted in gold and silver. The abbé was a master in his craft and very charming. When we met, we were immediately drawn to each other.

The abbé was a friend of the Tsar's and had been invited to a private audience. The Tsar showed us around the palace and gave us a personal tour of the palace. We were shown the Czar's private quarters, the throne room, and the ballroom. We were also given a private audience with the Czar himself.

The Czar was a man of great charm and intelligence. He spoke English fluently and enjoyed our company. We spent the afternoon with the Czar and his family, enjoying tea and cakes.

In the evening, we were invited to a formal dinner at the palace. The Czar was host and the guests included members of the royal family, high-ranking officials, and foreign ambassadors. The dinner was a grand affair, with delicious food and fine wine. We were treated like royalty and enjoyed every moment of the evening.

The next day, we visited the Winter Palace, which was a magnificent building. We were shown around the palace and were able to see many of the historical artifacts and artwork. We were also able to see some of the Czar's personal belongings, including his riding boots and his hunting rifle.

Overall, our visit to Russia was a wonderful experience. We were able to see many of the beautiful sites and meet some of the most important people in the country. It was a trip we will never forget.
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with head held high and eyes straight before me, lost in the sense of solemn splendor the scene evoked, I reached my place in the throng where, masked in scarlet flashing with diamonds, England's princesses sat.

It seemed hours before the trumpets announced the Royal arrival. We had been riveted to hard chairs, rising occasionally as some Royal personage passed to his appointed place. As the peers came to their seats on the right of the throne opposite us, they provided the laugh that always greets a dog lost in a solemn procession. There were those whose ancestral robes were much too big and long. Quite unconscious of the manner they created, they passed solemn and disdainful, holding their coronets and their robes tucked up under their arms. But the most hilarious moment came when the King was crowned and, as tradition decreed, the peers placed their coronets on their heads. For in some cases the coronet—made for ancestors with larger heads—shied down to the chin of the unfortunate peer, completely hiding his face behind a velvet cap with which the coronet was lined. I had taken the precaution to have a very small coronet made to fit inside my tiara, so that when the Queen was crowned I fitted it deftly to its place and watched with amusement the anguished efforts of others whose coronets were either too big or too small to stay in place.

That summer of 1902 Marlborough was made a Knight of the Garter and was invited to spend a week end at Hatfield, the ancient seat of the Cecil family. The Marquis of Salisbury secured to me the largest type of Englishman and his family a perfect example of the best English tradition. His eldest son, Viscount Cranborne, was in the House of Commons. Lord Hugh, the Benjamin, later became Provost of Eton College; Lord Robert Cecil, in diplomacy, and to become identified with the League of Nations; Lord Edward's career lay in the army; and Lord William was soon consecrated Bishop of Exeter. There were many amusing anecdotes concerning the latter's quickness, and I was told that once while traveling to a church conference he lost his railway ticket, and much perturbed, apologized to the conductor. "Never mind, my lord, we know you and trust you." To which the bishop answered, "But don't you realize, my good man, that I have not the faintest idea where I am going!"

It seemed advisable to have a permanent establishment in London rather than to lease a different house every year. I only had to mention our wish for his father to promise its fulfillment. Unable to find a building to suit us, we acquired one of the rare real estate sites in the market, and we built a gray stone house. When we settled in Sunderland House, the first floor with its long gallery and two salons had not yet been decorated. Later, when I lived there alone and Sunderland House became mine to dispose of, I finished decorating the reception rooms. The architect wished to place bas-reliefs at either end of the long gallery, and in a spirit of bravado, not untinged with humor, I had one made of the Great Duke and one of my great-grandfather, the "Commodore," who just one hundred years later founded our family's fortune. The shocked sardonic glance of my English guests provided a certain relish as I realized what their cavil must be; and when in the numerous crusades, undertaken on behalf of social reforms, I was on the platform with my back to the Duke and my eyes on the Commodore I wondered which of the two would most radically have disapproved my speeches.

Blundell was now six and Ever five, and although still in the nursery they had lessons with their French governess with whom they also went for walks, talking to all the while. What between the governess, the head nurse, and the grooms with whom they rode the ponies, there seemed little time left for mother. Nevertheless, they came down while we breakfasted.

My mornings were always occupied with household duties and village affairs, and there was also a voluminous correspondence to maintain, for in those days we wrote because it is styled to remain in fashion...

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Prior to the Civil War, few American military commanders made any effort to limit the amount of beer and whisky which their men might consume. But a great uproar was created by the rumor that intermixture played a part in the defeat of the Union forces at the first Battle of Bull Run. Consequently, Gen. Winfield Scott ordered that when a certain bugle call was sounded the tops of all beer barrels should be closed. Within a matter of weeks the bugle call received the name it still bears—"Toots."

We had been married eleven years. Life together had not brought us closer. Time had but accentuated our differences. The nervous tension tended to grow between people of different temperament and to lose together had reached its highest pitch. Divorce, of course, we contemplated, but in England the divorce laws then existed required a man to prove unfaithfulness in his wife; a wife, however, had to prove that her husband was as well, or else, desertion and nonsupport. It was not until years later that a new legal code removed much of the difficulty in divorce. In 1869 separation appeared to be the only solution. We were given equal custody of the children, which was considered a concession in my favor, since I had three boys and Blenheim was our home. The public interest then centered on this affair now seems excessive, but can not be understood by those who remember that in Edwardian social circles divorce or separation was not recognized as a solution for marital discord. Husbands and wives should not set out together to go separate ways and in their great houses practiced a polite observance of the duties owed to the other.

Our separation accomplished, Sunderland House became my home. My mother-in-law and many of her husband's family and friends gathered around me, and I was deeply touched by the innumerable letters I received, even from people unknown to me, expressing hopes for my future happiness. Nevertheless, I was grateful for the visits of my father and mother paid me. My mother came from America to be with me, her sympathy was precious, but the realization that my life must be a lonely one, since my children would spend half the year with me, and far less when once at school, underlined my need for some absorbing interest. A purely social life had no appeal, and my thoughts turned to Prebendary Carlyle, who, as head of the Church Army, had already aroused my interest in various philanthropic activities. He now wished me to help him in a new venture—an attempt to reinstate first offenders to prevent their return to the criminal world, and to induce them to become useful members of society. With the intention of finding work for the prisoners, I used to arrange them to the release. Comedies as well as tragedies resulted—and sometimes at my expense. There was the presentable young man who in the course of our interview boasted that he could easily earn his living, but what he could afford to buy the necessary tools. I must have been more anxious to help than I was either vigilant or wise, for I advanced him the money he said he needed. The very next day his wife turned up and said: "My husband has returned to prison."

"But what has he done?" I inquired.

"Why, you gave him the tools, and he broke into a house last night and the police got him."

I threw myself wholeheartedly into various activities chiefly concerned with the welfare of women and children. Sir Edgar Vincent gave me a house in the lovely grounds of Esther Place where I founded a recreation home for working girls. The Mary Curzon Lodging House for Poor Women and my Home for Prisoners' Wives were other permanent interests. Such activities provided greater interest than the frivolities of a London season, but these, too, were still a part of my life.

When the Sidney Webb's invited me to dine in their little house on the Embankment, I was overjoyed, for I was curious to meet the Fabians. At that first dinner I had Bernard Shaw as my neighbor. Rather shy of such august company, I turned to him with confidence. He was utterly delightful and in his sleeves left me wondering whether I was laughing at myself or at the world in general. He looked like Jupiter, I thought, with his classical bow and red beard, and his words could be likened to thunderbolts, for they totally demolished whatever he disapproved of. We became friends, and both he and his wife frequented the literary dinners I instituted every Friday the following winter.

When first H. G. Wells dined with me he was unknown in London society, though his books were creating a furor. I had assembled a brilliant company. There was Bernard Shaw, John Collier, whose novels and plays were the talk of London; and Sir James Barrie, whose gentle humor was delighting playgoers with his Peter Pan and What Every Woman Knows. Barrie was a little man with pensive eyes and a deep fund of sentiment and pity. He told a friend of mine, "I would spend all day in the street to see Consuelo Marlborough get into her carriage," which shows which the days of high society were still alive to her, and her who, like Barrie, were chivalrous and kind. I heard that he had once described his business in life as playing hide and seek with the gods, and one could not talk to him without realizing how near he was to Hans Andersen's world of faires.

Looking back on the little circle I knew of American women married to Englishmen, there are, I realize, very few who remained indefinitely American. Nancy Astor was one of
these. Her high spirits, her sense of humor, her self-assurance, her courage, her independence, are all of the American variety; and also her beauty. Lady Astor's vivid personality made her many friends, but there were those whose dislike was equally marked. She and Winston Churchill are actuated by a strong animosity on one side, and by a profound respect on the other, so much so that one never invites them together, dreading the inevitable explosion bound to occur. It was therefore unfortunate that on one of Lady Astor's visits to Blenheim when my son was host, Winston should have chosen to appear. The expected result of their encounter was not long in coming; after a heated argument on some trivial matter, Nancy, with a fervor whose sincerity could not be doubted, shouted, "If I were your wife I would put poison in your coffee!"

Whereupon Winston, with equal heat and sincerity, answered, "And if I were your husband I would drink it."

It seemed to me a blow from the sorrows of widowhood—for her husband had died in 1908—had comfort in the all-engrossing interest the suffrage movement was to her. To this end she sacrificed her time, her wealth, even her personal feelings. There is a photograph in which I see her valiantly leading a parade up Fifth Avenue. I did not realize what such a conspicuous public act must have cost her until she later said, "To a woman brought up as I was, it was a terrible ordeal."

With the threat of a European war imminent, I found it difficult to focus my thoughts on women's suffrage. To me the future loomed frighteningly, for my sons were at Elton, and Blandford was nearly seventeen. I already sensed the tragic lot of that doomed generation. Most of them went straight from public schools to the army; the fortunate returned to take a course at Oxford or Cambridge. Blandford had been graduated from Elton to Sandhurst, the military college, at eighteen, for the shorter course of training which was all they could afford to give officers in those hard-pressed days, and then straight into the Reserve of the First Life Guards as a second lieutenant.

During the Zeppelin raids the basement of Sunderland House became the refuge of my neighbors who had lived in small, old, rustic houses. I preferred to sleep quietly in my bed and had forbade my maid to wake me, even on the second sleep. Last-minute re-pellent was to my mind, rather cowardly, and if I was doomed to be blown up I thought it better not to anticipate it.

Then was work. I retired early, and very rarely dined out, not having the heart for it. There was, however, one evening when Lady Essex, my two sons and I were at dinner before going to the opera, the siren sounded to be succeeded by the general, quite close, the ack-ack from the guns in Hyde Park. The parkmaid, with perfect composure, finished serving the meal and we debated whether or not to go to the opera. Unnecessary circulation during raids had been forbidden; nevertheless, because the opera was a favorite, we decided to go.

The streets were empty and we reached it in no time. There had been a hail in the bombing, but no sooner were we installed in our box than another raid was upon us, accompanied by such noise that Sir Thomas Beecham, who was conducting, shrugged his shoulders in annoyance and the soprano louder than ever.

I was now completely immersed in war and rarely attended social functions. When I was not taken to Regent's Park, on leaving Elton, Ivor had failed to pass his mother for the armchair, and Gen. Sir John Cowan, who was the Quartermaster General, took him on his staff.

In the opening years of the First World War there was a particularly odious harridan of female who delighted in pinning what feathers-on young Londoners, regardless of the sufferings such indignities inflicted on their innocent and helpless victims. I was glad, therefore, when I received a letter taken by his cousin Winston Churchill on one of his tours of inspection of the front. France and, as was invariably the case, the company accompanying Winston, experienced a first-class bombardment. Winston with his unusual thoughtfulness wrote to me he had received his first.

Blandford was with France with his regiment, the Life Guards. My brother Harold saw him pass through London en route to his job to join the chasers at Queenstown. Both he and my brother-in-law, William K. Jr., were serving in the United States Navy.

With the signing of peace came the grand Victory Parade of the Allied Armies in London. It was a proud moment when the miscellaneous contingent of the country had sent on its way into sight leading the procession. The men were of petite alignment and height; they seemed to march as one man.

The French contingent was small, with Field Marshal Foch in the midst of his generals, the flag of France in masses as the old guard. Australians, Australians, New Zealanders passed with the same martial precision we had learned to expect of them. They were arrived with a thunderous welcome, but it was to our own English Army that we had waited, as when the Tommies and the Tars loomed into sight everyone went mad.

Early in 1920 my eldest son's marriage to lovely May Cadogan, the daughter of Viscount Cadogan, was celebrated in the Chirk of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on one of those midwinter days that have the warmth and promise of spring. A thin layer of snow, it was, was the surprise of our guests. It was the result of a night of rare beauty. The day was clear and bright, the air fresh and invigorating, as if nature had made up for all the weather of the past. The sun shone on the snow, as if to say, "This is my country; I have done nothing to it but let it be yours."

The shadow of my first marriage was once again to fall across my life when some years later Marlborough and I left Catholic Church and wished to regularize his marriage to Gladys Deacon, asked me to take steps to have our marriage annulled.
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And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay...because it removes more of the mouth acids which are the principal cause of dental cavities.

Don’t forget your gums!

It’s a fact that brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles. For teeth, breath, gums—use the new Ipana Tooth Paste.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

We’ll pay you 25¢ for trying the New Ipana!

[Image of a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste with a caption: "HERE’S ALL YOU DO!"]

Popular TV-radio star Bud Collyer

1. Buy a large or economy-size tube of New Ipana at any drug counter.
2. Mail the empty carton with your name and address to: Ipana, Dept. F-102, Box 56, New York 46, N.Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires December 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this money-saving offer now!
Enter DIAL Soap’s $40,000 Citizenship Contest

WIN $10,000 CASH

It’s easy! Just finish this sentence:

One for __________________________ for President because __________________________

(Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less)

If you have made up your mind on your man for President, here’s a golden opportunity! Just by telling why you picked him — you may win $10,000 cash! Imagine — enough money to enable you to buy a new home, a new car, almost anything you want. Or you may win one of the other 580 big cash prizes in DIAL Soap’s $40,000 Citizenship Contest.

So easy! Everybody has ideas about the kind of President America needs. You don’t have to be old enough to vote — any child can enter. And when completing your sentence you’ll be giving careful thought to one of the most important duties of a citizen — choosing our President. Whether or not your candidate wins — if the judges decide your entry is best — you will win the grand first prize of $10,000 cash! So enter now . . . and often!

Hints to help you win
Just tell why you think your favorite candidate would make the best President. Write as simply and directly as you’d talk to a friend. When you listen to radio and TV speeches, and read the newspapers, your sentence almost writes itself. For example:

“I’m for (write in name of your candidate) . . . for President because he is a straight-thinking man who will protect the rights of every American and protect America’s rights throughout the world.”

Of course this is only a sample. You’ve probably thought up and used dozens of better reasons arguing with your friends. Fancy language doesn’t matter — it’s ideas that count. So enter now! Send as many entries to win that grand first prize of $10,000 cash!

Don’t forget to send DIAL Soap Wrapper with each entry!

DIAL always wins over perspiration odor. For DIAL with AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes skin bacteria that cause odor. Use mild, fragrant DIAL for a cleaner, clearer complexion, too. Buy DIAL Soap in bars and bath bars of DIAL Soap.

Enter Now! Follow these easy rules!

1. Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less: “I’m for (write name of your candidate here) . . . for President because ____________________________________________________________ .”

2. Send as many entries as you wish. Write each on a separate piece of paper or on entry blanks from your store. With each entry send a DIAL Soap wrapper, either bath or complexion size. Mail to DIAL, 580 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 6, Ill. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. The contest closes Nov. 3, 1952. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Nov. 2, 1952 and received by Nov. 10, 1952.

4. Entries will be judged on originality, sincerity and idea content — by independent judges. Election outcome has no bearing on this contest. Sentences on losing candidates can win. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges’ decision final. No entries returned. All entries and ideas contained therein become the property of Armour and Company and will not be published.

5. All persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter — except employees of Armour and Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. Winners will be notified by mail. Complete set of winners will be mailed to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

DIAL DAVE GARRWAY—NBC, Weekdays © AMURR AND COMPANY
Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote on this photo: For Aunty Ken, "a smiling one." Vincent. On the back of it "Aunty" transfigured the possession of the smiling one to "Dugue"—Allan Ross Macdougall—"because I know how fond you were of me." He collect the poems and edited the poet's letters and wrote the foreword for *A Lovely Light* (Page 52)—personal letters which are, in effect, an informal autobiography, Edna St. Vincent Millay has been called a "poet's poet" and a "lover's poet" and a "crusader's poet." Among other distinctions, she was the first internationally famous literary figure to be featured in a series of radio programs. Her poetry is valued and enjoyed, by all the English-speaking world. Several of her poems are reprinted in this JOURNAL.

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**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address:

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The post office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

**Lastex is NOT a Pump**

A yarn that stretches, gives, and when woven in special shoe-lining fabrics, brings you a new kind of shoe comfort. Because clever craftsmen take these alive lining fabrics elasticized with Lastex and back them to shoe uppers to make them feel more comfortable, fit more smoothly, flex more easily with every step. Make sure your next pair of shoes is elasticized with

**The miracle yarn that makes things fit**

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center • New York
You've done yourself proud, chosen wis, Camembert, Cheddar with a ritch's eye. But don't slight this tempting sight! Make sure those are Ritz Crackers parked by the cheese. These golden circles of goodness make a career of adding zest to all good foods. For Ritz Crackers are so crisp, so tangy, So much a perfect part of every meal or snack. Never be without them. Ever!

Remember—

Nothing tastes as good as Ritz— but

Remember no other cracker can add such zest to cheese as RITZ!

You buy the best when it's
baked by Nabisco
 NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Please—

Remember no other cracker can add such zest to cheese as RITZ!

We're Stumped Too

Richland, Washington
Dear Editor: My teacher's wife got a baby a few days ago. When he got back from the hospital, all the kids wanted to know where the cigars were. He said he did not have any and no one in the room was man enough to smoke one. So I brought up the subject of candy cigars. Then my teacher said that if I told him the origin of passing out cigars when you get a baby, he would get me one. So that night my mother and I went to the library. We and the librarian looked and looked but we could not find a single thing. Then my mother thought of writing to you. She said you could find it.

Sincerely,

MARJORIE JOHNSON

One Way to Speak for America

Sydney, Australia
Dear Sir: Americans come in for a lot of criticism by people who have never been to your country and know nothing about you beyond what they gather from a few bad writers.

Unfortunately the Journal is beyond the reach of most people outside America, but I sincerely believe if all your readers passed on their copies regularly to some person, or preferably lending library, in another country, more would be done for world understanding of your way of life than any official drive could possibly achieve.

Yours very truly,

B. ZALOCOSTAS

Dear Editors: This letter is long overdue. In the summer of 1951, you printed a wonderful story written by a young teacher.

As I fell in love with the main character, I experienced a deep thrill—the thrill that can only come to one who has in some way participated in the making of a smash hit. You see, the model posed for that beautiful, ethereal, color drawing of him was my young son, Bobby.

Bobby Tyler

What's Your Definition?

Tucumcari, New Mexico
Dear Editor: This is such a seemingly simple question, but it has me and my friends without a satisfactory answer. How do you define peace?

It all started with a rather disparaging remark about my not being feminine, and in attempting to deny the remark, I found myself without a basis for deciding whether I was or wasn't. In discussions with friends, I find no one with a clear-cut idea of just what is meant by the term.

Yours truly,

NANCY B. LEVESQUE

P.S. In common with a lot of women, according to your letters, you brought me up, too—well, almost.

If you've got a man interested in you, you're feminine—enough, ED.

Original Model

Brooklyn, New York
Dear Editor: This letter is long overdue. In the summer of 1951, you printed a wonderful story written by a young teacher.

As I fell in love with the main character, I experienced a deep thrill—the thrill that can only come to one who has in some way participated in the making of a smash hit. You see, the model posed for that beautiful, ethereal, color drawing of him was my young son, Bobby.

Bobby Tyler

As C. T. Young

I am glad that we could share in such an historic first and wish Miss Elizabeth Vroman the best of everything as she receives the many awards and compliments that she so well deserves.

Very sincerely yours,

ENID TYLER

P. S. More requests for the original and reproductions of R. G. Harris' paintings of Bobby were received than for any other fiction illustration in years, ED.

Our Readers Write Us
Dreft cleans dishes to beat the band! (ALL THE GREASE-CUTTING POWER OF THE BEST KNOWN WASHDAY DETERGENTS)

But it's oh! so SAFE for lovely hands! (A MIRACLE DETERGENT COMPLETELY FREE OF HARSH INGREDIENTS!)

Yes—try new DREFT for gleaming dishes—lovely hands!

You get your wish! Now DREFT has all the grease-cutting power of best-known washday detergents—AND a new safety for your hands!

New, milder DREFT is a special dishwashing detergent with a new plus . . .

WONDERFUL SAFETY! When you use DREFT in your dishpan, you're giving your hands much the same safe care you demand for your finest fabrics. DREFT is SAFER, by actual tests on dainty pastel washables, than any soap, any washday detergent. SAFER than the mildest soap flakes made!

DISHWASHING MAGIC! Yet with all its new SAFETY, no soap—no other detergent can get dishes cleaner! Rich, instant-sudsing DREFT cuts grease like a whiz, gets dishes shiny-bright—without wiping! No soapy scum, no film. No greasy dishpan ring. And your hands are so SAFE in DREFT'S gentle suds.

NO HARSH INGREDIENTS of any kind! That's why DREFT is so safe.

GET BOTH BENEFITS! So, if you've been wishing for a miracle detergent that's wonderfully efficient AND wonderfully safe, it's here! Get new, milder DREFT today, and see for yourself.

DREFT...the dishwashing detergent that's SAFE for hands!

SAFEST POSSIBLE SUDS YOU CAN BUY

for precious silks and nylon. HANDS love it for dishes!
The struggle which men have had to achieve even an approach to the saugness with which little girls are born is what has achieved civilization.

MRS. W. E. COULBOURN
Port Arthur, Texas

I wonder if Mr. Montagu has ever been two women who were after the same man?

JOAN EDWARDS
Wilmington, North Carolina

The one salient point that the author does not bring out—perhaps can't admit—is that the American women of today are definitely more intelligent than the men.

G. MAC CREGAH
St. Petersburg, Florida

My husband read the article and I must say it didn’t damage his ego a bit. He now calls me “Super X,” and just grins when I call him “Poor little damaged X.”—I guess we have a wonderful marriage.

MRS. A. K. SEYMOUR
Bremerton, Washington

“Thank God—and Those People”

West Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: I am very proud to be the mother of my blind son. So much so, that my pride urges me to write such a letter as this to you both. To reach the point where I can make such a statement has taken me through long and not unlawful times. But the very fact that I am at this point today, makes me humble and grateful.

I want to help others who, like myself, have been touched by the hands of God. Born three months premature, he weighed 1 pound 10 ounces at ten days of age, which was the first fairly safe time they could remove him from the incubator to be weighed. He probably weighed about 15 pounds at birth. Because of his premature birth and weight, he is blind. The disease is called “retrorenal-thor-poliosis.” To this date there is no cure, nor an answer as to why it occurs. We have in our state the California School for the Blind and also the Nursing School for Visually Handi-capped Children, the first school of its kind anywhere. Through God and those people, I, my husband and our families have come up from the blackest depths of despair to find that the sun is still shining, not only in God’s heaven, but in our baby’s smiles.

Sincerely,

SHIRLEY L. BURTSCH-BARSKIN

Glitter Masked Misery

Eugeneville, New York

Dear Editors: During the last decades of the nineteenth century, the Vanderbilts were heavily invested in railroad stocks and railroad workers were making $10 to $15 a week. Moreover, when in desperation they called strikes, people like the Vanderbilts called on the Pinkerton to beat and even kill the strikers. Though I am a “rockbound!” Republican I am happy to see that the day of the exploitation of the (Continued on Page 9)
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Living room furniture covered in beautiful Boltaflex Poinsettia.

IF YOU LOVE LUXURY... AND LIKE IT WASHABLE — For the decorator beauty you crave without being slave to endless hours of cleaning drudgery... beautiful Boltaflex was made for you!

Boltaflex-covered furniture offers rich fabric-like textures and lush fashion-first colors. Yet keeping house with Boltaflex is next best thing to having a maid... it's that easy!

Boltaflex cleans with a damp cloth, won't chip or peel, resists scuffing, staining and fading, doesn't need slip covers. What's more... it's priced as nice as it looks.

Our favorite furniture department has Boltaflex-covered furniture. Shop by the Boltaflex tag... it tells the best from the rest. Want to know more? Write Box 24, Bolta Products Sales, Inc., Lawrence, Mass.
remained many for the benefit of the prodigal few has passed. This was due to the Democratic Party, but to the awakening of the conscience of a whole people.

I was amused about Consuelo’s remark that “England was prosperous” when she went there as a bride of eighteen. Even when she was six, in 1907, little children of eight and ten rushed from their schools to the cotton mills to work until seven or eight at night. I remember the clods of my playmates and their torn shirts, as I used to watch them coming home staggering, coughing and exhausted. Tuberculosis was a common thing among our neighbors and I well recall their rickety homes. If that was “prosperity,” then thank God it has been banished from England. But of course, neither the Marabouts nor the Vanderbilts cared. They ate meals prepared by French chefs while the majority dined meagerly on turnips, potatoes and bread. As an account of an evil of luxury and starvation, of carriages and broken boats. The Glitter and the Gold cannot be surpassed.

TAYLOR CALDWELL

We join Taylor Caldwell in her thanks-giving for today’s improved social conditions. One of the first to recognize the need for change was Glitter author, One of the Vanderbilts did care. Next letter, ED.

Loving Kindness Remembered

Hollywood, California

Dear Editors: Before World War I, I often talked to women in the village of Woodstock (on the outskirts of Blenheim). In all the conversations, I had after the Duchess left, I recall the praise always expressed for her character, her loving kindness and the regret that she had gone from their midst. But I never remember one word for the Duke. He was not popular and everyone felt sorry for the Duchess. She had the reputation of being a lovely woman who spent her life trying to help lame dogs over stiles.

I can confirm the way she describes food leftovers being given to the villagers. Cottagers paid about 25¢ a week for a home with a little garden to grow vegetables to help out the earnings of their laboring husbands—about 10 shillings (then $2.50) a week. So the people had no alternative. They had to take feudal pampering.

That was why eventually I burned my boats and at the age of fifty-three came to the U.S.A. I have been a citizen since January, 1938.

Yours sincerely,

MABEL L. PIPER

Fiftieth Anniversary

Utica, Michigan

Gentlemen: I am sending you a picture which might be of interest to you. It is a picture taken of my mother and father as

Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, with friend—old and new.

they celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary holding copies of the Ladies’ Home Journal of June, 1902, and June, 1952.

The picture is of Arthur and Elizabeth Hawley taken at Hamburg, New York, the day when they had been married fifty years.

Very truly yours,

DR. RUSSELL A. HAWLEY

 Nobody seems to have changed much, ED.
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

PIERRE BALMAIN, leading fashion designer, says:

“This fall, the emphasis is on you—your slimmer hips, your trimmer waistline. And the girdle for you is Playtex! Such slimness, comfort, freedom—and see how it flatters the fashion!” Playtex Fab-Lined is the only girdle in the world that works its figure-slimming miracles without a seam, stitch or bone—the only girdle that leaves you so free, keeps you in heavenly comfort with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. Playtex Fab-Lined is invisible under your sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash—and the four new Adjust-All garters take wonderful care of your stockings!

PLAYTEX . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Ask to see all three—Playtex® Living®, Pink-Ice and Fab-Lined Girdles—from $3.50, at department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.
The golden voice of Mario Lanza is heard again in the eagerly-awaited musical "Because You're Mine." It tells the rollicking, romantic story of a singing star drafted into the Army. Introducing Doretta Morrow of Broadway fame. With James Whitmore. Color by Technicolor.

"Plymouth Adventure" is a Thanksgiving event. From the famed best-seller comes this heroic drama of men and women on an epic sea voyage. Starring Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Johnson and Leo Genn. Color by Technicolor.

And to make it a Merry Xmas... "Million Dollar Mermaid" presents Esther Williams in a spectacular musical and water revel co-starring Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon and David Brian. Technicolor.
"A reason to live and a reason to die"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

"The aggressive invite aggression: the hateful, hate: the loving, love.

We reap what we sow."

Yes, I have been in some ways fortunate, especially in having had, on the whole, exceptionally good health. But I have known poverty and, I think, my full share of sorrow, grief, trials, and sufferings. I have lived to see—perhaps, if not so much, a ruination of the spirit of the world as of man, and a destruction of the finer understandings and spiritual faculties that are its’s beauty and life. But—reason to live! Life itself is a "reason to live.

Some writer is certain to say, "Oh, well, you have been lucky, you have a lot. Why shouldn’t you love to live?"

In reading Whittaker Chambers’ remarkable book, Witness to the true of the genuine Communist than anything I have read, I came across this sentence: "Man . . . peering upon a world in chaos finds in the vision the two certainties for which the mind of man tirelessly seeks: a reason to live and a reason to die."

The sentence brought me up short, and I laid the book aside to think about it as a strictly personal challenge. Have I been tirelessly seeking a reason to live and a reason to die? Definitely not. Is that because I lack a seeking mind? I do not think so. Mine is a mind constantly questioning, weighing, doubting, looking for answers and satisfied with most of them, including many generally accepted.

But—reason to live? Life itself is a "reason to live."

When I came to out of the ether it was raining, I love rain. A line from Edna St. Vincent Millay’s "Renascence" flashed across my mind: "I would I were alive again to kiss the fingers of the rain." The glittering branch of an ice-robbed tree moved across the window and a bowl of autumn roses stood on a table and a pot of cyclamen on the sill. I was so glad to be back in this world of rain and sun and trees and flowers. After all, it’s the only world I’ve ever known and I just love it!

When I say "To be alive is to love" or "The reason for living is loving," I don’t mean "love" in the limited sense it seems to have come to have—sexual love, mother love, or love of humanity, in all of which there is pain as well as joy. I don’t know that I do love "humanity" much, especially in the abstract. I only know that I belong to it.) But I mean the love which sings hymns in praise of things.

Sometimes I think (and I imagine I have written this before) that people actually have "taken leave of their senses." We can see, hear, taste, smell and touch, and these senses are the only primary means of self-protection but the source of greatest delight. It is through the senses that we make our first discriminations—between beauty and ugliness, bitter and sweet, smoothness and roughness, music and noise.

The senses are cultivated by use. The painter paints himself better to see the musician to hear, the craftsman to touch, the chef to taste (Continued on Page 11)
New shortening short-cut (Kraft Oil)

No creaming! No cutting in! New lighter-bodied oil blends quicker with other ingredients

It's a wonderful time-saver! Kraft Oil measures out so easily...exactly the amount your recipe calls for!

Kraft Oil also has a secret that makes it blend more quickly and perfectly with sugar, flour, all other ingredients.

This is the only oil that's superfine to give it a lighter body. Kraft Oil gives you baking a texture that's tender and fluffy and moist. Every time!

These recipes will prove what we mean. Try 'em all soon. Try one of them today.

---

Spice Cake

2% cups sifted cake flour
1% cups sugar
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1% teaspoon cloves
1% teaspoon nutmeg
1% cup Kraft Oil
6 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons molasses
1% cup cold water
1% teaspoon grated orange rind
1% teaspoon orange juice
1% teaspoon cream of tartar

Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg together into a bowl. Make a well and add in order, the Kraft Oil, egg yolks, molasses, water, orange rind and juice. Beat with a spoon until smooth. Add the cream of tartar to the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff. Pour the egg yolk mixture gradually over the whipped egg whites, carefully folding with a rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir. Pour immediately into an ungreased 10 x 4 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 325°, for 70 minutes or until the top springs back when lightly touched.

After removing the cake from the oven, turn the pan upside down, placing the tube part over the neck of a small funnel. When cold, loosen the sides with a spatula, remove cake from the pan.

---

Caramel "Philly" Frosting

1 8-oz package Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
1% cup caramel syrup*
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Blend the cream cheese and the syrup. Add the sugar gradually, blending it in well.

*To make caramel syrup, boil 1 cup granulated sugar in a frying pan over low heat, stirring constantly. Heat until melted to a golden brown syrup. Add 1% cup hot water and stir until smooth. Cool.

---

Sage Biscuits

(a wonderful topper for chicken pie)

2 cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1% cup Kraft Oil
1 teaspoon powdered sage
1% cup milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Pour the Kraft Oil and milk into a mixing cup, but do not stir. Pour all at once into the dry ingredients. Stir a fork until the mixture rounds up into a ball. Smooth the dough by kneading about ten times without additional flour. Roll between 2 pieces of wax paper to 3/8-inch thickness. Cut with a unfloured, 1/2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a very hot oven, 475°. Makes 18 small biscuits.

---
Blueberry Muffins

1/2 cup sifted flour
1/2 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup shredded cheese
1 cup fresh or frozen blueberries

Sift together the dry ingredients. Combine the egg, Kraft Oil and milk, and add to dry ingredients. Stir just until the ingredients are blended. Fold in the blueberries. Fill greased muffin cups 2/3 full. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 425°, for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

Cheese Sticks

1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread
2 tablespoons water
6 tablespoons Kraft Oil

Sift together flour and salt. Cream the cheese spread (at room temperature) until smooth. Gradually add the water, blending until very smooth. Add Kraft Oil slowly, mixing well. Add to the dry ingredients. Mix well with a fork. Form into a ball. Roll between two squares of waxed paper to 1/4 inch thickness. If bottom paper wrinkles, turn and roll on other side. Remove top sheet. Cut dough into strips 4 inches long and 1/2 inch wide. Bake in hot oven, 375°, for 10 to 12 minutes. Makes 40 sticks.

Cream Puffs

1/4 cup Kraft Oil
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 cup sifted flour
Dash of salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Bring Kraft Oil and water to boil. Add flour and salt all at once and stir vigorously until smooth and mixture comes away from sides of pan. Remove from heat and add the eggs, one at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Drop by tablespoonfuls (2 inches apart) onto greased baking sheet, making 6 puffs. Bake in hot oven, 400°, 10 min.; then reduce heat to moderately hot oven, 400°, and bake 25 min. Longer. Cool. Slice off top of each puff and fill with vanilla custard or whipped cream. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

KRAFT OIL

superfined— the most wonderful oil ever created for homemade salad dressings and baking!
the parables and teachings of Christ are almost all drawn from observation of nature, applied to human conduct.

Christ was the great life lover. Whoso loves life has encompassed His own natural death. "The light of life" He has had and have it more abundantly." His "reason to die" was His knowledge that, being lifted up on the cross of love and life, He would draw all men unto Him. Christianity is a science of conduct.

New

Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATER

maintains exact room temperature you want

KING-SIZE AND THERMOSTAT-CONTROLLED—It's really a room-size furnace. Heating unit is dependable, long-lived type as used in electric ranges and is thermostat-controlled. Combines fan-forced and radiant heat. Beautifully finished, with red-glow signal light. Safeguard Safety Switch. Operates at either 1650 or 1320 watts, as you choose. Guaranteed one year and Underwriters' listed. $34.95

Like Raining in a River

By Mark Van Doren

Like raining in a river; like the dove,
The morning dew, when day already dies;
Like dawn at noon there was a sun to rise.
But oh, there is, and she is my own love.
Like dreams in dreams her bounty is above.
All asking, and all wanting, I write;
But I am not, and so it multiplies—
My happiness, that nothing will remove.
It is the child of such a sweet excess
In her that loves me, it can never end.

SET IT AND LET IT ALONE—Just set your king-size Arvin to the temperature you want and that's what you get. Thermostat automatically turns heater on and off, like a furnace. Can't overheat or waste current.

NO HARM DONE if pets or children upset this heater, Arvin's exclusive Safeguard Safety Switch cuts current instantly if heater is tilted or accidentally turned over. Worth its weight in freedom from worry.
EIN

A Third

O

Third Jingle

TO

m «

Zoi£t^>^ ^

STEWS, IMPARTS £a.St£

CASSEROLES, £a.St£

FLAVOR OF ETC.

2. Judges may enter as many last lines as desired but each entry must be accompanied by the top from a Wilson's B-V carton.
3. Entries will be judged by an independent organization upon the basis of originality and aptness. Judges decisions are final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. All entries become the property of Wilson & Co., Inc. None will be retained. You accept these conditions when you enter.
4. No award will be made to any contestant who has previously been awarded a prize of $500 in cash, or in kind, in any previous contest of this or any other sponsor in the last five years.
5. Contest is open to all residents of the United States and District of Columbia, EXCEPT employees of Wilson & Co., Inc., its subsidiary companies and their families, and its advertising agency. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.
6. All winners will be notified by mail, or in person, approximately six weeks after final judging date. First, second and third prize winners will be asked to designate the stores with which money is to be deposited.

Look at these PRIZES

4 First Prizes
Each, $1,000 worth of new clothes at the winners' favorite stores. (Or cash.)

2 Second Prizes
Each, $500 worth of new clothes at winners' favorite stores. (Or cash.)

10 Third Prizes
Each, $100 worth of new clothes at winners' favorite stores. (Or cash.)

Next 10 Prizes
Each, 1 year's supply of Wilson's Canned Meats.

Next 200 Prizes
Each a selection package of Wilson's choice canned meat specialties.

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK

Wilson & Co.'s B-V Jingle Contest
P.O. Box 7337
Chicago 77, Illinois

This is my entry to the Wilson's B-V Jingle Contest. One B-V carton top is enclosed. My last line is given below:

In my kitchen, you'll always see,
My faithful jar of Wilson's B-V,
For gravy, soups and savory stews.

Print plainly. Last word to rhyme with "stews."

Your name: ____________________________________________

Address: ________________________________________________

City. _____________________________________, Zone ______ State _________

Contest closes November 30, 1952
Can you lift off your OVEN DOOR?

You can with a Tappan. Now you can clean every corner of that big chrome lined oven quickly, easily, without reaching or stretching. The door comes off with a flick — goes back just as quick. Just one of the many features that prove TAPPAN IS DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

Another Tappan feature is the new Pres-To-Tec broiler — just press a pedal — the broiler comes full out. Every inch of space is usable — makes food watch- ing and turning so much easier. You'll serve broiled foods often with a convenient Tappan Pres-To-Tec broiler.

How modern is YOUR range? Compare it with the new TAPPAN!

Here are a few of the features any modern range should have. Check your present range against this list. You'll quickly see why Tappan is first choice of American women.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TAPPAN RANGE</th>
<th>YOUR RANGE</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Does oven door have glass window?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is oven chrome lined for better baking?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does oven turn on and off by automatic clock?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are there chrome drip trays under each burner?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does oven door lift off for easy oven cleaning?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does it have conveniently arranged storage space?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does broiler come out with toe-touch on pedal?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can you turn on oven light without opening door?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does range have built-in cooking charts and guides?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does it have a place to keep crackers and cereals crisp?</td>
<td>yes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Visit your Tappan dealer for complete demonstration. You'll be surprised at how inexpensively you can enjoy a new Tappan. There is a Tappan range to fit every budget, every kitchen. Models for city gas, Philgas and other LP (bottled) gases. For complete catalog, see your dealer or write The Tappan Stove Company, Department L-102, Mansfield, Ohio. In Canada, John Inglis Company Ltd., Toronto.

Compare and you'll take TAPPAN

Under-Cover Stuff

Ray Bolger — it's hard to be funny when there's no one around to laugh.

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

RAY BOLGER says he wishes he could hear a laugh while he is making a movie. Trying to be funny in the silence of the sound stage wears him down. He has to wait three months to see if he gets a laugh, and that, he says, is too long.

Entertainers have their troubles off stage. One time Houdini, escape artist, Blackstone, magician, and Dunninger, mind reader, had dinner together in New York. Dunninger had parked his car nearby. When the three returned to the car, Dunninger, the mental genius, discovered he had mislaid the key and couldn't remember where he put it. Blackstone couldn't get the door open. And Houdini, who claimed he could make his way out of any padlocked milk can or jail cell, couldn't pick the lock. This we read in IT TAKES ALL KINDS.

Ray Bolger — it's hard to be funny when there's no one around to laugh.

by Maurice Zolotow, a collection of odd and amusing profiles of a dozen eccentrics, from race tout Feedback Jack to elegant sophisticate Jules Glueckner.

With elections close upon us we might take a look at what others do. Among candidates for England's Parliament some argue themselves right out of votes. One candidate in the last election called himself the independent millionaires' candidate. (He owns a string of movie theaters.) Another campaigned for a one-hour-a-day work schedule, which he praised. He is a retired shoe manufacturer now running a farm. A third advocated legalized cockfighting, consecration of all jewelry to pay for Britain's imports, and the lowering of the school-departure age from fifteen to twelve.

Reproduced by permission, Copyright 1952 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"You've just lost four votes — that's what you've done!"
**t’s Gold Seal Vinyl Inlaid!**

**This is today’s miracle floor!** No waxing needed. Sets entirely new standards of wear-resistance under toughest household conditions. So tough even lye or spatters from a hot pan can’t hurt it. For Gold Seal VinylFlor is superior vinyl plastic...*inlaid* vinyl...not just a slicked-on surface, but a vinyl composition that goes solidly through to the backing. Your guide to this quality floor is the famous Gold Seal...it guarantees satisfaction or your money back!

**GOLD SEAL VINYL INLAIDS**

Gold Seal VinylTop, greatest thing yet or sink-tops! Soap-proof, waterproof! Gold Seal VinylTile, finest of all lay-it-yourself tile! 14 clear-est, cleanest colors!
Whether you live in a City Home or a Ranch Type House...

**PLAN WITH Masland Duran**

*all-plastic upholstery FOR EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOME*

City or suburb—wherever you live—Masland Duran’s fashion beauty makes your home lovelier for living, more inviting for entertaining. Words cannot do justice to its superb colors and patterns. See their unsurpassed beauty now, on all types of furniture. Easy to keep clean. Use a damp cloth.

---

**FREE!**

Folder with sample of Masland Duran

**Write Today!**

THE MASLAND DURALEATHER COMPANY

Dept. L-10, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

(Continued from Page 16)

Whittaker Chambers, author of what will probably go down as one of the great autobiographies—Witness—is still a controversial figure to many persons. In spite of which Bennett Cerf, his publisher, gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Chambers a day or two before publication of the book, and invited about twenty people of almost as many shades of political thought. The editors of two national magazines of enormous circulation, one on the conservative side, the other not. A playwright whose colleagues in the entertainment world have suffered through Red Channel listings. Two articulate literary women. A lawyer. A judge. If anyone can make a party go it is the Cerfs, but this time they admitted that they had taken on something.

Everyone present had been thinking up questions for the preceding two weeks, and each expected Mr. Chambers to give an answer. On the witness stand so often, perhaps Chambers will always be expected to have all the answers. But this time it wasn't entirely fair. For at least two years he had been living on a remote farm, absorbed in writing a difficult and for him doubtless a heart-rending book. The others had been reading, thinking and formulating their beliefs on all the wide-flung general topics which they were now quizzing him about. He answered them all. There were no fireworks. Everyone was controlled even if tense. But the air in that pleasant living room was filled with the ghosts of yesterday—the shattered ideals of Leftists now grown into temperate middle age, the doubts of ardent New Dealers trying to reconcile their old beliefs to post-war experience. Some present said nothing, only listened. None said, "I told you so."

"It was a Think evening," said Bennett, wiping his brow when it was over.

J.O.B., as you may know, is Just One Break, the organization which tries to get business firms to employ disabled persons in order to restore them to the dignity of self-sufficiency. It is run by Osn Lehman, himself disabled; and

**FREE!**

Folder with sample of Masland Duran

**Write Today!**

THE MASLAND DURALEATHER COMPANY

Dept. L-10, Philadelphia 34, Pa.

Henry J. Wiegman, of Cicero, Illinois, born without arms, paints with brush held in his mouth.

now Henry Viscardi, who was born without legs, is going in with him. A MAN’S STATURE, by Henry Viscardi, is the inspiring account of what one man, so handicapped, has accomplished. Once grown, he got artificial limbs. They served during the war, and since the war has been helping amputee cases to get adjusted. He has made himself a normal life, is married, has children,

(Continued on Page 10)
RUG-SAVER!

HOW HOOVER GETS THE DIRT AND GRIT THAT OTHER CLEANERS LEAVE EMBEDDED IN THE PILE

PUT YOUR HAND on the rug—in front of the Hoover Cleaner.

Feel the gentle vibration! That's what shakes loose the deep-down, rug-destroying "murder grit" that ordinary cleaners leave imbedded in the pile.

Tests prove that plain suction cleaning (no matter how powerful the suction) just plain can't shake loose this buried dirt that eats away at the nap and dulls the freshness of the color.

Your hand jiggles because the Hoover "BEATS—AS IT SWEEPS
—AS IT CLEANS"

... on a cushion of air—like this.

Hoover Triple-Action Model 29 (shown here) $89.95. Cleaning Tools $20.95. Other Hoovers from $62.95.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

If you really want to preserve the life and beauty of your costly rugs and furnishings (and who doesn't, these days?) get yourself a Hoover Triple-Action Cleaner—the only kind that "vibrates in." You can buy a Hoover so easily, too, for a small down payment and on easy monthly terms.

See it at leading stores in your community. See the handy tools (for "color-vising" furniture and draperies) that plug right into the side of the Hoover. See the new Hoover Aero-Dyne tank-type cleaner, too. THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ont., Canada; Perivale, England.

The world's oldest and largest manufacturer of electric cleaners.

You'll be happier with a Hoover®
Revolutionary new recipe—

"SPANISH RICE"

How to make
SPANISH RICE
PRONTO

It used to take hours for the señoras to create a
taste treat like this! But now, thanks to quick,
quick MINUTE RICE and HUN'T'S TOMATO SAUCE, you can whip up won-
derful Spanish Rice in just 18 minutes—and for
the amazingly low cost of 9¢ a serving!

1/2 cup bacon drippings
1 medium onion, thinly sliced
1/2 medium green pepper, diced

Melt bacon drippings in saucepan or skillet. Add
onion, green pepper, and Minute Rice (right from
the package). Cook and stir over high heat until
lightly browned. Add hot water, Hunt's Tomato
Sauce, and seasonings; mix well. Bring quickly
to a boil, cover tightly, and simmer 10 minutes.
Makes 4 delicious servings—pronto—of a dish
that'll make your cooking famous!
Takes only 18 minutes!

PRONTO

Uses only one pan! Costs only 9¢ a serving!
Every grain of rice has rich tomato flavor—through and through!

The secret? PRE-COOKED MINUTE RICE
with HUNT'S TOMATO SAUCE

Why this new recipe is QUICK and EASY

You use only one pan—no baking. The Minute Rice is added right from the package. As it swells into luscious, tender kernels, it soaks up the rich flavor of Hunt’s Tomato Sauce. It takes on a beautiful appetizing color. And what a bargain—only 36¢ to make a family of four happy! Try it—tonight!

Dozens of quick, easy variations—like these

With beef: Use recipe above, browning ½ pound ground beef with the Minute Rice.

With mushrooms: Brown ½ cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms with the Minute Rice.

With cheese: Stir ½ cup grated sharp cheese into cooked Spanish Rice. Top with ½ cup cheese.

America’s fastest-fixing rice—pre-cooked Minute Rice! Fluffy, snowy, grand-tasting rice that prepares itself in only 13 minutes—and comes out perfect every time! Just bring to a boil—and turn off the heat! No washing! No rinsing! No draining! No steaming!

America’s favorite Spanish-style tomato sauce...kettle-simmered Hunt’s Tomato Sauce! Savory sauce that’s all tomato—plus fine spices and seasoning. Not a soup (no starchy fillers!). A real tomato cooking-sauce for meat, casseroles, spaghetti, rice—all kinds of thrifty dishes!
"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not an oily cream—Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!
Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather—needs no special rinse!

Wonderfully mild and gentle...does not dry or irritate!
Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colorful natural highlights—Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

(Continued from Page 18)
and has had a lucrative job which he is now giving up to help Mr. Lehman in J.O.B.

Poetry should be taken in small doses. A tiny volume of poetry, 61 pages of delicious short verses, is what we approve.

We have it in FIRST THE BLADES, by Camille Tharber Stevenson.

"St. Patrick is a fine saint, Praise be to him this day. For he's the man who chased the snakes From Ireland away.

"There's a little thing all tall," Irish Nora said, "It raised up and looked at me With a mouse's head."

"St. Patrick is a fine saint, St. Patrick is a dear. But I wish he hadn't chased the snakes From Ireland to here!"

Last year the JOURNAL editors read 39,000 poems! Besides poetry they read 15,236 short stories (of which 58 were bought), 1338 books (of which 14 were bought), 1986 articles (I bought), 4935 miscellaneous.

THE SILVER CHALICE, by Thomas B. Costain, is far and away the best novel by that very popular novelist.

When Joseph of Arimathea was an old man and near to death, he sent Luke the Physician out from Jerusalem to find a silversmith. Joseph wanted the best silversmith that could be found, because the silver cup of Jesus, now a symbol to his followers, must be fixed. The cup was in Joseph's house, as the enemy well knew, but it was well hidden.

What happened to the cup after Joseph's death is the foundation of the novel: the journey of the silversmith through the world to find the still-living apostles of Jesus; the discovery of Peter, an old man, in Rome; the talks with Paul of Tarsus; the feuds of Simon the Magician; the stewardship under Nero; the worldly commotion of Petronius; the dangerous underground of the Christian sect—all the folds of the first half century after Christ, so close to us through the Gospels, are there.

Marital differences—the burden of so many news stories, to say nothing of modern novels—are not always drab.

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WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED.

STRICTLY RICHTER

It's a Hollywood habit

Take a tip on 'Q-Tips' from a beauty authority. Hollywood's famed Eva LeRoi (star of the film "Secrets of Beauty") says: "'Q-Tips' can make your make-up twice as glamorous." These smooth sticks with cotton secured at both ends are grand for many good-grooming tricks.

EYES
To remove mascara, to blend eye shadow, to brush brows...reach for a 'Q-Tips'.

LIPS...CHEEKS
Use 'Q-Tips' to apply cosmetics and to remove smudges and smears.

NAILS
For polishing removing and cuticle care, you can't beat 'Q-Tips'.

'Q-Tips' are the neat, easy way to apply bleaches, lotions, hair tints. See all the helpful beauty hints in the clever new 'Q-Tips' cosmetic package. At cosmetic counters in drug and department stores.

Q-TIPS
The Swab that does a BEAUTY JOB

Q-TIPS, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.
INTRODUCING
a breeze-fresh idea by Towle . . .

Southwind
— a vibrant Modern
with gentle manners

Designed expressly for
your table — variable as a
zephyr to your creative touch!
Southwind’s mood is your
mood: genial and friendly,
or polished and urbane.
It dramatizes in solid silver
the free wild beauty of
growing things. Its three-leaf
motif has the deep sculptural
quality of all natural forms.
This is modeled into the
very structure of each piece,
giving a rare flowing strength.
The Place Knife and Fork
are specially scaled — ideal for
both luncheon and dinner.
Towle has crafted Southwind
for your lifetime in solid,
SOLID silver. Yet $33.50
buys a six-piece place setting,
$4.50 a leaf-lovely teaspoon.
The sweetest knits in Babyland

...in happy, active Babyland!

Babies love life in Carter knits.

Jiffon* necks make dressing quick. — Nevabind* underarms are seamless. No binding.

No chafing even when busy arms wave like little windmills.

Happy thought for Mother.

Thrift news for Father.

Carter's soft cottons are little giants of long wear. They wash ... stay in shape ... shake smooth without ironing.

Clockwise, starting with baby banjo player.


Diopenda® style Jiffon-Nevabind skirts. Yellow, blue, pink, green or white. Birth to 3 yrs. About 79c.

2-piece creeper. Snap fasteners. White with blue, yellow, green. 6 mos. to 2 yrs. $2.75.

Tyke Tops and no-droop Tyke® ponies. All elastic waist. 1 to 8 yrs. 69c to 85c each. White only.

Pantidress set with plasticized, anti-leak pant. Pink, blue, yellow, green. 6 mos. to 2 yrs., $2.50.

At fine stores everywhere. For store near you, write The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.
(Continued from Page 22)
affirmative! Yet she was granted a decree... Then there was the London dwarf, 28" tall, and married to a woman of normal size. His temper, however, was not miniature. When he let it out on his wife, she picked him up, put him on the mantel, and left him there until he cooled off.

Aboard the train to the zoo—to the tune of a Children's Record.

REUNION ON THE WABASH, by Sterling North, is a good romping story about two generations in an Indiana town. The Bigelows were lusty men, whether in politics or in love, and the women they married and/or fell in love with were eternally female. The lesser men in the tale only serve to bring out the Bigelow essential virility, and there are no namby-pamby women present. A full-bodied melodrama with a tremendous climax of cleansing flood and fire.

WRITING FICTION: THE TECHNIQUES OF THE CRAFT, by Robert Smith, may help the beginning writer. But an unbearably strong inner conviction, plus clear, lucid thinking, will do more.

THE END

You Can Buy the Best!

Wonderful things for your home (merely issued and inexpensive) will increase your pleasure in October living.

IF I'M Elected

The voices, speeches and campaign songs of all our Presidents (and their opponents) from Cleveland to the present day. Highlights, such as Bryan giving his own famous "Cross of Gold" address, make this forty-minute LP not only great personal history but absorbing entertainment. Audio Archives. $5.95 at all record stores.

Audubon's Birds of America

A portfolio of 16 color engravings by the greatest bird portraitist of all time, a beautiful collection for framing. Only $1.00 postpaid. Marboro Book Shops, 144 W. 57th Street, New York 23, N. Y.

William Shakespeare

All the sonnets, songs and poems—complete in one volume for 50 cents. This edition also contains introductory notes, glossary, and an index of first lines. Pocket Books. At most bookstores and newsstands.

Two Beethoven Symphonies

Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic have made a new recording of Beethoven's Second and Fourth symphonies on a single LP for only $2.25 complete. Columbia Records LP 4958. Available at all record shops.

LOOK! The cover does the cutting!

1. Pull out adhesive tape, close cover.

2. Grasp tape near cutting edge.

3. Rip upward. The cover does the cutting!

RED CROSS* ADHESIVE TAPE

IN THE NEW
"CUT-QUICK" PACKAGE

"Cut-Quick" Package. No more hunting for scissors. The cover does the cutting. Convenience plus! Buy a "Cut-Quick" Package for your medicine chest today!

Johnson & Johnson

*No connection whatever with American National Red Cross.
footed secret

the shoe with the MAGIC SOLE

... you step on air

There’s magic in the youthful feel of this shoe. It puts a new lilt in your step, which shows in your face. You glide—oh, so lightly —through the day in the smartest shoes you’ll find to keep you looking fresh at five. For nearest dealer write Air Step Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Shoes Illustrated 10.95 and 11.95

Other styles $8.95 to $11.95

Higher Denver West

Suit by Vera Maxwell

The Magic Sole literally floats your foot on air. Hundreds of tiny cells create an airy cushion that makes sidewalks feel carpeted, that pillows your foot gently at every step.

FASHION FAIR

SEPTEMBER 26 to OCTOBER 18

Watch for your dealer’s newspaper ads on the Fashion Fair, Sept. 26, 27, 28.
Forgotten Citizens...

In Topeka, Kansas, State Hospital

Of the many reports from readers describing their volunteer activities, the Journal this month is publishing one from Mrs. George P. Bishop, Chief of Volunteers at the State Mental Hospital and member of the Utrusa Club, Topeka, Kansas. Mrs. Bishop tells here the story of her latest assignment, which she fills with two other Topeka homemakers, Mrs. Hal Davis and Mrs. F. M. Bucher.

The frail old lady came slowly into the living room. Each step she took was careful, as though she was afraid of breaking something. Reaching her hand out toward our newly upholstered couch, she turned to me.

"Do you mind if I touch it?" she asked.

"Of course not," I answered. "Touch anything you like, We have three kids, and we live in every inch of the house. Just make yourself at home."

My guest was a mental patient at Topeka State Hospital, where I work as a volunteer. This was the first time she had been in a private home since 1913. For her, this visit was a tremendous experience. Not because my house or the houses of the other volunteers on the project are in any way unusual. They are only very, very different from the bleak atmosphere of the ward—the rows of beds, the dark day hall with its oak rockers, the regimented living inevitable in any institution. (The hospital is making improvements all the time, but has a heavy inheritance from the past where living quarters are concerned.)

Miss M.,—my guest—is a member of a newly formed group called the Beacon Club. Sponsored by a psychiatric social worker at the hospital, and guided by the ward psychiatrist, the club was organized to prepare women patients for life in the... (Continued on Page 207)

Help From Volunteers

By MARGARET HICKEY

So many people do not know there is a mental hospital in the community until a relative needs help," writes Mrs. Anna Mannion, of Waltham, Massachusetts. "People still refer to the patients as crazy and repeat weird stories they hear." To help remedy this, a small group of women, working as volunteers in Waltham, formed the Community Friends of Metropolitan State Hospital to bring cheer and aid to patients—2,000 of them, including 160 children between the ages of two and sixteen. Many of these patients have no close ties with the community. Churches, clubs, or just a few friends volunteering their services together can work under the leadership of the organization—collect clothing, provide entertainment, conduct classes in crafts and music, and help at many other tasks.

Through this simple meeting of volunteer and patient, a real public understanding of the country's mental-health problem can begin. And volunteers, by assisting ward attendants and performing all nonprofessional tasks in hospitals, also can help ease the serious personnel shortage and speed the return to the community of patients capable of adjustment.

Patients in Boston, Massachusetts, State Hospital, for example, enjoy many hours of pleasant recreation provided by college students majoring in radio, music, and drama. The students use as a medium for their talents the hospital's own radio station, WISH, which they have operated for two years. This feature is in addition to the assistance given at parties and the crafts and hair-styling classes by the hospital’s 175 regular volunteers.

New programs in music, art, and garden therapy are under way at Toledo, Ohio, State Hospital, where the work is done by volunteers enlisted through the local Volunteer Bureau. The Garden Forum, with all garden clubs included, presents a monthly program that teaches patients everything from flower arranging to actual planting in the hospital greenhouse. Volunteers also plan a music-appreciation program with recorded concerts as well as live entertainment by choirs, bands, and pianists. And now, volunteer lecturers have begun to give talks on art in the hospital's latest program to get under way.

Fifty volunteers at the New Jersey State Hospital in Trenton have shown what can be accomplished on a seven-day schedule. When the circus came to town, nine patients, accompanied by five volunteer aides, attended. Two volunteers conducted song sessions in the wards, drawing in patients who often stayed away to struggle quietly with their own conflicting emotions. Another held a bingo game in an admission ward to bring out whatever concentrative ability the patients, some senile, possessed. With the help of another aide, the recreational therapist organized a current-events discussion group she hadn’t found time for before.

The End

Mrs. George P. Bishop welcomes patients from Topeka State Hospital as they arrive at her home for a meeting of the Beacon Club. Patients will bake and frost a fancy cake, perk coffee, serve refreshments—and chatter like any other women's club.
Lavenesque

a new fragrance
that speaks for
the secret and
reckless heart.
An exotic counterpoint
to Lavender's world-famous
scent! Wildly different—
created of course by YARDLEY
finest cobra reptile combined with suede in new Town & Country Shoes

Here's that fabulous exclusive Town & Country pump, the "Travel Light," done in a marvelous combination of polished cobra reptile with suede.

Done with heavenly foam insoles that make walking divine. Shown here in T & C's wonderful classic colors: red, gray, black with amber, and T & C's own Coffee Royal brown. Also available in all black, navy or green.

Terrific fashion, 10.95 the pair. Matching cobra bag, 10.95 plus tax

Do write us at Town & Country Shoes, St. Louis, Mo. and we'll tell you where you can find these handsome shoes and bags.

Reference Library
Not many sewing days until Christmas—include some JOURNAL gift designs

- 2497 Knitted Ankle for men or women. Initials trim the cuffs. 15c
- 2586 Felt Slippers with padded soles, sparkled with sequins. 15c
- 2588 Six-piece Wardrobe for baby doll, also shoe-box bassinet. 25c
- 2587 Clothes for girl doll as shown, also coat sweater and skirt. 25c

2581 Felt Play Rug. A little village scaled for dime-store toys, measures 36" by 54". Pattern includes address for ordering felt. 25c

ORDER BLANK

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>PATTERN NUMBERS</th>
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I dreamed I won the election
in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform’s Chansonette*, in white broadcloth, acetate satin, nylon toffeta, nylon marquisette and sheer... from $2.00.

There is a Maidenform for every type of figure.

*trade mark

PHOTO: RAY LING
DRESSES: JOHN P. JOHN
JEWELRY: VOGUE
AD. U. S. PAT. OFF. OUSE: MAIDEN FORM BRASSTERS CO., INC.
The woman who is unfaithful suffers a tragic aftermath of guilt.

How can a discontented wife improve the quality of her marriage before she is tempted to infidelity?

Unfaithful Wives

Of all the sins in marriage, none is more widely condemned than infidelity. It is cen-
sured by the church, recognized by the courts as grounds for divorce in every state in the Union, and denounced by public opinion. But, how-
ever grave the consequences suffered by an unfaith-
ful husband, penalties are particularly severe when it is the wife who is the offender. For to the weight of social disapproval is added the burden of her own deep sense of guilt, far greater than that experienced by most men.

Though infidelity is considerably more common among men than among women, probably one wife in eight at some time commits an act of unfaith-
lessness to her husband. Having done so, she is unlikely to be capable of the emotional adjustment necessary to continue the marriage, and will in all probability seek a divorce.

Since the consequences are so severe, and to some extent can be foreseen, why do some wives become unfaithful? Our research shows that almost in-
variably a wife's infidelity is associated either with unhappiness in her marriage, or with lack of sexual satisfaction. Often both factors are present, since sexual dissatisfaction both contributes to and re-
sults from marital unhappiness.

The only way for a wife to avoid the emotional upheaval resulting from her own infidelity is to avoid the act itself; but if the causative factors are present, other circumstances may combine to pro-
duce an almost overwhelming temptation. For ex-
ample, many wives experience an increase of sexual desire around the age of thirty; alcoholic releases in-
hibitions; an attractive and attentive man invites a flirtation; a bored and dissatisfied wife of thirty, one cocktail too many in the company of an attractive man may produce a dangerous sit-
uation; while to a happy wife, the same circumstances present no problem.

Obviously, the discontented wife should avoid such temptation. But the fundamental solution is to improve the quality of her marriage. The following suggestions may help her, or any wife dissatisfied with her marriage:

* Decide what you want, then work for it. Too many wives regard married happiness as a state to be dreamed of, rather than an attainable goal to be won. Marriage is your job; take pride in improving your household skills, as well as in the subtler task of meeting your husband's emotional needs.

* Solve small problems as they arise. Repeated minor annoyances create tension and hostility which interfere with solving more serious problems. Refer to your husband's preference in small matters, and you will have fewer major differences to resolve.

* Improve your sexual adjustment. Your physical relationship with your husband, an important as-
pect of any marriage, is especially crucial if other dissatisfactions are present. If you can submerge yourself in your desire to satisfy him, you two will be on the way toward achieving sexual harmony.

* Seek compensations for irreparable defects. In-
stead of brooding over grievances (in-law trouble, or your husband's overtime work), find some new outlet for your energy. Community service, church work or a constructive hobby will bring satisfaction while diverting you from insolvable problems.

In this, as in many problems, prevention is better than any attempt to cure. If you steadfastly devote your thoughts and energies to making your marriage work, the problem of infidelity will never arise.

Your Husband's Children

THOUSANDS of women today, in marrying a widower or divorcee, have taken over the re-
ins of a household which includes the husband's chil-
dren by his previous marriage. Under any circum-
stances, the rearing of children is a demanding assignment, and the woman's role is especially challenging when assumed by a wife who is not the children's mother.

Regardless of the family situation, it is the wife's responsibility to run the home and provide for the physical needs of each member of the household. It is she who keeps the house clean and orderly, serves meals that are both wholesome and appetiz-
ing, maintains supplies and acts as purchasing agent. But any woman who wants to create a home for her husband must foster the emotional welfare of all family members, as well as their physical health. For no man looks forward to a home-consuming which involves settling a dispute between his wife and his children, and his apprehension and anxiety are increased if she is not the children's mother. Sooner or later, he is likely to wonder if he made a mistake. Though he loves his wife, he cannot ignore his obligation to his children.

For the sake of her own married happiness, then, she must win the acceptance of her husband's chil-
dren. She can do so—as any parent must—by not his order or her demand, but through her efforts and affection, and with his cooperation.

The following suggestions, though concerned with the special demands of the stepmother's role, are based on principles which apply equally to mothers rearing their own children:

* Recognize your obligation. In agreeing to marry your husband, you implied your willingness to act as his children's mother. To shirk your duties to them, to begrudge the time and effort they require, to be less than wholehearted in accepting them, is to break faith with the man you married.

* Do things together. A child feels that he belongs to the extent that he can identify with those around him. Promote activities—games, picnics, household projects—which include the children and give them a chance to share with you their father's com-
passionships. There is no better way to build a sense of family unity.

* Respect your husband's authority. Never question your husband's decisions regarding the children in their presence. To do so is likely to breed resent-
ment in him as well as in them.

* Avoid faultfinding, by word or action. Criticizing the children's mother, or blaming her for their faults, is futile, unfair and probably unwarranted. And remember that your actions as well as your words can convey disapproval of the former regime; be gradual and tactful about introducing changes.

* Above all, be lavish with your affection. For-
nately, success in dealing with children depends far more upon attitude and insight than upon specific skills and knowledge. You may have to learn to starch a nosebleed, to adjust a roller-skate chapm, to brand a little girl's pigtails. But you do not have to learn to praise a child's achievement, to comfort him when he is disappointed, to forgive him when he is repentant.

There is no denying that you have undertaken a challenging assignment. By fulfilling it successfully, you will find increasing depth and serenity in your relationship with your husband. And your own satisfaction will be immeasurably enriched by the sure knowledge that you have brought happiness to his children.

Does Your Husband Trust You?

The extent of a man's trust in his wife is a mea-
sure of his love and respect. Rate your husband's trust in you by answering these questions with an honest "Yes" or "No."

Does Your Husband:

1. Require you to follow a budget set by him?
2. Have a jealous and possessive nature?
3. Insist on participating in all but routine purchases?
4. Keep secrets from you?
5. Suggest that you are deceitful?
6. Complain that you don't love him?
7. Insist on reading your personal letters?
8. Keep you posted on financial matters?
9. Freely discuss personal problems with you?
10. When away, have you open his mail?
11. Pass on the "office gossip" to you?
12. When he is worried, explain the cause?
13. Read his personal letters to you?
14. Let you get money from his wallet?

The first seven questions should be answered "Yes," the last seven. A yes rating of 11 or more cor-
correct answers indicates a high degree of trust in your marriage. With 7 or less, before deciding that your husband is suspicious or doesn't love you, be sure you are not secretive and that you deserve his trust.

Do You Agree?

I tell my pampered, unfaithful husband that he brings his difficulties on himself. Isn't this right?

Partly. Stop the pampering and help him under-
stand responsibility for achieving adjustment is his alone. But co-operate when he tries to improve,
So Soft...yet strong enough for "a big, big blow!"

Tiny, cold-sore noses turn trustingly to gentle Scotties. These snowy-white tissues are so soft...so soothing to sensitive skin. Yet dependably strong, too...whisk away make-up with ease, don't go to pieces in your hand.

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Compare Scotties with all others for outstanding value, for snowy whiteness. You'll discover why so many families are fast becoming "Scotties' families." Another Scott quality product.

You get so many fine quality tissues for your money with Scotties.
High-school males list four big fumbles—girls make at games—give tips on how to score instead

"Even in subzero weather, no boy likes to take his girl to a football game looking like a fugitive from the Arctic—or a beauty queen dressed for a tea dance."

Sporting blue jeans, the "enemy's" colors or high-heeled dressiness (except for the Big Game) will only lose you important yardage with your man. So get your signals straight, check the weather report, and remember that your gear shouldn't bulge like a tackle's padding. A wool dress and a short topper will get you a fast 7 points; and even if it's freakishly cold, you can double your warmth without doubling your waistline. Wear wool-on-wool combinations under your coat—a sweater set, a flannel suit with a jersey blouse, or a pullover under a tweed jumper. A stole in your school's colors tied round your head—with the fringe ends thrown back over your shoulder—completes an outfit guaranteed to cop a championship in any dating league.

"Don't just sit there as a favor to your date—be genuinely enthusiastic."

You can always be sophisticated at the after-game party, says a quarterback we know. Men prefer the yell-like-crazy girls at a game. If you're not sure what makes thousands cheer, keep your eyes on the yell leader and the boys on the bench for signals. That same cheerleader, incidentally, is at least one boy's idea of the true good sport; has spirit in defeat as well as victory, knows the team well, and is enthusiastic—obviously. Although her soprano may crack, a girl's date rating is solid if she knows the words to school songs and cheers—and doesn't hesitate to shout 'em! Boys also agree that it's rough on spirit if girls make with adoring noises for a specific player rather than the whole team, and downright rude if they boo the other team or cheer when an opposing player is hurt (it's been done) or yell when someone is trying to make a punt.

"Two words to be locked at home with your diary are: 'What happened?'"

Nothing makes a guy freeze up faster than missing a play because he was too busy explaining the one before to a wide-eyed companion, said our favorite sports editor. If only for her own enjoyment, a girl should know the fundamentals of the game—the goal, the basic plays, the method of scoring. If you don't understand an end run, a quarterback sneak, or the difference between the T and single-wing formations, ask your dad or brother to brief you before kickoff time. Save up an intelligent question for a timeout or the half, or consult your program for explanations of officials' signals. Girls should have an idea of their team's standing, but most boys agree an extensive knowledge of statistics isn't necessary. "Girls shouldn't know everything," an end said. "I never knew a boy who didn't like to feel he'd told a girl something new."

"Don't be a bleacher-hopper just because you're sitting with the girls."

If there's one girl the boys would like to bench—permanently—it's the one who goes to a game just to be seen. She spends all four quarters racing around the stadium, clambering over people, missing the important plays—and then giggling. "Oh, look, we've scored a touchdown!" Girls in crowds do silly things too—hanging around the refreshment booth during the game and screaming the details of last night's party to friends at the other end of the stands. Of course it's O.K. to talk during the intermission. In fact, you can often make new friends during half-time discussions of exciting plays. But during the game a gang of girls could organize themselves into a cheering section or at least just pay attention. You'd be surprised how many girls leave the stadium without knowing the final score.

"After a game is over, it spoils a fellow's good time if his date wants to know more about the players than she does about the plays."

During the drive home after a thrilling game, a boy likes to hash over some of the exciting plays that took place; he doesn't like to hash over the dating habits of the star passer. When a girl's out with you, another sports writer reports, she shouldn't be trying to line up future dates, but should concentrate on the fun she's having right now. The other fellows back him up and insist that the real hero of the game is the boy who sat next to you. Didn't he patiently explain the scoreboard? Didn't he feed you peanuts and hot chocolate? Isn't the year-around good guy with pocket money for movies and the first to volunteer his help for parties and dances? So cheer for the players during the game and save your after-game enthusiasm for your date.
"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours — specially as it got colder towards the end.

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion. My poor chapped skin fairly drank up its softening moisture.

"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand you've smoothed with wonderful Jergens Lotion as it will with oily lotions or creams that just coat the skin!"

"Back at the studio my hands were smooth — ready for close-ups." No wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so pleasant to use — doesn't leave a sticky film like ordinary creams and lotions.

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**Tell me, Doctor**

"I've always had some trouble every month... with pain and backache.
Can anything be done to help me?"

By Henry B. Safford, M.D.

The young woman who entered, somewhat diffidently, was smartly though not expensively dressed. High class office employee, was the doctor's estimate, even before he consulted the history card upon which his secretary had noted details of name, address, occupation, and the like.

"Claudia White," was her greeting.

"I am glad to see you, Miss White. Please be seated in that chair by the window. I do not believe you have been here before."

"No, Doctor."

"Now, I have a rather lengthy history form to make out. I will begin by asking your age."

"Twenty eight."

Five minutes later the doctor announced, "Now tell me if I have all these data correct." He read from the notes he had been jotting down on the card. "Ordinary diseases of childhood. No adult sicknesses. No operations. First menstruated at thirteen. Regular, every twenty-eight days for six years. Pain first day. Last menstruated August six, as usual. All correct. Miss White? Very well, then, what is your chief complaint?"

"Doctor, I've always had some trouble every month. It's never been so severe as to keep me from business; though, goodness knows, there's been many a day I wished I could spend in bed."

"Do you find these episodes getting worse?"

"M-m—no, I don't think so. I'm expecting to be married in fall; and I thought I ought to be checked up, to see if there's anything really wrong that's causing all this trouble."

"It's a very good idea, Miss White," commented the doctor, "though I don't see why you delayed so long."

"Well, you know how it is, Doctor. I just didn't like the idea—I never had an examination like this before."

"Then it's high time you did," interrupted the doctor. "You will not find it so much of an ordeal—at least we'll try not to make it so. There are a few more questions before we proceed with any examination. These monthly periods of yours, I note, though regular as the clock, last somewhat longer than the average woman. The flow, then—do you think it is more profuse than the average?"

"I imagine it is, from what my friends tell me of their experiences."

"I see. And it is quite painful the first day, but after that it doesn't trouble you?"

"That is right, Doctor."

"Are there any other symptoms that a company?"

"Well—I have a backache."

"In the middle of the back?"

"Yes, Doctor, and a heavy feeling in the lower part of my abdomen."

"A sort of bearing-down sensation?"

"That just about describes it."

"Tell me, Miss White, are you troubled with leucorrhea—a white discharge, mean?"

"I understand. Yes, I am, and it seems to be getting worse. I think that's the reason really, that brought me to you. I try to keep myself neat, and—well, with marriage, all—"

"I imagine we may be able to help you.
Now, if you will follow the nurse to the examining room—"

"I do not know how thorough an examination I shall be able to make," continued the doctor, "a few moments later, 'but I believe it will suffice. I promise you that it hurts a great deal, I will stop... So! I ordinary vaginal examination cannot be done, but I think we can make out with combined vaginal and rectal explorations."

"We'll take it easy, now... Oh, yes; the uterus is tipped well outward. It is movable, however. Let's see if we can replace it in its proper position. This may hurt a little. There it goes, far enough. The tubes and ovaries now—nothing abnormal about them... That is Miss White, and I don't think I have to tell you too much. Have I?"

"Why, no, Doctor. It wasn't as bad as feared."

"That is fine! That will be all, then. It explains the entire situation to you as well as you are ready."

"The cause of your trouble is apparent: the doctor consulted, back in the consultant room. "You have a backward displacement of the uterus, somewhat above second, and less than third."

"I'm afraid that's a little too complacent for me to understand."

"Of course. I'll try to explain. The uterus is a small, pear-shaped, rather solid body, muscle tissue, suspended by several ligaments deep in the pelvic cavity. In normal position it should lie with its long axis at approximately right angles to the long axis of the vaginal canal. In this normal position the top of the uterine body should point toward the inside of the pelvic canal. The lower portion of the uterus—the neck—communicates directly with the upper part of the vaginal canal.

(Continued on Page 146)
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150th Anniversary

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY
Illustrated so magnificently in last month’s JOURNAL our widely ac-
claimed Profile of Youth on Umra
Narang and Abhikor. Now Joe has
been honored by having one of his fine
prints from that trip chosen for a
highly selective exhibition at the
Museum of Modern Art by the mu-
seum’s famous director of photog-
raphy, Edward Steichen; and in the
New York Times’ review of the mu-
seum’s show, it was Joe’s print that
was reproduced and praised. Joe said
he took the picture during Abhikor’s
stay with his mother when custom
forbade Abhikor’s husband from set-
ing eyes on his wife. And not a min-
ute too soon, Joe said. For an instant
after the shot, Abhikor and her mother
suddenly disappeared from sight. The
husband had just been seen entering
the village.

When Glenn White called up Chester
Dale, the first of whose paintings in
his famous collection at the National
Gallery appears in this issue, and a
fifteen-minute interview had been
arranged up at the Plaza, Glenn
figured it would facilitate matters if
be were to take his wife Irene along,
she being the art expert of the
family. (Note: Why is it we so seldom
hear of JOURNAL editors’ husbands?)
If Glenn thought it would facilitate
matters, he was right: but if he
thought it would help keep the in-
terview to a busy man’s allotted fif-
teen minutes, he was wrong. Irene’s
interest in art was so engrossing to
Mr. Dale that when the Whites
finally were able to tear themselves
away, the interview had lasted well
over two hours.

Hanging in Margaret Davidson’s
chastity to a simple little white tailored
blouse, made of one of the recent syn-
thetic materials. Looks practically brand-
new, but it’s been to South America
twice, to Denmark, to Japan, and all
around this country. “Made the mis-
take,” Margret said, “of telling Mr.
you could rinse it out and be wearing it
again in an hour; no ironing, nothing.
Now everybody I know who’s got to
travel light on a long trip borrows it.”

Of 318 persons asked, “Of all the
speakers ever made, which one would
you like to have heard in person?”
38 per cent listed either the Sermon
on the Mount or Lincoln’s Gettys-
burg Address.

Remember little Forrest’s Shetland
pony in Ruth Matthews’ August
article on the Debuts of Malibu,
California? Well, it happens, accord-
ing to Ruth, that Shawnee is a pony
who is completely stubborn in the
presence of strangers. So when Ruth
heard from the television people at
National Broadcasting in Los Angeles,
who went up to get a video story on
the Debuts the minute they read
about them in the JOURNAL, that
Shawnee did every thing they wanted—
trotted right into Forrest’s bedroom,
kneel on her bed, nuzzled her head as
she pretended to sleep—all as tracta-
ble as you please. Ruth quite naturally
had her suspicions, which were later
confirmed by Forrest. The child had
folded oats all through the bedclothes.
And no wonder Shawnee had nuzzled
her. She’d also put two carrots under
the pillow.
She was awake, lying back, holding his orchid in her hand. "I got flowers from a man," she said.
He did not pause as he stepped into the dawn-silent yard, yet as he ran over the damp lawn to the dark shape of the car, every detail of the scene bit into his memory. The few stars like candles against the slate-gray of the sky; the magnolia tree down by the garage, old and silent and black; the unaccustomed quiet and the mist that filled the back yard as though it were a bowl; the neat, orderly row of milk bottles on the porch, one with a folded note in its neck; the muffled sound as he opened the car door; the thud of its closing as he slipped into the driver's seat.

Impossibly, fantastically, the motor refused to start, and he gripped the steering wheel and felt his whole body contract to the pit of his stomach. He stared at the dashboard, and the ignition key gleamed back mockingly at him. He sighed and turned the key, hit the starter with his foot, and the motor leaped into life. He laughed out loud suddenly as he backed swiftly down the drive. Then he stopped laughing abruptly. I must be calm, he thought. I must drive as though this were any drive. I must be very, very careful. I am just a man taking my wife for a short drive.

He stopped where the sidewalk intersected the driveway. He could see Margaret standing on the porch, the small overnight bag near her feet. She leaned down to pick it up and he shouted at her, "No! Put it down!" His voice echoed from the fronts of silent houses along the street, and he stumbled in his haste to get out of the car and reach her. She was laughing as he ran up the front steps. "For Pete's sake, not now!" he said. He swooped up the overnight bag and put his arm about her shoulders. "Are you all right?" he asked.

She shivered a little under her coat, and drew near him. "I never felt better in my life," she said. "I'm not scared. Bob. Only, we'd better go."

He kissed her on the ear, feeling the little stray tendril of hair touch his face. "Come on," he said. "Be careful."

She moved awkwardly down the steps, and they went together to the car. He helped her in, set her bag at her feet, and could not keep himself from running around the car to the driver's seat. Steady, he told himself. It's just like any short drive with your wife.

As he shifted gears, he could see her hands—small, young hands with clean short nails and no polish, hands which had written the note, folded it cleanly, and slipped it into the milk bottle. Somehow just the sight of her hands, motionless, relaxed, made him want to cry.

Margaret stirred beside him. "I can't believe it," she said slowly. "I'm going to have a baby." She shifted her weight

(Continued on Page 211)
CANDY considered her sister Jane's supper tray with a critical eye. Pale yellow cloth, blue-and-white china, a little bouquet of innocent yellow crocuses—and mushrooms on toast. Even for a captious convalescent, it seemed to Candy above reproach.

Her gaze went hopefully from the tray to Bill's back, jaunty in a rose-patterned chintz apron. He was washing dishes at the pantry sink, and shouting at their guest, Mr. Greenall Parker IV.

"And anyway, if you'll take the trouble to look, Richard the Third has the face of a murderer," Bill roared, thrusting a handful of soapy forks at Greenall.

"Richard the Third's face is sensitive, patient, perceptive — " said Green loudly, taking the forks automatically and letting them drip on his trousers.

"Now you listen to me!" Bill pinioned Green in the chest with a wet butter knife. "Richard the Third's face is cruel—ambitious—sly —"

Candy picked up the tray. It was evident that unless she did, Jane would go hungry. She sighed deeply as she climbed the stairs. It wasn't that she didn't love Jane, nor did she grudge for a moment the extra work that Jane caused. It was just that Jane, who looked as fragile as a windflower and had the constitution of a water buffalo, had succumbed some weeks ago to a particularly vengeful virus; and Jane the Conqueror was quite a different person from Jane the Convalescent. As private secretary to the great Mr. Harley Winchester, her temper was as dependable as one of Mr. Winchester's flawless, foolproof, world-famous American Motors and Machines (Inc.); but as Candy's little sister, ordered to take two weeks' rest in the country, she was—well, perhaps not quite herself.

Candy tapped on the guest-room door. "Come in," said a small, pale voice.

Jane was lying on the chaise longue, covered by the best rose-pink blanket, which became her. There were shadows under her large green eyes and a very little lipstick on her wisful lips; only on her deathbed would Jane have omitted lipstick, and possibly not then. Her hands, laid out upon the blanket, were white and thin and orphaned-looking. (Continued on Page 118)
At a quarter to six, Bill saw
still struggling with a shirt which
apparently had been starched
with diluted steel, Candy's new
dress gave her a delicious and
undefinable conviction of looking her best.

Women, Greenhill Park IV maintained, prefer competence to charm.
He didn't mean Candy.
The house with its little office on the right faces the Palace Green at Williamsburg.

Everything in the blue bedroom is eighteenth century, from the New England Chippendale wing chair to the Chippendale chest under the Queen Anne looking glass.
You have passed the wonderful Wythe place across the Palace Green and are approaching the Palace when you come to this handsome old house of frame, now daisy-fresh in ocher and white. Being smallish, when the crape-myrtle bushes in front are full they half obscure it; but like a lot of early-eighteenth-century houses that are less than mansions, this one, too, is larger than it looks. The John Brush who began it in 1717 gave the house its outward air of modesty. It was Thomas Everard who, being a mansion-type man of considerable colonial substance, and becoming by the mid-1700's the new owner of the house, inspired the almost mansionlike interiors which you see pictured here: the parlor and the downstairs bedroom next to it. Across a wide hallway are the library and dining room in corresponding positions, and up the fine stairway are two more fine bedrooms and a child's room furnished child-size. The kitchen and other dependencies are in separate little buildings that help to beautify the yard; for it's a gentleman's establishment, and with a scope far from vast, its effect is one crowded with seemingly endless delights.

By RICHARD PRATT Architectural Editor of the Journal
WHEN I was younger I was something of a faker. I say "younger," instead of "young," because I don’t want to give the impression that I was a child. I was around twenty-two years old when my faking got out of hand one night at the Hotel Cavoort in Manhattan’s Greenwich Village, a perfectly respectable hotel where peculiar things were bound to occur, however, because it was near Fifth Avenue and 8th Street, the crossroads of the Village. I never faked again, after that night; but before I tell you how it happened I want to explain first what I mean by faking.

I mean pretending to be something I was not. I know kids do it all the time, but I was not a kid. I don’t think I was even a delayed adolescent. Professionally, I wrote publicity for the college-textbook department of a publishing house, which comes under the heading of Jobs You Never Knew Existed Before You Took Them, and I kept hoping for a promotion to some sort of job that everyone knew about and wanted. After work, something came over me. You might say I was impressionable. Once I said something intelligent (I do, sometimes) and the boy I was talking to looked at me and said, "Well, you’re quite the intellectual," and I said, "I have nothing against escapism if that’s what you need." And there I was, launched before the world as a deep thinker, never knowing quite how it had happened.

Most times playing a part wound up being a pain in the neck, but I couldn’t seem to stop. Once I was a Lady Alcoholic, and that takes a bit of an explanation.

It began with my bumping into Archer Hanley in the Village. Now the Village, in the heart of Manhattan, is a real little community with one principal main street: 8th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. That’s a block long and it’s crammed with grocery stores, bookstores, dress shops, night clubs, restaurants, a theater, art galleries, and so on, so that if you live or work in the Village—and I did both—you are bound to be bumping into other people who live or work in the Village, on 8th Street, eating or shopping, and so on. There was one man, about five feet tall and married, anyway, whom I met wherever I went. I would go to the Jumble Shop and there would be Jack. (Continued on Page 187)

By NORMA FULTZ
CHESTER DALE'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

When you step into Chester Dale’s apartment in New York, you feel the company of great paintings before your eyes can seek a single one. All about you, on every usable square foot of wall space, in every nook and corner, hang some sixty of the more than 700 paintings which Mr. Dale and his wife have collected since 1926. As a representative group of the best French moderns, the pictures in these few private rooms are unequalled elsewhere in the world. And here they have an intimacy and a warmth which one might miss in vast public galleries, even those which have been so enriched by gifts from the Chester Dale Collection.

"This is my family," Mr. Dale says. "Every picture in this apartment, without exception, is like a child to me."

Then, as he catches a single painting in the shaft of a spotlight he hugs around for the purpose you see, in otherwise inexpressible color, form and composition, not an "almost"

(Continued on Page 169)

THE MODEL

FRANÇOIS GÉRARD (1770-1837)

Occasionally paintings, like people, get by on charm alone. This is true of the picture reproduced. An attractive person seen from the back is almost always fascinating. We are tantalized. We want to see the face. We want the little girl in this case to turn around. With this device Gérard captures our attention and creates one of the most engaging studies of childhood in the history of art.

He himself was childless. In his youth he had made an extraordinary marriage. His wife was his aunt, the younger sister of his mother. They were married during the French Revolution—perhaps, as was the fashion, to flout convention. The Revolution ended, and Gérard rose to be First Painter of France. He was created a baron. In one day, so we are told, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia and Louis XVIII sat to him. Goethe devoted pages to an appreciation of his historical portraits; Chateaubriand compared him to Raphael and begged for a picture; Balzac sent him the Comtesse Philosophique and said it would be an honor if he would use them to light his cigars; Talleyrand praised his diplomacy; and Madame de Staël described his sallies as the most celebrated in Europe. For thirty years he charmed the world of intellect and fashion.

Charm in a portraitist is always profitable, but it can also be burdensome. Gérard, the archetype of the man of the world, detested the society he painted. The moment he could escape from fashionable people he fled to his own rooms or to Montmartre and the companionship of painters. Such was his eagerness that en route he often began unbuttoning his stiff, formal clothes, so that he was known to arrive nearly undressed. He complained that his wife was the most unhappy of men. Formed by the Revolution, he was destined to spend his life glorifying the Empire a Restoration.

Pompous in art was the fashions Gérard enchanted society by portraying it as if it were to be shown in silks and diamonds rather than in artistic accessories. His most famous historical paintings now at Versailles, were important propaganda of the time: his Erle de Auvergne, executed for Napoleon; glorified the Empire; his portrait of Henri IV into Paris, painted for Louis XVIII, paid tribute to legitimacy; and his Louis XIV during the Duc d’Anjou King Spain, commissioned by Charles set forth the basis of the First Spanish War.

Though Gérard was exclusively gifted in producing large, stultifying canvases, he really had taken the wrong path. He said that he had been faced with two doors: beyond one could be golden walls and brilliance, and that direction he turned; but at the back was another door which he had to glory. For he knew that he had the genius to be a great artist, a fact proved by the originality and charm of so spontaneous a work as The Model; but the test of his patrons and his desire success wasted his talent and bitterness his life. His love of paint, however, was not affected. D’Angers, a fellow artist, described Gérard’s last gesture was to put the air, as though still handling brush, the outline of some of his vouchsafed to him as he lay dying.

JOHN WALKER, Curator National Gallery, Washington

CHESTER DALE

DIEGO RIVERA (1886—)

Reproduced at the left is the portrait of one of the great collectors of the twentieth century. Chester Dale. Behind him are two fine pieces of pre-Columbian sculpture, a mask and a seated figure, both carved by the Indians of Mexico before the discovery of the New World. On the table is a catalogue of his French paintings now at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. To the left a book is opened at one of these paintings, a self-portrait by Vincent van Gogh. The sitter has laid aside his glasses and seems rapt in thought. Perhaps he is absorbed in the problem presented by Van Gogh’s life. How did it happen that Vincent managed to sell just one painting from which he realized a mere 420 francs, or about $80? Only the sacrifice and undying faith of his brother, Theo, kept him from starvation. Recently a canvas by van Gogh sold for $125,000, infinitely more than all the money the painter earned from the day he decided to be an artist in 1880 until the day he committed suicide in 1890. What failure of connoisseurship explains this tragedy? Would a collector today miss so obvious a talent? It is always difficult to evaluate the artists of one’s own time. But Mr. and Mrs. Dale have shown great perspicacity. They have been in the vanguard of collectors who have recognized the importance of School of Paris. Many years ago they bought the work of Modigliani, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Rouault and other leaders of contemporary art. When few Americans cared about modern painting, they formed a collection unsurpassed in quality. Had they lived a generation earlier it is hard to believe they would have recognized the greatness of Vincent van Gogh.

As collectors, both Mr. and Mrs. Dale have been close friends of many painters; in this country and abroad. The canvases, painted in Mexico in 1945, is dedicated to Rivera by a very dear friend Chester Dale. Working with the insight of a friend, Rivera has found those significant features which are the essence of portraiture. In this lin and troubled countenance we see the responsibilities and anxieties which so often mark the man’s affairs in our time, especially when as in the case of Mr. Dale, he is a person of foresight and of quick intelligence. Thus the portrait is, as a guide should, always be, a commentary for the future.
THE MODEL
BARON FRANÇOIS GÉRARD (1770-1837)
RENAISSANCE

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a sea
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine.
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from.
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a sea

* * *

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide,
Above the world is stretched the sky
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand,
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the line
That can not keep them pushed apart.
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

Copyright, 1917 & 1915, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

"A slender little girl with red-gold hair." Edna St. Vincent Millay, in her twenties, was already famous as poet and playwright when this portrait was made by Arnold Genthe. She acted in her first play presented by New York Theater Guild.
In letters of love, friendship, tenderness and gaiety

Edna St. Vincent Millay, the poet "who spoke for every woman who has ever broken her heart," tells the story of her own life—
an unintentional autobiography of magnificence and candor

Lovely Light

Editors' Note: Edna St. Vincent Millay was a small, slender girl in her twenties, living in Greenwich Village, when she wrote "My candle burns at both ends; it will not last the night; but ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—It gives a lovely light!" Miss Millay was to write more profoundly and more beautifully, yet the four lines were a true prophecy. In her comparatively brief life she constantly drove herself beyond her physical strength, working in pain and ill health, writing out of emotion—passionate and tender—but also out of tragic anguish.

The story of this girl, barely out of her teens when her gift was recognized, the greatest gift of lyric talent given to an American of this generation; her experiences of love and friendship (and heartbreak); her enjoyment of sea, sun, sky and everything out-of-doors; her intense and growing preoccupation with injustice and evil in the world; the ceaseless, compelling struggle to meet, as a craftsman, the severe tests of her self-criticism—all this is told in the poet's own words in letters collected by Allan Ross Macdougall to be published as a book by Harper and Brothers, under the title of Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The letters which follow are from this collection. The lovely light, burning brilliantly in eighteen volumes of poetry and plays, glows in these letters.

Foreword by ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

Looking back over the more than three decades to the night I first met Edna Millay in Christine's restaurant over the Provincetown Playhouse. I still remember her passionate intensity. She was interested, I recall, in some Scottish ballads I had sung and was eager to learn all the others I knew. She listened to what I had to say and sing with grave concentration. Yes, I remember well her passion, her intensity, her gravity. But I remember, too, her quick sense of fun, her quips, her wit that was sharp yet never used to wound. How generous she was, how utterly lacking in any seaminess of spirit.

Were I now—recollecting the poet's steady ray-green eyes and her title-girl's smile that lit her face in certain friendliness—to write of my heart's love or an unforgettable friend, and set down my memories of the great poet whom I held in high esteem, I could fill many pages. This, however, is not the place for my personal recollections. Even in the least of her notes the poet speaks for herself with surer words and more sharply minted phrases than any of mine.

This is a selection from those letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay which during the past year I have been able to collect. I have kept the poet's own spelling and punctuation, except where it has been clear that there was an unconscious error. Where words or phrases in the original letters have been left out, the usual three dots (...) have been inserted to show this. Where more than a sentence has been omitted, this is shown by a row of asterisks (****). The letters follow a chronological order.

"Our letters are ourselves," said John Donne. Here, then, is Edna St. Vincent Millay, herself.

Rockport, Me.
Nov. 7, 1900.

Dear Mama:

I thought I would write to you and tell you how I am and getting along all right in school but in my spelling-blank I had 10 and 10 and then 9 and I felt awful bad because I thought I would have a star I am

(Continued on Page 129)

Copyright, 1932, by Norma Millay Ellis and Allan Ross Macdougall.

Reading manuscript to Arthur Davison Ficke. She denied writing sonnet to him, later sent letter saying, "I did write that sonnet to you... Perhaps I didn't want you to know how terribly in love with you I had been."

Married to Eugen Boissevain ("It is important that you should like him—because I love him very much") in 1923, the poet and her husband circled globe, then settled near Austerlitz, N.Y., where this photo was made.

(Continued on Page 129)
THE boy was named Jordan. Jordan Benedict IV. It became Jordy for short in order not to confuse him with his father, Jordan III.

Bick Benedict’s happiness was touching to see. “But he’s no Benedict,” Bick said, regarding the black-haired dark-eyed morsel. “He’s his mother’s son. I’ve been canceled out of the whole transaction.”

“You’re just disappointed because he didn’t turn out to be that perfect Hereford-Kashmir bull calf you’ve been trying to produce.”

A month later Vashti Hake Smyth presented Pinky with twin daughters. She named the plump girl babies Yula Belle and Lula Belle. As they grew in length and width and attained young girlhood they were fated to be known to the undazzled swains for 500 miles in every direction as the Cow Belles.

Vashti’s plan for at least one of these stolid morsels was confided with her usual subtlety to Bick and Leslie. “Your Jordy’ll have to marry one of ‘em, stands to reason. No crawling out of it this time, with two of them waiting.”

“Both or nothing,” Bick said.

To Bick Leslie said, not altogether humorously, “Vashti as my Jordy’s mother-in-law! I’d send him to Tibet, rather, and have him brought up a lama in a lamasery.”

“Don’t you worry. Jordan Benedict Fourth is going to be a tough Texas cowboy. Nobody’ll have to tell him where to head in. He’ll take care of himself.”

Jordy Benedict was scarcely a month old when his father gave him his first reata, his boots, his Stetson, his saddle, all initialed all stamped with the Reata brand. As he outgrew the tiny boots expressly made for him fresh ones were ordered, exquisitely soft bits of leather fashioned by the hands of the craftsman Hefeloson Mezo.

At three, arrayed in full cowboy regalia, the boy had been lifted to the horse’s back. Bick himself had set him there, had placed the reins in the baby fingers, had remained alongside, mounted on his own horse while Leslie stood by tense with fear. The child had sat a moment in frozen silence, his eyes wide, his mouth an open oval of terror. Suddenly he broke, he began to slip off the saddle, he screamed to be taken down. Down! Down!

Bick was disgusted. “I rode before I could walk.”

“He’s only a baby,” Leslie said, her arms about the screaming child.

“He’s a Benedict and I’m going to make a horseman out of him if I have to tie him to do it.”

“Suppose he doesn’t like sitting in the saddle from morning to night. If there’s something else he wants to do I won’t care if he can’t tell a horse from a cow. There are

(Continued on Page 78)
"YOUR occupation?"

"Oh, I'm just a housewife and mother."

Why is the tone so often apologetic? Have housewives and mothers decided, all by themselves, that theirs is not a noble profession?

That's not very likely. No group voluntarily gives up its claim to importance. Somebody else must have started the belittling.

Magazine jokes, which as far as I know are made up by men, usually assign the dumb remark to "Housewife." Novels and plays about smart life, if they have a plot in them, make her a housewife from the suburbs. Few magazines write up women who have made distinguished careers of rearing children. Oscars are not given for the year's best performance in the home. No annual listing of the ten best-loved mothers makes the headlines.

I admit there has been a Mrs. America contest lately. But when you look at Mrs. America's picture you suspect that, though she may be a wonderful mother, the judges had their eyes on other qualities.

Some of the belittling comes from those men who have to get their courage by scorning women or other groups. As a matter of fact, all male human beings seem to be a bit unsure of themselves—that's why at ten years of age they keep telling one another that girls are sissies, and at fifty are still making remarks about women drivers.

Some of the belittling comes from the women who say they'd be bored to death with homemaking. They may sense that they don't have the qualities to make a go of such a career, or they may just have a temporary case of sour grapes. But they shouldn't be taken too seriously. People who are really satisfied with themselves and their jobs don't have the time or the itch to look down their noses at other people's occupations.

Probably the situation of a mother was more comfortable in previous centuries when she didn't have the feeling of being scrutinized or criticized by all kinds of "experts." Now the feeding of her child is prescribed by a physician who reminds her of the diseases like rickets and scurvy which attack children whose parents are careless.
she got that I haven't?

The hears that maternal neglect is the cause of delinquency and that Mom's spoiling was to blame for the maladjustment of hundreds of thousands of soldiers during the past war.

The fact that in problem families the father as usually failed to play his part well isn't often brought out.

The conscientious mother of today can't very well escape feeling inadequate and guilty at times. The child-care columns in the newspapers and magazines, the talks on radio and at the P.T.A., the psychology courses at college all seem to be saying that she could only show more affection, behave understanding, keep her patience longer, read a few more books on children, then she wouldn't have any difficulty at all with her child. The trouble is, of course, that no parents can be that perfect, and when they try too hard it only makes for more tension. The experts would be really valuable if they could help good parents get over some of their excessive guiltiness.

I think that many of the things women have learned in school have robbed them of the sense of the importance of being housewives and mothers. What are the exciting careers that are held up to young women in high school and college—especially in college? Psychology, journalism, medicine, law, merchandising, the arts. To be sure, there are classes in school in cooking and sewing, but they seem to be side dishes, like gym. In college there is home economics, but often students and faculty in other departments act a bit scornful of it—as if it were for the students too unimaginative to think of something challenging. Besides, it is intended to train for the profession of home economics or dietetics, not for homemaking. Even the name "home economics" seems apologetic. It isn't proud of itself as the most important subject in college, but seems to be hiding under the wing of economics, a respectable academic subject. The department's name should be something grand like The Life of Mankind.

Most colleges seem to consider parenthood no fit subject for study. In some, the faculty will not let girls study child care in the college nursery school until they have first taken a lot of other courses in psychology and education—to prove that they are heading for a serious career as teacher or psychologist. It's as if they say, "A proper college would be ashamed to help a girl learn how to understand children just because she hoped to enjoy children of her own someday. That would be as bad as a course in Being Attractive. Heaven forbid!"

Another reason why girls do not get a lofty view of homemaking is that some of their women teachers have a low opinion of it—which they may or may not express openly.

You might ask, "Why should it make a difference in a girl's attitude to have instructors who do not revere homemaking?" But it does. If an

(Continued on Page 164)

Housewife or career girl—
who should envy the other—
who has the better life—
who should get her reward right here on earth?

By BENJAMIN SPock, M.D.

She works five days a week, eight hours a day, period. Her pay is in a tangible, spendable form. Vacations are real live experiences for her.
... the suit that is
undeniably right and becoming
for x number of times and places.
Every time you wear it you look
your best. The knowledge that you
have it gives you confidence. It is a straight and simple black-and
white tweed, tuned to the black
white of the season or to any
color you like. It goes with a der
cloche, a helmet-hood or angora
beret, with furs or a velvet
scarf. By Alvin Handmacher, $5.50

SALLY VICTOR’S ROUGE-RED HAT.
MAXIMILIAN’S FOX SCARF. ALAN MILLER’S BAG.
A WORLD OF IDEAS

... can make your fall wardrobe glamorous.

A cardigan jacket in printed silk or velvet makes a new costume of a simple wool dress. A jersey overblouse changes the look of a suit. Fur is used in small necklets, collars, cuffs, gloves, scarves, bandeaux. Corset beltsbracelet the waistline—from elasticized ribbon to handmade petit point.

Sashes with great poufs are done in satin and taffeta, on velvet and wool. Jeweled veils add stardust to any hat. This is the season when the idea makes the costume.

by Wilhela Cushman Fashion Editor of the Journal


Jersey middy, tweed jacket, wool skirt, Larry Aldrich.

Garnet slipper-satin pouf and sash on a garnet wool dress by Harvey Berin.
For dinner and dancing—changeable blue silk taffeta with a bell skirt by Rappi. Kid gloves.

Whisk the long-sleeved jersey or tailored white shirt out from under your jumper sheath and you have a dinner dress.

Add the velveteen jacket to your velveteen skirt and you have a movie suit. If more definite dress-up is indicated, go in for bare necklines, personality separates, taffetas for after five only.

By Ruth Mary Packard

Fundamental sheath, brown velveteen, by Lotte. Leopard-cloth gloves, Mr. John.
Any special evening — velvet top with rhinestones, ribbon-and-velvet skirt, by Lotte.

Date for the movies — velveteen jacket and skirt, jersey blouse, Toni Owen.

COUNT ON THESE . . . LONG LEOPARD GLOVES,

AN ARMFUL OF BRACELETS,

ROPES OF BEADS, LACY HANKERchieFS,

VELVET BAGS, SPARKLE VEILS

After dinner at home — black jersey, black-and-white corduroy, by Frances Sider.
RAYON FLANNEL SUIT

A rayon-and-acetate fabric, scroll collar, turnback cuffs, slim skirt, $22.95. A luncheon or afternoon fashion worn with a coral-pink feather hat, $1.95, and pretty veil, 29c; a faille purse with petit-point embroidery, $2.95; black rayon gloves, $1.65.

ALPACA COAT

This coat with slim shoulders, easy straightness has the most important silhouette of the year, a coat for any hour, right with taffeta or tweed, $29.98; angora beret, $2.95, by Mr. Alf; gold earrings cleverly used as clips, $1.00; plastic saddle-leather bag, $3.00; cotton gloves, $2.00; gold-finished bracelet, $1.00.
Combined with taste, imagination and the ability to add and subtract in the right places, a hundred dollars will buy an entire wardrobe, every inch a fashion, every piece a marvel of long life and changeability. Rayon suits are year-round wonders, an alpaca coat wears no price tag, black taffeta is always becoming, jewelry often does double duty, fabric bags and gloves save mightily, the hat of your life can cost only $1.95. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

THE SUIT BY DAY

Worn with the coat accessories—Angora beret, plastic bag, russet gloves. The piqué blouse shown with the jumper goes also with this suit.

TWEED JUMPER

All-wool tweed with a gored skirt, $9.90. White piqué shirt, $3.95. Leather belt, $1.00.

PARTY TAFFETA

Rayon-and-acetate taffeta with a rhinestone ornament, $13.90; white cotton gloves, 92c; coral-red chiffon handkerchief, 59c.
OXFORD-GRAY FLANNEL proves its versatility in three ways. As a suit, the softly tailored jacket tops a basic skirt. We have added a black-braid overcollar and braid buttons. Vogue Design No. 7757, 12 to 20, includes jacket, skirt and camisole top.

BRADF-TRIMMED gray flannel as a dinner dress. The same skirt is topped by a camisole with your own design in braid.

WINTER COTTON shirt puts the flannel skirt in a sports bracket. Vogue Design No. 7807, 12 to 46. Add calico cummerbund.

Separates...

By NORA O'LEARY, Pattern Editor of the Journal

CAMEL HAIR makes news as a fabric and a color. This happy combination in a cardigan jacket, Vogue Design No. 7794; eight-gore skirt, 7707.


WEDGWOOD-BLUE JERSEY overblouse accented with stitching, Vogue Design No. 7695. The matching skirt, No. 7694, is pleated all around.
MAT JERSEY draped into the prettiest blouse that wraps round and round the waistline. Vogue Design No. 7808, 12 to 20. And worn with the fullest plaid taffeta skirt with soft pleats, No. 7806, 24 to 30 waist.

**Morning, noon and night**

RE-EMBROIDERED BLACK LACE makes this beautiful evening blouse, Design No. 7805, 12 to 20. If your lace has a scalloped edge, save it to whip to neckline. Lovely red silk faille taffeta skirt. No. 7764.

*Please turn to Page 85 for Other Views, Sizes and Prices.*

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada, from 390 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada.

*Conn. residents please add sales tax.*
Like a symphony with many variations, blue sets the color theme in this room and is played up and down the scale, from the airy blue of the draperies to the deep indigo blue of the walls. Here is a new color approach to modern decorating, understated but immensely effective in its monochromatic treatment. Only one vivid color—a singing flamingo pink—breaks into the medley of blues like the flash of a tropical bird on the wing. Here is a room that is at ease with living, that invites relaxation whether in the intimacy of your own family or in the company of your friends. The furniture is classically modern; clean-lined, timeless pieces that share the simplicity and sensible beauty of all really functional things. Rough navy-blue-and-white tweed covers the armchair; the sofa, with foam-rubber seat cushions, is upholstered in a sea-blue textured rayon-and-linen mixture. The draperies, which draw from wall to wall, and keep a large window's glaring light well in hand, are a loosely woven dusty-blue-and-white mixture. All pieces—and here's another idea—are carefully scaled to the 18 x 21 feet of the room, to make plenty of room around the fireplace for easy conversation between six or eight people; room for a large desk placed with bookshelves handy; the dining end compact and, with the buffet and serving cart, thoroughly practical.

- RIGHT: The cherrywood buffet is a good example of modern multipurpose design, provides ample room for storing table linens and silver as well as a handy serving space. The sturdy birch and iron dining chairs are a good, long-term investment at about $77 each— as is the useful tea wagon at about $99.

- FAR RIGHT: The elmwood magazine table is a good buy at $75. The comfortable, well-designed armchair is $145. The brass hanging lamps at either end of the sofa are counterbalanced, and so easily adjustable to any height. Oil painting hanging over the fireplace is by the well-known American artist, Joe Jones.
JOURNAL ROOMS
now and forever
When their young sons stay out too late, some of our more irate, hair-trigger fathers have taken to phoning the fathers of the girls they're dating. "What time?" they demand at 2 a.m., "is your daughter supposed to get home?"

Every day it grows clearer that our daughter will still be wearing blue jeans when she's a grandmother. I wish Whistler were still around then to paint her portrait. (By that time overall may seem grandmotherly.)

This fall I'm taking off on my duck-hunting trip with a light heart. . . . There's a duck farm in the suburbs where I can count on picking up a dozen mallards, all cleaned and packaged, on my way home, for what it costs to shoot one wild duck.

"I'm shocked to hear my fifth-grade child learns how to spell only 925 words a year," says Betty Comfort indignantly, examining her son's report card. "But he also learns how to run the United Nations."

All the dogs in the neighborhood congregate in our driveway, and naturally I attributed it to our youngest's wizard and mystic kinship with the animal kingdom. Till my wife disclosed that he feeds 'em frankfurters and meat leftovers from our icebox.

At the autumn football games I'm always comforted to observe that the men we encounter who were my Dream Girl's beaux in college don't seem to have matured as gracefully as she has under my tender care.

A few of our town's sharp dressers are peev'd at the sudden change in men's style . . . from our postwar double-breasted drape shape with square shoulders to tighter Harvard-style single-breasted jackets, with shoulders that slope like a pop bottle!

"And just when we had 'em broken in!" they grumble rebelliously.

I've vowed to drive out to the country at least three times a week to banish the city colors from my brain . . . In sixteen minutes I can drive from our town's most crowded corner on Main Street to a country dirt road where a pig perchance is nuzzling the wild flowers in the ditch.

One of our witty matrons was overheard railing to her chums at lunch downtown her husband's bathroom foibles and how difficult he was to get along with. So I wasn't too stunned when I heard soon afterward he'd fined her into getting a divorce.

As I understand women better, it's clearer to me that a wife would rather have her husband wash and wipe the dishes three times a week than bring her home a bunch of roses once a month.

Moscovites and chiggers in our block recovered quickly when our neighbors chipped in $3 a piece to spray our back yards. But the 30 small fry around the block got our $3 worth, pretending it was a gas attack by enemy tanks.

Our town's fiftyish widows and bachelors are enthusiastic about Thornton Wilder's revelation that urbane Americans from 25 to 60 work, play and enjoy life together oblivious of differences in age . . . But his theory is somewhat more popular beyond 50 than under 30.

I've given Junior a copy of Raoul de Roussy de Sola's humorous essay, Love in America. It's strictly a Frenchman's curious view (that we're nicely obsessed with love), and I hope it helps him through his sophomore year in college.

My Dream Girl argues that every man ought to know how to cook at least one dish exquisitely, like a violin solo. I've suggested grilled frankfurters Waldorf, but she insists on at least a dish as complex as a chic Peruvian mixed grill.

Maybe some of the wonder drugs aren't your dish. Some of our town's ruggiest males have been laid low allergically by penicillin or sulfa; more men than women too. They broke out in hives and yearned for the simple malady they'd enjoyed in the first place.

I observe sadly again that among the bills the first of this month are two for bathroom and lighting repairs which the plumber and electrician didn't quite accomplish.

"One of my neighbors grills hot dogs on his magnificent $500 outdoor fireplace," muses Peter Comfort, egging on a charcoal fire in his tiny portable grill, "and another boils $3 steaks on his $30 fireplace of loose brick, and each thinks his taste better!"

When my daughter phones from the state university because she hears a false rumor I'm ailing . . .

Or Junior suddenly realizes it isn't "chicken" to stay home a couple of evenings a week . . .

And our youngest offers to pack for me so I can get my last-minute work cleaned up (and packs as well as I can) . . .

Or my Lady Love, after a spell of mysteries but studied coolness, suddenly forgives me and becomes as mysteriously affectionate . . .

I quit sulk ing and give up my secret dreams of a solo trip to Singapore via Cape Town and confess inwardly I'm happier than I deserve.
The plant prices here are average for sizes five years younger than the plants in the picture, or of similar types of plants.

1. **Red Pine**, 6-7-foot.
   - 5 @ $13.20   $66.00

2. **Day lilies**, 20 @ 25c .... 5.00

   - 1@ $30.00 30.00

   - 1@ $6.00 6.00

5. **Japanese Holly**, 3-4-foot specimen.
   - 2@ $7.50 15.00

6. **Owners' own sowing of annuals.**

7. **Bearded Iris**, 10@ 25c .... 2.50

8. **Asiatic Sweetleaf**, 2-3-foot.
   - 2@ 75c .... 1.50

   - 3@ $6.00 21.00

**Total $150.00**

**$180 AND FIVE YEARS**

This is how $180 worth of plants and fencing can transform a raw, bare house and lot. What it does to the value of the property is just as amazing, you can be sure. Also what it does to the salability, if the need arises. And what it does to the pride and pleasure of the owners is the most amazing of all.

These plants cost $150 five years ago. The fencing cost $30. (Ask any landscaping firm how much it would cost to duplicate this planting as it is at present!) Even back at the five-year-smaller size, the plants made an immediate transformation on the house and lot. Within five years' time, as you can see, the transformation becomes complete.

It isn't just the plants and their five-year growth. It's the planning and the placement too. The planting pattern we've worked out here can be fitted to the front yard of almost any average house and lot. Instead of an overcostly "foundation planting" which gets you nowhere, you create a kind of outdoor entrance way and lobby, in this case a doorway garden enclosed within a low picket fence; almost as good as adding a room. Then in and about this you place and group your planting as indicated on the plan. Note well how effectively the plants so placed furnish the lawn, protect the house and decorate the whole scene.

See how the house and garden already enjoy the shade and beauty of a really sizable shade tree, right where they need them both so badly. See how the pines quickly make dense evergreen screens to attain estate privacy on a sixty-foot lot. Try to see, through the dogwoods, the owners sun-bathing in their little front sitting garden. There happens to be no picture window here, but for a house that has one the sitting garden and the dogwoods would not only screen the window but make the ideal picture to look at through it.

Any questions?

By Richard Pratt
"And now we sing that winy air that is October's frost."

I always like to think of October as being so fresh, like a new beginning of freshness. Something that was poured out in unlimited bounty by a hand that knew no measures and no limitations. Something that you could smell and taste to your heart's content.

What we are really concerned with, this October, is the old cider mill. It was only about five miles from home and I was charged with the chore of getting the jugs filled with sweet cider; and you'd be surprised, if you don't already know it, what wonderful things can be done with it, if you get it sweet and apple-y straight from the press.

One of the receipts in this menu will take care of some of the sweet cider that I have been talking about, and that is the receipt for

CIDER-GLAZED FRESH HAM

Place a fresh ham, about 11 pounds, on a rack in a roasting pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F.

Fresh ham should be baked about 35-40 minutes per pound. For an 11-pound ham, it would take 6 1/2 to 7 hours' baking time. If you have a meat thermometer, insert it in the thickest part of the ham and where it will not rest on the bone. Bake the ham until it reaches an internal temperature of 185° F. You might prefer to use a fresh pork shoulder. A 5-pound picnic shoulder will take about 3 1/2 hours. An 8-pound one, about 5 hours. Internal temperature the same as for ham. One half hour before baking time is completed, cut the rind off the ham and score the fat. Stud the ham with cloves. Pour 1 cup

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With her American great-grandchildren, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Russell. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan was photographed recently at her home in Florida. Mme. Balsan, when informed that she was on the Nazi hostage list, left France after the Franco-German armistice in 1940. Colonel Balsan later returned to France and offered his services to General de Gaulle. They both now live in the United States. "Back in my native land, having regained a citizenship I would never have resigned if the law of my land had permitted me to keep it, I look back on a long life under three flags."
For the coming-out ball of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill in 1939 her father, the Duke of Marlborough, flooded Blenheim Palace for the first time. Consuelo came from France for her eldest granddaughter’s debut. Daughter of Consuelo’s older son who became the tenth duke upon the death of his father, Lady Sarah later relinquished her title to marry an American. Now Mrs. Edwin Russell, she lives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Glitter and the Gold

By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN

CONCLUSION

The year 1920 was darkened by my father’s ill health and death. I was with him to the end. Whatever his personal sufferings may have been, he made no complaint; not even a gesture of ill humor troubled the serenity he seemed to emanate. There was a fineness about him that one sensed clearly, and it seemed to me that nothing ignoble would ever touch him. In his business and in his life he lived up to the high standard of integrity he had set himself.

We brought him home and laid him to rest in the family vault on Staten Island.

There followed a few weeks on Long Island where my mother had built herself a medieval castle which dominated the Sound. In spite of her suffrage activities, her life was a lonely one and she decided to join me in France, where I had determined to live.

On my return to Europe I spent a few weeks in London to pack my belongings, to arrange for the sale of Sunderland House, to transfer a house I had leased in Portman Square to my married son, to give up Croxhurst and to wind up the many activities that had become dear to me. Leaving my work was a wrench, and saying farewell to my fellow workers saddened me.

But looking back on the long years of solitude, ranging as they did from my twenty-sixth to my forty-fourth year, I felt I could not give up the promise of happiness that had now come my way, a decision that my eldest son’s happy marriage helped me to reach.

On July 4, 1921, I was married to Jacques Balsan in the Chapel Royal Savoy at nine in the morning. This unusual hour had been chosen to avoid the glare of publicity which had been focused on the marriage of Marlborough and Gladys Deacon earlier that spring in Paris. To conform to French law we also went through a civil ceremony.

Life with Jacques Balsan has brought me the profound happiness companionship with one equally loved and honored means. Whether in France, in England or in my native land, I have rarely met a man or a woman, certainly never a child, who has not succumbed to the charm of his personality, to the keenness of his varied interests, to the subtle intelligence of his understanding, to the wit of his conversation, and above all to the profound goodness and kindness of his nature.

It is perhaps not out of place here to give my readers a short account of his life. He had been an airman in the (Continued on Page 198)

Refugees crowded French roads fleeing before the menace of the German invaders. “Three times have les Boches driven us from our home; once before the Battle of the Marne; the second time in a late drive just before the end of the last war; and now again!”

"I have met the girl I want to marry," was Jacques Balsan’s comment after being introduced to Consuelo in 1894. Twenty-seven years later his wish came true and they were married in London. Here, they enjoy visit from Consuelo’s grandchildren.

"Lou Swell" (the Hearth) was the name Consuelo and Colonel Balsan gave their home on the Riviera. The house was built by six masons who walked over the mountains from Italy each Monday, returning to spend Sunday with their families.

Copyright, 1952, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan.
The complete book was recently published by Harper & Brothers.
The Old Guard couldn't scare this political novice. "The only way to run the Republican Party: let everyone in."

In St. Cloud, Minnesota, Kay organized political "coffee hours." Soon she was G.O.P. county chairwoman and Stassen delegate to Chicago. "The Republicans can never win as a rich man's party," says Kay, who grew up as a laborer's daughter.

Kay's in politics for her kids' sake. "What's the use of raising them to be strong and healthy—then hand them a world in chaos when they're eighteen?"

Judy is 9, Jackie is 5. Husband Les is a railroad brakeman.

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Kay helps beat Taft leader in state.

At Chicago Kay joins Stassen parade.

Can the amateurs beat Taft at Chicago?

FROM KITCHEN

N Kay Strommen's kitchen these bright autumn nights the coffeepot keeps bubbling far past midnight. Around her big kitchen table, a group of men and women are planning grand strategy. The November elections are only a month away. Kay, a rangy brunette of thirty-four, keeps replenishing the coffee cups. Her lipstick wore off several hours ago and her dark eyes are rimmed with fatigue. But her laugh is lighthearted.

For Kay feels that Eisenhower will win in her county, although it went Democratic in the last presidential election. She is Republican chairwoman of Stearns County, in Central Minnesota. Her job is swinging the city of St. Cloud, a granite center on the Mississippi River, into the G.O.P. camp. This means organizing the entire city (pop. 28,000) precinct by precinct, as well as supervising, with the help of her chairman, all Republican campaign activities in the county—raising money, running a campaign headquarters, planning radio programs, organizing house-to-house canvasses. And most important, getting the voters out on election day.

Kay will get it all done, too, although she has a full-time job and two small children. She is secretary for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in St. Cloud, and for a while it looked as though her office would become a political headquarters as well.

POLITICAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

On first ballot, Kay votes for Stassen. Ike needs a

"Miracle in Minnesota"—primary night.

Kay gets out vote to precinct meetings.

"I know that I'll make enemies —"

It's up to you in '52

Kay helps beat Taft leader in state.
"I put my foot down on that," says Kay. "Now my kitchen is the caucus room." But she can't control the telephone. "Almost every time my boss picks up the phone these days he says, with great patience, 'Yes, she's here.' You know, they say that three things are indispensable to a woman in politics: plenty of time, money, and a sympathetic husband. All I started with was the husband."

The wife of a railroad man, a conscientious mother, a full-time office worker, Kay Strommen represents something new in politics today. The old-time party workers could not take her seriously. Right from the start they underestimated her idealism, her artlessness, her refusal to put personal advantage ahead of citizenship. And right from the start the smart politicos lost to Kay Strommen.

The dramatic contest which shaped up under the blazing klieg lights at the Republican Convention in Chicago came as no surprise to her. Almost from the moment she consented to be a Harold Stassen delegate a year ago, Kay was thrown into the violent tug of war between the Old Guard Republicans and the independent newcomers like herself. The attempts of the Republican "regulars" in the South to rig their state conventions to keep out the liberals sounded a familiar note to Kay. The professional politicians tried to

(Continued on Page 108)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON COSTER
1 Have you seen the flying saucers lately? Neither have I. But I am seeing the fall come in, just as thrilling to me as any platter flying over the treetops. This is my favorite month. It means an end of an era, and memories of many we have seen come and go together.

2 This year was a great year for honey, so the expression "busy as a bee" comes "tonguey" on the tongue.

3 Here's something to get the children out of bed and off to school on time: Spread hot toast with honey to which you have added enough grated orange rind to taste. Grown folks go for this too. And for an afternoon-tea titbit it makes a nice change from the sandwich.

4 However, we can't pass the faithful sandwich by. It is as inevitable as ants at a picnic. Since we are on the honey theme, let's mix a package of cream cheese with enough honey and a little cream to make it spreadable. Add enough orange marmalade so you can taste it. And this is good on whole-wheat or on old-fashioned brown bread.

5 Blueberries are as popular in pie as a single man at a barn dance. And with frozen or canned berries, it is a year-round treat. Leave out the flour— I've mentioned this before—and add just a little nutmeg with the sugar. One more break for nutmeg.

6 Here's a two-bagger, which in my book means a two-chapter idea. Chapter 1: Separate a cauliflower into flowerets, slice thin, soak in salted ice water, drain and dry. Have ready thin strips of green pepper, small portions of parboiled sweetbreads, the smallest possible oysters, little squares of eggplant, potato balls—whatever you have along this line.

7 Chapter 2: Dip each piece of assorted goods in a fritter batter and fry to a golden brown in deep hot oil. Sprinkle with salt. Serve hot with lemon quarters. A surprise piece and awfully good.

8 Out of Hawaii, the place that swallows the sun. Fried chicken done this way: Cut your chicken into the usual pieces. Marinade it for an hour or so in the following sauce:

9 Mix together 1 cup soya sauce, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, ½ teaspoon sugar. Now drain the chicken well, roll in flour, fry in butter or other fat until tender, and serve with fried pineapple. Hawaiians love this and so will you.

10 Seem as if a Welsh rarebit was good enough by itself without any fancy trimmings. However, try spreading slices of toast with finely chopped onion mixed with a little prepared mustard, and serving your rarebit on that. Good enough to get itself talked about.

By Ann Batchelder

11 A fried banana is a fried banana any way you look at it. Usually done with lemon, but try a Mocha banana. Bet you never heard of that one. You fry your bananas as usual, peeled and split lengthwise.

12 Now you melt 1 cup sugar in a heavy pan. Add slowly 1½ cups strong coffee, stirring every minute. Thicken with 2 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with a little cold coffee. Cook until it bubbles and thickens a little. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Serve hot on the bananas.

13 For a sandwich designed for nothing but to taste good, take thin buttered white bread with a filling of water cress and avocado, dressed with a little French dressing. These are first-rate for tea.

14 Another sandwich that meets with favor has a filling of cooked chopped chicken livers and chopped avocados, held together with a little mayonnaise.

15 Mornings are getting snappy—and why shouldn't they? It's October, isn't it? The frost is on the pumpkin and the early fires feel good. It's even fun to chop the kindling.

16 A very good supper for October is an old-fashioned fish or clam chowder. Any good cook has a receipt. Mine has been published more than once.

17 Rumor has it that it's doughnut time. Can you think of a better snack than a doughnut with a glass of milk or a cup of coffee? And a piece of cheese?

18 It doesn't seem possible that there is another salad dressing—but here it is: Add 2 tablespoons peanut butter to ½ cup mayonnaise. Mix gently until smooth and well blended. This is delicious on fruit salads—especially banana. And, surprisingly enough, very good on cabbage salad.

19 Stews are a popular fall dish—and stews call for dumplings. Try herb dumplings for a change. Just add to your mixture ¼ teaspoon each of sage, marjoram, thyme and sweet basil. Don't look after you drop the dumplings in and cover the stew. Raising the lid is fatal to dumplings. Curiosity will get you nowhere.

20 Maybe you haven't heard of this, but if you have it makes no difference. You'll like to hear more. You can't hear too much, and it's all good. It's a little matter of noodle pancakes, and this is the way of them:

21 Beat 2 eggs lightly and season with salt and pepper. Cook a package of the finest, smallest egg noodles according to package directions. Drain well. Add to the eggs. Bake on a hot greased griddle, turning once, to brown on both sides. Serve hot with sausages and maple syrup.

22 A trick to please the bib-and-tucker set: Cut out toast slices with animal cooky cutters. Serve with a bowl of soup, or float on top of soup.

23 One of the loveliest vegetables that grow is the eggplant. Royal purple is its color and its flavor is indescribably elegant. It demands sophisticated treatment.

24 One way to do right by the eggplant is to peel it, cut it into chunks and cook it, covered in a little water until tender. Drain and mash it.

25 Now beat in 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, and ¼ cup flour or enough to bind the mixture. Fry in small fat patties, in bacon or other fat, brownning on both sides. Serve very hot.

26 If you long to give your men guests a treat, what can be better than hamburgers? Toast and butter enough English muffins to go around. On each half place a grilled hamburger, on each hamburger a poached egg—hot hollandaise goes over all.

27 One of the wonderful things that have returned after being too long hidden on the top shelf is the chafing dish. Think of all those beautiful suppers you can prepare right at the table! It's the day, it's the hour. Let's make with the chafing dish.

28 Now that our friends are in again, one of the nicest things to do with them is to cream them. Don't have your sauce too thick. Provide thin toast or toasted crackers for this dish. This is almost a "must" for a buffet, along with lobster Newburg and Welsh rarebit.

29 How glamourous can you get when it comes to food? One of the things that shine is the dessert omelet. Let us end on that note.

30 Dessert omelets are not well known in this country, but get acquainted as soon as you can. You may have a filling of black cherries, or peaches, or pineapple in ginger syrup, and it's quite a dish, I assure you.

31 I almost got the idea that there were only thirty days in October, but I learned that calendars don't lie. So our visit is brought to an end. The leaves are falling. All colors known to man are lying on the ground. So once more we can "walk on that Persian carpet of purple" and drink the sweet Autumn wheats," and wait for another fall. Good-bye, now, until November.
America's Favorite Soup—Prepare it these two ways!

(left) CREAM OF TOMATO—Blend with milk for a rich, delicious cream soup that's extra nourishing.

(right) TOMATO—For the rest flavor and tempting color of red, ripe tomatoes—just add water.

Turn to TOMATO SOUP

It helps you and your meal planning in so many, many ways.

BY ANNE MARSHALL

Baffled about a meal? Stay out too long? Hurried...? Guests pop in unexpectedly? Meals grow easily around versatile Tomato Soup. Whatever you serve with it seems to belong: plain or toasted sandwiches... a salad... both—or maybe just with a dessert.

Here's a soup worth thinking about! It fits so nicely into food plans, for this tangy puree of field-ripened tomatoes is always welcomed.

As Soup for Lunch
Luscious, sun-ripened tomatoes, creamery butter and gentle seasonings make it ideal to serve in such a menu as this:
- Tomato Soup
- Egg Salad Sandwich
- Peach Pie
- Tea

As a Lift for Hamburgers
Try this grand tomato-onion gravy:
Remove cooked hamburgers from skillet. Add 1/2 cup each of minced onion and diced celery to meat drippings. Season to taste. Cook until tender. Add 1 can tomato soup. Heat thoroughly.

More... Tomato Soup is a sauce of endless possibilities. Velvet-smooth... in and on foods it adds color-zip, taste-zest! Soufflés, casseroles, special dishes—re-pond to the tomato touch.

So turn to Tomato Soup... wonderful, warm and glowing. Serve it—as a soup, as a sauce, as a cooking ingredient. It's the simple, inexpensive way of introducing that grand tomato taste year 'round.

As a Sauce for Macaroni
Tomato Soup makes the perfect cooking sauce for macaroni and cheese casserole. Use condensed tomato soup in place of old-fashioned white sauce. It's more colorful... tangy.
What a treat for the family.

A good cook keeps a full Soup Shelf.
VOTE!

In recent national elections in some free countries, the following percentage of eligible persons voted:

- **Australia** ............. 96% voted (1951)
- **Great Britain** ........... 83% voted (1951)
- **Sweden** ................. 80% voted (1950)
- **Western Germany** ...... 75% voted (1949)
- **Canada** ................. 74% voted (1949)
- **Israel** ................. 72% voted (1951)
- **United States** ......... 51% voted (1948)

Only about one-half of our voters went to the polls in the last presidential election. The right to vote is a privilege and a responsibility. Let us make this year’s vote the largest ever recorded in our history! Get out and vote November 4th! Urge all your friends to do likewise.

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**GIANT**

(Continued from Page 54)

important things in the world outside Reata. Even outside Texas!"

"Not to me."

"I think you actually mean that."

"Damn right I do."

Three months, four six seven. She began to plan a Virginia visit. "It’s been almost a year and a half. I can hardly believe it. Jordy’ll be all grown up before they see him."

"Why don’t they all come here for a visit?" Bick suggested.

"I wrote them. But papa can’t get away just now. Lacy’s got a beau who isn’t safe to leave, she says. Mama alone?"

"You’re right." Hastily.

"I feel so—I don’t know—kind of listless and no appetite and this morning ——" She stopped, struck by a sudden shuttering suspicion.

Doctor Tom had made the suspicion a reality.

"No!" Leslie, appalled, had rejected the diagnosis. "I can’t! Jordy’s only seven months old!"

"Everything grows fast in Texas. You’re a healthy young woman. It’ll be all right, Leslie. If this one’s a girl you’ll have a nice start toward a real family, all in about two years." Doctor Tom regarded her with keen eyes. "It’s better this way. Something—two somethings—real and important to tie you to Texas."

Bick had been startled, then histrionic and definitely pleased with himself. "I’ll consent to a girl this time, just to show you I’m no pasha."

Half laughing, half crying, "I’m like one of the Mexican brides. I haven’t even had a chance to wear my trousseau dresses. They’ll make museum pieces."

"Give them to the Mexican girls around the house." Bick told her.

"Mama would sue. A terrible thought struck her; "Now I can’t go home."

"Next year then, honey. In triumph. With two baby’s."

She felt irritable, restless. "I wish I could dress up and sit at a restaurant table and hear some music. And even dance, perhaps. I look awful. I hear that dresses are longer and waistslines shorter and the boyish bob is out. I feel like a squash."

"I can’t get away for a long trip now. Tell your mother, let’s run down to Vientiaco and stay at the Hake for a couple of days?"

"Hake. If it’s anything like ——"

"It’s quite a hotel. Music and the Seville Room and hostesses and a gold-and-marble lobby, all new. Besides, this is Fiesta week down there."

**The Vientiaco trip was quite a success.** Leslie was amazed at the natural beauty of the thriving little city, perched on the high bluff overlooking Vientiaco Bay and the Gulf of Mexico beyond.

"It’s dazzling!" she exclaimed as she and Bick drove along the miles of waterfront. "In any other country in the world it would be a Riviera, with casinos and beaches and restaurants and all that dreadful stuff. Miles and miles and miles of waterfront! Jordan, let’s get out and walk."

"Walk? What for?"

"What does anybody walk for?"

"I never could figure out."

The long promenade was strangely deserted, even the Fiesta crowds only drove briskly by, staring at the brilliant expanse of rolling waters. Boats bobbed at the piers, sails glinted against the horizon. The man and woman walked alone, two figures against the background of sky and water. The wind blew, it whipped you along as you went with it or buffeted you if you went against it, there was none of the exhilarating salty tang of ocean air.

Leslie drew in a few experimental deep breaths. Nothing happened.

"Had enough?" Bick asked.

"Why doesn’t it make me feel tired?"

"Uh—how would you like to go out on one of the boats? I always keep a boat here and I do dress Ready."

"Boat, Oh, I think boats aren’t the thing for me just now."

The bright thriving city was in gala dress. Plump matrons in fringed silk shawls and high combs and mantillas, mahogany giant in costumes that were an imperial mixture of late Texas and early buccaneer through the streets, the Hake lobby. Mexican foot was dispensed at signs which bore in Spanish proclaimed this attraction or that, there was a gigantic parade which Bick and Leslie and an assortment of unexpected guests (true to the state custom) watched from the windows of the big Benedict suite. Float after float rolled past. Men and women, in saris, in sari (1950) creasing astral creamy palominos. The horses, glinting in the sun, looked like mythical creatures in child’s fairy tale. Skittish quarter horses prancing and sidling. False fearsome mares taches and beards, grannies in goatees.

"You all right, Leslie?"

"I’m wonderful."

"You don’t want to get all tired out. We’d better have dinner served up here."

"Oh, no! I want to be in the restaurant. It’s—it’s kind of stimulating to be in crowd again."

"Pretty rough down there. . . . All right I’ll reserve a table. Hope. But it’s late."

"Never too late for Benedict," the dining-room telephone assured him.

The parade the museums the charmer the crowd the streets. Shouted on and on in the street below. At last baffled, Leslie asked his chauffeur to drive to the place the Mexicans? It’s a story about Spain and Mexico and old Texas. Where are they? All the people in the parade and even on the streets is what you call well—white.

"Uh—oh, they have a celebration of the own another day—a real Mexican fiesta or in the Mexican part of town."

"Mexican Americans who live here. Vientiaco?"

"Well, sure."

"I suppose Coronado and all those crooked Indians you’re always talking everyth after were one-hundred-per cent white Pueblo estante Americans?"

"You going to start all that again? Con now on, this is Fiesta, Yankee. No fair crying."

The hotel lobby fascinated her. Vast, mahogany-columned; it was, architecturally, a blend of Roman bath and Byzantine boudoir, C namic men in boots and ten-gallon hats, and the stupendous leather chairs amongst the mortared marble and the pots of palms. The Mexican bellboys, slim and el in their tight uniforms, agile as ever in starting out to meet the monolithic men whose bags they carried, whose errand they ran.

Clearing a path ahead of her, battling way through the lobby mob. . . . Hi, Bick! Bick, you oldavaher who you been there. These — Howdy Bick? Say, I’d like for you to meet my wife she’s right over there. . . . What you doing in this stamped A corner in a far end of the room near pillar and beneath an imperial palm. The gnant manager magically produced a chie Here you are, Mrs. Benedict, right in the middle of the room. Leslie wants to let you out, Bick, she don’t get tramped the way they’re milling around today.

Bick was puzzled. "It doesn’t seem if you, Leslie, wanting to get into the middle of a mob like this."

"I know. I suppose I’m hungry for poop. Crowds of people. Once in a while it’s sort exhilarating."

(Continued on Page 80)
"It's my one essential cream"

This is the cream trusted and loved by beautiful women all over the world.

This cream not only cleanses skin beautifully clean, but at the same time replenishes softening oil and moisture skin needs to look smooth, fresh.

There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream. Together these ingredients work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. When you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you get the effect of this inter-action on both sides of your skin.

On the outside—embedded dirt is lifted out of tiny pore-openings. And your skin is given softening oil and moisture.

On the inside—circulation is stimulated, bringing color into your skin, helping the skin repair itself and refine itself.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (above)
She has unusually fine skin that needs special protection from wind and from sun. "I feel nothing I've ever used keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor (at left)
People always notice the exquisite look of Mrs. Astor's skin. Mrs. Astor is devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. She says, "I've used it since my early teens. Pond's is my most helpful and most necessary cream."

The Lady Bridgett de Robledo (at right)
She divides her time between her native England and her adopted South America. Any change in climate can easily bother skin. But Lady Bridgett says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin always smooth. I really feel I couldn't be without it."

A fascinating immediate change can come over your face

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and your throat, generously. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with more skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly.

Now look at your skin. This double Pond's Cold Creaming cleanses immediately—and brings back to your skin the oil and moisture it needs. At the same time, it quickens circulation, livens your skin.

Use it every night—remember, the robbing of your skin's oil and moisture goes on every day. (In the morning, another quick Pond's Creaming starts your day with a new freshness.)

Go to your favorite face cream counter, and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!
The Seville Room maitre d’hôtel turned out to be a headwaitress, brightly blooded and dressed as Carmen. Her kind carnovan face beamed a genuine welcome. "Hiya! Right this way, honey." Her handkerchief bobbed energetically as she skipped ahead of Jordan and Leslie. And there were the Beazers and the Hattons and a few others, basking with friendship and warm hospitality.

The hand broke into the measured beat of a tango. Gourds clattered, drums pounded. The little dance floor in the center of the dining room suddenly was as quiet as listening to posturing figures in mantillas and silks and boleros. Handsome Texas matrons. Dazzlingly pretty Texas girls with their strangely boyish six-foot beauty. The aroma of coffee mingled with that of hot spicy food. No dark faces other than those of the Mexican bus boys moving silently from table to table.

**BEAZER challenged Leslie’s wide-eyes interest in the colorful glamorous room.** "But you never saw anything like this up North, Miss Benedict. You’d never believe you were in the United States, would you?"

"Never," Leslie said. "Never."

Even Bick conceded that the girl, ironing the moment of her birth, was completely different. She was dark as her brother John, but warm, sunny as he was somber. "Well, that’s more like it." Bick exulted. "Too bad we can’t switch them around... but anyway... now we’re really coming through the strain."

With a cautious caressing forefinger he traced a path down the fragrant pink face from brow to chin. "Liz, Hm? We’ll call her Liz."

"No!" Leslie cried. "We’ve never even mentioned that name before, we’ve—"

"Yes, but she looks it, though. All the yellow hair and blue eyes and look at that skin! Liz Benedict. Liz. It means light."

"Not Liz. If it’s light you want we’ll name her Claire. Not Liz. Not Liz."

"Nothing to get so upset about, honey! You just don’t like Benedict names, that’s all. You were dear against Jordan too, a member?"

"This is different. I can’t bear it."

"All right. I’ll be big about it."

"All about the woman and the child, his own against Leslie’s. My darling girl. My—"

"...All right then. If Claire what you want then it’ll be Claire."

But he fell into the habit of calling Liz. Just a kind of nickname, he said. At first in the child and everyone who loved her forgot that she ever had had another. She signed herself Liz Benedict. She went to school in the East she explained, "I w

(Continued from Page 78)

(Continued from Page 85)
WIN A TRIP to PARIS
PLUS a Fabulous New Wardrobe!

Trim Tred's EXCITING News-in-Shoes CONTEST!

Trim Tred designers have created an inspired new fall collection of shoes!
JUST SEE THEM... DESCRIBE THEM... THAT'S ALL!

Hurry to your Trim Tred store and see the wonderful new fall-into-winter shoes! Pumps, straps, sandals—every style to make your shoe wardrobe completely glamorous. Then...

Just finish this sentence on the official entry blank which your Trim Tred dealer will give you. Complete it in 25 additional words or less: "I like the new fall Trim Tred Shoes because..." You might say, "because they’re so lovely to look at, with their beautiful lines and quality materials, so heavenly to wear, and yet so easy on my budget."

You’ll get ideas galore when you see the shoes!

Act today! Don’t miss your chance to win a glorious trip to Paris for two—for free—plus a wonderful new wardrobe!

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 31, 1952

Get entry blanks with complete rules... see the beautiful new shoes at the store where you buy famous TRIM TRED SHOES

FIRST PRIZE Includes all this:
A trip for 2 to Paris via Pan American World Airway’s Stratocruiser!
7 days and nights of luxurious living and sightseeing in Paris, with land arrangements by famous T.J. McGuire Travel Co.
A beautiful new $1000 wardrobe from the world’s fashion center!
OR winner can choose $3,500 cash instead!

233 OTHER BIG PRIZES, TOO!
3 prizes of $500 each 12 prizes of $20 each
5 prizes of $250 each 30 prizes of $25 each
8 prizes of $100 each 75 prizes of $10 each
100 prizes of a beautiful pair of Trim Tred Shoes

Bonus: if first prize winner’s entry blank is accompanied by a sales slip for a pair of Trim Tred Shoes, signed by your dealer, we pay Federal Tax on prize winnings. (This applies to first prize only.)

NOTHING TO BUY! this contest is free!

Write us, if you don’t know your Trim Tred dealer’s name, ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri.
Peter Pan remembers the forgotten woman—Hidden Treasure, the bra that improves on nature, naturally! (If you’re a scant A-cup, or not quite a B or C-cup, then you need Hidden Treasure to fit you to perfection!)

Peter Pan’s patented Magicup makes the alluring difference...the perfectly rounded contour’s built right in...can’t shift, slip or wash out, ever!

No wonder Hidden Treasure has won the popular vote of millions of smart women everywhere!

For a flattering silhouette in every fashion, elect Hidden Treasure to your lingerie wardrobe now!

Regular, plunging and strapless styles, about 3.50 to 5.00.

Don’t forget to VOTE!
Not a shadow of a doubt — with Kotex

—with Kotex you get absorbency that doesn’t fail: the trustworthy kind of protection you need, for safety, for comfort, and a fresh, dainty feeling.

—and only Kotex of all leading napkins has flat, pressed ends. So there’s no revealing outline.

—best of all, this pad is made to stay soft while wearing—to retain its fit and comfort for hours. No wonder Kotex is America’s first choice in napkins . . . very personally yours.

More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Live your own life, for you will die your own death.
—LATIN PROVERB

Back and Other Views of Vogue Patterns on Pages 64 & 65

Vogue Design No. 7757, Two-piece dress and jacket: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7687, Blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 46, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7791, Jacket: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7697, "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 30 waist measure, 90c.
Vogue Design No. 7681, Blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 50c.
Vogue Junior Design No. 3161, Skirt; 24 to 28 waist measure, 10c.
Vogue Design No. 7693, Blouse: 12 to 16, 30 to 36, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7694, Skirt; 21 to 32 waist measure, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7805, Blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7806, Skirt and cummerbund: 23 to 30 waist measure, 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7805, "Easy-to-Make" blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7764, Skirt; 24 to 30 waist measure, 50c.

from a complete Western riding outfit for Lacey including saddle boots hat, to crates of Valley grapefruit and bushels of paper-shell pecans.

Leslie was in a state of chills and fever as the Southwest receded, then the Midwest was left behind and the train approached the Eastern Seaboard. Her father, the lovely rambling old shabby house, Lacey.

Apple trees in bloom. Rich green grass in the meadows. Her mother. In exactly that order of her longing. The safari wound its way out of the train to the station platform in such a brouhaha of squeals shrieks chatter laughter tears Spanish English and Southern sweet talk that Leslie only tardily became aware of the actual presence of her sister Leigh, Lady Karfrey. "Leigh!" Her surprise was less than completely joyful. "Is Alfred with you?"

She hoped not, she wanted only her own dear family for this home-coming.

"He's joining me in a few weeks, Leslie, he's mad to see Texas."

"To see Texas!" Leslie repeated with sinking heart. Then, basely, "He wouldn't like it."

But there was no time now to go into this. Jordy and Luz were being kissed, exclaimed over. Hauling, they were carried off by their Mexican nurses.

(Continued from Page 87)

Back and Other Views of Vogue Patterns on Pages 64 & 65

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with that "alive" look? Then you've discovered this new liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...gleams as it cleans! Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than a liquid, more than a cream. It combines the best of both in a soapless shampoo, plus soothing lanolin. Foams into quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Needs no special rinse. Leaves hair silky-soft, manageable, easy to set! Try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo postcard of your portrait in a Wildroot ad to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Post, 105, Box 186, New York, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait, to be set into a Wildroot ad and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art specialist. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!
For beauty out of the blue...

trust DOROTHY GRAY Remoldine

The graceful, blue bottle of Remoldine, by Dorothy Gray, holds an essential ally in your quest for youthful-looking beauty. Depend on it—this Contour Facial with Hormones* is the most completely effective single preparation yet released, to help you look years younger and lovelier than ever!

Remoldine takes only 3 minutes, twice a day, to help give your skin a continuing younger look! Applied faithfully...

1. REMOLDINE counteracts puffiness on jawline and under eyes.
2. REMOLDINE helps smooth crepy neck, facial lines.
3. REMOLDINE's Natural Estrogenic Hormone content further helps reduce the appearance of lines, wrinkles—gives skin a more youthfully moist look.*
4. REMOLDINE helps skin "glow"; helps guard against externally caused blemishes.
5. REMOLDINE contains exclusive "Elfanol," milder than lanolin.
6. REMOLDINE is nourishing; perfect with new Special Cream Concentrate or your regular Dorothy Gray Emollient Cream.

*Also without Hormones in 4-oz. Regular Size—$3.00
1½-oz. Introductory Size with Hormones only—$2.50

AND NOW—new REMOLDINE TREATMENT SET all in all, a perfectly-rounded program for denying your years contains: 1½-oz. size Remoldine plus new liquid Softening Cleanser that works gently, yet with hygiene thoroughness; and Special Cream Concentrate to help combat dryness, protect sensitive skin. Complete Treatment Set...$5. (A $5.50 retail value!)
Softening Cleanser only, 6-oz...$1.50
Special Cream Concentrate only, 2-oz...$2.50

(All prices plus tax.)

Trust DOROTHY GRAY... America's loveliest women do!
Lynton said, "Leslie! Your skin!"

"Leslie! Your hair!" she said, looking at her Lynton, that's one of your usual sea dresses. Well, I should think the fact of a husband with three million acres would be adequate—" 

"A tiny two and a half, mama."

Karfrey said, "You travel like an Indian maharanee. Don't Texans travel like a—"

"A few."

She looked at her gift of the massive, emerald saddle, the hand-tooled boots, belt, as she would stand upon an exhibit of historic tribal curios. The saddle easily fascinated her. "It looks like a rock-chair. And all that carving! It weighs it? What a pommel! Goodness, at it miles high, what do they use it flying the Texas flag?"

"Hence Lynton said, "Well, Leslie."

It was she who threw arms about the old him close as if he were a child. "Oh,!" He looked so much older than she remembered him, so much frailer so paler and more stooped. "Oh, papa,—have you been well?"

"I've been looking at seven-foot beef," for two years. Eastern men will like albinos to you. He held her of regarded her with the eyes of a loving r and a great respect. Then he nodded and as at the conclusion of a satisfactory outing. "You've come through it all right. 'ear tissue. But in the main a tri-

"Through what?" snapped Lady Karfrey. "I would think she'd to the wars and back."

Lynton Karfrey of art tongue had always chanced with the jealous for the firstborn for the years.

Through the first years marriage. Two children in years. And Texas, takes any mere war, look like a sissy."

"Or hence rode an aileen between thumb and forefinger, delfy habit that Leslie had never here noticed in him."

A haze of sentimental remembrance e walked through the lovely and bed old house. The drawing room. How if the curtains were. Her old bedroom so now, with the bed head pushed against wall. It all looked shabbier than she had, lovingly pictured it in these past non-

"And smaller. There was the orchard in bloom. With the new vision he who has seen that domain equipped every modern mechanical device she that the trees barely needed spraying pruning and mulching. There in Vir- and Washington and Maryland were boys and men and women now—whom she had spent her carefee girl-

And the more serious years of young adulthood during the war. Now they wed her with all manner of festivities. tail parties. Hunt balls. Dinner parties. Receptions, formal, social, casu-dural, senatorial affairs, quite splen-did and formal. Local society affairs, quite opposite.

"But Leslie, you can't go to all these a in those clothes!" Even Lacey of the while overalls, was scornful of Leslie's d'own. "The new things are way below knees, and some evening dresses are al-

rs. Lynton took her daughter in hand. had enough to have Leigh home for the time in ten years. Looking like a frumpy, she does it purposely. She tries to out-

lish the English. They've always been dy, but since the war they've made a re-

ns. Washington's no place for ris, heaven knows, but it will have to You can't go to Washington dinners as if you were dressed for a hoca-

She was having a dazzling time of it, friends, new clothes, delicious food;
Meat is a remarkable food. It helps

- mothers have healthier babies
- children grow sturdier bodies
- convalescents recover more quickly
- the aged to retain vigor longer.

That's because the kind of protein meat provides (complete protein) nourishes blood, muscles, nerves and tissues; increases resistance to infection. Meat (any kind of it) is "a yardstick of protein foods".

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
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Be different with Round Steak

Steak Rollups
with Mushroom Sauce

Beef in clove Plate

Beef and onion enclose 'v' form - beer

Be different with Pot Roast

Swedish Pot Roast

Be different with Stew

Be different with Hamburger

"How to branch out in beef"

1. Make exciting new dishes (like the ones below) from cuts you use most often.

2. Learn more cuts and how to prepare them.

Be different with Hamburger Skillet Dish

Hamburger Style Stew

Be different with Pot Roast

Swedish Pot Roast

Be different with Stew

Bavarian Style Stew

Steak Rollups
with Mushroom Sauce

Beef in clove Plate

Be different with Round Steak

This is "roundup time" out West so there will be more beef coming your way. Much of this western beef is in the more economical, leaner grades that are best cooked by braising, which is simply another word for moist-heat cooking. Braising gives you more flavor and more tenderness when you follow these simple rules: (1) Brown meat slowly in heavy utensil; (2) Add small amount of liquid; (3) Cover with tightly fitting lid and cook gently over low heat until tender.

4. Mail this coupon for booklet of money-saving meat recipes.

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I enclose 15¢ in coin. Please send me your 48-page illustrated booklet "Ideas with Meat".

(Included are nearly 100 recipes and variations; Menu suggestions; Buying guide to cuts; How to divide larger cuts to make extra-fresh-cooked meals.)

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5 good friends to have in the house

Every one of these handy styles of Del Monte Brand Pineapple has a glorious tropic flavor that's so sociable with other foods.

What makes it so extra good? For one thing, Del Monte Pineapple is never too tart, never too sweet—grown from exclusive strains of superb pineapple. And what's more, they're picked only when natural tartness and sweetness reach perfect balance.

Expensive? Guess again. Put 'em to work for you and they'll earn their keep twice over. Remember, they come from a great flavor family—Del Monte. Enjoy Del Monte Brand Pineapple soon.

1 Cole slaw is very newy with bite-size Del Monte Pineapple Chunks. Drain then, toss with shredded cabbage, whipped cream dressing. (Try this exciting style "as is," too.)

2 Sausage patties positively beg for gay circles of tender Del Monte Sliced Pineapple topside. Here's your standby style for salads, too, and how about an upside-down cake soon?

3 Top baked biscuit-mix coffee cake with 1 1/2 cups Del Monte Crushed Pineapple cooked 5 min. with 1/2 cup sugar, 2 tbsps. cornstarch, 1 tsp. grated orange peel. Good 'n' easy!

4 Pink cloud of whipped raspberry gelatin needs only Del Monte Pineapple Tidbits to make it heaver. Fold them in or let them be seen—don't miss that Del Monte flavor!
October Love
By Jessie Stuart

Your lips are red as mountain sourwood leaves.
That hang upon the gray October bough,
Your voice is sweeter than the wind that blows
Over this land alive with colors now.
Your pretty eyes have endless depths of blue,
Like pools fringed by the bracken and the fern;
Your pretty face is autumn beech-leaf hue,
The fairest autumn color to discern.
What shall I do for you when autumn goes?
When sourwood leaves have fallen to the ground?
When cold snow-laden wind of winter blows
Through winter boughs unlike your sweet-voiced sound?
I weep to think that autumn will be over
When winds have raked the beech leaves from the tree,
When mountain pools are under silent cover
And winter takes my autumn love from me.

Fascinated. But rebelling most of the time.
What could be more exciting! As long as you're fascinated and as long as you keep on lighting the things you think are wrong, you're not in love. It isn't the love of the world who does the most harm. It's the sweet do-nothings that can destroy us. Dulce facit niger. That's the thing to avoid in this terrible and wonderful world, Gangrene. The sweet sickening smell of rotting flesh.

Ick, when he arrived, seemed by very bounty to make all this talk mere academic bubble. He was a mass of charm and high spirits. Virile handsome actually boyish,

Leslie thought she never had seen him so pleased with himself and the world.

Surveys him with a widely gaze, "What makes you so full of beans? This glitter in your eye can't be just wish and children."

Purely spiritual, honey. It's just the result of all that high-minded talk down there in Washington. They've voted to continue the twenty-seven-per-cent tax allowance on oil.

"But you haven't any oil. Have you? You've said you hated the sinking oil wells."

"That's right."

"I don't understand."

"But I'm right peted on oil—off my land."

I don't mind others having it because from now on the whole world is going to be yelling for oil. Texas is booming. The rest of the country is flat."

"Is that good?"

"Only good enough to make us the richest state in the whole country. We're a country within a country."

"Again!"

"Oil and beef and cotton. You can't stop it, you can't top it," he breastelted.

"He gazed around about the Virginia landscape and he laughed. "It looks little! The fields, And the sky. Are you ready to come back with your old man, honey?"

"Jordan, I'm no different from what I was when I left."

"I won't want you different. We Texans like a little vinegar on our greens. Gives it flavor. Come on, let's go home."

On the journey homeward Leslie said, "If you had told me, that the next time we made this trip I'd be traveling it again with you and masses of our children and hundreds of nurses and millions of bags and bottles and things and stuff!

"You'd have made it anyway."

"You're so pleased with yourself I think this is the time to tell you that Leigh meant it when she said she and Karfrey want to visit Reata."

"Why not?" Dick demanded angrily.

"I'll be worth it just to see Karfrey in a ten-gallon hat."

"I wish papa and mama would come down at the same time. And we'll have to go, just to take the curse off the Karfleys."

His well-being encompassed this without a sign of strain. "That's a fine idea. Folks down here are beginning to think you're an orphan. Look, I'm going to send them all a telegram at the next stop."

They came to Reata, the lot of them. "Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Lynnton, "that I am not going to be..."
Our new textured fabric with DACRON that feels as remarkable as it looks, ends the day trim and unrumpled as it begins. Because of Du Pont's DACRON, this handsome, rayon-and-acetate fabric holds the impeccable fit and tailoring Handmacher gives it.

Large photo: Framed collar, framed pocket suit in bouclé. Small: Wing-pocket suit in rib. Each unbelievably $35 In misses', junior or Proportioned Plus sizes to 22+

Our suitmaker is here today in tomorrow's fabric

Fate is the excuse of the Incapable and maladroit.

—NAPOLEON

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At one fine store in your city or write

HANDMACHER-VOGEL, INC., DEPT. L-10, 333 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
"Señoras come first in Spanish, honey," Bick reminded her.

Now Angel's black eyes were strangely sparkling with determination, the baby jaw was set with fierce effort. The lips opened, the whole face took on animation and purpose. "Good...even...ing...sirrs...good...even...ing...madamas." Then, with a shriek of hysterical laughter he was off. Jordy, too, broke away, the two could be heard down the veranda howling at the splendid joke.

"Well, if that don't take the ray off the bush!" Bick exclaimed. "The little mestiza has learned English off of Jordy!"

"Splendid!" observed Doctor Horace. "It's beginning to work."

But it was obvious that Leigh Karfrey was busy taking mental notes on the Habits and Dress of the Mexican Child in Texas, Mrs. Lynnton was quivering with disapproval.

"Leslie Lynnton, will you tell me the reason for dressing a child like that?"

"Tell them," Bick urged her. "It's quite a story.

Leslie took a little fortifying sip of the cool drink in her hand. "M-m, let's see. Well, that very first day after I arrived in Texas, a bride...

"And what a bride!" Bick muttered.

"...I started out for a morning walk, in my youth and innocence. To see the sights."

"Dear me!" said Doctor Horace.

"Finally I began to feel like a wanderer dying of thirst in the desert and I stumbled into one of the Mexican houses. I'd heard a baby crying there. The woman was in bed, ill. It was her baby, crying. The baby was little Angel there. Not a word of English. But I understood her, sort of, just the same. We've become great friends since then. And later I learned about her and her baby. She'd been married almost three years and no baby, which for a Mexican girl is practically a disgrace. She was ill a good deal but finally this child was expected. They knew what had caused all the trouble, of course. One night Angel had left his hat on the bed and everyone knows that is bad luck. So Deluvina, the wife, had paid for special Messas and she had taken herb medicines and the midwife had massaged her and on the Tree of Petitions she had hung a little cradle made of bits of mesquite wood and in it she had put a tiny doll dressed as a girl baby because she thought they were being punished for wanting only a boy all these years. She prayed morning and night and in between. And she promised God that she would be humbly grateful for girl or boy, and that in either case her hair would be tacked and brushed and anointed and when it was a foot long it would be cut off and given as a thanks offering to God. You can't know what that means. Mexican girls don't cut their hair. It is their glory. The child's name was to be Angelina. And Angelina was born, and she was a boy. But the promise had been made to God by Deluvina and by Angel Obregon kneeling before the altar. They named him Angel after his father. They let his hair grow and Angel was dressed as a girl and his hair was always tied with a red ribbon as you've seen it and washed and brushed and anointed and it belonged to God. His grandfather's chief duty is to keep it brushed and shingled. And when it is a foot long there will be a great celebration and Angel's hair will be cut off by the priest and placed as an offering on the shrine. Then they will pray, "Angel in pants and take away his skirts."

"Well I never!" exclaimed the outraged Mrs. Lynnton.

"Barbaric!" said Lady Karfrey.

"Ily that time," Doctor Horace mused. "He'll be so confused as to be incoherent or such a loutish go to self-defense, that Reata Ranch can't hold him."

"Do you think," Nancy Lynnton demanded. "that this child is a fit playmate for Jordy?"

"Don't let those skirts worry you," Bick assured her. "This kid's a tough hombre. In fact, I wish Jordy had some of his stuff. His father Angel Obregon used to be my sidekick when I was a kid. And his father's father taught me roping—he and old Polo...

---

**Gloves and Scarf each $2.50**

"French" look... and fun price! Plus Kayser's famous soft-as-velvet double-woven cotton. Gay color combinations!

"Le Basque" (above) striped like the sailor sweaters, each $2.50.

"La Croix" (below) cute crosses that mark your chic, each $2.50.

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"Only Kayser makes these cotton pretties at practical prices!"

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**Amazing New Cosmetic Acts Like a "Face Lift"**

**Frances Denney**

**INVISIBLE BEAUTY STRAP**

As you massage this flowing cream onto your skin, your face feels braced, firmed, lifted...you have the thrilling sensation of an instant "face lift." It is almost unbelievable to see how Invisible Beauty Strap seems to quickly take years off your age. It tends to tighten skin, smooth away wrinkles. Wonder of wonders—jawline firmness, mouth-to-nose lines, and that tired look seem to disappear.

This is the original "face lift!" Apply it before foundation and make-up...then look in the mirror. See the wonderful things it does for your face. Your make-up is smoother, more beautiful for hours because the skin is firm, lifted, tight. You look younger.

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**TEXTURE TINT...glamorous liquid make-up foundation. The pigments are of impalpable fineness to cover the skin with a sheer veil of color. You look beautiful all day—no touch-ups needed. Now in new Highlight, a clear pink.**

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**Formula A: B: C** for the upset skin: blemishes, pimples, whiteheads, irritation. A new clearing, soothing formula that helps normalize a "plus" or "minus" skin condition. 86.50**

---

**Frances Denney preparations are on sale in the cosmetic department of fine stores, or you may order direct from Frances Denney, Philadelphia. Please include 20% tax.**
They're never to be allowed to spoil old Polo's got Jordy up on a table, a roaring fire every morning before breakfast.

He tugged her arm through his as they set toward the ranch. "Jordy don't ride. He isn't even interested in horses, you know!"

"Don't think perhaps he's a little young—when you were a child."

"Little maverick."

"I'm the rancher and cowboy. Do you know what that baby did? She somehow got hold of Jordy's riding things—his boots and hat and all—she wriggled into the every which way and there she was bling around in high heels and the pants of a side to, and the Stetson down over ears. I've never heard Jordan laugh like that."

"Luz, it is?" he glanced a quick sideways at Leslie. "That sounds like she's talking—Uh, she bossy too?"

"Well, independent."

"And Bick, he's hell bent on breaking in and plain breaking.

"Somebody will have to do it later."

"I'm good for another eighteen years—be twenty. Well, I'll go hum up the house."

"I'll be with you in a minute," Leslie told him. "Want to talk to papa."

"Yes," he said, as though in answer to a spoken question. "I'd do that."

They walked down the big office she took to it him squarely. "Why did you put her to bed?"

"Doctor Lysington said she was having real reason," Bick explained. "She stood face each other, the man be—controlled; the woman determined to what she feared. 'If you don't tell me what for Doctor Tom.'"

Once Lysington seated himself at Bick's desk, he motioned his daughter a chair. "You don't think it's been, Lorimer—merely father and daughter, they were physician and patient. Leslie's steady eyes did not leave his face." That young savage didn't do Bick any physical harm. Uncomfortable, though, riffy dirty blow like that. He was looking like a square blunt-tongued he spread out on the desk top. "Later, we'll bring him round and put him to bed. I thought how he gave him a real going while I was about it. Of course I didn't have the proper equipment."

Did he ever complain—that is, does he get short of breath?"

No. At least I haven't noticed if —" He looked down and full into his daughter's eyes. "That's a thing that has to do with heart. Now wait a minute. It isn't the small that's a perfectly sound muscle, say. But the big artery that feeds it." She looked down at her hands gripped tightly in her lap. "What do we do now?"

"Nothing. And don't look so serious. I believe I'd even say anything to him now. Approxheim is sometimes worse. The disease. If you could manage to run him quite as active, not gallowing dregs of miles on those horses, up before running this empire single-handed."

"He loves it more than anything or anybody. It's his life."

"He can't do things halfway. It's always extremes. A rage one minute, angelic the next."

"Rages are bad for him"

"He's only like that when he's crossed in something he wants to do."

"From what I've learned about your Bick—these past days, roaming around this enormous place, I've gathered that Bick's father ruled him—and the ranch—like an emperor. Then this sister Luz took his father's place and his mother's too. Now I gather the rest of the family are at odds with him. He's interested in experiment and they're interested in income."

"He'll never change, papa. You might as well ask the Gulf wind to be quiet. What shall I do?"

"Twenty years from now, when he's pushing those middle fifties, make him rein in. Now it's a matter of not taking things so emotionally and not doing everything yourself. Just hold on to his coat sleeve now and then, if he's going too fast. Leslie, I'll tell him if you want me to."

"He'd only go faster, in defiance. He is like that."

When the family left Reata—the Lynntons and the Karleys to the east, Uncle Bawley to the west—a new peace seemed to settle down upon the Main House, upon the ranch, even upon the town of Benedict.

"Families are fine," Bick announced. "But they should be exposed to each other one member at a time. That goes for my family too, so don't get your feathers up."

"But Jordan, I couldn't agree with you more. It was wonderful to have them and see them here—"

"And to see them go."

For the first time since her coming to Benedict he felt something that was almost contentment. She had seen her own home and her friends in Virginia; her family had seen her new home. There, she thought. That's that. Now then, Jordan, Jordy, Luz."

Suddenly, as she looked at herself in the mirror there in the intimate quiet of their room—the guests gone, the children asleep, the world their own—she had a disquieting thought. She turned to stare at her husband.

"Jordan and Luz are the next generation we're always talking about. How did that happen? What's become of us? We were the next generation until just a minute ago."

It's always the next generation. I never could understand why they were always the generation that mattered—the next generation. They're always supposed to be better or smarter or more important. And we're supposed to sacrifice for them. So perhaps we are the older generation of a sudden Gosh! And I was feeling right romantic a minute ago."

"Jordy, would you sacrifice for Jordy? And Luz?"

"Sacrifice what?"

"Anything. Beginning with life itself."

"Let's not get dramatic. Honey. I've had a hard day in the salt mines."

"But I mean. Just suppose—for example, I mean—that Jordy should want to do something different, be something besides a Benedict of Reata. What would you say?"

"Jordy's going to be a cowman. I'm not going to live forever."

"Yes, but suppose when he's eighteen or twenty he says he wants to be a—oh, an engineer or a doctor or President of the United States or an actor or a lawyer. You wouldn't actually stop him?"

"The hell I wouldn't."

---

Men and women in marrying, make a vow to love one another. Would it not be better for their happiness if they made a vow to please one another?

—STANISLAUS LEZCZYNSKI

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Jordy grew tall and slim. Jordy grew handsome and shy. Jordy was possessed of quiet charm and looked like his mother and walked in the footsteps of her father and loathed the daily gridding business of roping and branding and castrating and feeding and breeding and killing every year and fencing and shipping.

"I want you to know everything," Hick said again and again. "A Ben D. ought to be able to do anything on Reata that any hand can do, white or Mexican. I could, at your age. Maybe as a kid I wasn't as good as the older men. But good enough. That's the way I was brought up."

It was the choking dust the boy learned to cut out a calf a cow a steer from the vast herd. He would ride in amongst the bellowing animals, he handled his cutting horse with dexterity, zigzagging this way that way in pursuit of the desired quarry. Boot, mounted on his own horse, would stare watching nearby, immobile as an equestrian statue. Gradually, at the end of a long burning day of gridding work he might say, "You did pretty well, son.

"Thanks, papa."
The boy did not raise his eyelids to look at his father. Leslie always said those long sideburns were wasted on the boy. "Thanks, papa." He looked down at his leather-bitten hands.

Leslie called Dicky's attention to a little defect in speech that somehow seemed more pronounced as the boy grew older. At first it had seemed a childish trick, rather endearing. "Jordy, have you noticed that Jordy stutters quite a lot? Especially when he's upset."

"He'll outgrow it."

"But it's worse than it was. A real stammer.

"Lots of kids do that. Their idea come faster than they can talk."

"Jordy isn't really a little boy any more. And Luz wears lipstick as automatically as Levis. Let's face it, they're almost grownups.

"One thing we needed to say is this do that to Luz. She had taken to horses as other little girls demand dolls and lollipops. By the time she was twelve she could cling like a cat to an unnecessary horse's back. Riding low she could stay plastered to the side of a quarter horse running through the brush, a wildness of thorns and brambles, the thinning arms of one mesquite interlocked with the arms of the next and so fast that they forgot the lashing barb.

"Dickie's admonitions to his daughter were the reverse of the orders he issued to his son. "You're not to ride alone in the brush. Hear me? Keep away from that stallion, you crazy cow!"

"Now her physical resemblance to her father was startling. The soft, wondrous face, the blue eyes that gazed unseeing almost straight into the glaring sun. She stood as he stood, she spoke with his inflections. Hebrdstrong. Direct. Somewhat inexpressible. When the Smyth twins, arrayed in identical pink, were bound for this or that errand Luz, in pants forever all, would be down in the corral or sprawled, greased over, a bally Ford.

"Luz, the Smyth twins have been on the telephone for hours. They say you promised to pick them up. Scrape that grease off and hustle into your clothes. It's a seventy-mile drive I'll take you at least.

"Why don't they take themselves? I'm tired of those cow bellies hanging around my neck."

The Reata rafters worshiped the girl, the non-Mexican-line-house families. She was accustomed to their own members, and was as likely to be found eating with them as at home. To the Dietz family she was as casual as one of their own sons or daughters.

From Bob Dick she unconsciously received a fundamental education in the sciences embracing the breeding of seeds, feeding of cattle, excursions for summer vacations from the University of Texas, and, later, from Cornell, he worked as a matter of course on Reata. Whenever he permitted her Luz rode with him or drove with him, a wide-eyed child in pigtails, her mind absorbent as a thirsty desert plant. She was twelve, fourteen, fifteen.

Leslie took this up with her husband, "Jordan, Luz spends all her time with the Dietz boy."

"I wish Jordy, Dick, Bob Dietz knows more about modern ranching than any man on the place. Of course some of his ideas are bad. I'm all for modern methods but some of that stuff they give them at college!"

"Yes, but I mean Luz isn't a child any more, Bob's a nice boy and smart —"

"I'll tell you how smart I think he is. Someday that kid is going to be general manager of Reata unless Jordy pulls up his socks and gets going. That would be a good thing, wouldn't it?"

Benedict was a kind figurehead on Reata. He was down at the corral or galloping around with Bob Dietz the minute he's home.

Dick wagged his head in admiration. "Gill Ducy says she knows more about horses than any stock that his boys do. For the first time he used that fifty-thousand-dollar Kaspar ball on the nose and saw her heifer Luz w., down there telling him about the advantages of artificial insemination."

"Oh, Jordan!"

"This is Reata, honey. Luz knows by the time that the stock don't bring our calves."

"Oh, well, she'll be going away to school next year.

"Luz, the outspanning, ranging the country side in the saddle or at the wheel, came home with bits and pieces of gossip and information which she dispensed not less than one might think. Mealtimes frequently was enlivened by her free-associative chatter.

They say Aunt Luz was always trying to be accustomed to getting married, she couldn't bear the thought of it. "Papa, say when you brought mama home you were more scared than if you'd been a horse this time. They say Aunt Luz told her bedmate, forever so she wouldn't have to go to the wedding when you were married, and she actually did have a horse-sized生活习惯 in course there they didn't understand about psychosomatic illness. And the say —"

"Hold on! Who's this They?" Dick demanded.

"Oh, around, I forgot who.

"Well, you was the rest of them! The whole drivel pack of lies."

She would regard her father with the do you mean it sort of voice and say, "Is it true. Dick honey, that every woman I Texas tried to get you? They say that wasn't a price catch like you since before Sam Houston got married."

"I'm sure it's true," Leslie agreed briskly. "It took me two whole days to land him."

(Continued on Page 48)
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(Continued from Page 96)

And in Virginia that’s considered over-
time.”胸

“They say there was a schoolteacher named
Cora Dart at the ranch school and there was
some sort of scandal over it, course. But it was always between her and you, papa, and then — .”

Angrily, “Who’s been telling you this stuff?
I don’t remember. Somebody at the Beezer’s barbeque. I wish people were as
romantic as that now. It sounds like a movie. They said Cora Dart tried like hell to get
you to marry her. She’s the one that crazy
Jett Rink married and divorced, isn’t she? The
first one. And when papa married you Cora
Dart took up with this horrible Jett—you
should just hear the stories about him—! and
when Aunt Luz learned what was going on
the next Cora Dart leave the ranch, and
they say Aunt Luz was really in love with
Jett Rink herself even if she was old enough
to his mother, really it all sounds so
fascinating and uncouth I just wish — .”

The hot red of fury suffused Bick’s face.
“Now Jordon!” came Leslie’s voice, cool and
calm. “Now Jordon, don’t get upset over
nonsense. You know it’s not good for
— for anyone.

Like twin scenes in a somewhat clumsy
comedy the boy and the girl privately con-
fided each in the parent who was sympa-
thetic.

“Look, mama,” Jordy said, “I wish you’d
speak to papa.”

“You’re a big talking boy now, Jordy. Isn’t it
time you did your own speaking? And
time you stopped this calling us mama
and papa.”

“He says that’s what he called his par-
ents. When it comes to human beings every-
thing has got to be done around here just as
it was a hundred years ago. Renta without end,
amen? Of course cattle that’s different. It’s
good my trying to talk to him. He acts as if
I were ten years old and feeble-minded.”

Jordy’s entire aspect changed when he
talked to his mother. He was a man, asser-
tive, rebellious, almost confident. In his fa-
ther’s company he dwindled to a timorous
hesitant boy.

“What is it you want me to speak to him
about?”

“Harvard. That’s part of the old pattern. It
begins that that’s what I want to do
more than anything in the world.”

“You do!”

“Yes. But for his reason. They’ve got
the best Pre-Med course in the country. And
after that I want Columbia University
and so is.”

Now a wait minute. Being a doctor’s
daughter I know Pre-Med means
That’s right. Premedical. And Colum-
bia’s Physicians and Surgeons has got it all
over that. Besides, the New York hos-
pitals give you a better chance at material
than any city in the world except maybe
London.”

She stared at him, “You want to be a doc-
tor.”

“I’m going to be.”

“Oh, Jordy! Your grandpa will be so
happy to know — .”

Yeah, that’s fine, but I don’t want to
slide along on his reputation. He’s in all
the encyclopedias and medical books and
everybody knows about him. When I’m through
I want to work right here in Texas. A Mexi-
can with tuberculosis here hasn’t got
a chance. There’s a Doctor Guerra in Vien-
tezco, I’ve got a clinic I’d give anything to
work for.”

“Your father takes the most wonderful
care of the people on Renta. You know that.
Premedical attention and all that.”

“Uh-huh. The cattle too.”

“Your father probably will be delighted.
You’ll have use for all that medical know-
edge right here on Renta.”

“I don’t want to use it here on Renta. I
want to be free to work where I want to
work.”

She knew she must tell him, “Jordy, your
father isn’t as strong as he seems. It’s a heart
thing. The arteries that feed it

“Yeah, I know.”

“You do!”

“I’ve learned a lot about the human b
down at the lab with Gill and out on
range doctoring the stock with him and
boys. It isn’t the same as with doctors that
are quite a few hearts and lungs and lim-
bs and lights in a Renta herd.”

Your father expects you to take his place
someday.” She made him realize if he was still
even to reject this.

He stood up, “I’d die for papa if it was
— if it was his life and mine, I’d
— won’t live for him.”

“He won’t consent to it, Jordy. Even
we’re both for it.”

He saw, then, that she was with him,
boy’s brooding face came alive.

“I haven’t anyone, Jordy. You know
how it is on Renta. Millions, but no
ready cash.”

Quietly she said, “Uncle Bawley will give
it if your father won’t.”

“Old Bawley! What makes you think a
man will — .”

“He will. I know it. And
Luz used the direct approach in
talk with her father.

“Of course, going to Wellesley.”

“What does your mother say to that?

“She doesn’t know.”

“The Benedict girls always go to Wel-
ley.”

“No girls school for this one.”

“Oh, I suppose Yale, huh? Or maybe
ward with Jordy.” He laughed at the
joke, not very heartily.

“You’re warm. Cornell.”

“You’re crazy.”

“You go to college to learn something
Cornell has got the real scientific
handy course.”

“You’ve got a little-girl crush on
Dietz. If he took a course in dressmaking
Paris that’s probably what you’d want
to fool of a sudden.”

She faced him angrily. “You wouldn’t
tell that to Jordy.”

“Your mother says you’ve concentrated
too much on cows already. She thinks a
or so in one of those schools in Swiss-

Elaborately casual, Bick and Leslie
proached the subject, each testing the
Until almost eleven that night he had bee-
working in his office that adjoined the
House dining room. Now it was time for
last cup of coffee in the Texas coffee room
Leisure had brought the tray to him and
had said, “Jordy, in this coffee so late,
now? It can’t be for you, anyway.
don’t get enough sleep, up at
w her stopped. She put the tray down on
deal. He leaned back in his chair and lo-
up at her.

“What’s the matter?”

Dad I know that I was say
something I’ve said five thousand
time must be getting old.”

“If it weren’t so late at night I’d m
you a gallant speech about that, honey,
I anyway I realized today we’ve got a
couple of grown up kids.”

“Just today?”

Know what Luz said? Of course she’s
young to know what she really wants.
she said she won’t go to Wellesley or any
that school in Switzerland you’re so
at.”

“What then?”

“Say — get this — says you want to
t get Cornell and take the handkery course.”

“No!” But even as she uttered this
refusal she thought, With
hers we can make a bargain. “We’ve had
a couple of odd foldings, darling. Jordy
he wants to be a doctor.”

Bick shrugged this off. “Over my
d body.”

“I feel the same about Luz.”

Almost wildly they eyed each other
fighters in their corners.

“Anyway, Jordy’s going to start
year at Harvard this autumn, just as
ways have.”

“Don’t you think that’s sort of our
family tradition now? Unless he’s
ever learned anything really valuable and in

3862509559900000444313011511111
Almost tearfully Angel Obregon said, "He is a good boy, Angel. It is as if some bruja, some evil witch, had him under a spell. He is without respect for the things of life."

Thoughtfully Bick agreed. "I don't know what's the matter with the kid today. They're all alike." He hesitated a moment. But it was a temptation to talk to someone who felt as he did—someone to whom Reata was life, the world. "My son doesn't have the real feeling about Reata," They were speaking in Spanish; Bick looked at this man whose blood for generations had gone into Reata. He wanted Angel to dispute his statement, he wanted him to say, no, you are wrong, he is a sincere Benedict, the type genuine. But instead Angel now noddled in sorrowful agreement.

Curiously enough, the friendship of the two boys had endured. On Angel's rare visits home he and Jordy engaged the pretense that they were in the presence of their parents. They heard each other in understanding.

"Fagot, a person with twenty or twenty-five dollars a month," Angel said, and laughed scornfully. "Sometimes I earn that in two days at the lake if there's a big poker game on in one of the rooms, or a drinking bunch, and I'm on duty. Fagot, like my father and his father, and his father, no me! I want to marry Marita Rivas, Dimondo Rivas' daughter. But I don't want my kid to be a fagot, and his kid and his kid. Now who does that is by law.

Jordy said, "My father is always experimenting to get better beef. The perfect all-meat all-tenderloin heatproof ticketproof beef animal. That's good, that's swell. But I want to do that with people, not animals. TB-proof Mexican-Americans, that would be even better."

On parting Angel no longer said, "Adios!" He used the Mexican slang of the city. "Aye te vendo!" I'll be seeing you.

Bick Benedict decided the time had come for action. He would have a talk with Bob Dietz, the kid that finished at Cornell, he'd speak to him now. He called the Dite telephone at suppertime.

"Bob...? Bick Benedict...? Bob, I want to talk to you about something important. Jump into your car and come over here about eight."

But Bob Dietz, it seemed, was going to a Granite meeting. Somewhat nettled, Bick said oh, the hell with that, you can go to a Granite meeting another time, this is important.

"I'm sorry," Bob said, "but I'm the speaker there this evening. I'm scheduled to talk on soil and crop rotation, I'll be glad to come tomorrow if that's all right with you." And you turned into a dirt farmer or something?" Bick jeered.

"Just about," Bob Dietz said genially, "Tomorrow okay then?"

Bennett arrived before him. Bick in his office heard his voice and Luz's laugh from the direction of the veranda, they seemed to have a lot to say to each other, though Luz did most of the talking, there was the slower deeper undertone of Bob's voice with a curiously vibrant tone in it. Frowning, Bick came to the door, "Bob, come on in here. I'm waiting for you."

"Oh, I thought I was a little early," Bick preceded him into the office, he motioned him to a chair, he sat back and looked at the young fellow, he thought, sorry that's a handsome kind of kid. There was rather a close mimicking of Mexican jargon slang, Spanish patois. His talk and cars and girls. The Reata raqueros, he thought, 's trying to be the color of his tosca.' Young ran with the bonche.

father, Angel Obregon the caporal, his were by turns humorous and at metamorphosis. He was a disgrace to the proud race of Mexican people, spoke to the parlor about him. To old even to the patrón, Bick Benedict,
since you were a little kid. Now I'm going to come to the point. Reata may have dropped a million acres or so in the last fifty years, but it's bigger than ever in more important ways. This isn't just a ranch any more, it's a great big industrial plant, and run like one.

It takes experts. I know about you—all well say, I ought to—and I've checked up on you at Cornell. And what they say there is pretty hot.

Bob Dietz looked mildly pleased. He said nothing.

"I'm not getting any younger—that's what my wife calls a cliché—" Bick was a trifle startled to see Bob Dietz grin at this.

"Anyway ten years from now this is going to be too much for me even with Joffy taking over a lot of it. I want to start you in now. From what they said about you, and from what I know, I'm not making a mistake. Soil. Irrigation. Breeding. Feeding. Crops. You know the works. My plan is, you start in next spring. I've got a ten-year plan and then another ten-year plan, and so on.

Say, the Russians haven't got anything on us at Reata, huh? At the end of ten years you'll be general manager around here—under me and Joffy. At the end of another ten years—well, anyway, you're fixed for life. And good. Now don't tell me any more, when I call up, about how you have to go to a Grange meeting. Got it?"

"I think so, Mr. Benedict."

"You'll want to go home and talk this over with your folks," Bick told him, "You ought to. You go along home and mull this over, and when I'll talk about it again, say, day after tomorrow, that's Wednesday."

"I know now," Bob Dietz said. "I couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do what?"

"A ten-year plan—a twenty-year plan—the rest of my life on Reata, like my father. I want a place of my own."

"You crazy kid! A place of your own. Do you imagine you'll ever have a ranch like Reata?"

"Oh, no sir! I wouldn't want it. I want a little piece of hand of my own for experimentation. Never anything big. That's the whole beauty of stuffed monkeys."

"Is that so?" Bick was stunned with anger, he could feel something pinching his chest, little pins like jabs. "So big is old-fashioned now, huh?"

"I didn't mean to be—I didn't go to make you mad, Mr. Benedict. I just mean that here in Texas we've got into the habit of confusing bigness with greatness. They're not the same. Big. And great. Why at Cornell, in labs, they say there's a bunch of scientists here in the United States working on a thing so little you can't see it—a thing called the atom. It's a kind of secret but they say if they make it work—and I hope they can't—it could destroy the whole world. The whole big world just like that."

"Bang!"

As he left Luz must have been waiting to see him go. Sitting in his office, staring furiously. Bick heard them talking and laughing together again. Then their voices grew fainter. To his own surprise he rushed out to stop them like a father in a movie comedy. They were just stepping into Bob Dietz's car.

"Luz! Where you going?" Bick yelled.

"Down to Smitty's for a Coke."

"You stay home!" But they were off down the drive in the cool darkness.

Luz appeared from somewhere, she slipped her hand into his arm, she leaned against his shoulder. "Luz is almost grown up, darling. Girls of her age don't have to ask permission to go down to Smitty's for a Coke."

"Someday," Texas predicted, wagging its head in disapproval, but grinning, too, "some-day that locket Jett Rink is aging to go too far. There's a limit to shenanigans, even his."

Other men might conduct their lives outrageously but Jett Rink had become a living legend. Here was a twentieth-century Bumyan striding the oil-soaked earth of a hundred-dollar boom. Braiding was done at the controls of an airplane or at the saddle of a Cadillac or on a golden palomino tail and mane and face. A fabric made up of truth and myth hung about his swaggering shoulders. What every man gathered to talk together there was a fresh tale to tell which they savored as they retold it.

"I did hear about that trip of hunting there back of Laredo? Seems that and that Yerb Packer were in that hunt, huh? Jett's got there. They were eating in the kitchen—yes, drinking stronger than eating I reckon, and with this and that they got to quarreling and then to fighting, and then we're clawing and clawing, and they're clawing and clawing, and cattamounts, blood running down their faces, their clothes half tore off. Well, Yerb brings Peete and Jett he runs out on the shelf there for a big bottle of a kind of fluid like it kills bugs and you put it down the sink and plumbing and so it's got acid in it there's something. Anyway he fetches Yerb a crack over the head with the bottle butts and the stuff pours all over Yerb, had to be hosed right off, they say he'll be months..."

"...You know that hospital for old of the World War, a bunch of them sitting around there for years now, and Peete, lunked, went in maybe when they were two after the war, thinking they'd be out and now they're the only ones and never will be out, well, some over a bunch of tickets for the foot-stomping game. So the bus was them some of that will enough go to games. But along about the middle of the game mean norther blew rain and cold, and got few fella soaked. This one old fella gets soaked, he wasn't feeling too good begin with, a artificial leg and all. And in he leaves, he starts heading down the toward the car park, he figures somebody give him a hand back to the hospital. Well, along he comes Jett in his Caddy he's got it standing up and gives him a ride back to the hospital. "

"Sometimes of that first woman married? Schoolteacher, wasn't she agin!"

"Oh, that was a million years ago, I had two others since then. Maybe they kept track. Second one was a sassy of his, must have had something on him.

Sometimes he strode, very late, into of the big city shops—Neiman's or Opp or Gulp's—when they were about to close for the day. He liked to inconvenience them. He felt he had power-satisfaction in concomitant the saleswomen and department head was on after hours, serving him. Jett Rink.

"This looks like you, Mr. Rink," would say, fluffing out the misty folds cologne gaited. Probably they were trained to bring their wares to one of their ranches and there these would be displayed for him, an Oriental potentiary in red feet.
Doubles your sleeping comfort—tripples your bedmaking speed.
Two Boxed Corners hold the foot—it can’t pull off your feet.
Expansion Fold gives "kick-room"—it never binds your feet.
Saves daily retucking—stays in place till changing time!

It stays put...like the famous BOTTOM Contour!

Now...make your bed in one-third the time! These matching TOP and BOTTOM Contour Sheets keep all your bed smooth...all night long. You’ll wake from the sweetest sleep of your life...and find both sheets so smooth, your bed almost makes itself!

TOP Contour Sheet—sheet news of the year! Two boxed corners anchor the foot of the new Top Contour. You never have a pulled-out sheet. No more daily retucking. Just flip sheet back to air the bed...flip up and straighten the top hem. Your bed is made—in one-third the time! "Thank you, Pacific!" say housewives everywhere.

Expansion Fold is unique—only Pacific has it! "Kick-room" aplenty—in this clever Expansion Fold Pacific invented. Pulls up six full inches over your feet—drops flat when bed is made. Top Contour has full width, free sides—gives full freedom for turning in bed. Full length for turn-back over blankets.

Sleep between Contour Sheets—they cost no more! Get Sanforized* Top and Bottom Contours in combed percale or extra-strength muslin for standard double or twin beds. At your favorite store or write: Pacific Mills, Dept. 10-D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Matching Pacific Pillowcases—Sanforized* to keep their fit. Made to wear beautifully in combed percale or extra-strength muslin.
Luz read this aloud to her mother as they sat at breakfast in their sitting room at the Tejas. "What rumors, I wonder. And just how interesting it sounds so tantalizing. No girl ever had a dull summer."

"Reata's always good for a rumor," Leslie said, when there's no news. Come on, let's get started or we'll never cover this list.

"Why can't we wait and get it all in New York next month?"

"I like the idea of shopping for ski pants in Texas when the temperature's one hundred."

Oppor's opulent windows reflected the firm's disdain for such whims as temperature time or place. Hot or cold, the window was just around the corner. Oppor's window displayed winter apparel for the Texans who early armed themselves for a holiday in New York in California or even that Yankeetown Dallas. The hurn of one window was too much even for shoppers like Leslie and Luz. Wordlessly they stopped to gaze at it. Luxurious though every article was, what I do, the chase quality of utter perfection.


"Mi-m," said Luz.

"Nice," Leslie said.

As they stood there a hand slid through the arm of each, separating the two women. "I like it?" said a man's voice. "I'll buy the whole window for you, Leslie."

Leslie stared into Jett Rink's face. Instantly she jerked her arm to free it. Her hand held it mescapably. He was scarcely taller than she, his eyes were level with hers, his face was close, the eyes intently, bloodshot. He was smiling. Now, still holding the arms of the two women, he turned his head slowly to stare at the girl.

"You're Luz. I'm Jett Rink. Luz." She nodded. "I'll be around as if in a dance, one on each side. "How you're wrestling in the car?" At the curb was an incredibly long bright-blue car. A man sat at the wheel, another stood at the rear door. "Come girls. Let's take a ride."

"It was unbelievable it was monstrous, for the first time she knew fear. He propelled them across the sidewalk."

"No!" Leslie cried. Faces of passers-by turned toward them, uncertainly.

Luz's left hand was a fist. Now it actually twisted round to aim at his face to be jerked his head back, and he laughed. Great roaring laugh and the passers-by, as assured, went on their way griming at little playful scuffle. "I'm not going to hurt you. Don't make such a fuss." He and it man standing at the car door half lifted him pulled them into the deep roomy rear seat. Jett between them slammed the door as he man whirled into the front seat with tt driver, the car shot into traffic.

Her voice rather high, like a little girl Luz said. "What is this, anyway? Let's cut out, mama."

Leslie looked at the monolithic faces of two men in the front seat. "If you hurt Luz," Leslie said, her voice low and even. "You know perfectly well no bodyguard can keep him from killing you." At the absurdity of this melodramatic statement a began to laugh somewhat hysterically.

"There you. Jt turned triumphantly to Luz. "Your "m knows I was just for fun. I saw in the paper where you girls were in town and I hoped wanting to have a little talk with your ma. You've always been stuck on your ma four years. Did you know that?"

"I think you're going, Luz shouted.

Jett's voice was an aggrieved tone.

"There you go. Come to a Benedict, no matter who's wrong. I was just kidding around. I watch for you to come of the Tejas. And then to Opper's a standing there looking in the window like a couple of little shop politicians or something."

"I'm not going to do, mama?" I said. Her voice now was as quiet as I mother's had been, but its undeneat tremulous.

"It's all right, dearest," Leslie said. "I his idea of a joke."

"I ain't joking, Leslie. I got to talk to you. Like I said."

The man seated at the right, in fro picked up a sort of telephone receiver it was one of the little contrivances latched to the dashboard. He spoke into with mechanical clarity and consitently. "Passing corner of Viña and Caballero three minutes. . . Past corner Viña a Caballero... two and three quarters mutes."

Their speed never slowed, a huge build like a warehouse loomed ahead, a renegade fence enclosed it. The car approached this at terrific pace, in that instant bef what seemed an inevitable crash the car swung sharply open there thin without diminishing speed, the gates swv shut, the huge car stopped with a shrill brakes. The man in front got out. He sat at the car door.

Jett Rink was scribbling a note, hold the pad up close to his chest as he wrote, tore it off, man at the door took it. call them yourself. And tell them it's go

(Continued from Page 99)
Don't fret and frown over crusty pans. A spunky metal-fiber Brillo pad just whisks off greasy crust!

Laboratory tests show Brillo outshines all cleansers tested! Shine-meter records prove Brillo actually gives aluminum twice the shine in half the time!

No soaking. No scraping. A marvelous Brillo pad-with-soap cleans, scours, polishes all at once! Because Brillo has jeweler's polish! Makes grimy pans sparkle like new! And Brillo guarantees results—a new utensil free—if Brillo fails to clean.

And now—Brillo is better than ever! You get more shines in every pad. Use thriftier, faster-shining Brillo every day to keep pans gleaming. It's perfect for ovens and stove burners, too!

- Brillo Soap Pads (Red Box) — The soap is right in the pad
- Brillo Cleanser (Green Box) — Pads plus cake soap

NEW IMPROVED BRILLO LASTS LONGER! THRIFTIER, TOO—5 & 12 PAD BOXES!
A Puss 'n Boots diet keeps your pet strong, handsome, full of pep

Puss 'n Boots is a carefully prepared food made of fresh-caught whole fish and selected cereals. It furnishes the proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milks and food from the table—including vital Vitamin D. Feed your pet Puss 'n Boots and see what fun it is to own a Puss 'n Boots Cat!

See what it means... to be a Puss 'n Boots Cat?

Puss 'n Boots adds the PLUS!

QUALITY MAKES IT AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CAT FOOD

(Continued from Page 102)

be there within a half an hour or no dice... Now then, girls, I want to talk to your ma, Luz. Do you want to sit here in the car while we go and sit on the bench there in the shade? Or do you want to sit there and we'll stay in the car?" Curiously, it was Luz who now took over. "We'll both get out or we'll both stay in. Or I'll begin to scream and while it probably won't do any good in this place I'll scream and scream until..."

"Oh, all right," Warrant, as though agreeing to the whim of an unreasonable child. "It's hot, no matter where you sit. You go on over there, other side of the entrance. Your ma and I'll sit on that bench here, have our little talk. Either you girls want a Coke or something cold to drink?"

Leslie looked up at the blank windows of the building. "What is this place?"

"It's nothing only a warehouse where we keep stuff, unhealthful stuff. I got places like this all around. First I was going to drive you out to the ranch, I got a place about an hour out. But a lot of folks come here all the time, visiting and all, I figured you wouldn't like that, I wouldn't want to do anything you wouldn't like—you and the kid."

She glanced at him but his face was serious. "I thought you were drunk, but you're not, are you?"

"I ain't had a drop for two days. Minute I knew you was in town I quit, I knew I wanted a clear head and sometimes I get fuzzy when I take a couple. I'm stone-cold sober."

Slim, almost boyish, set beside her in his neat expensive clothes, a blue shirt, a polka-dotted tie.

"Such silly behavior. You've scared Luz to death, she didn't know you when you were a greasy kid on Reata. What is it? You want me to help you make friends again with Bick, or something like that, I suppose."

You suppose. You suppose I don't know you're smarter than that! You're the only really smart girl I ever knew," he had been smoking a cigarette. Now he tossed it away. "Look, I been crazy about you all these years. You know that well and good." He was talking carefully and reasonably as one would present a business argument or a political creed. "I tried everything to get shut of it. I had all the kids there is. I even been married three times. Did you know that?"

"I've never thought about it at all."

"Why do you suppose I done that—did that?"

"Some men do. It's an unadulterate truth. It means they've never really grown up."

He dropped his tone of calm reasoning. The little twin dots of red flitted into the close-set hooded eyes. He leaned toward her. "I got to get shut of it. It's making me sick. Look at this!" He held out his hand.

"Look at that! Shakes like that all the time."

"That's alcohol and shot nerves and fear," she told him.

"Leslie. Leslie. Come with me, Leslie."

Equally, and quite conversationally as though exchanging chitchat with a friend, "I'm really quite an old lady now, you know. You just think you're still talking to that rather attractive girl who came, a bride, to Reata... That's it. It's very hot here. Jett."

"Anything you want. Anything in the world. I wouldn't care. He don't care about anything only Reata."

She stood up. "All right, Luz!" she called.

"We're going now."

He grasped her arm. "I'll go after Bick and you and your two kids. I swear to God I will. I'll never let up on all of you."

(To be Continued)

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

See what it means... to be a Puss 'n Boots Cat?

A Puss 'n Boots diet keeps your pet strong, handsome, full of pep

Puss 'n Boots is a carefully prepared food made of fresh-caught whole fish and selected cereals. It furnishes the proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milk and food from the table—including vital Vitamin D. Feed your pet Puss 'n Boots and see what fun it is to own a Puss 'n Boots Cat!

Puss 'n Boots adds the PLUS!

QUALITY MAKES IT AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CAT FOOD

You've been seeing too many West movies."

She moved toward the car. The man up at the wheel. The good old man came to the steps and toward the car.

"I ain't going," Jett said. "Luz, you up front there with Leslie, you get the back here. You,唐. You call him for me in ten minutes."

He stood there a moment in the sun. "I do like it," Jett called softly to Leslie, threw the window up.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Oppa's," Leslie said curtly, "we have great deal of shopping to do."

"No. Please," Luz did not look round. "I'd like to go to town first. For a minute. I forgot something."

"Tejas," Leslie said then.

The gates opened.

Down the street. In traffic against traffic and out in sickness suicidal zigzags along the city's,
Why be a slave to Messy Defrosting?

BE FREE!

with a

Westinghouse

FROST-FREE

100% AUTOMATIC DEFROSTING REFRIGERATOR

FREE forever from ALL defrosting work and mess!

- No water to empty
- No frozen foods to remove
- No frost to scrape
- No clocks or timers to set
- No defrosting to do... ever!

HERE'S HOW FROST-FREE ELIMINATES THIS DIRTY JOB...

The 100% automatic Frost-Free even disposes of the defrost water automatically! In fact, the Freeze Chest defrosts so fast...stays so cold...even ice cream stays store-hard always, never thaws and refreezes. Yes, you're free of all food-keeping worries with this great Frost-Free. You get five separate zones of cold for keeping all five kinds of foods. Extra cold for frozen foods...special cold to keep butter ready to spread...proper cold to keep meat fresh...dry cold for the big main Food Compartment...moist cold so vegetables stay crisp and tasty. See the four great Frost-Free Refrigerators at your retailer's now, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

Get the Facts BEFORE You Buy

Take the Frost-Free Freedom Quiz at your Westinghouse retailer's. It lets you compare your present refrigerator with a Frost-Free...tells what to look for in your next refrigerator.

![Image of a refrigerator with food inside]

You CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

Every Week on TV See... WESTINGHOUSE STUDIO ONE Summer Theater
Haven rates Peggy's way with chicken — best ever.

"The prime favorite dish in my repertoire, so far as Haven and I are concerned, is the way I do chicken. I have no name for it—Haven just calls it 'Peggy's Chicken.' With the chicken, I serve broccoli with lemon butter and toasted walnuts. Endive, date and orange salad is an extraordinarily simple salad and is easy to arrange decoratively. We like this with French dressing, instead of dessert."

**PEGGY'S CHICKEN**

Quarter and clean a 2-2½-pound ready-to-cook chicken and shake the pieces in a paper bag with ½ cup flour mixed with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Sauté chicken in ¼ cup butter or margarine, turning the pieces now and then during a period of 15 minutes so they brown evenly. Lift the chicken out of the pan and sauté 2 or 3 scallions or green onions and a dozen peeled mushrooms in the fat. ("You must peel them," Peggy says. "Everyone has her own opinion on whether to peel or not peel mushrooms, but I will boldly hold to mine—that they are much, much more tender peeled. The skins make them too heavy.") After the mushrooms and onions have cooked a few minutes, add 2 ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces. Cook until the tomatoes are tender, then put chicken back in pan. Cook 10 minutes. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and about ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon and ½ teaspoon dried tarragon. Use a bit more of this if you have it fresh. Cover and cook until chicken is beautifully tender—possibly another 5-10 minutes. Taste for seasonings. You may want to add a little more salt, perhaps. If there's any left, the chicken is delicious cold.

**FOR THE SALAD**

Make a wheel of the endive leaves around a plate. Arrange sections of orange in the curves of the leaves. Sprinkle pitted dates, cut in half, in the center. If you can get fresh dates, it's even better. Serve with French dressing.

**Soup for Supper**

"We're both great soup fans. When we have a good, hearty, filling soup, we hanker for little else. A vegetable salad and perhaps a bit of fruit is plenty with a soup meal. One of our favorites is a potato bouillon with crumbled bacon in it. It's delicious! Men gobble it up."
"Another pot of ours is cream of chicken soup flavored with curry. I open a can of cream of chicken soup with milk and add 1 teaspoon curry powder and 1 teaspoon chives, chopped fine with the scissors."

**Potato Bouillon with Bacon**

Take 4 small or 2 large potatoes and chop out the centers. Fry 3 slices bacon crisp. Drain on paper toweling and crumble it into bits. Put potatoes through the ricer. Heat 1 can condensed beef bouillon with 1/2 cup water. Add the riced potatoes, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. "You can make the soup thinner by adding more bouillon and water, but we rather like it on the thick side." Sprinkle the crumbled bacon over the soup just before serving.

**Vegetables are Our Meat**

"Fortunately for our budget, haven't the kind of husband that thinks dinner isn't dinner without meat on the plate. We're both very about vegetables if they are served interestingly—particularly low when vegetables in the markets are so crisp, fresh and good-to-eating. We have often dined on corn on the cob and sliced tomatoes alone—nothing more, but I won't tell how many ears of corn we ate. We like fresh tomatoes cooked, too—stuffed with curried rice, especially. With them, I serve eggs cooked with a little minced onion—and spinach we like best in a salad. If Haven remembers to bring it from town, we'll have lettuce for dessert."

**Baked Tomatoes Curried Rice**

Slice the tops off 2 large tomatoes; scoop out the insides and mash up with a fork or pastry blender. Season with 1/2 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, 3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper and 1/2 teaspoon curry powder. Heat together; blend in 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs and 1 cup cooked rice (use the precooked rice for speed). Stuff tomatoes with this mixture. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Broil 10 minutes under low heat until tomatoes are just tender. Keep your eye on them.

**Unusual Spinach Salad**

Sauté several slices bacon to a "sharp crispness." Drain and crush it. Dip whole washed spinach leaves lightly in the hot bacon fat. Put in the refrigerator to cool. Make a simple French dressing, seasoning with salt, pepper and dry mustard. Toss the glossy spinach leaves with the crumbled bacon, some chopped salted peanuts and the French dressing. The combination of flavors and textures is very pleasing.

**A Perfect Dinner**

"We like the food so much in Italian and French restaurants that I find myself constantly borrowing seasoning and flavoring tricks for my own cooking. I've had good success with an Italian veal dish. Though not an authentic reproduction, Haven says he likes my version best. With it, I serve sliced zucchini squash, cooked with cut-up peeled tomatoes instead of water and seasoned with salt, pepper and just a little origano—just a little. Cucumbers marinated in a good dressing will be our salad. Diced ripe pears, icy cold and bathed in ginger ale, complete what we call a perfect dinner."

**Veal Continental**

Sprinkle 1 pound thinly sliced veal cutlet with 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Pound the cheese into veal with the edge of a saucer or wooden mallet, if you have such a gadget. Turn the veal slices and pound 2 tablespoons more cheese into them. Heat 2 tablespoons salad oil in a skillet. Brown the veal in it quickly on both sides. Add 1 clove garlic, peeled and split in two, a liberal pinch of thyme and of marjoram, 1/2 can condensed bouillon, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Cover and simmer about 30 minutes.

(If gravy has any fat floating on top, gently float several thicknesses of paper toweling on top, blotter fashion. It will soak up the fat and leave only the rich brown gravy. Don't forget to remove it. This trick works like a charm on soup stock, too, when it is hard to skim without removing soup with the fat. See Peggy told us about this we've used the idea in our own daily cooking in the Workshop.)

**A Meal on Toast**

"Every so often we have what I call a meal on toast. It's a dandy way to use leftover meat and vegetables when there isn't enough of any one thing to use solo. The combinations are endless, but here are two favorites. With our toast plates we like a big salad, and for dessert—apples and cheese. We're great cheese lovers. I can never pass by the cheese counter and often come home with two or three kinds at a time."

**Meal on Toast I**

Lay buttered slices of freshly made toast in a shallow baking pan. Top with slices of cold chicken. Lay cooked or canned asparagus tips over that. Pour cream sauce over the chicken and asparagus. Snow under with grated Parmesan cheese and broil 8 minutes.

**Meal on Toast II**

Lay buttered slices of freshly made toast in a shallow baking pan. Lay slices of cooked ham on top of ham with prepared mustard. Top with leftover cooked green beans. Sprinkle with minced onion. Melt a jar of Welsh rabbit in the double boiler and pour over the beans. Or you could use process cheese melted in double boiler and thinned with milk. Broil slowly until bubbly and spotted with brown—far enough from heat so it won't burn.

"What a clever idea!" That's what your friends will say when you bring in a plate of "cranberry turkeys" with roast turkey... "cranberry chicks" with a chicken dinner... or "cranberry Christmas trees" for Christmas. They're easy to make with these plastic cutters designed exclusively for Ocean Spray. Children love them!

Write right away

so you'll have your set in time to make "Cranberry Turkeys" for Thanksgiving

Ocean Spray
P.O. Box 9780, New York 46, N.Y.
Enclosed are 3 Ocean Spray labels and 25c. Please send set of plastic cutters to...

Name.

Street.
control her own county convention and throw her out in April. In May she played a vital role in driving the party from the Old Gaen leadership of Mississippi National Commit- tee man Roy Dunn, who had held his job for sixteen years without producing a victory for any Republican presidential candidate.

Through energy and enthusiasm Kay manages to surmount limitations of time and dollars. Her earnings just about cover her clothes, full-time help at home (a young high-school graduate who lives in) and some necessary furnishings for their new $12,500 home. The Strommens began their married life with $250, so both promptly went to work. Now, ten years later, they still have no savings. Kay's leisure time is just about nil. Friends marvel that she can hold down a full-time job while enjoying what seems to be an ex-

ceptionally serene and loving home life and still take on so many civic and church respons-

ibilities that she is away from home almost every night.

"I honestly believe, however," says Kay, "that I give my children more individual at-

tention now than when I was home all day." Sunday is "the kids' day" for nine-year-old Judy and five-year-old Jackie. Every night Kay spends the hours from six to eight with the children, playing games on the floor, reading and listening to their prayers. Two days out of four the children's father can provide daytime companionship, for his schedule as a railroad passenger brakeman permits him to stay at home. Le Strommen, nearing forty, is a lean six-

foot, blue-eyed and fair-haired, a native Minnesotan of Norwegian descent, he en-

tered the war as a private, served overseas, emerged as a major. Politics and world affairs have always fascinated him and he spends a great part of days off reading. Since Kay has time for no more than a casual skimming of newspapers, she relies heavily on Les' excel-

lent backlog of information. She would like to see him run for Congress, but Les mod-

estly poo-poo's the idea. He prefers to ob-

serve from the side lines, keeping Kay in-

formed and seeing that she doesn't get "too

wrung out" by the emotional strain of poli-

tics. Besides, he doesn't feel they could af-

ford it.

The whole family seems outgoing. A recent fire in St. Cloud left an unemployed worker and his large family homeless and Kay sug-

gested to her children who lives in donate some clothes. Judy responded with her favorite skirt and very best blue silk blouse.

"That new stuff (chlorophyllin) in Ken-L-

Ration really works. Jeep, that's my dog, is 12 years old and brother, did he have a strong breath. Everybody liked him except when he got close. Ever since Mother started feeding Jeep Ken-L-Ration his breath is just as sweet as he is. Now everybody loves him, even up close." Bonnie Bowman, Kentworth, Illinois

KEN-L-RATION
Nourishes with lean red meat*
Deodorizes with chlorophyllin

Ken-L-Ration is the easy, money-saving way to
feed your dog lean red meat (*U. S. Govt. In-
pected horse meat). And now Ken-L-Ration con-
tains odor-ending chlorophyllin . . . ends offensive
odors in all normal dogs fast. Comes ready to
serve in regular can or new jumbo jar.

FOLLOWING MYTHS

Myth 1. The South is solidly Democratic.
FACT: Only South Carolina and Mississippi are solid. All other states have
some Republican counties. Winston County, Alabama, has been Republican
ever since it raised a regiment of soldiers for the North in the Civil War.

Myth 2. Maine and Vermont are the most Republican parts of the
country.
FACT: Most solidly Republican counties in those states show a vote of
slightly less than four to one. That record is bettered in Alpine County,
California; Jackson and Owsley counties, Kentucky; McIntosh County,

North Dakota; Johnson and Sevier counties, Tennessee; and Gillogly
County in Texas. The most Republican spot in the country is Jackson
County, Kentucky. The vote there in 1948 was more than six to one.

Myth 3. As Maine goes, so goes the nation.
FACT: Maine has elected Republican governors, but the nation has often
gone Democratic.

Myth 4. City voters turn out in larger proportions than rural.
FACT: West Virginia and Utah consistently have a larger percentage of
registered voters going to the polls than more urban states.
The best friend I have on special occasions is a WESTERN UNION. ... for it helps me out in so many wonderful ways. It's because it's the only place where I can get the beautiful color-illustrated blanks in their greeting envelopes such as marvelous keepsakes. And if I want to send it, I page WESTERN UNION Shopping Service and tell them what I want to give, they do all the rest. And distance makes no difference ... they'll deliver your gifts and the corner or across nation. But if I'm in a dilemma as to what to give, send a Telegraph Gift Order, delivered attractive check form and coveting envelope ... nothing I know everyone need no ironing since they fit so smoothly. And they're even better than ever now because they're reversible can be used on the other side and thus save you laundry costs. Best of all, however, LADY PEPPERELL Reversible Snug Fit Sheets are one-thirteenth smaller in the corners than ordinary fitted sheets ... it's the corners that "go" first when a fitted sheet begins to wear out. The seams lie flat, too ... and there are no edges to show or catch in the laundry. LADY PEPPERELL are also "Sanforized" ... not just bleached and washed. And ... you get all these advantages plus the traditionally fine quality, exquisite texture and long "life" of regular LADY PEPPERELLs. In Come in Fine Combed Percale and Surprise Muslim, in white and colors ... but turn to page 137 and see them in actual color.

Whenever anyone asks me what I recommend for quick, comforting relief from a painful corn or callus, I always give the same answer: ... use new BLUE-JAY Cor or Callus Plasters. And the reason is this: ... BLUE-JAY Plasters (and only BLUE-JAY!) contain the new Wonder Drug, Phenylium. But you know all about Phenylium ... how it helps to push out corns from under-neath. In other words, it travels down through your corn right to its base ... weakly. And that's why LADY PEPPERELL went to work 1/3 faster and worked more surely than old-style remedies. So the next time you have a burning corn or callus, don't accept any "treatment" supposed to be "just as good" ... insist on BLUE-JAY Cor (and Callus) Plasters with Phenylium. Come in both regular and LADIES SIZE ... at drug counters everywhere.

Let's talk about the high cost of living for a moment ... and let me remind you that a luscious, rich gravy can turn inexpensive dishes and even left-overs into a delightful appetizer and delightful light. But don't depend on risky pan browning alone or ordinary gravy powders ... use KITCHEN BOUQUET and be sure of a perfect gravy. It's absolutely failure-proof ... always "serves up" just right-a rich, extra-delicious gravy. KITCHEN BOUQUET never adds any flavor of its own ... just helps to bring out the natural flavors ... for since it's a unique blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices, it simply brings out and points up the true natural taste in meats and fowl. And that's not just my opinion! KITCHEN BOUQUET has been the favor-ite gravy secret of good cooks for over 75 years. The cooks who use it every day say it is all you need. So don't worry about rising food costs ... depend on KITCHEN BOUQUET for delicious, thrifty meals.

My party means very ... but whether I'm entertaining a crowd or a couple, I always serve TRISCIT Scotch Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers. They make a hit every time ... for there's nothing so crisp, so crunchy and a-tang with hearty whole wheat goodness. And TRISCIT Wafers are salted to a "T" and tastier than golden fare-thewell! ... perfect by themselves or "crowded" with a handful of spiced. Like this one, for instance:

Let 1/2 lb. process American Cheddar cheese stand and make it warm, if you please. Soften, then with back of spoon or electric beater, work together the two "Tbsp. grated union, dash pepper, 1/4 tsp. salt, until smooth and well blended. Stir in 1/2 tsp. caraway seed and 2 Tbsp. melted butter and serve in your favorite bake dish or in a loaf tin in the refrigerator several hours before serving.

Your family will welcome TRISCIT Wafers with meals and between meals, too ... so if you were I would get several packs at a time. You recognize them by the red Nabisco Seal on the corner of the package.

Look what you can get almost as a GIFT: ... BORDEN'S brand-new 28-page book called "70 Magic Recipes." And don't think this is your ordinary advertise-book ... far from it! To begin with, this marvelous new booklet is beautifully illustrated in color ... let you see what each sweet-treat looks like and gives you original directions for deco-rating desserts galore. The recipes are completely dif-ferent from ordinary ones, too ... in fact, they're so unusual you'll want to repeat them over and over again.

And talk about simple ... why, BORDEN'S Magic Recipes are quicker and easier than any I've ever used as well as fool-proof. Just list them, there are luscious Pie Fillings that need no cooking ... delicious Puddings made in a twinkling ... smooth, wiry Frost-ings in minutes ... Cookies that almost make them-selves ... and many other dazzling delights. Want a copy? Of course, you do ... and you can have it for only 10c! So don't delay ... check OFFER #2 on coupon this very day the old-fashioned way, once you have PROTESTO Automatic Vapor Steamin Iron, I'm sure of it ... for at last you get all 4 of the distinctive fea-tures you've wanted in this one amazing iron. But let the salesmen speak for this splendid device:

1. It uses just ordinary tap water ... distilled water NOT needed. 2. Vapor-steam Irons ... without sparking. 3. Vapor-steam Irons in minutes ... with pure cloths. 4. It dries iron perfec-tly ... without fatigue.

And besides being completely automatic, only a PROTESTO Vapor-steam Iron has the sole plate heat indicator ... the kind that lets you know all type of fabric to prevent scorching. Just think of the money you'll save ... on pressing hills alone. For this single reason you can easily afford one ... see it soon at your Electric Housewares Dealer, Department, Furniture or Jewelry Store. And don't miss this:

FREE Booklet ... which shows you how you can use your PROTESTO Automatic Vapor Steam-Iron almost true valuably -- so check OFFER #3 on coupon.

Buy-lines by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL 109

Send coupon to Nancy Sasser, Dept. S, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y., for your copy of:

OFFER 21 ... "The Western Union Telegram"--FREE.

OFFER 27 ... Borden's brand-new book of "70 Magic Recipes"--FREE.

OFFER 28 ... Pruse Booklet on Ironing--FREE.

Name

Address

City Zone State
Good Frying's Easier with Wesson Oil

(Continued from Page 100)

in the country, has been zealously cultivating acquaintances in Red's name; and
At Chicago, Minnesota had a higher pro-
portion of women delegates than any other state. Elsie was of help sounded so eager and
counter that she received only an evasive
answer.

There was a remote possibility that this
girl might be some kind of crackpot," rem-
arked a high state official, who neverthe-
less mentally filed away the name.

All doubts about Kay were removed when
Mrs. C. E. (Marge) Howard, State Republic-
ian Chairwoman, made a trip to St. Cloud in
the summer of 1960 in hopes of reactivating
the sluggish Women's Republican Club there.
When she asked various questions about the
state organization, Kay was the only woman
she knew who answered. She was promptly elected president. Kay
worked hard all summer to arouse local in-
terest, and when the nominating convention in August
she confidently expected 100 women and only 13
showed up, she acknowledged temporary de-
ficit.

"I decided something entirely new was
needed," remarked Kay with characteristic
decisiveness.

Down in the Twin Cities the Republican
Workshop was attracting women in droves.
With male encouragement, women were or-
ganizing classes in practical politics. "The
work with most women in politics," says
Mrs. Marge Howard, mother of two, "is that
they are too easily discouraged. In 1948 we
found women who were willing to work day
and night for Harold Stassen. Then when he
lost the nomination to Dewey, most of them
gave up, went home and sat on their hands.
At the Workshop we don't try to paint any
rosy picture of politics. We try to teach
women to be realistic and to compromise
without sacrificing the main principle.
Sure, there are plenty of smoke-filled rooms
from which women are excluded. But this
year, women played a magnified role in
state politics because they knew what they
were doing and were therefore twice as
effective."

Before long, Kay had launched a success-
ful campaign for the Republican Workshop in
St. Cloud. As recognition for her work, the
State Central Committee offered her the
job of Stearns County Republican Chair-
woman.

"Nobody else really wanted the job," says
Kay candidly. "There was no organization—at
least, no one spoke at the convention. When
there was no money, no workers, just me
and a chairman. When he resigned, I was
urged not to appoint another, to prove that
a woman could do the job alone. This
was not Kay's idea. She finally persuaded
a young St. Cloud lawyer named Paul Hoff-
man to take the job.

Starting in the fall of 1960, Kay typed up
all party communications, signed the chair-
woman's name, and sent them to Kay's own
funds for Mimeoographing costs, envelopes,
payment and phone calls. "I've never kept
track of what I spent—my husband would
be shocked."

For party workers she drew heavily on
friends made in her March of Dames work,
chairwoman of the "Women of Politics, and
the Workshop. When Harold Stassen was
scheduled to make a campaign speech in St.
Cloud last winter, Kay was able to get to the Workshop that
they all the entire phone book. Seventy
dwomen phoned 10,000 people, urging them
to come; a whopping 1,000 showed up.

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Thursday, after a day at the office, she attended her daughter’s first piano recital. On Friday she spent the afternoon attending the Democratic convention in Minneapolis and went into high gear in her personal campaign for George Etzell. She made a four-hour drive to Minneapolis, a short ride by field, in hotel corridors, in smoky hotel suites. “Taft can’t win in November,” she told them. “He can never carry Minnesota. Then we’ll be stuck for another four years with a Taft national committeeman.”

On the day of the state convention, more than 10,000 delegates crowded into the Lyceum Theater in downtown Minneapolis. Two bright orange tractors dominated the stage under a huge banner, “Plow ‘Em Under!” The band played There’ll Be Some Changes Made over and over. The auditorium was crowded with white county standards bearing the picturesque names of Crow Wing, Yellow Medicine, Freeborn and Blue Earth.

Kay glanced proudly at the row of delegates under the Stearns County sign. “Two years ago, I was the only delegate here. Now, look, sixteen of us, and half of them women!”

That day three delegates at large and nine alternates were elected, pledged to Harold Stassen. The real contest was reserved until Saturday night, when the State Central Committee gathered behind locked and guarded doors in a Nicollet banquet room to elect a national committeeman and committeewoman. As Dunn supporters rose to second his nomination with words like “an old-fashioned Republican,” “a time-proven Republican,” “to know-how, integrity and experience,” Kay toyed with her coffee cup, but her lip anxiously. A caucus of the George Etzell group had indicated that the vote would be close. Kay conferred with her chairman, Paul Hoffman, who had come back to Kay’s side in repudiating Roy Dunn. The vote, by secret ballot, seemed to take an eternity as 216 delegates filed to the front of the room to deposit ballots. A split second before the result was announced, the news was whispered excitedly throughout the hall. George Etzell had won by a scant 28 votes.

“It was the women who stood firm,” exulted Marge Howard. “The national committeemen publicly gave women the credit for his victory. ‘It is the end of Dunn’s political career,’ said Kay.

The greatest fight lay ahead—the defeat of the highly organized Taft forces in Chicago. They controlled not only the national nominating committee, but members and the temporary chairman, and it is said even tried to control what visitors got into the Convention.

“I will never vote for Taft’s nomination,” exclaimed Kay. “I’m convinced from the telegram I’ve gotten that the people don’t want Dunn.”

For weeks before the National Convention Kay had been receiving as many as thirty letters a day from people expressing their anger at the convention, their opinions about Franklin Roosevelt, and their feelings about women’s rights. Kay took the time to write to all of them.

One day while browsing about Lillington, Nathaniel Hawthorne strayed through an old churchyard and read this epitaph:

Pearly lived, Pearly died;
Pearly buried. And no one cried.

In the next few weeks Kay found herself the center of attention among the leaders of her party. She was besieged by reporters, politicians, and the press who were interested in her views on women’s suffrage.

One day, as she was leaving the Convention, a man approached her and said, “Mrs. Etzell, I heard you’re running for the Senate.” Kay smiled and said, “I am not interested in the Senate. I am interested in the election of a President.”

The election of 1932 was one of the most important in the history of the country. It was a contest between two great leaders, both of whom had been deeply involved in the political life of the nation. The choice was between a man who had been a successful businessman and a man who had been a dedicated public servant.

The election of 1932 was a decisive victory for Franklin Roosevelt. He won by a margin of more than 2 million votes, and his victory was a turning point in American history. It marked the end of the era of conservative Republican rule, and the beginning of the modern Democratic Party.

Kay Etzell went on to become a leading figure in the Democratic Party, and she played an important role in the election of Franklin Roosevelt. She was a dedicated public servant, and her efforts helped to bring about a new era of progress and prosperity in America.
Faster... easier... better cleaning with cellose SPONGES

IN THE LIVING ROOM...
2. Washes wells without streaking or dripping.
3. Sponges clean upholstered furnish-
ers quickly.
4. Windows come sparkling clean.

The only sponge with "WATER-BREATHING ACTION"

UNBREAKABLE PLAS-TEX WASTE BASKETS in soft pastels and bright kitchen colors

For easiest housework, you should keep a supply of O-CEL-O sponges handy to help you every day. Use them in your daily cleaning... it's faster and so much better. Get a supply today!

O-CEL-O INC.

3 colors

Many handy sizes

Sponge out spots quickly.
7. Lint-free O-CEL-O cleans mirrors better.
8. Quickly picks up spilled liquids.

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O-CEL-O INC.

The Handy Sponges
Large inc., unbreakable.

GEUDER, a bright much color the faster them.

IRONING better.

O-CEL-O

Iron at the height
that's right for you!

for complete comfort
Sit... or stand
if you wish

Find out how much easier and faster your ironing can be—on MET-L-TOP, the original All.

Metal Ironing Table. No more backache, arm-ache, or foot-ache. Strong, sturdy, never wobbles—built to last a lifetime. At better dealers everywhere... $125.

Other models, for stand-up ironing... $89.50 and $99.50.

MODERNIZE YOUR HOME! Send for full-color folder of Plas-Tex houseware.

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Twin Falls, Idaho

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The Original ALL-METAL IRONING TABLE

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If there is righteous energy in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

—Chinese Proverb

If you've got to spend $150 a night, use the only pledged delegates out of 504 necessary win, Kay felt it imperative that whatever small strength he had should stick by his friends. But there were so few.

The next day as the "stolen" delegate fight waged on before the Credentials Committee in the study TV-spotlighted ballroom of the Congress Hotel, Kay began to worry if her funds would hold out. Taking buses instead of taxis and eating at soda fountains was cheaper and saved funds, but no end to the Convention was in sight.

One of the high officials in Minnesota party office had offered to help her, but she refused politely. "Les and I would rather make some sacrifice of our own," she said practically, "I don't want to be obligated to anybody." She was touched and pleased when friend left a small check in her hotel room "for flowers, or a trip to the beach, anything to make her more pleasant."

Another woman friend phoned from Cold Spring to lend her some money while she would stay at the St. Paul hotel. "We'll make out," Kay told her.

Wednesday night an atmosphere of tension grasped the Convention as the Eisenhowers forces, yelling "No compo," prepared to use the Texas-City delegation fight on the floor. Kay watched uneasily as dozens of blue-coated policemen, taking action at five-foot intervals everywhere she could see. She was on her feet in an instant when a fist flew out during pro-Taft speeches, ready at the bitness in the great hall at the prospect of a vote that threatened to send the Republican Party through the middle, Kay halted when Representative W. J. Manoguerra approached the speaker's stand. This small wire-service correspondent to China long been a personal friend of Kay's.

"This fight has helped the Republican Party, not ruined it," he shouted. "We get the strong objections of both parties. We can't be more objective and fair."

When a man has tuberculosis and I tell him, 'I'm sorry that's going to kill him,' he doesn't say, 'Oh, I'm glad I got it.'" Kay, speaking kindly to her feet, for a moment almost fainted, then pulled herself together and said, "Also, it's worse to have a disease than it is to have none."

"How can we build a party if we don't have people in it?" Moments later the Taft forces conceded the Texas light and the chairmen's gavel rattled the session to a close, 1:30 A.M.

And Kay, like many of her delegates, began to talk about the sacrifice of Taft. "It's a great man," she said to Stassen, "and a good Republican. I held the party together as no other man has in the past..." And Kay, on her own, said, "I think Stassen was the man to keep the party together and the man to win it."

At 2 A.M. Kay and Les were talking in their hotel room. Kay was puzzled that Caucus had been called, and on impulse called the Minnesota floor manager. As they talked, Kay was asked, "What do you think you could do from that place, and out of loyalty to your former party, do you think you would stick to Stassen?"

"I, Kay Stassen, "The last gasp," "I have faith that if there is righteous energy in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

October, 1940
If your mother didn't tell you--

listen carefully now!

No, darling... we're not going to lecture about the birds and bees. If Mother hasn't already cleared up that little question, far be it from us to try.

But we do want to set you straight on another matter that's just about as important to a girl's happy home life. We're speaking of the automatic washer. Greatest discovery since the honeymoon.

You don't agree? Well, look at it from your husband's point of view. Think he wants to rush home from an office full of glamour girls to find the little wife looking like a fugitive from a sweat shop?

Okay... so what with cooking and cleaning and raising a family, you simply won't have time to keep up with a big weekly wash—and keep that come-hither look that landed him in the first place.

Just what we're saying. With an automatic washer in the house you can cross washday right off the calendar. As far as you're concerned, Monday will be just another day in the week.

Take time out to look over the modern automatics first chance you get. The gleaming new models are actually mechanical marvels—sleek as a strapless evening gown. And just as amazingly engineered.

Take your pick of any of the makes you see. They're all tops. And remember this... your automatic washer is at its wonderful, work-saving best only when you use "all." "all" is the washing powder especially prepared for automatic washers. The wonderful detergent every top-flight automatic washer maker recommends.

"all" will make your automatic washer perform its glorious, wife-saving miracle every blessed time.
All the shelves roll out in the new Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Just what you've been waiting for to replace your obsolete refrigerator

SEE this big, true food freezer!
Completely sealed off, completely insulated—with its own cold-making system. Keeps every pound of food fresh and firm for months at a time, in absolute zero-zone safety.

SEE the only heatless automatic defrosting!
Cycla-matic defrosting is the newest, simplest of them all! Not only hani-hes frost before it collects, but gives you positive moisture control at the same time. And does it without adding heat!

SEE exclusive Levelcold—produced by the Meter-Miser!
No more see-saw temperatures! No more "hot spots" or "cold spots." Fresh foods keep beautifully on any shelf. And there's a separate thermostat outside as well as inside, so constant temperatures are maintained regardless of where you place the Cycla-matic Frigidaire.

SEE all the shelves roll out—all the way!
See the aluminum shelves that cannot rust, glide out all the way—putting every ounce of food right at your finger tips! In no other make of refrigerator can this be done! Shelves on the door, too, for added storage space. It's wonderful!

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Cycla-matic Frigidaire

New Low Terms. Now is the time to trade in your present refrigerator. Look for Dealer's name in Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.
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More and more stores are putting Startex packages out where you can help yourself quickly, easily, while shopping! And when you open the clean, Celloglazed Startex package in your kitchen, these colorful Kitchen Towels start at once to do your work—and keep on working for years! No matter what style of Startex Towel you buy—or where you buy it—Startex will always give you the greatest value at the lowest cost. And the smart Startex styles add gay colors to your kitchen, whether you prefer the new woven borders and stripes or the many beautiful Hand Printed towel patterns. . . . Do this today—while you are in your favorite dry goods or department store, or chain store, look for the famous STARTEX PACKAGE on display. Buy two or three packages and consider yourself what time and money these tested kitchen helpers can save for you!

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 112)

made with laughter, pointed out that she needed a quarter to three in the morning. Kay, hourly curiosity, felt that if the other women of the delegation put deliberately excluded from a smoke-room. A moment later, briskly putting her hair in curlers and swallowing a sleep-pill, she announced, "I've got it all out. Sooner as we get home, I'm going to a party bank for the 1956 Convention, whether I'm a delegate or not. I figure in attend ten more of these things—I just can't live for more than forty years."

In four hours' sleep, Kay was up for breakfast caused that stretched until 11 a.m. She sat in session all afternoon, had a heavy supper near the Amphitheater, and was back in her seat until 11 p.m. in a hand stall stupor she sat through the dehumanizing of the morning speeches and demonstrations that swarmed. Buffeted by the thunderous noise, and exhaustion, she clung to the minimal hope that her candidate might win. Three days she had been collaring every delegate she saw, trying to win them to her side. One of these, she found out later, was Rex Bell, husband of ex-film star Clara from Nevada. "Every one of them thought Stassen was a great man, but that didn't win. It's hopeless."

But, Kay, you're known that all along, in less

Taft demonstration lasted half an hour. The Eisenhower show went on with brass bands of different tunes, whirl-balooned, made dances in the ball hall. Hourly curiosity, in part

The wise man of Athens, was asked how crime could possibly be abolished. "It will be abolished," said he, "when those who feel the same indignation as those who are.""Solve

In 1958, a clean, fresh breeze blew into the home, she began her speech for Stassen. Several times as she spoke Chairman Martin rapped on his gavel for the attention. Mrs. Howard smiled, completely unperturbed. "I never do anything. This convention is an occasion, he commanded. "It will be abolished," she said, after "I aimed mine at the television audience." Mrs. Howard was second woman to become a presidential candidate in the history of the Republican National Convention.

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FROM HER Wonderful Whirlpool

Thorough washing and rinsing, perfect drying in minutes—
with the greatest combination of exclusive features in
automatic home laundering!

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Suds-Miser and the Seven Rinses
Wonderful Suds-Miser* savings of soap and
hot water give you money back each wash-
day. And seven scientifically thorough
rinses chase every trace of soap or detergent!
*Optional. Soon pays for itself.
Agiflow Action perfect for all the modern
fabrics! Ever so gentle, yet total cleansing!
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as the dirt's washed out!
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your mind—calls when wash is done!
plus—Flexible Operation, lets you wash-as-
you-wish—Automatic Filling to correct level
—counter-high Top Loading—Five-Year
Warranty on Transmission.

THE ONLY DRYER with
Protective Selective Temperature
Lets you give clothes luxury care—the cor-
rect degree of Whirlpool's breeze-blown
Tempered Heat for drying every type of
fabric exactly as-you-like-it!
Controlled Circulation of fresh-air currents
speeds drying, cuts cost. You'll dry bigger
loads faster.
Satiny-Smooth Drying Drum babies your
clothes. Trust it with your finest!
Germicidal Lamp supplies "fade-free sun-
shine" clouds can't hide!
plus—Extra-effective Force-Flo Venting of
lint and moisture—fingertip touch Door Re-
lease—instant Automatic Ignition (on Gas
Dryer)—handy Interior Light.

Promise yourself that soon you'll
know the supreme satisfaction that
Wonderful Whirlpool can bring to washday!
Picture your pride, with these beautifully-
mached automatics "on display" in your laun-
d room. Between them, they assure you con-
vieniences beyond compare...economies with-
out equal. Yet Whirlpool costs no more than
ordinary appliances! Your dealer will gladly
tell you how easily you can own the Washer,
the Dryer, or both Wonderful Whirlpool units.

Whirlpool
AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILY OF HOME LAUNDERING

WHERLPOOL CORPORATION, ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

In Canada: John Inglis Company, Ltd.
This month's kitchen I watched grow from the time the first shovelful of earth was lifted for the little Cape Cod house. The architect's blueprints were exciting—two comfortable bedrooms, the bathroom, the gracious living room with the big corner fireplace, the small kitchen with a view of the bay.

The biggest problem in this 8' x 12' kitchen was to make room by the sunny windows for an eating place for four, since the little house has no dining room. Secondly, the lady of the house wanted room for a full-size refrigerator with freezing space, since the village is several miles away and weekly shopping saves time. She also dreamed of a two-oven range and a dishwasher.

With the wise architect and the Journal staff, the kitchen was completely planned before the walls went up—and what a difference the planning made! For example, by moving one window on the plan a few inches, a whole extra row of cabinets fitted in. Right then and there, I learned a large lesson for all home builders; plan first and you won't have regrets afterward.

The equipment in this kitchen was lined up along two walls. Shallow shelves and a cupboard were recessed in the end wall, leaving the window wall opposite for a table and chairs.

A plastic-coated wallpaper in a spring-flower pattern blossoms with soft blue, pale pink and green. Raspberry-pink floor tile and delectable pink counters give a year-round lift to the room.

Complete and perfect, I said to myself, a book could be written about this kitchen. But better still to live in it!

Complete and perfect

By Gladys Taber

Double-oven range flanked by cabinets with one-piece plastic tops. In corner, 9" cabinet files cooky pans, cooling racks. Ventilator above whisks all cooking odors out of the kitchen.

Sink-dishwasher has garbage grinder. Maple cutting board at right of refrigerator has knives filed in rack at the back. Cabinet over refrigerator is moved forward for easy reaching.

Tall closet files all cleaning supplies for the entire house. Pull-out bin keeps vegetables fresh and handy to the sink. 4½" deep shelves add extra storage from floor to ceiling.
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EconoTrol TOP BURNERS. Two burners in one. A high heat for fastest boiling; click and only the center flame burns for keeping or keep-warm. The lowest setting is ideal for waterless cooking....keeps foods "steam-table" hot...melts butter, chocolate without a double-boiler. Even with this important feature you make a substantial saving when you buy a HARDWICK gas range.

Better baking will reduce your food bills. Long after you've done over your kitchen with what you've saved when you bought your HARDWICK, you'll keep saving on your grocery bill. The balanced-heat oven bakes perfectly everywhere—no shifting or turning of pans, no baking failures to waste food.

Gas has got it!

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HARDWICK's smokeless broiler will be a wonderful asset in your newly remodeled kitchen. The live flame imparts charcoal-like broiled flavor to steaks and chops...keeps your kitchen smoke-free and sparkling. You will save money by not having to redecorate so often.

EconoMarine—HARDWICK's economical, automatic method of lighting all burners, including the oven. The thrifty pin-point pilot is about 1/2 the usual size, so even this luxury feature will save you money....and it means a cooler kitchen even in hottest weather.

THE INCOMPETENCE OF CANDY

(Continued from Page 44)

"Thank you, darling," murmured Jane; and then, on a falling inflection, "Oh—mushrooms."

"Oh dear, don't you like them? You always used to."

"Never mind. It's perfectly all right—but I don't believe I'll have any tea, thank you." Would you rather have a glass of milk?"

"Well, it was my mother, who had never had any tea. You haven't any cocoa, have you?"

Naturally Jane would yearn for cocoa on the day she couldn't keep warm in the whole year when the tin was empty. Jane herself never ran out of things, not even small gold safety pins.

"I'm sorry, but we haven't," said Candy briskly; and added, "Wouldn't you like to come downstairs for a little while after your supper? It would be a change for you." And if Green sees her gone, so appealingly flower-like, so delicately dependent.

"Thank you, darling," said Jane, "but I really don't feel up to it."

"Greenall Parker's here, and he's dying to meet you." If this was not perhaps the strictest, thirtieth, third-Spanish-moss business, Jane would have been dying to see her.

Jane shook her head languidly. "Next week," perhaps.

"He doesn't come every Sunday."

"Oh, doesn't he?" Jane sounded surprised. "I thought—"

"Gracious, no!" Candy arranged the tray on a small table. "He and I live happily ever after by twilight."

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they fly ever by twilight.

—SIR FRANCIS BACON

"Jane, he's buzzing me—SIR Adam Greenall—SIR Adam Greenall and Jane, Adam Greenall and Jane, Adam Greenall and Jane."

"I'm sure," said Jane, and she sounded almost normal.

Candy went downstairs again, but not to the kitchen. She needed a respite. Let Jane drop over her mushrooms in solitude; let Bill and Greenall rewrite English history. Candy was far more interested in Queen Elizabeth in the magazine section, and she settled down comfortably before the living-room fire. . . Half an hour later, much refreshed, she heard the Campbells arrive, and Bill come out to greet them. Eventually everyone came into the living room.

"Well, for heaven's sake," Bill exploded indignantly, "will you look at the American housewife! While Green and I ruin our hands and slave away in the kitchen, you loll over an extravagant wood fire doing nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Mollie curled up happily in a corner of the sofa. "Listen, Willy Stewart, Candy is one of the very few women in the world who can do absolutely nothing. She doesn't have to knit or smoke or hem or chew gum or—or anything. She just sits. It's remarkable. It's unique."

"It's disgusting," said Bill, outraged.

Candy glanced at Greenall, slouched comfortably in one of the wing chairs. He was grinning amably at this exchange and their eyes met. Candy reflected that Green had an extraordinarily sweet smile. Oh, dear, if only Jane was here. He doesn't have to worry about Richard the Third, and Candy started into the flames, distressed once more at the confusing problem of her younger sister. Jane, who was so much a--beaut of the family, was simply throwing away her life.

Most pretty girls have two or three ardent suitors and a handful of beau; Jane had an--fat, neat green leather notebook, full of Men. All the Men in the book seemed to want to marry her immediately; Jane wasn't even slightly interested in marrying any of them. And yet she had never seen her sister intimately for twenty-six years, was well aware that Jane had a goal—and it wasn't Big Business. Jane's goal, like that of any other less beautiful, less brilliant girl, was a Man—a very Special Man, and a house to put in, and children to put in the house with him. Candy was perfectly convinced that Jane had already bought and furnished the house—mentally—down to the last doorknob, and the children in the well-spaced intervals. The only thing Jane seemed to have left unplanned, was the identity of the children's father; and, Candy thought wonderingly, not even Jane can hate three fatherless boys and a girl. Not without causing tact.

"Oh—now, I have an enormous, frustrated sigh. Greenall Parker would be so absolutely perfect as Jane's Special Man. A sweet disposition, a tolerable business, genuine interest to look at, a gentleman—what more could any girl want? And, in addition, Green had what Candy always thought of as All That Money; and there was no denying that Jane was a rather expensive girl.

Bill's voice suddenly caught her attention. "And American women is that they have to do too many things:"

"And what does that do to the American women?" Adam inquired politely, and added "Sir?"

"It confuses them," Bill explained.

"Most of us are not in the least confused!" Mollie objected.

Green spoke suddenly from the depths of the wing chair. "If our everyday are confused, it's no wonder. Our grandmothers were kept busy just being wives, mothers and housekeepers—but to women of the twentieth century that's just amateur stuff! Our women have to be wives, mothers, mistresses, interior decorators, tailors, dressmakers, dietitians and taxi drivers. They have to know how to arrange flowers, telegraph congressmen and wear perfume that expresses their personality. And they have to look ten years younger than their age. And furthermore," Green said, his right arm dramatically aloft, "do you realize that the American man doesn't have to know more than a quarter of these things? Why, he doesn't even have to know what kind of permanent wave to have!"

There was a small silence. Then Adam unfolded his endless legs and, striking the top of his head, spoke more in sorrow than in anger: "Mr. Parker speaks truth. The American man hasn't anything, has he? Before Green the American women have hair. Now, Mr. Parker, can you account for that?"

"Lots of hair," Bill agreed sadly. "Green, all, you're a dangerous influence. I don't realize you were a feminist."

"I'm not!" Green objected. "I'm a realist. I'm driving at the fact that I'm in a dangerous influence. I was going home, but I guess I'll stay.

"Nothing wrong with American women!" Bill mused wonderingly. Candy threw a magazine at him and missed.

I didn't say there was nothing wrong with American women," Green said. "There is. They prefer competence to charm."

Bill eyed Greenall, his scalp bobs waving--and an antenna. "Now I agree with you. And I can give you a perfect example. My sister-in-law, Jane. Candy looks wildly about for something else to throw."

(Continued on Page 150)
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Cont (continued from Page 118)

Mollie set up. "While you're looking for examples of American cooking, why not examine the whole field? Look, for instance, at your wife, William."

Obliquely, Bill looked at his wife. "Oh, well, she's a hopeless case, isn't she?"

Green's smile was charming. "No—we're not talking about Cundy."

"I don't think we're discussing American women," Cundy said innocently. "Mollie, dear, we D.P.'s must stick together. Mollie's twice as capable as I am, and everyone thinks she's a born fool."

Mollie took this as the tribute it was intended to be, and looked modestly down her pigtail. "I do. I could come from women, have cooled and fluttered their eyelashes while they boredom and delivered balls, and just depend on what you were taught."

"I wonder what Jane was taught?" Bill asked dreamily. "And when?"

"Filling Category—" Cundy began, but Adam began to sing in an impressive if unstable tenor, to the tune of one of those rags that Administration. It's Marvelous."

"You're capable—you're competent—you're most good as me!"

Bill took it up: "An—foul-stunt got no heart—so far as I can see!"

"Oh, Bill," Cundy laughed humbly. "I didn't hear you! And anyway it's not true!"

"She's the oddest, grinning evilly. "All right, all right, darling. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

So, after-warward, Green Parker left Mollie followed Cundy out to the stables and began abruptly to rinse glasses.

"You know, Mollie?" Cundy said, "Mm?"

"Mm?" said Mollie, brightly receptive.

"About Jane, I think she's pinching away for Christmas Bement."

"Christopher? You don't mean that cam- cotten British bens? Here's the one who came while you were away last fall."

Cundy nodded solemnly.

"But he called her a donkey!" Mollie said vacantly. "Well, how can she pin for a man who called her a donkey? She walked right out of this house and left her!"

"That's why," Cundy said. "Darling," Mollie said gently, "you're out of your mind."

Casyh earnedly wound the dishcloth into a long rope. "Listen, Mollie, you know what I think I think the trouble with the American woman is that she has to do so many things. She gets married, why the face of the family and she hates it! No—no—no."

I don't mean she wants somebody to push her around and grind her powder; I just mean she feels that it's a little a little. She likes to be told firmly but kindly what to do."

"So she's on and do the opposite,? Mollie said. "Mm. I see what you mean."

"But it has to be done gently. A sort of tender, bullying affection."

"And you think that Outpost of Empire gave any evidence of gentleness and tender affection?"

"Certainly not!" Cundy cried. "That's what I mean! Why, I wouldn't marry that Christopher if he were the last man on earth."

"Well, it's very good, dear," Mollie said equably. "Aside from the fact that you've never seen him, there's always Bill."

"You're not Jane, Oh, don't misunderstand me, Mollie! I wouldn't have Jane marry herself. Why, she's an old woman of her life! But she thinks that Christopher is strong-minded."

"She could be right," Mollie said. "But—oh, dear, just you don't understand Jane!"

"No. Mollie agreed with finality."

Jane has had her own way for years. And she just looks at men and they fall as though they were across the base of the skull with a length of lead pipe. And when she's tired of them, they toss them aside like a rake."

"Worn-out glove," is the phrase. So?"

"Now, when she meets someone like this atom-splitting Christopher thing, she goes all to pieces. She thinks it is. And, really, he isn't the sort of man who could make anyone happy."

"I hope Jane happy?—Candy paused, glancing over her shoulder at the pantry door.—is Green- all Parker."

"There was a short silence.

"What's the matter?"

"What makes you think," Mollie asked carefully, "that Greenall will agree with you?"

Candy's mouth fell open. "Why, there's never been a man yet who looked at Jane."

"There has to be a first time for everything," Molly observed. "And anyway, why not about Jane? If this Christopher Bement is on her mind—""

"I should think so. Of course, that's perfectly true. Candy gave a deep sigh and unwound the dishcloth. "That's why I wanted Jane to meet Greenall now, while she's still—"

"Feeble-minded," said Mollie understandingly, and then she said, "Yes."

During the following week, Jane recovered rapidly; that is, she reacquired her complexion, her color, the glints in her dark red hair and even a part of her energy. She did not, however, recover her discretion. To tell the truth, Jane snapped.

When the telephone rang, Jane stiffened, her face looked like a bird. If the call was for her—as it was it was—she flew as she had never flown before. The tone of her voice was "hello" was flutelike. But each time, it flattened out in disappointment. To this day, she has never been able to speak to the number. She had so eagerly was ignored after she had read to club. (Get well soon. All my love, Phil. The two new books lay unopened on his living-room table. (To spread your yard, your valsecence, Yours, Don.) She went through her morning mail like a steam engine and subsided into languid silence.

Unquestionably, Jane was not herself.

And then it was Sunday. Bill had gone to collect Day off from Sunday school; Sandy was happily immersed in the book-review section.

During this time, Jane was at the window, looking out. She was regarded as the "Orange." She was regarded as the "Orange." So, to spread your yard, your valsecence, Yours, Don.) She went through her morning mail like a steam engine and subsided into languid silence.

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(Continued from Page 120)

Exactly, Candy thought incredulously, the way I planned it. It's an omen—now I know it's going to work! Feeling slightly dizzy with power, she dropped the paper on the floor.

"I must go and get Sarah ready for lunch," she said. "Oh—Jane, darling! You're down! Jane, this is Greenall Parker—you've heard us talk about him, I know. My sister—"

And she drifted out of the room, out of the house, down to the apple tree at the foot of the garden. She sat on the sand pile beside Sarah. Now, if Bill and David would only see a lot of people they knew at Sunday school and take a long time getting the ice cream, an eggshell satin wedding dress with Grandmother Goodwin's lace veil . . . and the bridesmaids in leaf green.

SOMETIMES later, the station wagon roared into the driveway; from it emerged Bill and David, bearing between them a quart of vanilla ice cream.

"Where is everybody?" Bill asked.

Candy said primly, "Jane and Greenall are in the library."

"Hi—m," said Bill. "Been there long?"

"Oh, half an hour," Candy tried unsuccess- fully to keep the triumphant note out of her voice.

"Hi—m," said Bill again, but differently.

They left the ice cream and the children in the kitchen with Ellen and went through into the front hall. Quietly Candy moved to the living-room door—and stopped with Bill immediately behind her.

In the big wing chair only Greenall Parker's tweed-trousered legs were visible beneath News Section No. 2. Jane was cozily ensconced on the window seat, inside the section marked Drama—Music—Travel—Gar- dening. The room was filled with the sort of quiet that has unmistakably gone on for a long, long time.

"Hi," said Bill.

Nobody jumped guiltily, Green lowered the paper and said "Hi!" cordially. Jane kept on reading in unfeigned concentration and then looked up with a bright smile.

"Hello," she said. "Back at last? Isn't lunch nearly ready?"

"Right away," Candy said crisply; avoid- ing Bill's sardonic eye, she picked up the front page and enclosed herself within it. Let them manage without her for a while. If the Sunday paper was so utterly fascinat- ing, she could be fascinated too.

Lunch was even more maddening. Jane and Greenall seemed to be on the best of terms. They clearly liked each other enor- mously; they laughed heartily at each other's jokes—and that was all. Jane treated Green exactly as she treated her brother-in-law Bill; and Greenall behaved as though the beautiful Jane Goodwin were nothing more than the pleasant little sister of an old friend.

It was not until lunch was over that the dramatic event occurred, which—as Candy told Mollie the next day—was the worst moment of her life, to date. They had just finished their coffee; the children had gone up to take their naps; and Jane, put- ting down her cup, had said, "Well, if you don't mind, I think a nap sounds awfully inviting—"

when the doorbell rang. Bill went out into the hall; and Candy's heart leaped like a salmon going upstream. For Bill was saying, with great heartiness, "Why, Christopher Bement! Come right in—I haven't seen you in months!"

Jane's lovely mouth, which had been open in mid-sentence, stayed open. Candy screwed it to her feet. Only Green Parker seemed quite unperturbed. Mr. Bement entered the living room with that curious brand of self-possession which belongs only to the British and is frequently mistaken for shyness. He was slight and not very tall, with straight flaxen hair and per- fectly blank blue eyes; and he kept his handkerchief up his sleeve. To Candy, Mr. Be- ment came as a distinct shock. Why hadn't Bill told her that Christopher was as mild?

"I thought perhaps," Mr. Bement was saying diffidently, "that—er—Jane might like a bit of a walk?"
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Here are statements guaranteed to raise your political blood pressure. They were all made by members (not necessarily the wisest) of one party or the other in the heat of controversy. By labeling each of them True or False you can take your own political temperature. You may also use the label Neither True nor False for those you feel are only part true. For scoring rules turn to Page 268.

To stir up some real fun and discussion at your next party, try this quiz on your guests.

1. Twenty years of Democratic Party rule has saddled the country with corruption and political hacks. The country needs a change. ☐

2. A Republican President would be the tool of big business. ☐

3. The best hope for peace is in strengthening NATO. ☐

4. Acheson should have been dismissed for standing by his old friend Hiss. ☐

5. Capitalism would have collapsed during the depression, but the New Deal saved it. ☐

6. The union worker’s rights have been unjustly denied by the Taft-Hartley Law. ☐

7. If we had bombed the Chinese Reds a year ago, the Korean war would have been over by now. ☐

8. Taxes could be lower if the present Government had not wasted money so outrageously. ☐

9. Inflation will continue to spiral as long as the Government keeps on giving wage increases for its own political advantage. ☐

10. Relief-benefit payments have always been used for political purposes. It’s time for reform. ☐

11. By helping the backward nations of the world, we can stop the spread of communism and help ourselves. ☐

12. McCarthy has done more harm than good. ☐

13. Roosevelt sold out the U.S. when he was taken in by Stalin at Yalta. ☐

14. The unions are full of racketeers and actually don’t represent the workers. ☐

15. We shouldn’t call it the national debt. It’s an investment. ☐

16. The Democratic Administration is taxing us into socialism. ☐

17. If we don’t have price controls, inflation will ruin us. ☐

18. To get a square deal for the minorities a civil-rights program, whether state or Federal, is essential. ☐

19. The U.S. should give financial and military support to Spain in return for military bases. ☐

20. During the years of 1948 to 1952 big industry has piled up the biggest profits in its history. Increased new taxes should come out of these profits, not out of the pockets of the wage earners. ☐
Luxury on a budget... Needletuft rugs and carpets

Ask at fine stores to see Needletufts, the fabulous floor coverings creating such a commotion in decorating circles. You'll be delighted with their supreme beauty and wonder how such luxury is possible at a budget-price. Here's the answer:

Needletuft rugs and carpets in cotton and man-made fibers are produced by revolutionary new manufacturing methods that bring the price down far below their luxury look while offering you MORE in quality construction... years-ahead styling... a glorious range of colors coordinated to other home furnishings... deep, luscious pile... a heavy non-slip backing... a vast selection of textures, patterns, and sizes.

For beauty, for durability, for sound value... you cannot invest your decorating dollar more wisely than in Needletuft.
sweet cider over the ham and sprinkle it with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 3/4 cup dark brown sugar. Turn the oven up to 400° F. Bake 1/2 hour, basting frequently to make a fine glaze. Remove to a platter. Garnish with parsley and a few cran apples.

Gravy
Drain the fat from the pan drippings. Measure 2 tablespoons of this fat into a saucepan and mix 2 tablespoons flour into it. Add 3/4 cup drippings, 1 cup sweet cider and 1/2 cup water. Stir until thick as gravy and smooth. Also, be careful that it is cooked enough that no taste of flour is left. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve over hot sliced ham or pork.

Strong-arm stuff. You can find a lot of curious things in a cornfield. Some are “curiouser and curiouser,” as Alice in her famous Wonderland so truthfully said, but I’ll bet she never came across a Hubbard squash. The Hubbard squash is a very curious thing. It is covered with what one might call warts. It has a strange and unusual visage. It is of a rather repulsive green, as if it had been grown under compulsion and under some system that called forth a sort of resentment. It is as if an old maid, having given up the role of being a wallflower, had decided that she would not only be as ugly as possible herself, but would do everything she could to damage the wall behind her. Resentment can go no farther than this. But inside it is quite another story. Our maiden squash has a wonderful disposition. She is as hard as nails, but melts at the slightest loving and understanding treatment.

Baked Hubbard Squash
Cut a open a Hubbard squash. You’ll need an ax for this. Remove the seeds and cut it into serving-size pieces. Place on a rack in a steamer or a coveredcasserole. Add 1 1/2 cups hot water. Cover and steam about 1/2 hour. Lift out the squash and arrange it in a shallow baking pan. Brush it generously with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped filberts. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 1/2 hour or longer, until tender, while ham is being prepared. Serve with additional melted butter or margarine after 15 minutes of baking.

Not a pin wheel in a million. Every little boy and girl in this country knows what a pin wheel is. They associate it with just one thing, and that is the Fourth of July. What we are about to discuss is quite a different matter. It is the pin wheel roll and this is what it’s all about. You can do these rolls all the year round and change the name according to season. For now, they are

Onion Pin-Wheel Rolls
Prepare a roll mix according to directions on the package, or rolls made according to a receipt you know well. After the dough has risen, roll it out on a lightly floured board into a rectangular shape, about 8” x 20”. Spread the dough with a mixture made this way—and be sure you let it cool before spreading. Saute 2 cups chopped sweet onions in 3/4 cup butter or margarine until golden brown, season with 3/4 teaspoon salt. Roll up like a jelly roll and place cut side up in greased muffin pans. Let them rise and then bake them in a hot oven, 400° F., about 15 minutes.

Beet relish salad
Drain 1 No. 2 can whole or sliced beets. Chop half of them. Dissolve 1 tablespoon lemon or pickle relish in 1 cup boiling water. Add 3/4 cup beet juice, 3/4 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon grated onion and 1 teaspoon salt. Chill until thick. Fold in 1 cup chopped cucumber and 1 cup chopped beets. Pour into a Hubbard squash. Chill until firm. Garnish with greens. Serve with a bowl of sour cream dressing.

Sour Cream Dressing
To 1/2 pint thick dairy sour cream add 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3/4 teaspoon sugar, a little grated onion and pepper to taste. A little dill dell adds a nice flavor.

Glomerot in the making. To make something glamorous is the first duty of woman. If she can’t be glamorous herself, she should learn how to glamour her way by using her hand and knowledge to produce something that will cause her to be talked about—in a nice way, of course—for a long time to come. She can take a simple fruit and turn it into a confection that will make her guests’ eyes bug out and cause her family to chzem. In other words, she has hit the bull’s-eye, and she fully intends to keep it up.

Yes, she has taken the simple orange and done something. Mrs. A. has achieved a home run. Read on, and learn what she did, for she made

Orange Sherbet in Frosty Shells
First things come first, or so I say. So let’s make with the orange shells. For 6, you’ll need 3 good-sized oranges. Cut them in half and squeeze out the juice. Take out all the membrane and pulp so that you have empty shells. Wrap them in wax paper and set them aside in the refrigerator until your sherbet is made.

Sherbet filling: Beat 2 eggs until light, adding 1/2 cup sugar gradually while beating. Stir until the mixture is thick and soft. Heat until the mixture is tepid, then beat in 1 cup cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice concentrate (use it unbuttered). Add a few drops of yellow and red food coloring to make the sherbet a color more attractive. Pour this mixture into a freezing tray. Put it into the freezing compartment and let the sherbet get to its coldest position. When almost frozen, but still a little soft to the touch in the center, wrap it all into a bowl. Beat it smooth with a rotary beater. Return to the refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

Fill each half orange shell with a ball of sherbet, rounding it smoothly as you can. Stick a piece of citrus on the top, to imitate a stem. Return them to the freezing compartment until the orange shells themselves are well frozen. This takes several hours. In fact it is better to leave them there overnight. This is something that won’t spoil, but get better as the hours go by. If you have a freezer, or a refrigerator equipped with special freezer compartment, you can make them several weeks in advance and freeze them. Be sure to take them out 10 or 15 minutes before you serve them, so that the shell can become frozen on the outside. For this is what makes them glomerous.

In the fall of the year. And now we have come to the fall of the year. Whatever our dreams may have been, whatever our ambitions may have been, whether dreams and ambitions have come to fruition or frustration, we must take up the slack of summer and make of the days that are here what we have missed, what we have passed by, what we have forgotten. I shall be seeing you in some other October, and then we can compare notes and see how we all came out.

Your Annuit
A LOVELY LIGHT
(Continued from Page 53)

getting along all right and so is Norma and Kathleen's dad is better now. I went to practice and a boy called me a little chiquita and I asked him what he meant and he said because I was the best singer and I thanked him * * * * * * here I will write you a poem that I am going to speak Thanksgiving

On Thanksgiving Day little Dorothy said, With many a nod of her wise curly head, The cook is as busy as busy can be, And very good to fit it's easy to see She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner

I do not know the other verses as well, lots of love to your loving daughter VINCENT

Edna St. Vincent Millay was eight years old when she wrote this letter. She was born February 22, 1892, at Rockland, Maine, the eldest daughter of Cora B. and Henry Tolman Millay. Like all early literate children in America during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, she and her two sisters were avid readers of St. Nicholas Magazine. In the summer of 1910, E. Vincent Millay, as she signed her work then, sent to the St. Nicholas League a poem called "Forest Tree." It was published in the October issue.

The following year three of her poems were accepted and she had the added excitement of receiving the Gold Badge of the St. Nicholas League. Four more poems appeared in St. Nicholas. Then in 1910, approaching the age limit of 10K, she won the prize which she acknowledged in this final letter:

Camden, Me.
[Summer 1910]

Dear St. Nicholas:

I am writing to thank you for my cash prize and to say good-bye, for "Friends" was my last contribution. I am going to buy with my five dollars a beautiful copy of "Brownie," whom I admire so much that my prize will give more pleasure in that form than in any other.

Although I shall never write for the League again, I shall not allow myself to become a stranger to it. You have been a great help and a great encouragement to me, and I am sorry to grow up and leave you.

Your loving graduate,
EDNA VINCENT MILLAY

While the Millay girls were still young, their parents were divorced. The girls lived in Camden with their mother, who did practical nursing to support them. Relations between Henry Tolman Millay and the family, however, were always friendly. He was superintendent of schools in Kingsman, Maine, as children, Edna, Norma and Kathleen were known in the immediate family as Wild, Hank and Wump. These names appear repeatedly in the poet's letters to her mother, who was often of necessity, away from Camden.

Camden, Me.
August 18, 1911

Dear Mother,

It's too bad! Wump (Kathleen Millay) and I have been waiting for Norma to write as it is her turn, but she doesn't seem able to get around to it and I'm not going to wait any longer * * * * * *

Doesn't it seem good to be out of quarantine? I should think you'd be just hopping joyful. Unless you're too tired even to hop, you poor dear. Binnie's sorry!

Norma's just found out that we're writing. She's madder than time. She's just rushed in for her stationery box and I'm afraid you're in danger of receiving three letters from us in the same mail. I thought if she saw us writing she'd get started. Poor young-one! She was almost crying. Serves her right! Do her good!

About my photographs, I've just called up Mrs. Merrill and she told me to call him up this noon. I would have done it before but I didn't want him to send them up until I could pay for them, you know. He's such a crock old bear. I'll send you a card and let you know about them. Will you go in and pay for them? I'm crazy to get them.

No, we haven't a cent, but we'd just as soon. I'll write papa today. I'm crazy to go

(Continued on Page 141)
The same bright, good looks that moved Ashcraft indoors from the porch, upstairs from the recreation room, have sparked the demand for Ashcraft bedroom furniture as well. Here it is, to complete the usefulness of this handsome furniture for all of the major rooms in your home!

Its graceful lines, light finish and wide choice of gay fabrics make Ashcraft distinctly decorative, whether you use it by the roomful or as a dramatic change-of-pace with Modern or Traditional. It is sturdily built of steam-bent Ash for long service. This makes Ashcraft a wonderful buy to pamper your budget for living, dining, and bedrooms. Because you can choose it for immediate needs, and continue to use it smartly in so many ways for years and years. See Heywood-Wakefield Ashcraft at your favorite furniture or department store now while selections are complete.
Christmas Shopping With the Journal!

A CHRISTMAS GIFT that says "Merry Christmas" in a hundred different ways twelve times a year . . . that's Ladies' Home Journal, the magazine Women Believe In.

By wishing Merry Christmas with JOURNAL, gift subscriptions you'll be saying Happy New Year, too—all through the year! You can shop in the comfort of your own home with no worries of wrapping or mailing . . . and you have selected gifts sure to please . . . gifts that will bring friends and relatives the best in reading for months to come!

Each gift will be announced in your name with a colored card timed to arrive in the Christmas mail.

I will give you now a rough list of authors and books, the principal ones; without attempt at classification:

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Metallic red, green; satiny silver, lustrous copper; ivory and white.

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Now . . . have lovely, colorful walls and ceilings in your kitchen and bathrooms . . .

easy to keep sparkling clean, with Kem-Glo, the durable enamel that washes as easily as your refrigerator. Ideal, too, for all woodwork throughout your house and for indoor and outdoor furniture. Even boiling hot water won't hurt its lovely finish. One coat covers most surfaces . . . dries in 3 to 4 hours.

Color-matched to Super Kem-Tone.
In preparation for enrollment at Vassar, Miss Millroy went to New York in February, 1913, and studied at Barnard College during the spring term. Her first letters back to the family in Maine were written from the Residence of the National Y.W.C.A. Training School.

135 East 52nd Street
New York City,
Feb. 6, 1913

Dear Mother and Girls,

This is the first chance I've had to write, and I can't write very much now, because I'm tired and have to get up early in the morning to go to school. Yes, so quick! * * * I'm all registered and I have a class ("English 21," they call it) at 10 in the morning, am in room No. 840, on the eighth floor of the National Training School—and the loveliest place and one of the biggest I ever saw, and most, that is, I've seen some pretty big ones already. . . . We have dinner at night, on the eleventh floor, sit at Miss Dow's left at the head table. She's "de half time" here and lovely to me. She's the biggest woman I ever saw. I probably shall be here only a week or two. We've begun already to make investigations concerning a dormitory, Brooks Hall or Whittier Hall it will be. We shall perhaps know tomorrow.

From my window in the daytime I can see everything—just buildings, too, it is buildings everywhere, seven & eight stories to million and billion stories, washing drying on the roofs and on lines strung between the houses, way up in the air:—they flap and flap! Children on roller skates playing tag on the sidewalks. * * * And noise, yes, in New York you can see noise. * * *

I rest completely in my berth last night. (I tipped the porter, too, this morning, a dime.) The train was an hour and a half late. In the night we stopped somewhere and I reached out and raised the shade a little so as to peek and leaned on my elbow and looked and saw a big sign all lighted up on a big dark factory—"Brookline Die Company." I think it was. * * *

Just think, I traveled Pullman all the way, it didn't seem very long, I was so lovely and comfortable. This morning. . . they made me go to bed when I got here and after a while a maid came in with my breakfast on a tray and raised the shade and told me what time it was and went out and I had more fun. I'll bet when the chambermaid put away my kimono & slippers and cap they thought they were cute. I found the kimono on a hanger in the closet and the slippers under it and the cap over the corner of the mirror. Send my comb along will you? I forgot it and have to borrow one * * *

I'll write you whenever I have time but guess I'm going to be a bit busy.

Must go to bed now. Just basketful of love.

VINCENT

[135 E. 52nd St.]
New York City,
Feb. 9, 1913

Minerva's the yarn—that hooks the rugs—that go in the house that Jack's building

You don't have to be a genius—it's A-B-C easy, it's fun, and economical—to make hand-hooked treasures. Minerva offers you a Rug Manual with complete instructions for every kind of rug making from small scatter rugs to large lavish add-a-squares—from authentic Oriental reproductions to lovely Early American Florals. Use Minerva Sparklestone Rug Yarn for that crowning look of elegance.


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James Lees and Sons Company
Dept. 8-4, Bridgeport, Pa.
Please send me Minerva Rug Manual, Vol. 78. I enclose 75¢ in coin (no stamps, please).

Name: ________________________________________
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The ‘Chlorophyll Green’ Soap with the Pure White Lather!

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NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION
... Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!

The first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you’ll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild, so pure, its fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care. In 128 impartial tests proved beyond a doubt that the Palmolive beauty plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

Massage Palmolive Soap’s extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm, splashing water and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right... it is just right for your skin. You’ll need no other beauty aid. Palmolive’s beauty plan can make your skin look its loveliest... and its most lovable!

Madison Avenue Presbyterians! Dr. Coffin is wonderful. O, my dear,—tremendous!

I have learned to glare with a wild hunting expression all about me at a corner, to club fiercely on occasion those fellow creatures whom I love as myself, and to run and grab,—literally grasp a streetcar! I have been here since Wednesday and I am become a hardened citizen of a heartless metropolis. Adamanitady,

VINCENT MILLAY

P.S. That is the name I am called by. I didn’t think how odd it would seem to you. V.M.

[133 East 52nd St.] New York City Mar. 6, 1913

Dear Mr. Ficke,

I think you are very, very nice. And I wish very much that you were here in New York and that some of the people who are here were out in Iowa.

I am not being Bohemian. I am not so Bohemian by half as I was when I came. You see, here one has to be one thing or the other, whereas at home one could be a little of both. And whereas heretofore I have amused myself in idle moments by the diffusing of indiscreet letters which I would now give the half of my kingdom to have present (unless indeed that confession has made this letter also indiscreet) prudent to the point of Jane Austin. I don’t want my hand habits at home—bridge-pad, cigarette-case, and cocktail shaker. I brought with me all my toilet habits,—diary, rubbers, and darning-cotton.

This is not intended to be humorous. So please believe that this whole page is true, and take it seriously.

Tuesday, at the luncheon given by the Poetry Society to Alfred Noyes, I met... It isn’t that. I have heard, Witter Byner. He was one of the speakers, and he spoke very well.

Miss Rittenhouse (Jessie B. Rittenhouse, poet and critic) is to have a Literary Evening (don’t you hate the expression?) Sunday. I’ll tell you about it later perhaps—’tis may be a lot later, you understand. I am sure that none in New York has time to write letters. This is quite an illusion for me now. I hope you didn’t ask me any questions.

I am quite settled down. I run in my new rows now like a well-directed wheel. Sometimes, it is true, I feel that I am exceeding the speed limit. But, I seldom skid, and when I do there is very little splash.

Please give me some good advice in your next letter. I promise not to follow it.

Very sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY

New York City, Mar. 13, ’13

Dear Fanny,

I don’t think I’ve written you really a truly letter since a week ago yesterday,— and that was a small one, wasn’t it? So I’m going to start in with March the fifth and tell you a little of what I’ve been doing since.

Saturday I went to International Art Exposition. Impressionistic school, you know and perfectly unintelligible things done by people they call “Cubists” because they work in cub-shaped effects. Everything they do looks like piles of shingles. I get some postals of the pictures, I think—especially the one called “The Stairs”, and if you can find the figure, outline it in ink and send it back to me.

Sunday—My party at Miss Rittenhouse’s. She told them they were there to meet me. There were present (it was just a small party) Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Markham, Dr. & Mrs. Roll-Wheeler, Mr. & Mrs. Louis V. Lederer (he’s charming), Sara Teasdale, Anna Branch, Edith M. Thomas (tell Mother to look her up in these Atlantic Monthlys), Gertrude Hall, three or four others. Witter Byner and Dugal Walker, a young artist that Miss Branch is very anxious to have fall in love with me and me with him. She doesn’t suspect that I know it. But you should hear her talk about him to me.

He’s really a darling, too, Sunday but I was very much taken up with Witter Byner, with whom I had a long chat, and Mr. Walker, early in the evening, we lasoood and tripped through a young thing from boarding school who can talk with Miss Thomas.

Yes, I have talked a lot with Witter Byner. He has said to me, “Do you mind I smoke?” and I have said to him, “Not the least”. He has professed me his cigarette case and I have said, “Thank you.” He has raised his eyebrows and said, “O, y don’t smoke?” And I have replied, “N ever, certainly.”

He—Then you have no prejudice against it.

I—None whatever.

He—I’m glad of that. My sister used think it dreadful but now she smokes it than do.

(Do you ever think of Witter Byner having a sister?—I never did.)

We talked a long time. And later in the evening he told me about his beautiful voice, and he reads beautifully. It was truly wonderful to hear it like that. He’s crazy about it anyway. I suppose he’s gone back to New Hampshire now. He lives right on the border between N.H. and Vermont.

And now, dear, he said, “Is it you forwards from Texas was from the craziest kid you’d ever heard of. He sent me some of verses. “To a woman,” “I’m a man” — “I’m the rest of the day.”

Lots of love,
VINCENT.

135 East 52nd St. New York City. Thursday, May 8.

Dear Fanny—

I’m feeling awfully ticked about something I don’t want to say. I have a poem accepted. Don’t jump at any conclusions. It just has to do with Barnard. Last week, been up a theme for a send in, I dug up Inter & submitted that. I hated to do, because Bower, professor of English at Columbia usually reads the verse themes—picks out three or four times with a given cynicism which would spoil even good verse and is especially hard on middle-class. If takes a dislike to me, I deliver accordingly & I was scared to death for he would read it & I should be obliged to up and take it away from him.

Here,” he said, “Is a very interesting piece of verse that I want to read to you that is well worth reading.” — I noticed there wasn’t even the tiniest curl of a twinkle in his eye, and you may be was I watch for it. * * * * * It’s supposed to be a thoughts of a man about the woman he who has died very unexpectedly & very scantily. The attitude is naturally ral tense. It is written in blank verse—Well, it is called “Interim” & I begin.

He read it beautifully. I was never astonished in my life. He had really got the “Interim” just last year and not changed at all. He seemed to understand every bit of it. Nothing shock him from the beginning. The lines the theme figure at the end a little gauzy, but he’s thought him, you know, he read with understanding, & when he stumbles over one line it was six or seven other fault. He skipped back and did the whole paragraph over.

When he had finished he asked, as usual, “What will you do next? Are you going to?” (The dit by the way, are crazy about, of which no anon—and when somebody suggest “Well, it certainly isn’t very ambitious at all.”) He went on. “No, it is a very remarkable production for a girl in college. The verse is very smooth, & there are a great many striking figures. For instance—“a” he read over the part about the plan spending time on the table.”

That’s about all he said about it, but course he gave me an A on it. * * * You needn’t bother to send the “Fortune” I’ve seen it in the college library. Have you read Witter Byner’s tremendous “Tip” in the same number? It isn’t a very plan...
I Camden, wasn't like letter her enough half don't singing and didn't thought got won't anymore.

In Session.—

Goodbye, Cora B. Millay:

May 9, 1913

Girls, I can't wait to you— I have seen Sarah Bernhardt in Camille!

It came back, and I'm one to pieces, but oh, soul— She only did one— the last— she was leville, you know and were a half-dozen other things beside. Oh, when I can tell you, when I can tell you—!

Vincent, Vassar, New York.

Mr. Ficke,

you hadn't written to me for as long as I can remember, I should be for just about now, thinking I had lost a. Probably men are different, and you might be tired. So, you see, it was picture, the other one, the one I was bad, I've started to do a fired times, and then somehow didn't. I've packed and unpacked it, and I've had it around with me for years, and it's been a veritable flying Dutchman. Not just couldn't get to port, you know, been bewitched and unholy, its influence me has been hellish and horrible beyond description, and now, take it! I have sent it! Yes, I have. Don't ask me how I did not know.

I'll find a little tear at the bottom. I'm wept, I didn't and I was that way that I got them. There was a little notice beside saying, "Received in the New Office in bad condition." But I'm sorry the same.

One I keep the mind more Anyway, is the one I like to think is more like you. 'Tho the one I am returning without interest, * * *

I Vassar for me next fall, I think, and

I know there's got to be a little time for piddling. Do you know any about a canoe? Someday I shall live in it, and then I shall be happy, to have one of the almost own all

if more, you know what that means. It means I can paddle bare all alike.

Such a crazy letter! Sincerely your friend, VINCENT MILLAY

"My Native Heath"
July 12, 1913

Dear Mr. Ficke,

Your letter got stuck in the box and I have just found it. Of course by this time you know that I am back in Camden and that it is "all off" but I thought you would appreciate a letter of condolence. This is it. I have been back and forth about New York so much for the last few months that it doesn't seem possible. I'm really not to see you, that I can't just run in and be there, you know. It would have been fine to see you, I'm sorry.

But why on earth didn't you come on a little sooner? I've only been home about two weeks now. I have a fearful amount of study ahead for this summer. I must pass examinations in mathematics and American History, and I always just—just—shun, as you might say, through algebra, and all I know about American History is one verse of the Star-Spangled Banner. It's really horrible, when you stop and think, which I'm taking pains not to do. I'm stealing time for this letter, I hope you appreciate it.

Now I really must stop. Write me when you get to New York. It's a lot different from Iowa to me now, just across the yard, you know, in every but distance.

Sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY

During the summer of 1913, with entrance to Vassar in view, Miss Millay applied herself to her studies. She was being tutored in Latin by correspondence with Elizabeth E. Haight, professor of Latin at Vassar. At the same time she crammed on other subjects to be ready to pass the entrance examinations.

Professor Haight says in Vincent at Vassar, a Memoir, written after her pupil-friend's death: "The college then set exacting conditions for the B.A. degree required four courses in English, one Classical Language, one modern (French or German), History, Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry, half a year of Philosophy, and students had to take 14 or 15 hours of class work for three years, 12 to 15 in the last year.

She fulfilled all these conditions and then built her course around her own interest. English studies were its foundation, and they included a wide range and great teachers: Old English and Chaucer with Christabel Fiske, Nineteenth Century Poetry, and Latin; Victorian Poetry, an advanced writing course with Katherine Taylor, English Drama with Henry Noble MacCracken, and the Techniques of the Drama with Gertrude Back. Then she enriched her knowledge of literature by many courses in foreign languages: both Greek and Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish."

To Arthur Davidson Ficke: (Vassar College

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

1914)

Go to!—Would you have me write you an improper letter?—Upon my soul, I half believe you would! And I am not yet so Vassarized but that such a thing is still possible. But I should never send it, you know—so what would be the use?

Let me tell you something; Don't worry about my little songs with wing; or about any of my starting and original characteristics concerning which you ought to worry, as you be my friend, for quite a different reason. I hate this pink-and-gray college. If there had been a college in "Alice in Wonderland" it would be this college. Every morning when

(Continued on Page 139)
Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial or your money back!

Women in every part of the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

- If you would like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier, don't miss this chance to try Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women all over the United States and Canada are switching to this fast, easy, complexion care developed by a great skin doctor.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for many annoying complexion problems - rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blisters, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema not only helps their skin look fresh and lovelier, but also helps keep it that way.

And Noxzema is greaseless, too! No smears, no messy, stained pillow! It's a pleasure to use and Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to have lovelier looking skin in 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Take advantage of money saving offer! Get Noxzema today.

43% More Noxzema for your money than in Small Jars!

85¢ jar only 59¢ plus tax

Limited time - at drug or cosmetic counter

Look lovelier - or no cost!

Try this simple Beauty Routine!

1. Morning: Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of greaseless, medicated Noxzema as your powdery base. It helps make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.

3. Evening: "Cream-wash" your face again using medicated Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear. How clean and fresh your skin looks after "cream-washing."

4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin look soft, smooth, lovely. Always bit extra over any blemish to help heal them - fast. It works!

*Blemishes! "The 4-step routine with Noxzema quickly helps heal my blemishes!" says Audrey Thompson of Amherst, Mass. "My skin looks fresher and make-up goes on so much better, I'm recommending Noxzema to all my friends."

Sensitive skin: "Noxzema rates A-plus with me, it's so nothing to dry, sensitive skin like mine," says Joan Conlon of Rutherford, N.J. "I 'cream-wash' regularly with Noxzema. It's a wonderful greaseless night cream, too."

Dry skin: "I use water and Noxzema to wash my face," says Ann Bush of St. Joseph, Mo. "This 'cream-washing' makes dirt and make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer and fresher—not dry the way it used to be."

Blemishes! "The 4-step routine with Noxzema quickly helps heal my blemishes!" says Audrey Thompson of Amherst, Mass. "My skin looks fresher and make-up goes on so much better, I'm recommending Noxzema to all my friends."

Limited time — at drug or cosmetic counters.
Anyway, I am become superstitious about you. I think it is fated that we shall never meet.—And possibly that is just as well, and I might be terribly disappointed in you.—(You see I feel perfectly sure that you would like me.)

So you have forgotten telling me that your son's name is Stanhope.—Think of this: You may have told me a hundred things that you fancy still secreted in your esoteric heart! Doesn't that make you awfully nervous?

Sometime when you are in New York you might run up to see me. Mightn't you?—Or mightn't you?—I suppose you mightn't.—But then, again, you might.

Very truly,

Vincent Millay

P.S.—That you should see any "reserve" in my signing myself "Yours truly" is a matter of interest.

[Continued from Page 137]

I am, if you prefer an empty abandons a party reserve.”

Yours irreverently,

Vincent Millay

[Vassar College]

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

May 7, 1914

Mrs. Mother,—

love you. In a few days I'm going to be out. We've drawn lots next year's rooms & see a perfectly won-

real single in North, corner room with two down & lots of room and things, *****

I'm going to get me Vei alcohol teakettle I can have tea & going back my lovely set for show & use cute one, I'm going to subscribe for a couple good magazines & newspaper, so the whole look alive, so to speak. And I'm going to try always to we a flower. I'll have a buy a little furni-

er—get it here cord-hand from the sisters. Desk & extra seat etc.

O, I'm so crazy to get there!—Seems to me I can't wait, tho I'm crazy about the college every thing. *****

Four weeks from tomorrow I take my last exam. May Bull wants to Commencement,—the 10th, but I can't, couldn't stand it.

It's lovely weather here now. that helps.

at tell you I'm all ready to be home—

a wonderful summer we'll have, 'spite Latin Prose & all the rest!—Please make me plant some parsley, if muffin else.

Yo' lovin' chile,

Vincent.

[Vassar College]

October, 1915

Mrs. Ficker,—

I have just come across & read a letter that I received from you last spring, and remember now how very nice you are, and think with chargin' how you will probably never write to me any more.

Do you recall writing to me last April, telling that you were coming to New York, & were thinking of inviting me to an ice-cream soda?—I can't for the life of me think why I didn't answer that letter.

I couldn't have been here because I bath cold-soda,—for I must have realized, even as long ago as April, that you would make it something else, if you were ever thirsty & soda, for instance. The reason might have been examinations,—the reason itself is up here.

(WITH THE CHILDREN)

An eleven-year-old had disobeyed his parents and was quite unreason-

ble when discussing the incident with them. At the time, the parents were so vexed they decided to wait until the next evening to issue punish-

ment when the fire had cooled. On that day a stamp album that had been ordered some time previously, arrived by mail and the boy's father came home with some additions to the boy's chemistry set—donated by a family friend.

When the boy saw the two priced packages his eyes went swim-

ming. A bit choked, he said, "I never felt like such a stinker in all my life. I wish you were the kind of parents who whipped their children and were kind of cruel. It is an awful feeling to know you have hurt your mother and father and have them so kind and good and fair and not take things out on you. I'd rather be spanked last night when we were all mad than feel like this now. This probably doesn't make sense but I feel worse now than after any punishment I ever got in my whole life. You even love me; I can tell."

—KATHRYN COFFEE GLENNON

MISS ELIZABETH CROWELL DUSLEY,
noted horsewoman and popular so-

cialite of Maryland's Eastern Shore. 

Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Dusley says: "Like so many of my friends, I prefer mild, cork-tipped Herbert Tareyton."

—HERBERT TAREYTON—

CIGARETTES

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips...it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE.

doesn't mean just what it says, because my part in Commencement will go on without me,—Baccalaureate Hymn, for instance, or the words of the Tree Ceremonies, which we repeat—and all the songs and our Marching Song which will grace the final activities,—no one really has a speech or anything in Commencement.

What I mean is this,—I can't stay here at all for Commencement: I can't graduate with the class,—my diploma will be shipped to me, as I told Miss Haight, "like a codfish," and it all seems pretty shabby, of course, after all that I have done for the college, that it should turn me out at the end with scarcely enough time to pack and, as you might say, sort of "without a character."—The class is exceedingly indignant, bless 'em, & is busy sending in petitions signed by scores of names, & letters from representative people, all that. It will do no good. But it is a splendid row. 

I don't pretend that I don't feel badly. I do,—I have wept gallons,—all over everybody.—Terribly nervous, you know, because I had sat up three whole nights during exams, to get my topics done,—no sleep in the day-time. I don't want Wump [Kathleen] to know until after she is through there, if we can help it. —This will make no difference about her. If she passes her exams she has next year here sure. It isn't a disgrace, you see, folks,—it's just a damned unpleasant penalty for carelessness of college rules, occurring at a damned unfortunate time.

But I never knew before that I had so many friends. Everybody is wonderful.

Now, listen,—wonderful news, maybe. Edith Wayne Matthson [the actress]—who by the way, is Mrs. Kennedy—not Mrs. Matthson, writes that she thinks she has an opening for me. It may mean my going to Milwaukee for eight weeks this summer, beginning some time in July. Mrs. Kennedy has shown some of my poems to Mr. Platt, & told him about me. Mr. Platt is the man who produced "The Blue Bird" in New York. —He is going west this summer & play wonderful plays,—some of Sygne,—who wrote "Deirdre," and I am to see her, & perhaps will get the chance to go. —I never was so happy, in spite of my trouble. Love.

VINCENT.

New York Sunday

Dear Norma,—

Tell Mother it is all right,—the class made such a fuss that they let me come back & graduated in my cap and gown along with the rest. Tell her it had nothing to do with money—all my hills have been settled for some time.—Commencement went off beautifully & I had a wonderful time. Tell her this at once if you can. I didn't get the Milwaukee season, so I'm staying here & just looking around for a job. 

I have sold "October-November" to "The Yale Review," a fine magazine.

If I got an engagement for the fall then I could come home & do some writing which I am very anxious to do, this summer. But I can't come home unless I have something sure here to come back to,—you understand.

I am feeling much rested & all keyed up to go to work—but, oh, I am so homesick to see you, dear, & Mother,—& the garden & everything! Never mind, if I have good luck I shall come home,—unless I have to begin work at once. 

Please write my darling, darling, darling sister.

VINCENT

(Edna St. Vincent Millay, A.B.)

Soon after this was written Miss Millay returned to Camden and from there wrote to Edith Wayne Matthson. One of the important friendships of the poet's life, and one which began at Vassar, was with this actress, notably successful in the play. The Servant in the House, written by her husband, Charles Rann Ken-
It was to Miss Matthiesson that Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote:

If I should lose my hearing,
Two senses would have lost thereby,
There having passed beyond my reach
At once my hearing and your speech.

Camden, Maine
July the Sixth, 1917

Mrs. Kennedy;

have fled to Maine—it is your fault, pray. You see, you told Haight to tell me
wear my prettiest frock—"and that
and me—because everything I had was
then—and we found by telephonic
Milton was out of town for a
I just suddenly got on a train and
home, because only at home that
work & iron & mend & sew on
as & run in ribbons & make window
ins into hats,—isn’t that true?—I am
as back as soon as I have something
to wear,—but I know it would have
to stay, & I must have seemed a
of a lookout to the theatrical manager.
A wrote me a beautiful letter, • • • •
ing that has happened to me for a long
has made me so happy as I shall be to
you sometime.—You must not forget
you spoke of that,—because it would
point me cruelly.

isen: if ever in my letters to you, or in,
conversation, you see a candor that
is almost crude,—please know that it
is use when I think of
I think of real things,
and stamps and circuses
are very inconsider-

The beautiful is as useful as
the useful, and sometimes
more so.

MATILDA
BETHAM-EDWARDS
French Freeze Poetry
(1056 Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

[New York]
Monday, Oct. 19, '17
rest Mother & Sister,—

this is my answer to your letter,—it makes me feel
so guilty with you both—I shall write him
Yours very sincerely,
VINCENT MILLAY.

S. Thank you, Mr. Kennedy.—I shall be
more and uncomminising.—Mr. W.
if he assays procrastination, I shall
him sharply to account.—V.M.

We were very tired, we were very

We had gone back and forth all night on
the train, and I took Mrs. Schanfeller to the Poetry
ociety last Thursday after having dinner
Helen's, I was to meet them there & just
here I got to the door—dressed so pretty
my green blouse & wisteria skirt &
ring a big bunch of tiny yellow roses—
man & a woman who were putting turned
half asleep, & looked at them & we all
stopped—it was Helen Westley of the
Washington Square Players & that darling
Ralph Roeder—such fun to just plan meet
them on the street. • • • •
I feel really at home in New York now
the man in the Information Booth in the
Grand Central Station knows me and nods &
smiles when I come up for a time-table
or something—I never really lose time-
tables but I have an unfortunate habit of
keeping them in the bottom of my trunk,
you know.

Did I tell you about the day I went into
the Grand Central Subway Station to take
an up-town train & discovered that I had
left from my shopping only a couple of
pennies & a couple of two-cent stamps?
Well, Hunk, the sweet man behind the
ticket, in that one of the seven busiest
places on earth, took the two stamps & a
penny, smiled at me & gave me a ticket—


Tiramisu-ay-ay!—Oh, I do have such a
good time in New York—it's such fun to
treat people as if they were human beings
just like yourself! They always like it &
look & smile & ask how do you know!
—Well, Hunk, the sweet man behind the
ticket, in that one of the seven busiest
places on earth, took the two stamps & a
penny, smiled at me & gave me a ticket—


Today morning

I think I shall send
this Special Delivery,
I have more
tags than I need
(though that is rather
necessary of a poem I once
wrote, isn't it?) &
tomorrow is the last of October,
& after that I believe one
has to use three-cent
stamps. • • • •

Tuesday Night

I'm going to
another concert—going
all alone & secretly—it is
an adventure. One day a few weeks ago, as I
was coming in from Long Island on the train,
where I had been to see the big Rosemary Red
Pageant—in which Edith [Wynne Mat-
thiesson] played—I sat down beside a young
man, because there were only single seats,
I have told you I always pick a man under
those circumstances, because if they talk
to you it is either interesting & you are glad
to listen, or rude and you can shut them up,
but women always talk & you can't do a
thing about it—well, Aunt Calline [Carolyn
Dow] was only four seats in front of us
so I thought it was in front—but I became
suddenly very well acquainted with
the young man, a Polish musician named Ed-
ward Kreiner, who had been in the Pageant
Orchestra. —We had a wonderful time. • • • •
He is extremely well-educated, aged twenty-
eight, married & has a little girl named Eda.
And tonight he is to play as one of a string
quartet. • • • • & I promised to go & hear
him & to go behind & speak to him after-
ward. —And it is pouring • • • • but I'm
going anyhow.

I must bring this to its formal close. —If
there's anything I do have I have kept
from you, remind me of it & I'll tell you in
my next!—Next time I'll try to answer
some questions
Believe me, Hi ham
Has Hever,
Your obedient & humble servant
Sepe.

A few months later Miss Millay's sister
Nora came to New York to join her. Having
found a small room in the heart of Greenwich
Village, they began the year 1918 earnestly
playing open their oysters. In his Lays in Green-
wich Village, Floyd Dell, who himself had
emigrated from the Middle West a few years
before seeking success as a writer, gives a pen picture
of the young poet.

When the Provincetown Players were start-
ing their venture, and a play of mine was to be
given, I remember how, in response to a call
for some girl to play the ingenue part, a slender lit-

"Cream Powder"
COMPACT

• A new blend of "Air Spun" Face Powder and a
glorious cream make-up base

• Magnet-like "CLING" keeps it on for hours

• Feels as light on your skin as powder itself

• Seems to smooth out skin—give it a fine poreless look

• So sheer it never emphasizes
lines or wrinkles

“Cream Powder” is ready to
go anywhere with you in
its own easy-to-carry
compact. A fragrant pattie
that can't sift, spill or crumble.

COZY

Shades: NATURELLE · RACHEL 1 · RACHEL 2 · SOLEIL D'OR · VIBRANT · TAMALE

Fragrances: L’ORGAN · L’AIMANT · EMERAUDE · "PARIS" · MUGUET DES BOIS

125

May be sold complete with mirror and puff

(Continued on Page 143)
NEW LOWER PRICES
$9.95 and $10.95

When you see fashions
like this
and feel foot-easing
like these
in the same pair of shoes
They're the new

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N.Y.
THE FIRST DIXIE'S LAND

Because a Dutch farmer's idea that the rocky sall of his Manhattan acres in the Haarlem section would grow tobacco didn't work out we gathered, centuries later, a song which was to become a bit of our folklore.

The dark-skinned, husky Krumen whom we brought from Afric to work his land couldn't work enough months in the year that in climate to make his project pay, so Jehanne Dixie packed them aboard a ship bound for Charleston. All eight were bought by a plantation owner from the Haarlem section and their long lazy days were over. Working in the tobacco fields, they'd chant their nostalgic memories: "Ah wish Ah wuz on Dixie's land" —

The plaintive melody was sung by their children and their children's children, until none who heard or sang the words had any idea that Dixie's land was a faraway, rock-ridden farm on Manhattan Island.

And it was on that same island that minstrel showman Dan Emmett wrote his immortal song Dixie. He had heard the slaves in the Southland chanting it and recalled the words and rhythm when he was at home in the North. He had no idea that the word Dixie was not of the South too.

While he was composing his song he had no notion that he was within a stone's throw of the Dixie's Land about which he was writing.

— MARY ALKUS

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 144)

This flexees girdle at $1.295 is today's best buy!

What you pay for your girdle is not the way to measure value. The long wear you obtain... the figure-shapeliness... the blissful comfort... are what make Flexees your best buy! Extensive tests—under actual daily wear conditions—consistently prove that Flexees outwears ordinary girdles! For value, for the shape that makes the fashion, be fitted to Flexees!

Profile-Hi Girdle with Flex-Top—$1.295
Profile Bra of nylon taffeta—$2.95

At better stores. For stores near you write Flexees, Inc., Dept. I, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16

(Continued on Page 144)
Enjoy Perfume—this New Way

Arthur, dear,—

Please don’t think me negligent or rude. I am both, in effect, of course, but please don’t think me either.—My mind is full of pounding steam, like a radiator. And I am sodden with melancholy.

However, I should not be saying such things to you, who have arrived quite honestly & even meritoriously at your wits’ end; my own progress, while by no means vicarious, is rather pafing.

I shall send back the sonnets in a day or two. I had to keep them long enough, or my judgment on them would have been worthless. In order to understand them sufficiently to criticize them, I have been obliged to live so closely with them as to make it seem I had written them myself.—The first time I read them I didn’t like them. They struck me as wanting beauty, which seemed important to me, & besides that, they oppressed me vaguely. It is true that they haven’t, except very sparingly, the actually material beauty of color & sound which we tend to consider an immaterial, a spiritual beauty. But the second time I read them I recognized that they have much beauty, & that is of a nature truly spiritual. They weighed me down as before, but no longer like a cloud,—like a great stone, rather. It is their intellectual integrity which weighs the most, although the harsh & sombre restraint of your manner of treatment is extremely telling,—I am scribbling the margins of the sonnets with my pencil—looking for some reaction to them. Once in a while, not often, I feel you do something for an easy, & so unwothy, reason; but for the most part I think the sequence is a very fine and beautiful piece of work.

Your little note was heart-wrinking.—It saddens me, too, personally, of course, to look into your mind through these sonnets, my dear friend,—though, naturally, I forget quite in reading them, as you would wish me to do.—It is a pity you are so far away. There are so few people in the world to whom one has a word to say, Arthur!

Write me sometimes. I shall always care for what you are thinking. —VINCENT.

Miss Milly’s letters of 1920 tell of new friends, continuing work in the theater, articles and short stories which she had begun to write (some signed Nancy Boyd) for magazines, as well as poems published. Among her friends were Edmund Wilson, then managing editor of Vanity Fair; John Peale Bishop, associate editor of the same magazine and poet; Allan Ross Macdoniag; Rollo Peters, the actor. Unfortunately her letters written to Rollo Peters were destroyed by fire.

To Edmund Wilson:

Turbo, Aug. 3, 1920

I don’t know what to write you, either what you would have me to write, or what you would hate me for writing,—I feel that you rather hate me, as it is.—Which is false of you, Bunny.

The note you sent to 4th Street was forwarded to me here. Otherwise I should surely have seen you again before I left. Twice I started to call you up, anyway, but thought that perhaps you would not want me to.

[1920.]

I don’t know just when I shall be in New York again. I am going to the Adirondacks the week from today to spend a fortnight, & alter that to Woodstock for a few days, & on my way back from Woodstock I may stop in New York a day or two.—But that won’t be for a month, or nearly.

I don’t suppose you can get away from the office during the week, & especially now that John [Peale Bishop] is away. But could you, get away Thursday or Friday of this week, & do you think—? Then you could go with me Sunday or Monday as far as Boston, on my way to Lake Placid.—If you can make it, please do come.

I have thought of you often, Bunny, & wondered if you think of me with bitterness.

EDNA.

In March, 1920, Allan Ross Macdoniag about to sail for England and France, suggested to Miss Milly that it might be a good idea to take some of her poems and see if he could place them in English magazines. It was also decided that he take Ar- da Capo and try to interest a theatrical manager. Miss Milly and Macdoniag were both admirers of the comic strip, "Krazy Kat," and often wrote to each other in the "Krazy Kat" jargon, as she did in this farewell verse.

BLESSING ON THE HEAD OR A.R.M. (On the occasion of his going abroad, amnestalling)

Allan dear, it’s ween boun foot

Spirit be erenlik you!

Bless you up and Bless you down,

Bless you into London town,

Bless you round and round about,

Bless you into France and out;

Let your sayin’ an’ your singin’

Set the bells o’ London ringin’;

Let your singin’ and your sayin’

Set the beats o’ Paris prayin’;

Let the sun and rain so sweet

Bless the road befo’ we bet.

Bless the ditch you lay your head in,

Bless the weeds will be your beddin’:

Allan dear, it’s ween boun foot.

Edna loves you,—that’s the true’.

77 West 12th Street,
New York City,
September 11th, 1920

Dearest H’Allin’[Allan Ross Macdoniag]

Long time ago I wrote you a big big love letter, but it never got mailed at all, because in it I told you exactly what to do about Mr. Macdougall [director of Everyman Theater in London] and “Arda Capo,” etc. etc.

Allan, I do wish Mr. Macdougall would see the letter and send me a more reasonable and decent contract, asking for only one year instead of three years monopoly on my play. I want him to play the play but I have to sign such a doggone document, so lawyerly and legal and whereinsoever. (Isn’t that lovely silly joke? It just occurred to me?)

* * * Rollo Peters is here in town, the tell me, but I just got back so I haven’t yet seen him, the Lord bless and keep him, he darling. I have met a handsome and fervent Don Giovanni of an Italian baritone and am learning to speak Italian. He sings the solo baritone parts of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Boheme and Butterfly and Faust and Pagliacci. From the point of view of character and personality, he is just a sweet and friendly fellow, not so the as well nor so broad as a church door, oh, oh, how he doth sing! He was spending time

(Continued on Page 146)
So much softer!
So much stronger!
...because it's a double ply tissue

Soft-Weve is two thicknesses thick. That's why it combines the luxurious softness of facial tissue with the practical firmness a toilet tissue must have. You'll love its gentle, clothlike texture—in fact we call this finest of all tissues "water-woven." Ask for it "next time."

Cleansing tissue soft...yet toilet tissue firm—because it's double!
Tips on Gifts for Your Man
by McGregor Sportswear

**Is your man an October man?**

October is his sign, if he celebrates his birthday between September 23 and October 22, and it’s no wonder you’re crazy about him! He’s a guy who’s slated for success in everything he tackles, and he’s got more friends than any 10 people you know. Compliment him to make the most out of life for both of you!

GiftoftheMonth:
**McGREGOR’S WASHABLE GABARDINE SCOT SWEEP SPORT SHIRT**
That man in a million deserves this sport shirt in a million! Scot Sweep looks like a custom-tailored shirt with or without a tie. It’s cut for easy action...crafted of specially woven superfine Gabardine in 12 exclusive colors...completely washable...guaranteed not to fade or shrink out of it! $7.55

Cited for weightless warmth...
**McGREGOR’S MILUM WOLLINGTON**
...the seven gabardine action jacket with the... Marion's Millum to keep body heat in...fluffy, fluffy-warm Jun Gel Lite to keep cold out...perfect protection against the elements! $25.95

Check this for October giving!
**McGREGOR’S SNOWY CORVOST**
Is a wadderside attraction! Really! Tassels check cord...expertly tailored, buttoned with glistening pearl, and right at home with his smart sport jacket! $10.00

FREE! Your snow new features McGREGOR’s exclusive glistening cards and patented “Gifts Velope.” Choose yours...have a wonderful Christmas and New Year’s! **McGregor**

He'll Always Remember You Gave Him...McGREGOR
At his favorite men’s shop or department store
David D. Dosinger & Co., Inc., 303 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

(Continued from Page 1#)

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL 1146 October, 1932

...weeks in Woodstock. And I learned a lot of Italian. * * * I can read it, I find, almost as easily as French, which is easy, almost as easily as English. And in a short time I could speak it, were I in Firenze, let us say, or I am uncle that kept a fruit store.

Did you know, it’s wisdom too, that it ain’t good to have her bobbed? Sawful cute. I look, when I am blessed with health, approximately twelve years old. Dainty, Alling, for Edna’s pretty hair. She was so tired of putting the pins in, I’m wondering what she’ll say. He’ll think I am sorry, but he won’t, really.

I have enjoyed the Victrola so much I can whistle almost the whole of the Fifth Symphony, and the four most extraordinary ones. I have solved many a whining hour to sleep. It answers all questions, the noblest, mightiest thinking that has ever passed through my soul to my soul. Indeed, without music I should wish to die. Even poetry, Sweet Patron MuseForgive me, words, is not read, you must find that lately more and more my fingers itch for a piano, and I shall not spend another winter without one. * * *

I have been reading some new songs, the wedding matrimonial chants of the Igroots, or some such darmed thing, of dear.

Lots of love, E.L. Alling, till I see you again, which will soon be.

Edna,
77 West 12th Street.
New York City
October 29, 1929.

Arthur,

I love you, too, my dear, and shall always,
just as I did the first moment I saw you.
You are a part of Loveliness to me. Some-
times and always, when you were in France, I would read over the sonnetas you had sent me—just as you have being down mix with—& long for you in an anguished of sweet memory, & to the world more and out to you in passion. It seemed incredible you were not in the room with me, you were so much nearer, & more than anything else in love, the dress I was wearing. —It doesn’t matter at all that we never see each other, & that we write each other. We shall never escape from each other.

It is very dear to me that I know you love me, Arthur,—just as I love you, quietly, quietly, you know all your strength, & with a strength greater than your own that drives you towards me like a wind. It is a thing that exists, all of a sudden, like a sparkle, like anything roundly beautiful; there is nothing to be done about it,—& nothing one would wish to do. —There are moments, of course, when I largely with you, that it is different. One’s body, too, is so lonely. And then, too, it is as if I knew of a swamp of violets, & wanted to take everything else in love, & think of nothing else in love, because you are my friend.—But all that is the least of it, my dear. —And you must never understand,—
You will never grow old to me, or die, or be lost in any way. —VINCENT.

West 12th Street
New York City
Monday night, Dec. 20, 1920

Dearest, hoary Vincents,

The reason why I have not written you for so long is because I have been sick. I am all right now, however, but I have not been as sick as I almost ever since I moved in here,—bronn- chitis for a while, & another small nervous breakdown after that. I didn’t want you to know, at Georgia, that you would worry. —But that I am all right again I have decided that the thing for me to do is to have a change,—change of everything,—so I am going to travel.

The editor of Vanity Fair has a scheme whereby he is doing very good things for the Magazine, one under my own name & one under Nancy Boyd. So I am going to Europe, technically as “foreign correspond- ent” for Vanity Fair, although the articles need not necessarily be foreign articles.—probably most of them will be. This is the thing for me to do, I know now much, dearest,—& my work, more than anything else, my poetry, I mean, needs fresh grass to feed on. I am becoming sterile here; I have known it would be, & I see it approaching if I stay here.—Also, New York life is getting too congested for me—too many people, I get no time to work over there. I shall be entirely alone, except for a few people to whom Mr. Crowninshield & some of my friends here will give me letters. And I need to be alone for a while. I shall come back a fine strong woman.

Now, darling, it is needless to say that I cannot possibly go on living in New York. I am sailing on the 4th of January, two weeks from tomorrow. I have made all arrange- ments about my passport, etc. & have bought my passage, & have my stateroom on the Rocheambeau. * * *

I send you for your very own—not to give away, because it is just an extra one—one of the pictures I have had to take to go on my passport. In some ways I think it one of the most remarkable, & I shall not see—no retouching, no shadows, no flattery—just stark me. I hope you will like it.

**COULD YOU SAY IT WITTIER?**
Edited by John M. Henry

The straight and narrow path would probably be wider if more people used it.

JON C. PARR
In Willow Street, New Jersey.

"A cautious woman is one who has never let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby, frightened by a triangle then, he has stayed out of them ever since."

Overheard in Augustus, Maine, babushkary.

"Perhaps the greatest satisfaction with school taxes comes when the kids become educated enough to read the comics themselves."

Blackstonian, Jr., P. Parent-Teacher speaker

If you follow the crowd, you may have to come & go like R. B. LOCKHART in Pinda, New York.

Until the time comes when a man can get alimony by crossing his legs before a jury, equal rights are only a delusion & a snare.

JAMES CORNWELL
In Stanton, Neb., Register

Sweetheart, could you come as far as Auntie, or could you come as far as Uncle?

VINCENT, in about a week, do you think?—Then I will come to see you. * * *
I just don’t understand the whole thing just as I told it. It has nothing to do with any love affair, past or present. What the future may bring I don’t know, maybe something more satisfactory than I’ve had so far. But that is not even on the horizon. I’m going as a free woman, a business woman, & because I’m a woman.

Write me, dear. And will you forgive me for not writing a word to you for so long? I see your devoted daugther,

VINCENT
Hôtel des Sables Pères
65, rue des Sables Pères
Paris, March 6th, 1921

Dearest Mother,—

It is the sweetest and the most wonderful letters! They are so lovely that very often I read parts of them aloud to my sister, just as literature. * * * This time you have given me for the little flower. I never saw one like it, either.

I’m going to the sea-shore in about five days now and I am crazy with excitement. * * * Sweetheart, how would you like, in place of the birthday present I did

(Continued on Page 144)
WHAT'S THE SOFTEST THING
BETWEEN YOU AND THE PAVEMENT?

AIR
as in AIRFOAM!

Look what's come between you and the hard jars of walking—AIRFOAM in shoes! You get glorious new comfort underfoot—you literally walk on air—because this Goodyear miracle cushioning is foam rubber and buoyant air!

Cool air, too—because ever-resilient AIRFOAM is porous, self-ventilating. And AIRFOAM takes your foot's shape, cradles every callous and contour in superb buoyancy—gentles the jars for legs and spine—feels so good for the life of the shoe!

In any kind and style of men's and women's shoes, be sure you get genuine AIRFOAM, made only by Goodyear. Look for the AIRFOAM identification on the shoes you buy—for comfort's sake!

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.
DON'T "CHOKE" SKIN GLANDS WITH DULL, DEAD SKIN CELLS

REMARKABLE 1-MINUTE MASK DISSOLVES OFF DEAD PARTICLES. LEAVES YOUR FACE CLEARER, BRIGHTER, SOFTER!

Your skin is constantly renewing itself. Every day fresh, new cells are building up from beneath. And old, used-up dead cells are being cast off from the outer layers of the skin.

But some skins are slower at "sloughing off" the flaky, dead skin cells. These dry particles accumulate on the skin surface—layer upon layer—until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to look dull, flaky—and worst of all, pore openings begin to enlarge... blackheads are apt to appear. Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

Now—Pond's brings you a special at-home treatment to help speed up a too-slow sloughing off of dead skin debris. This remarkable treatment is the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's quick. It's easy. And it's amazingly effective.

Wonderful results in 60 seconds!

Just spread a cool Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream lavishly over your face—everything but your eyes. Leave this snowy Mask on for one full minute. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens stubbly clinging, dead skin cells—actually dissolves them off! Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue clean. How delightfully fresh and tingling your skin feels. How much brighter it looks. Smoother... clearer... lighter!

Always before you go out—give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. A Mask two or three times a week will help keep your skin at its loveliest.

For the skin that doesn't like a heavy make-up...

use a thin, thin film of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!
health-o-Meter

This page features an advertisement for the health-o-Meter by Health-o-Meter Corporation. The ad highlights the 161 model, emphasizing its accuracy, easy-to-read dial, and finesse in design. It suggests using it for health tracking and daily weight management.

breathing made easy...

This section contains a letter from Hal to Etta, expressing his love and的愿望. He mentions his intention to meet her and shares his thoughts on their relationship. The letter is short and sentimental, reflecting a yearning for physical closeness.

Jantzen

A section promoting Jantzen apparel, mentioning their latest collection and emphasizing their quality and fit. The text suggests that their products are perfect for those who value comfort and style.
The Green Giant comes to town with a "top flavor" idea

The Green Giant shows the best way to prepare his famous peas

The Green Giant wants you to get all the fresh young flavor (vitamins and minerals, too) that have made his tender peas the best-liked in the land. Fix 'em according to his quick, easy directions tonight. See how good peas picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor can really taste!

Green Giant Peas

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Pour liquid into pan. Boil until one-half remains.

Add peas and pat of butter. Heat gently without boiling. Season and serve.

Ladies' Home Journal

Ask any Woman
By Marylene Cox

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were discussing their husbands. "You say it's the Brown in him," said Mrs. Jones, "while I say it's the Jones in him, but I'll tell you what it really is: It's the man in him.

"Oh, she's just a doting girl," says our youngest sister, scolding about another teenager.

The farther away the desk is from the teacher, the more apt it is to hold a little girl.

Before purchasing our Pennsylvania homestead, our yard was filled with leaves from a neighbor's campus. Now the wild wind blows our leaves onto a horse farm across the road.

Any child will blow a fuse or learn to travel on a short circuit if the ideal set for him is too high.

When one of the black-haired daughter's suitors sent over a large gift of finely carved beads, a bearing card: "With affection and respect," my husband hurriedly gathered a conscience bouquet and inscribed a card, "With mixed feelings.

My grandmother, a plump, darling round lady, who would have been a fine woman, held opinions. She didn't think of much that was new in dieting. "No working beast," she told my mother scoldingly, "can live on a straw a day.

The wrong kind of ear-stoppers: Apartment wives overheard: "Do you hear anyone yelling at my kids last night?"

"No, I was too busy sneezing at my own.

From cloudy skies, then green grey, white sun, and, finally, a glorious harvest.

If you don't think of all the food you eat, you are doing it wrong. I'll bet you eat right.

But I don't think of all, I never do.

I just don't think of all, I never do.

No, I was too busy sneezing at my own.

One day I'll learn to live on a straw a day.

In this grey city where there is never a筛查 of sunlight. Outside my window is a great grey wall flatter than against it like a band; it is the second window it is almost in the room; I have to keep the light burning all day.

I smoke too many cigarettes, and the German food nearly kills me—hot bread and cabbage come, and when I want a pot of plain rice and an apple. Fortunately I have to exercise, because I can't afford the gas in my room.

Oh, Hal, do come soon, dear!—And, as you write a letter which I can't read, you can't see for it, you don't see at all?—But you mustn't bless me anyway, mad creature.

ar little note hurt, hurt me, my ar, I don't mind saying. I've known him for it—don't you see all at?—But you mustn't bless me anyway, mad creature.

The weather is still the same, and the room is still just made, foward me, from your end. The others came some time ago; I think I have received them all. You do not know how much they mean to me, my dear end. You must never tear them up. Sometimes they have thrush loveliness back in me, where there seemed almost no place it. I am living curious and difficult days

If you haven't decided to move for a moment, you will see that I am putting on the typewriter, because you want me to write a letter, and I believe me.

Your letter of December the 19th and the 21st have just reached me, forwarded from home. The others came some time ago; I think I have received them all. You do not know how much they mean to me, my dear end. You must never tear them up. Sometimes they have thrush loveliness back in me, where there seemed almost no place it. I am living curious and difficult days

March 22, 1922

Mrs. James and Mrs. Brown were discussing their husbands. "You say it's the Brown in him," said Mrs. Jones, "while I say it's the Jones in him, but I'll tell you what it really is: It's the man in him.

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The wrong kind of ear-stoppers: Apartment wives overheard: "Do you hear anyone yelling at my kids last night?"

"No, I was too busy sneezing at my own.

One day I'll learn to live on a straw a day.
Dear Milkman,

Please leave my milk in Pure-Pak from now on.

It's as simple as that!

Women all over America are discovering that this new milk buying convenience is theirs for the asking. A simple note to your milkman will let him know that you, too, want milk in disposable Pure-Pak containers. Nothing to wash or set out. Pure-Pak containers are used only once, only for dairy products, only by you! Ask your milkman or write him a note today! Pure-Pak saves him work, also!

Pure-Pak Division, EX-CELL-O CORP.
Detroit 32, Michigan

To Witter Bynner:

Hotel Ritz, Budapest
February 22, 1922

Poor boy,—did Edna write him solemn letters from German cities and frighten him almost to death?

Oh, Hal, you absurd nut!

As I sit in my small but costly apartment looking out upon the Danube, the thought of you hits me on the head like a piece of lead pipe.

Oh, Lord—oh, Lord—Oh, Hal!

Apoplectically yours,

Elsa.

I am now going under the divan and have a fit.

[ Café de la Rotonde ]
[ Paris ]
[ Tues. Apr. 25, 1922 ]

Dearest Kids [Norma and Kathleen],—

Here are your mother and sister sitting with Margot Schuyler at the famous sink of corruption (see above) of the Latin Quarter.—Mother has a cold and is imbibing a glass American, which is to say a hot rum with sugar and lemon.

Me, I have been sick in bed about all the time since mother came—the weather is frightful here, it has rained every day for nearly three months. But in spite of hell, we have had a swell time together.—Mother is so wonderful, and she enjoys every.minu.et.

We have moved from the Intendence because it is so curt expensive, and are now in a cheap but not a very clean hotel on the Boulevard du Moumentaise. * * * *

We have rooms right side by right. I must eat my soup before it gets cool, mother says—to forget about us we are having dinner in the Rotonde Grill Room, a new addition to this emporium.

I can never tell you, Normie, how beautiful I think the hat you made me. Every little thing about it is perfect and oh, it is so beautifully made. * * * * * (Margot now says I must eat my nœx de veau braisé aux endives while it is hot.)

The meat is now et, and I am doing as well as can be expected. *

Griffin and Curtis Mudd who have just come in say that I must eat my tarte aux cerises while it is cold!—Love, and thank you so much, darlings.

Sincerely,

[Shillingstone, Dorset ]
[ August 8, 1922 ]

Sweet old Arthur,—

Am having a fine time.—Wish you were here.

I've thought of you a lot.—I've been thinking somewhat, too, of Mrs. Fate and Mr. Good, and other star parts in this Hicktown mellerdrummer full of worn-out jokes entitled, "Life, or Ain't It Hell to Be Thirteen."

Glady's [Glady's Brown, an artist] is here, just down the road from me and has a horse to ride, and looks handsome in her rig. I have discovered that she puts on damwell. Why didn't you tell me?

Oh, how ridiculous everything is!—Our conversation broken off in the middle of sentence!—My dear, you know what I mean all I mean, and when I send my love know I mean that, too.

—Vincent.

Hôtel du Panorama
Cassis-sur-Mer
Bouches du Rhône, France
December 15, 1922

Dearest Little Sphinx [Isobel Simpson Vassar classmate],—

My instinct, of course, when you tell me to come home is to come home!—But I have a mother with me who won't come home unless she has seen Italy! * * * * * at any rate, are leaving France very soon and going into Italy. We are going slowly along the Riviera, to Cannes and Nice and Monaco, and then on to Italy. In the spring we are going to stay for a month which is a month in London, and then are going to come home!*

Dear, there's nothing wrong with me.—I have been very sick; but am better now. This has been quite respectable, but very unpleasantly ill—tended arising from improper diet, unfamiliar queer food, Hungary and Transylvania, etc., which have played the devil with me.—That dear mother has been with me, and has been getting straightened out, and I came within an inch of having pention which is not a thing to have.

Well, so much that. Only now I must get up and hurry to the Great Western Cinema.

From your loving serpent,

Esx.
Family favorites become new treats with molasses

How long is it since your family has enjoyed the appealing flavor of old-time real molasses? It’s a taste Americans have loved since early plantation days ... a taste your whole family will really go for!

For real-molasses flavor at its best, insist on Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses, made from freshly crushed southern plantation sugar cane. In all molasses recipes, Brer Rabbit insures finer results.

NEW TREAT!
Brer Rabbit Molasses Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon allspice  
½ teaspoon cinnamon  
½ cup shortening

Sift together flour, baking soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening; beat in sugar gradually. Blend in egg and molasses; beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Fold in raisins and rolled oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls 2” apart on greased baking sheet. Bake at 325° F. (slow moderate oven) 12-15 minutes or until firm and brown. Let stand 1 minute, then remove to cooling racks. Makes 4-5 dozen.

IN MOLASSES COOKIES, in hot, spicy gingerbread—for glazing ham or "candying" sweet potatoes, nothing equals the tempting goodness of real New Orleans Molasses. Your family will say you’re wonderful if you give it to them in dozens of delicious ways. Today —why not whip up a batch of these crisp Brer Rabbit cookies. The recipe is easy.

BAKED BEANS ARE TWICE AS GOOD if you enrich them with plenty of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses! Add a little chopped onion and green pepper for an easy "casserole" guests will rave about. For an even heartier dish, cut frankfurters in half lengthwise, brush with molasses, arrange on top of beans and bake in hot oven.

Please take note please give fair judgment please spread the good news

Just because the idea of Tampax and the principle of Tampax are novel in your experience, don't pass this product by without really thinking about it. Otherwise you may miss something of vast and practical value... Tampax was invented by a doctor, particularly having in mind the average woman (married or single).

The first question for any woman when choosing a method of monthly sanitary protection is: external or internal? Well, Tampax is internal and it combines great absorption with very small size. Made of pure surgical cotton, each Tampax has its own dainty applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. No bothering with belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. You can't even feel it while wearing.

Full month's supply may be carried in purse. Tampax is so compact that disposal is the easiest thing in the world. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restaurants throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from Page 152)

Mrs. Dalgleish's Knave (1923)

June, Two Days Before the Tenth (1923)

Darling Mother:

I am in town just for a few days, motoring out to Croton on this afternoon. At last I am doing all I can do, having been away from home for a long time. I am compiling a complete reference guide to the area, including photographs, maps, and other information about the region. I hope you'll find it useful.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a room, weleaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
I ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From the dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went van, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.

We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, "Good morning, mother!" to ashawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.

Love and love and love and Happy Birthday, sweetheart, and see you soon VINCENT.

The marriage of Miss Millay and Eugen Boissevain took place July 18, 1923, at Croton-on-Hudson.

Croton-on-Hudson August 24, 1923

Evelyn, darling [Esther Rose—]

No, they were all married, & I did not laugh—
All my childhood in those bayberry-bushes, & queen of the meadow, or maybe you called it hardback, & rose-hips...and cranberries—I remember a swamp of them that made a short-cut to the railroad station when I was seven. It was down across that swamp my father was, when my mother told him to go & not come back. (Or maybe she said he might come back if he would do something.)..."I must lie down & rest before Genie comes home. I am much stronger, but I still have to lie down rather often."

Doctors, my dear. How is it? We're getting along, & how wise.

To her husband, Eugen Boissevain, the poet wrote few letters since, until his death in 1949, they were rarely separated. In the later years Ill health often made it necessary for Mr. Boissevain to act as his wife’s amanuensis. Letters from strangers were answered directly by Mrs. Boissevain. The following letter to Mr. Boissevain was written by Miss Millay on her first reading tour to the Middle West after her marriage.

Chicago & Northwestern Station 10:05 A.M. Wednesday [1924]

Darling—

I have made my train & here I sit. The thing is just about to pull out. The conductor has “the most musical and lovely way."

Did you ever go from Chicago to Cedar Rapids on one of the Mid-Western so-called Parker-cars? Well, don’t. The only difference I see between this and the day-coach is that you have only one person at your elbow, & you see the backs of several people’s heads, & if you are lucky you get a seat by the window & can look out. If you fear you have two people at your elbow—one at the right & one at the left, you stand into the faces of a long row of people, and your chair is nailed with its back to the window so that you couldn’t possibly see a thing, even if you should happen to want to which I shouldn’t say unlikely.

I got through my two readings yesterday in one piece enough—the one in the afternoon in Evanston was a great success—a crowded house, large audience, etc. but the one in the evening was in a private house! A bunch of wealthy people came together to see what I looked like & bet with each other as to how many of my naughty poems I would dare to read. I was self-sufficient & knew that my children were sweet & real people, & intelligent. There were a few women who came up & talked to me who had never read any of the poems beside the "Figgs from Thistles"; & one man, who was a college professor, who had brought me home, was really a delight, awfully nice & clever & willing to know everything. I showed them my books by heart.—He said he knew my seventeen-year-old daughter also knows my poems by heart.—But I am afraid she may be a bit more like a prostitute it was last night.—I kept saying over & over to myself that I was just right for them. "Never mind—it’s a hundred & fifty dollars."—I hope I shall never write a poem again that more than five people will like.

It is wonderful to write to you, my dearest. It takes the state of almost anything, I find. I wanted you so last night. I was pretty sure of course I was tired too.

...just been into the diner & had my lunch. I feel a little better. They certainly eat a lot there.

It’s amusing to think how entirely, totally, absolutely different everything would be if I were in this country. It makes me laugh; so funny that there could be such a difference.—Oh, it will be so lovely when we are together! I told some people yesterday that we are going to Java & China in March.—Why not? For we are, are we!—Aren’t we? Well, we got out of our troubles. None of them matters when I think of you...

Edna

A few weeks later Miss Millay and Eugen Boissevain set off on a trip to the Orient which took them to Japan, Korea, the Dutch East Indies, India and on to Paris, then home.

S. S. Taiyo Maru May 4, 1924

Dear Norma,

I am sending you enclosed pressed flower,—an hibiscus, which grew in Hothu-lu. You’ve read about native Hawaiian or South Sea Island Beauties with hibiscus flowers in their hair,—well, this is it. We
AMAZING STEAM-IRONING COMBINATION OFFER!

You Get This $10.25 Adjustable All-Metal
Presto STEAM-IRONING TABLE
Only $5.95 You Save $5.00

This sensational money-saving offer is to introduce you to the work-saving, time-saving way to steam-iron, press tailor-perfect, iron most clothes without sprinkling, dry-iron with the one iron that saves you work 4 ways... the Presto Automatic VAPOR-STEAM IRON.

Once you try it—you'll never go back to old-fashioned ironing again. Your ironing goes so smooth—so fast you're through in half the time. The Presto VAPOR-STEAM IRON is completely automatic, no valves to regulate, no gadgets to bother you. Exclusive Presto Soleplate Heat Indicator shows at a glance exact soleplate temperature, stops guesswork, helps prevent scorching.

Only the PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON...
1. Uses Just Ordinary Tap Water... distilled water NOT needed.
2. Vapor-Steam Irons Most Materials Without Sprinkling.
3. Vapor-Steam Presses Without Bother-some Pressing Cloths.
4. Dry Irons Perfectly Without Fatigue.

For a limited time only! Get your Presto Ventilated All-Metal Steam-Ironing Table right now. It's designed especially to save you fatigue, to reduce back and arm strain. It's made for easier, faster, better steam ironing and pressing. Quickly adjustable legs for maximum ironing comfort. Lightweight, sturdy all-metal construction. Easy to put up and take down.

Act now—ask your favorite department, hardware or appliance store now for this amazing Steam-Ironing Combination Offer—by Presto!

You Get Amazing Work-Saving
Presto $19.95
Vapor-Steam Iron

YOU GET Value $30.00
Presto for Only $25.00
Vapor-Steam Iron and Ironing Table
SAVE $5.00

THERE ARE MORE THAN 18 MILLION SATISFIED PRESTO USERS!
NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Makers also of World Famous PRESTO COOKERS and PRESTO DEEP FRYERS
New FASHION COLORS!

Now—Bissell Sweepers come in a gay array of Fashion Colors, fun to use, and grand to give. Pick your favorite:

The "VANITY" in Mint Green, Claret Red, or Ebony Black

$9.75*

The "APARTMENT" in Poppy Red, Spruce Green, Marigold Yellow, or Iris Blue—

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The Second World War, I met only two kinds of men: those who con- 

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all ours, about seven hundred acres of land & a lovely house, & no rent to pay, only a nice gentlemanly mortgage to keep shaving a slice off.

We're so excited about it we are nearly daft in the beam—kidney bean, lima bean, string-bean, butter-bean—yow whad I beam—ha! ha! ha!—I'm off!—(Now you understand what I have been trying to tell you, that I am very interested in & pleased with the place that Eugen & I have bought.)

Please write me at the above address soon. Much love to you all three, from us.

**UCGI & EUGEN.**

Miss Millay had begun working on the book of an opera for which Deems Taylor was to write the music. This, as well as a period of ill health, delayed a series of articles she had promised to Vanity Fair. The following letter was written to Frank Crowninshield, editor of that magazine:

Soopeletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.

March 17, 1926.

Dearest Crownie:

You will never know how your sweet funny little letters cheer me up. What a nice person you are! Eben thinks so, too.

The etching is lovely.

As for me, I am getting stronger every day. Though my head aches still all the time, and I still look at the world through a veil of dancing dark spots, in spite of all that a thousand doctors have been able to do. All the king's leeches and all the king's men, haven't put little Edna together again!

I have started to work at last on the book of an opera (The King's Henchman) which I promised back in the dark ages to Deems Taylor and the Metropopli. It will be done by the beginning of the summer. And then another year later!—the articles for Y. F. will begin to come in. You have been a darling, Crownie, as I believe I said before.

We have been snowed in here tight exactly six weeks tomorrow—no road to our house at all. But I saw a bluejay yesterday. And maybe someday it will be spring.

As ever, affectionately yours,

**EDNA.**

Soopeletop.

July 30, 1927.

Dearest Mumbles:

I haven't written you for such a long time, darling!—But I don't feel so very strong yet, though it was just a tiny operation... I don't feel much of any change in my condition—but here's hoping.

Lots of little pieces of news from Soopeletop. Dolly Soopeletop has a spotted call born June 8th, named Spotty Soopeletop, a heifer. Blossom Soopeletop has a beautiful calf that looks just like a young deer, born about July 1, also a heifer. We are going to raise them both.—We have a couple now to work for us. They live in the north room-earoom for the present. The man does all the chores, which now includes milking three cows, & feeding two calves by letting them suck your finger in the milk-pail!—Picking about ten quarts of strawberries a day—the strawberries are wonderful, those we set out, you remember—and peaches of peas, & a million other things.

We also have Frieda, the young schoolteacher from up the road. She does the housework, & serves at the tea-table; between them, they do all the laundry. So you can see we are pretty well fixed.—Mumbles, we are not so interested any more in modern quilts,—we have acquired a terrible crush on oilcloths & are getting together quite a collection. * * * * *

We are still just as keen on the rag-rugs. But if you ever come across a pretty hooked rug, grab it for me.—The roses from Deere did splendidly & are nearly all in blossom. * * * * *

We have been snowed in here tight exactly six weeks tomorrow—no road to our house at all. But I saw a bluejay yesterday. And maybe someday it will be spring.

As ever, affectionately yours,

**EDNA.**

Soopeletop.

August 29, 1928.

Dearest Mumbles:

It seems long, long ages since I heard from you, and I know it is even longer since I

**Swee... it's clean! A dampp cloth is all you need. No stains, because spilled things can't penetrate Blenback's smooth, color-coated surface. And no laundering ever. You can save your fine tablecloths for special occasions.**

**Tables look fresher longer with Blenback Oil Cloth**

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PAY THROUGH THE NOSE
The Danes who conquered England and made a treaty with King Alfred in the ninth century were a little marauding Irish whom they subjugated. They levied upon them an exorbitant tax and slit the noses of those who were unable to pay it. That was really paying through the nose.
—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

I have been having an orgy of playing the music of Bach and Mozart. It has been wonderful, as I have only the keys with the notations of the music and I have to play it as the music is written. I have spent many hours working on the music for the lessons. It is a wonderful experience. I have played for myself and have enjoyed it very much.

Love, Mumbles, Sefe is terribly happy that you are better. Love from Sefe, too.

VINCENT

It is not generally known that the poet is an actress at the age of seventeen as a concert pianist. Her program of that occasion, Friday, June 4, 1930, consists of works by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Chaminade.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N.Y. June 10, 1930

Dear Kids (Mr. and Mrs. Deems Taylor):
This is to invite you to a grand house party to be thrown at Steepletop July 21 to 24th or as long as everything looks nice, guests and liquor are good. On the evening of July 22nd we are having the Jetmar Players here to give a show in the playhouse. I believe it will be fine but we may decide on something else. In any case it will be something silly and amusing and very enjoyable.

We expect to have about fourteen house guests. Then Arthur Pickle will fill his house with people, and if the Brains or the La Branches whose new houses will just be ready to be moved into by that time, and to smooth whose house we suddenly decided just like that to pull this here party, will also fill their houses with...
people, so that there will very likely be about fifty or sixty souls, poets and musicians included, to see the show. Please tell me at once that you will come.

Thanks for the cheque. It came in lovely.

We have no servants. But we have a new colt; born this morning. And our other mare, Molly, expects to be brought to bed at any moment.

Hoping you are the same, I am, ever,
Yours, Edna.
P. S. If you want to come up before July 24th, say don’t mind.

Oct. 24, 1930

Dearest Arlie:

It’s not true that life is one damn thing after another—it’s one damn thing over & over—there’s the rub—first you get sick—then you get sicker—then you get no quite so sick—then you get hardly sick at all—then you get a little sicker—then you get a lot sicker—then you get not quite so sick—oh, hell—

love from

Little Wince

Llewelyn Powys (Lulu) and his wife, Alyne Gregory, were guests in the cottage at Steepletop in 1931. While there Mr. Powys finished his book, Impassioned Clay, the manuscript of which he sent to his hostess.

Steepletop [Austerlitz, N. Y.]
April 30, 1931

Dearest Lulu:

I am sending you your manuscript. (Whether under separate cover or not remains to be decided.) I am sorry I couldn’t go on to the end of it in the way I started. It was such fun. But I couldn’t. I haven’t even finished reading it. I can’t seem to read anything serious. I haven’t read anything but detective stories for ever and ever so long.

We have been back from New York only a few days, and nothing could be more different than our life there and our life here. We get up at six o’clock every morning, sometimes earlier. Ugin works in the kitchen garden all day. I spend half the day cleaning house, and the rest of doors... We have no servants, and we’re going to keep going without them just as long as we can stick it, it’s so marvelous to be free of them.

Darlings, I knew that you were sorry. But there’s nothing to say. We had a grand time. But it’s a changed world. The presence of that absence is everywhere. [The poet’s mother had died on February 5, 1931, and was buried at Steepletop on February 12. Miss Millay’s father lived until December 24, 1933.]

Edna

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
December the 8th, 1933

Dear Aunt Susie,

I thought I should see you some time this summer but it didn’t work out that way.

Eugene and I early in the summer bought an island (Ragged Island) in Casco Bay not far from Brunswick. We intended to spend August there, but I had to go and get ha or something like it and have had it all summer—and I have got set eyes on my island since we bought it!

Isn’t that too exasperating? We are sailing for Europe in about a fortnight now, going to spend the winter on the Riviera, where it will be warm, and I can work until I’m tired, and then go out and play tennis until I get tired in a different way....

Merry Christmas and lots of love to you and Uncle Frank.

Vincent

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
May 2, 1935

Dear Hal:

Yes, I did get the beautiful quilt. And you were a darling to send it to me. And I was a pig not to answer. And there you are. I love it; it is extremely pretty; I remember your speaking to me about these quilts years ago when I was in Santa Fe; I am grateful to you; I think you are wonderful; but I simply can’t write letters...I have made a name for the disease from which I suffer; I have named it EPISTOPHOBIA. I haven’t written a letter all winter. **** *

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The Eaton’s Fine Letter Papers in Open Stock

Eaton’s Calais Ripple in Open Stock. To be bought together or separately, as you wish...characterful, laid paper, deckle edged, 80 single sheets to the box, 95c. Matching envelopes, interlined and deckled, 50c the package of 25. White, Blue, Gray.
Can you come to Steepletop sometime in May? Can you do it without bringing your mother? I know she's grand and all that, and besides she's your mother; but I'm going to die in a few days, and I have no time left except for people I tip crazy about. Please come.

**Edna**

How dared you get my headache? And why must you be ill? Let them be ill who enjoy it—there are many. But for you to be ill—this is effrontery.

Steepletop, Nov. 9, 1935

**Dearest Gladie:**

Here is a flock of books for Artie [Mr. Fickie was ill and hospitalized]; I've read most of them, and found some of them very interesting, others gay, etc. If he wants to take any of them along with him for the winter, tell him to go ahead. I have made a list of them, so it will be perfectly easy next summer to get them back from you. Some of them I've not read, and can't vouch for. Many people think "Butterfield 8" very exciting, I didn't—****

Ugin is in Florida, and has found a house for us. I don't know exactly where, somewhere between Palm Beach and Miami. I am going down tomorrow with the servants. I wanted so much to get over to see you and our darling Artie, but I am so simply exhausted after getting the Baudelaire translation of Les Fleurs du Mal off to Harpers, that packing—even with somebody else to pack under my direction!—is taking all the strength I have, and there are so many things to attend to, closing up the place without Ugin. Ugin knows how tired I am, and is writing frantically to me to get aboard the next train. So I shan't see you, kids, before I go. But I'll see you next summer; and we'll have lots of fun, because Arthur will be by then, and more like his cute, gay old self, and I shan't be working so hard, so perhaps we shall be a bit more like my cute, gay old self.

Lots of love to you both, and I hope you will have as happy a winter as you both serve, after all the hard knocks you've had you poor kids.

Vincen

Box 787, Delray Beach, Florida; Feb. 11, 1936

Darling Arthur:

So that's where you are, [in hospital] poor sweet thing? What a wild time must be having! Well, this is where me. We've been here since the first of December in a cute little furnished house with all the conveniences except one—the water for both bath is heated on the roof by the sun, as there's never any sun, but only fog and wind and clouds and pouring rain and weather, there's never any hot water, and that which one heats on the kitchen stove.

And speaking of the kitchen stove: Soap has just spilled grease on it, and the whole house is full of the smoke and stench of burning fat. (Yes, we brought Sophy and Ma down here with us. And in spite of things burning fat, it's nice to have people and who know from experience just what particular species of cock-eyed, crazy idiot you, and to whom you don't have to be expunged and excusing yourself all the time.)

I've just got off to Harper's my final corrected proof of my Baudelaire translation together with a three-page preface... well, all winter I have been busy re-writing, prizing, grafting, fertilizing and ploughing deeper. Well, the book will be published, a good time late in April. And that's that. **

(Continued on Page 162)

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**Flowers on the wedding cake**

WEDDING cakes can be decorated with fresh flowers, the beauty and form of leaves and blossoms preserved with wax so they will last through the reception until that magic moment when bride and groom join hands to cut the first piece. Enchanting when the flowers and cake icing are matched to the color of the bride's dress and bouquet. Charming, too, if the cake carries out the tints and tones of the bridesmaids' dresses and bouquets.

**FLOWERS TO CHOOSE:** Not every flower takes to waxing. Those with flabby textures are the best choice—roses, lilies of the valley, sweet peas, small spray orchids, hydrangea, narcissus, scilla, grape hyacinth and small button or cushion-type chrysanthemums, for instance. Very fragile blossoms are apt to lose contour and quality, this is true of leaves too.

**HOW TO WAX:** Melt enough paraffin, the kind you use for sealing glasses of jelly, to fill a small bowl up to the depth of 2-3". Set the bowl in a pan of hot water so that wax will remain liquid—145-150° F. is the best temperature. From time to time you may have to set the pan over low heat, wax is too hot, the blossoms will "cook" and darken. If wax is too cool, it will film the top and not coat the blossoms quickly and evenly. By all means, experiment only to test different kinds of flowers you want to use on your cake, but practice the dipping. Leave about 1/2" stem on blossoms or leaves. Holding stem end with tweezers, dip blossoms quickly into and quite slowly out of melted wax. Hold blossom end downward in the air a few minutes until wax sets. Press into the icing while it is still a Work out your own arrangement. For ivy-tinted wedding cake shown in photograph, a cluster of individually waxed pale yellow roses and lilies of the valley tied into the sugar holl for the top of a cake. Sprays of lilies of the valley trim edge of the top tier. Groupings of pale yellow roses, lilies of the valley, daisies, rose and daisy leaves arrange easily on bottom tier where they will least interfere with the cutting.

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by Louella G. Shoener
"Get out the vote" buffet for solid citizens...
all in favor of GORHAM RONDO

It's exciting to rediscover the precious American privilege of gathering friends around your table for old-fashioned "cracker barrel" politics, now and many times before Election Day. Rally your treasured Gorham* Sterling...a shining bowl heaped with red apples, a silver trayful of tasty cheese, a handsome coffee service. Add the keynoteing touch of an authentic little barrel filled with crackers (of course!). For your main dish, serve new flavorful "Political Hash"...hot chicken casserole delicacy, perfect conversation maker for the occasion!

Magically, Gorham "Rondo" harmonizes all the yesterday and today of this table-setting into one beautiful theme song for votes. Its ripply repeating rhythms add such friendly warmth to every occasion ...from family snacks to big buffets! A "Rondo" six-piece place-setting (knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, soup spoon, butter spreader) costs only $29.75. Sixteen other timeless patterns from $29.75 to $110.00, incl. Fed. Tax. Ask about Gorham's exclusive sterling seamless knife handle...dent-resistant and rattle-proof, even after repeated washings in boiling water.

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Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"—
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Magic Touch is NEW...a tinted cream make-up so sheer your skin glows through!...yet it hides every tiny blemish while it softens and softens and adds glorious color. ...Apply with fingertips (with or without powder). . . . so quick, so easy, so naturally lovely!

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Instead change to Ex-Lax. America's best-tasting laxative, for thorough, timely, satisfying relief, No stomach upset. No disturbing irritation. No embarrassing urgency. Sleep undisturbed!
The Ex-Lax Way Is The Easy Way! Easy to take—easy on you. Good tasting as any piece of chocolate you ever ate. Children love it. Ex-Lax never "gets tough" with you. It's mild and gentle. Only the comfortable relief you enjoy makes you aware you have taken a laxative!

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dient has been proved by years of scient-
tific research and clinical experience. Over the years, more millions of people, young and old, have taken Ex-Lax than any other laxative in modern medical history. Next time—for thorough, satisfying relief—change to Ex-Lax—America's best-tasting laxative—and notice the change in yourself!

Vince: July 1, 1938
Dear George [Dillon]:
You asked me to send you some of my new poems to read. [George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay had each translated selected works of Charles Baudelaire from Les Fleurs du Mal, published in 1936 under the title, "Flower of Evil."] Well, here they are, cored of them. And you will probably not have time to glance at them, especially if you are busy being urban, or putting the magazine to bed (do magazines go to bed like newspapers, just up all night dog-

(Continued from Page 150)

I am happy and excited to hear that a book of your new poems is to be published soon. I hope you haven't cut out any of my pets. Have you, Artie? Don't be too clever now. This is the time when we all get so clever and cynical that "we are capable of doing more harm to one another than the Commissioner of Police could do!"

I'm glad you got the flowers I sent. They were supposed to get there for your wedding anniversary, but probably they didn't.

I hope Gladys is with you now. It must have been pretty awful, being there all alone. I think you've got plenty of puck, Artie.

Well, there are lots of things I want to say, but I think I don't need to say them, because I think you know what they are. Love to you, and to Gladie, from us both.

Vince:
Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
October 35th, 1941

Dan, my dear, [name removed] Bergonz had been a student at the music school conducted by Blanche and Alexander Bloch in Hillsdale, New York. I think so often and with so much pleasure of one night here at Steepletop when, because I felt sick and sad and nothing could cheer me up, you and Eolo suddenly departed to the studio and as suddenly returned with fiddle and cello and the music of that lovely Mozart trio, which you insisted that the three of us play together and at once. I to play piano part at sight!—And it did not go so badly, either; there were even moments.

It was 9:45 in the morning when I wrote the lines above. It is now nearly one o'clock, 10:45—11:45—12:45—it is now more than three hours that I have sat here, still as a statue except for thinking of that moment, that great moment which happened to the three of us, happened even to me, that moment above all earthly moments exalted—when all at once the music took things into its own hands,—so hard to express—it—sweeping—around—

Edna,

This letter to Allan Ross MacDougall written on both sides of two cards, was sent in its unopened, unfinished state to the correspondent by Mr. Boissevain:

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
January 9, 1945

Dearest Alling,—

You must have known—surely our long years of friendship must have told you—that if I did not try to help you when you wanted my help—it was because I could not—I have been very sick—I am just beginning to crawl about again. I could do nothing—or about nothing. (I will explain this remark later). I had no nurse (who might have written you a note for me), I have no secretary—we have no servants—nobody at all in the house to help us— and Gene, when he has not been running up & down stairs to wait on me, or doing the cooking, or setting the dishes, has been trying to harvest the crops, including three new acres of potatoes—with the help only of the hired man, our faithful John—who must also do the chores, milk the cows, churn the butter, cut and saw wood for the winter fires—oh, you see the picture, don’t you? It has been enough to drive a body mad!

First came your book (translation of the Belgian classic, "Tyl Uekepoed") by Charles de Coster, an old love of mine and miles long. Immediately following, before I could even open the book, came your letter asking me to write something for publication—about the translation—and immediately following your letter came your telegram, saying that your publisher must have my ma-

[letter continues]

I love beauty...

I live in Seamprufe

I simply adore Seamprufe's wonderful fit and flattering... every exciting, unadulterated feminine, beautifully made and carefully detailed... everything luxurious, except the price!

![Image of Seamprufe advertisement]
Well, anyway. The sonnet was the one beginning: “And you as well must die, beloved dust.” In case you’ve forgotten. Which you haven’t.

Arthur Davison Ficke died on November 30, 1945. At his burial at “Hardwick,” Hillsdale, New York, Miss Millay read this sonnet and passages from one of her favorite poems, Milton’s “Lycidas.”

Harper and Brothers had been publishing Miss Millay’s books since 1922. In the extensive correspondence there are many letters to and from Eugene Sexton, editor in chief until his death in 1943. After that Miss Millay’s letters were addressed to Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of directors of Harper’s.

Steepletop
October, 1947

Dear Cass:

First of all, I want to thank you for your kind and thoughtful letter of last spring. I took you at your word, at the time, and did not write to thank you then. But I was deeply touched, and very grateful, and I still am.

As to your proposition that Harper’s publish my Collected Dramatic Works, I am afraid I must disappoint you here, although I hate most dreadfully to do so. The fact is, I have too much pride and too much faith in myself as a dramatist, to permit the publication in one volume of seven dramatic works—of nine, of which three, Two Blantons and a King: “The Princess Marries the Page”; and “Aria da Capo”, are good plays, and only one of these three, “Aria da Capo”, of any significance.

Two Blantons and a King” does exactly what it sets out to do. It is very light and slender, but it is carefully constructed, and plays well.

The Princess Marries the Page” is somewhat more sentimental. This, too, is well constructed. It is easy to act, and pretty to watch and listen to. It is a good little play, but of no importance.

“Aria da Capo”, of course, is something else entirely.

I am very proud of “Aria da Capo”. I wish I had done more, not like it, but as good. Then we could bring out a book!

“King’s Henchman” is a bad play. It was written in the first place as the libretto for an opera. Later, I tried to make it into a play. But it was hopelessly contaminated. It smelts of libretto, and has some other grave faults as well. This is a pity. For some of my very best poetry is to be found in “The King’s Henchman”—to be found, I mean, by a reader through enough to struggle through acres of ostentatious and pedantic drivel in order to get to it.

“The Lamp and the Bell” was written as an occasional piece, and shows it.

This piece should be allowed to die along with the war which provoked it. I only hope its death will not be so lingering as that of the war itself.

“Conversation at Midnight” is an interesting book. I like it. But the published version is not nearly so good as the original manuscript, which was destroyed by fire. I was able to remember the greater part of it, but there were many passages which I had to re-invent, and others which I was forced to leave out entirely, so that the result is patchy and just.

We are left with only “Aria da Capo”, one really good, serious play, and two other one-act plays, both skilfully wrought, but both inconsequential. We have nothing to work with. We have no book.

I am writing. I have not many poems finished, but those that I have are good. The effect of writing so much propaganda during the war—from the point of view of poetry, sloppy, garrulous and unintegrated—is to make me more careful and critical of my work even than formerly I was, so that now I write more slowly than ever.

If Harper’s can be patient with me, there will be a book.

Sincerely,

Steepletop
Austerlitz, New York
August 9, 1949

Dear Bunny (Edmund Wilson):

This is a awful and I can’t see you; I see anybody on earth just now; and am sitting seventy-two hours a day; and I dare run the risk of being deflected.

This is an ironic and hateful thing: so often longed to talk with you. I shan’t say about this—and I know I shall—as soon as I am able to feel and see at all beyond the periphery of my occupation.

I liked your longer poem; I liked it much. But don’t use the word—if I had gals”—Not even although it was a fine James-faced rhyme for “sha”. Do it. “Slag” is a fine word. “Gals” is a common and indecent. Don’t use it; for God’s sake, use it, in a poem so much elegant.

L. E.

Eugen Jan Boissevain, after a brief and an operation at the Deaconess Hos- pital, died August 29, 1949. Mrs. M. Herron, postmistress of Austerlitz, aids Miss Millay at this time by answering all the of those to which this unsigned note was sent to Mrs. Herron:

Steepletop
(Austerlitz, N. Y.)
December 10, 1949

Dear Mary:

Thank you for all your kindness. I don’t know how I should have had patience without you.

Yes, it must seem impossible to you that we will not be up to cut down the hill to fetch the mail this autumn day.

He never comes up the hill, either there.

Iwood Miss Millay’s long-standing fri- end with Margaret Coolidge, director of Affaires programs for the National Broad- Comedy, and Alice Blinn, an associate of the LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL. On the day when Miss Millay wrote them a joint letter she also wrote to Mary Lou Millay, an Argentine poet who had translated several sonnets for publication in Argentina.

Steepletop, Austerlitz, N. Y.
December 10th, 1949

Dear Margaret and Alice:

If you chaps are determined to give Christmas present, nothing I can stop you. Not that I want to stop you; it does occur to me, and by no means first time, that for years and years and the two of you have been so occupied in fully selecting, efficiently dispatching person to me, and many haste savers helped with varied and gifts,—that the wonder is you can find it even to sign your letters.

However, if I must accept a Chri- present from you, I must. (Goody, goody!)

Whatever you send me, though, pl. send me any newspapers or magazines. There follows a list of those which I receive: The Atlantic Monthly; H; Magazine; The Saturday Review of litera- (Continued on Page 167)
Work decorating wonders with Cannon Combspun* Percales!
(—and for so little, too!)

Sew sunshine into your bedroom by making your canopy, dust ruffle, draperies, cushion cover and slip covers with Cannon’s “Moonlight Yellow” Percales. So easy—such fun—and you’ll be so proud of your handiwork!

Luxury that lasts! For sleeping, Cannon Combspun Percales are—satin-soft, luxuriously beautiful—and long-wearing. “Combspun” means just that—long-lasting—because the cotton is combed till only the longest, strongest fibers remain!

Fitted sheets, too! Regular or fitted styles! Use fitted for bottom sheet...regular for top sheet! Cannon’s fitted sheets stay put...fit without a wrinkle—save bed-making time!

Thrift! These smooth-sleeping beauties cost only a few pennies more than heavy-duty muslin—actually outlast them! And for decorating—Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets cost much less than comparable fabric by the yard!

Colorfast! Cannon Sheets and Pillowcases—both muslin and Combspun Percale—come in gleaming white and six dainty pastels. All marvelous for color-scheming...and colorfast—as approved by the American Institute of Laundering!

Make it with sheets! Make your bed and bedroom lovelier with Cannon Sheets! Learn how from Cannon’s new booklet, “Make It With Sheets!” Send 10¢ and coupon below.

Cannon Mills, Inc., Box 1, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I enclose 10¢. Please send new, 20-page, color-illustrated, decorating booklet: “MAKE IT WITH SHEETS!”

Name______________________________
Address____________________________

(PLEASE PRINT)
1,000 SHEETS TO A ROLL
...and So Soft for his Tender Skin

1,000 SHEETS—OVER ½ MORE THAN THE 650 TISSUES YOU GET FROM MOST OTHER BRANDS

Yes! ScotTissue gives you more—finer quality, better value! The big 1,000-sheet roll goes further, lasts longer—gives you over ½ more tissues than the 650 sheets you get from most other brands. You can't top ScotTissue's quality either. Cloud-soft yet strong and absorbent, too—it's perfect for baby's sensitive skin—ideal for every member of the family.


3 Rolls of ScotTissue equal 4½ Rolls of most other brands.
Stereotop
Austerlitz, New York
April 5th, 1950

Dear Mrs. Herron,

Enclosed is a little Easter book-mark, isn’t it sweet? I had a feeling you might love it. My aunt sent it me several years ago, and I kept it in a copy of Keats, so that it would open at “The Eve of St. Agnes,” while I was learning “The Eve of St. Agnes” by heart. And even after I knew the poem by heart, the little book-mark stayed there, so that the string and tassel part of it looked just a bit grubby, I’m afraid. Not very, though.

I’m going to write you out my own cheques from now on, and attend to my book-keeping myself. You’ve been a great help, and I don’t see how I could possibly have managed all these different kinds of business without you. But it’s time I stopped being such a baby.

If you will please still read my mail, though and answer for a while still the kind letter you have been answering for me, shall I be very grateful.

You can’t have any more Stereotop butter until the roads are in better condition. Poor John has to walk forty day and from to his work here. And I can’t ask him to carry anything more than a few letters. I’ll send you a nice big piece next time.

E."

E.

To Mrs. Mary V. Herron.

E.

Sterepo
top
Austerlitz,
New York
April 20th, 1950

Why, you horrid little thing, you! I’m giv-
ning you the butter! — It’s a present! Why, I
never was so shocked in all my life! You make me sick!

Anyhow, it won’t work: I refuse to have my arrogant, abode, pure-Guernsey butter all comnected into U. S. Gov. stamps. So if you want it, you’ll have to take it as a present, and charge me for the stamps. (And no funny business)

After all that you have done for me, and are constantly doing—no sister could have given me more tender care—and I’m never even give you a grasy little present! You make me sick.

More later. John must start splashing down for the mail. Enclosed cheque is for the American Cancer Society. Make the contribution an even fifty.

E.

April 20th, 1950

Dear M. (this continued from yesterday — I had no time to finish)

I want to give much more than two dollars to the American Cancer Society. Here’s my cheque for fifty. Good God, I gave five dol-

ars to the Infanile Paralysis Drive! And what is Heuba to me, or I to Heuba? (Hamlet would forgive me: he was a bit up-

set, himself)

My own sweet wonderful darling died of cancer.

As did, a few years ago, our good friend, that fine poet, Arthur Davidson Ficke. As did, a few years ago, Eugene’s brilliant young nephew, Dr. Charles Buisway, well
known in medical societies for his research not only in tuberculosis, but also in cancer.

To me, long before any of these deaths occurred, cancer was the most horrible and the most to be dreaded of all diseases.

The American Cancer Society doesn't know how to advertise itself. This is a pity. Intangible Paralysis is all over the radio and all over every other thing with its tricky slogans—March of Dimes and what not—and Heart Disease has gone and spoiled St. Valentine's Day with its National Heart Week as if it weren't bad enough to have heart trouble, without having St. Valentine's Day all ruined as well.

But all that the American Cancer Society ever does, is simply to announce, in a dignified way, that it exists, and is not averse to contributions.

I hope I didn't neglect to enclose the cheque. No. I remember, I did enclose it.

You wonder how I am going to stand the spring. I'm wondering myself, I can tell you. And I'm vastly scared.

Not scared that I shan't muddle through in some way or other. Just scared. Shrinking from being hurt too much. Scared the way I used to be as a child, when I had to go to the dentist. In the days before they gave you novocaine.

"I have already encountered the first dandellions. I stood and stared at it with a kind of horror. And then I felt ashamed of myself, and sorry for the dandelion. And suddenly, without my doing anything about it at all, my face crumples up and cried."

How excited he always was when he saw the first dandelion! And long before the plants got high enough for even a rabbit to find them, he had dug a fine mess for gophers. He used to say "pick dandelions"; and I would say, "Not pick—die." And he would say, "Oh, don't scold poor Uge—he does so his best." Alas, alas, alas, and alas.

Next Month

"If you cared for someone, wouldn't you rather help them to cheat.... than to be cheated yourself?"

WHEN Sarah Moreton said this, Oliver Branwell knew... knew that his love for her must do battle with his suspicion that she was involved in a serious crime.

There is the swift-moving story of torn loyalties, of danger and intrigue—of a love that defied caution.

FORTUNE

IS A WOMAN

by Winstan Graham

Complete in the November Journal, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Doubleday & Co.

As completely proportioned as your dress or suit

You will have a fit—here's why

Proportioned at the knee. You'll notice the extra comfort when you sit, the smoother fit when you stand. The measurement of the knee varies for each size Humming Bird stocking.

Proportioned at the calf. A snug, even fit to elongate the leg where bunional focus attention. The smaller the Humming Bird size, the smaller the cuff of the stocking.

Proportioned at the ankle. Never an unsightly wrinkle at the ankle, where pretty does after all the eye. The ankle of each size Humming Bird is graduated, so the height of each size Humming Bird股头.
Does Dry Skin Label You An 'Older' Woman?

One of the sorrowful moments in every woman’s life is the moment she discovers her first wrinkle. For wrinkles and old age go together.

But so often, those little lines you see are not wrinkles at all—merely dry skin lines! And with five minutes care a day, you can get rid of them!

Every day, treat your skin to a luxurious facial with Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, a new wonder-working ingredien called Penetin. Penetin’s special magic is that it carries the lanolin and three other rich softening oils in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream deeper into the important ceruminous layer of your skin—deeper than ever before.

You’ll see your skin glow with a tender, younger look when dry skin lines are smoothed away. It will be worth your time—and certainly worth your money, for Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. Try it today.

Millay on the first landing of the stairway leading to her bedroom. She had worked all night, going through pages of Rolfe Humphries’ translation of Vergil’s Aenid. Death had come suddenly, due to a heart attack following a coronation occasion.

To many of these lines from Miss Millay’s own poem, “The Poet and His Book,” may seem the most fitting conclusion to her life story:

Stronger, pause and look;
From the dust of ages,
Lift this little book,
Turn the lattered pages.
Read me, do not let me die!
Search the fading letters, finding
Self-knowledge in the broken binding
All that once was II...

Sixteen, ply your trade!
In a shower of gravel
Stamp upon your spade,
Many a rose shall ravish,
Many a metal wreath shall rust
In the rain, and I go singing
Through the hills where you are felling
Yellow clay on dust!

Chester Dale’s PRIVATE COLLECTION

(Continued from Page 58)

living” presence but a unique creation. Her, hung on a bit of slanting wall, is Renoir’s utterly lovely portrait of a girl; beneath her, a tiny, precise Corot. There, a late intelligible Picasso, There, Gerard’s warm, sensitive painting of The Model, inobtrusively dominant, each painting is a total expression, complete, it seems, to the last feather touch of the brush. When you look at one long enough, you can live in it and it seems you live deeply.

There is no describing a work of art and Mr. Dale does not try. “I collect pictures for only one reason,” he tells you. “Because I love them.”

All the paintings in his apartment, except one, are nineteenth- or twentieth-century French. The exception is his own portrait by his good friend Diego Rivera, noted Mexican muralist, with which the LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL introduces its new series of fine art reproductions from the private collection of Chester Dale.

Seated on the divan beneath this portrait, Mr. Dale does not appear as gaunt as Rivera painted him in 1945. He is now sixty-nine. But his hands habitually assume the same positions, the hand holding the cigarette resting on one knee, as he tells of sitting for the preliminary sketch in Rivera’s quarters in Mexico City.

When Rivera had been at work for a short while, Mr. Dale complained that the table was much too high, it was uncomfortable, “Look, Diego,” he told the artist, “it’s practically under my chin.”

Rivera shrugged, called an Indian servant. “Saw the legs off that table,” he ordered in Spanish. With much noise, the Indian did, while Rivera continued to sketch, unperturbed.

Mr. Dale found the sawed-off table much more comfortable, but he soon grew restless again.

“Here, look at this,” Rivera said. “You probably haven’t seen it.” It was a book of masterpieces from the National Gallery, which Rivera had opened, apparently hap hazardly, to one of Van Gogh’s self-portraits.

Mr. Dale took his horn-rimmed reading glasses from the handkerchief pocket of his coat and dropped them on the print’d page.

“What’ll I do now?” he asked.

“Just shut up,” Rivera said. He sketched Van Gogh’s self-portrait as he viewed it—upside down. The actual Van Gogh colors blend in perfect tonality with the deep brickish reds and yellow-greens Rivera used throughout the painting.

Mr. Dale admires the portrait greatly—but objectively, as a work of art. “The subject is nothing. When I am dead and gone”—his head swings upward—“that will still be the finest modern portrait in existence anywhere.”

—G. M. White
You never outgrow your need for Milk!

Good morning! Good evening! Good eating!

Milk and Donut Time!

Do you know anyone who doesn’t like milk and donuts? At breakfast, in the lunchbox, when the kids come home from school, for a bedtime snack—"any time is milk 'n' donut time." This great American twosome is your quickest, easiest answer for delicious, healthy, good eating. You never outgrow your need for milk—and your taste never tires of milk and donuts! Serve 'em for a snack tonight—or enjoy them for breakfast—milk and donuts!

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION
"Voice of the Prairie Farmer"
20 North Wacker Drive Building • Chicago 6, Illinois
Strong personality conflicts, plus worry and financial stress during most of their fourteen years together, almost cost the Simones their marriage.

They learned to love again

Meet Richard and Eugenia Simons, of Los Angeles, who faced marital failure—and refused to surrender to it.

By Paul Marcus

One evening in January when their children were in bed, Richard and Eugenia Simons sat before their television set, talking. "All right," Richard said coolly, in response to an accusation from his wife; "I don't love you, I haven't for some time, and I want a divorce."

Eugenia was stunned. Until this moment, the possibility of such a disaster occurring had never entered her mind. She was also terrified, for she loved her husband deeply.

The Simones live in a trim Cape Cod five-room house which they built for $5000 about ten years ago at 1804 Burnside Avenue, one of Los Angeles' quiet, clean, self-respecting suburban streets. Richard Simons is thirty-eight, tall, well built, with blond receding hair and blue-gray eyes; he is sociable, laughs a lot, but is reserved, almost watchful in manner. He is a salesman for Kingan & Co., pork packers, earns about $5000 a year. Eugenia is thirty-nine, has a slim, youthful figure, an attractive mobile face; friendly, vivacious, high-strung, she talks much more than her husband, is likely to dominate a conversation. Both are socially attractive, quick to be called "Dick" and "Genie" by others. They have two children.

Mary, eleven, is a blond, utterly natural, beautiful child, who likes music, draws and paints, likes rocks, plants and insects, exclusive of spiders: "They remind me of octopuses," she complains. She also likes to make up stories about the trees in her back yard; "That tree over there is the villain, and he likes the fat lady for her jewels," Richard Lee Simons, called "Buzzy" by all the family, is six, and an adopted child.

Photographs by Esther Bubley

How America Lives
"Genie says I put myself out to do things for others. She wants to isolate me from the world."

... she wants guaranteed security ... she takes over things I 'always' do ...

Mary, 11, usually does chores willingly, once rebelled: "Our house is always in a big mess. Other kids are used to just little messes."

Towheaded, ruggedly built, he used to be subject to asthmatic seizures, but is much better since Genie began taking him to a specialist ("What happened with Mary?" the doctor would ask when Genie reported an attack. "Did you have a fight with your husband?") Buzzy plays mostly with a solemn little 5x5 called Butch and strongly favors a two-holster ammunition belt.

This, then, was the family that faced dissolution.

Genie did not agree to a divorce. They talked. By one of those strange coincidences that often move the world, the program on the television set changed. They watched Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of Los Angeles' American Institute of Family Relations, hold a simulated counseling session with one partner in an estranged marriage. "Maybe," Dick said ironically, "we'd better go see him."

"Maybe," Genie said earnestly, "we'd better."

The next day she called the institute. Located at 5287 Sunset Boulevard, now in its twenty-third year, this nonprofit organization has forty psychologists associated with it. Last year gave 10,000 consultations to troubled couples, and took credit for perhaps 100,000 private consultations given in Los Angeles, since they trained the counselors. Genie made appointments for herself and Dick (couples are always seen separately), and they were assigned to psychologist Walter A. Helfrich. When told about this fait accompli, Dick agreed to keep the appointment, though expecting nothing to come of it. At this writing, the Simoneses have been counseled by Helfrich for about six months.

And this is the story of their marriage, how it went on the shoals, and what has happened to them since they undertook professional help.

As Genie recalls it, she fell in love with Dick because he was "honest, sincere, trustworthy." Their romance began in 1933 when they went driving together on a double date (they had been in Hollywood High together, but had hardly been acquainted). They soon began dating seriously, were engaged in 1936, and married two years later in an Episcopal ceremony in Amanda Chapel, Carthay Center, Los Angeles; two hundred guests attended, and afterward there was a reception for a hundred.

Dick was manager of a small grocery store, and they rented an apartment for their first home. Genie felt she got something real out of marriage: "He bolstered me up, made me feel that I belonged to somebody and had a home of my own." But almost from the first, difficulties beset them.

Genie's mother, a strong-willed woman, began visiting with them week ends; there were clashes between Genie and her mother, with Dick standing by as pacifier, which put a strain on the new family. ("Do you suppose," Dick once asked a visitor, "if in India when a man dies they burn his widow in order to keep her off her children's necks?"") Dick's elder sister visited them frequently also; there were further clashes between the two women, again with Dick standing on the
Before counseling, when Dick came home to find supper not started, he cooked it himself, hoarding resentment. Now Genie is likely to hear, "That's your job!"

side lines, but not any happier than Genie. Stimulated, perhaps, by the intrusion of these two personalities into the young marriage, strong differences of temperament between Genie and Dick began to appear.

One important disparity which emerged was their relative talkativeness. Genie has always liked to talk. She says, "I felt an urgent need to get behind everything he did or said; I felt I was working in the dark, and I wanted to know more about him, but I couldn't get him to talk." When she tried it only made him "put up a wall of ice."

When they had one of marriage's customary little spats, she says, "He would want me to just forget about it—I wanted to find some rhyme or reason why it happened."

But most corroding was a pervading, desolate feeling in Genie that in every situation she played second fiddle in Dick's life. "In the early years of our marriage," she said, "I was absolutely sold on the idea that anyone, any time, anywhere, could come ahead of our plans. If a neighbor asks Dick to help repair a fence, Genie notes that their own swing needs fixing, and feels Dick is putting someone else ahead of her. If he comes home late because he stopped off after work to have a drink with someone, she has the same reaction. To her, it seems as though their whole married life has been an accumulation of such incidents. But one incident in those early years appears particularly vivid to her.

Genie, one afternoon, dropped in at the store where Dick worked, to visit. They stood talking

Referring to Dick's coldness to Mary, Helfrich comments, "He saw his son as an ally. Mary represented to him the sister he had resented during childhood."
The fact that Dick and I can laugh at things has been a saving grace.

while, and then a customer, a woman, came in. Dick left Genie, rather abruptly she thought, to wait on the customer. "He dropped me for someone else in the guise of business," she says, still feeling the old bitterness. "It was as though he were publicly saying, 'My wife, in my eyes, is not deserving of that kind of courtesy.'"

When they had been married a little over two years Genie became pregnant. Her first reaction was one of alarm. "I felt," she recalls, "that I wasn't ready to have a baby— I didn't know anything about it. I was disturbed that I didn't have careful plans all worked out." However, when Mary arrived, she brought Genie and Dick closer for a while. Dick showed great interest in the infant, bathed, fed and changed her when that was far from the pattern in the neighborhood. When Mary was a toddler, Genie remembers, "Dick took her around with him everywhere."

The growing family needed more living space, and it seemed most practical to build. They borrowed money for the down payment from Genie's mother, at interest. Of this, Genie says, "She might seem to do something warm and nice, but later you find the strings attached."

Behind such a remark, of course, there must be a history.

Genie was born in Los Angeles into a family which came from the South. Her father she describes as "tall, quiet, passive—a man who bottled things up." She was very close to her father. Her mother, though ill a great deal, appears to have been the dominating force in the family. She supported the children during two different periods when the father suffered nervous breakdowns. Genie's only brother, six years older, became an Olympic pole-vault champion in 1924 while still in high school, being the first man on record to jump over fourteen feet.

The mother often compared Genie unfavorably with her brother. ("I was small and puny," Genie says.) She doted all the troubles in the family from Genie's birth: "My mother always used to tell me that it was worry over me that sapped her strength." When she was (Continued on Page 184)
It was years later that Henry Jones learned

\[ \text{THE PRICE OF A PONY} \]

One good thing about us is that we don't have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses.

That was one of Oscar Jones' favorite little jokes. My Dad said he'd heard Oscar tell it a dozen times or more. But Dad also said it didn't keep him from doing his best to keep up with Smiths, the Browns and a lot of other people down the block.

For instance, when one of Oscar Jones' friends bought a big house down on Church Street, it wasn't long before Oscar bought an even bigger one. When he traded in his old car for a big, low-slung foreign car, Oscar Jones went right out and did the same. And when his son Henry left for the university in 1936, nothing would do for Oscar but to send his boy off in style in a shiny new roadster of his own. I went along with Henry, and was con- fused—as I'm sure everyone else in town was—because Oscar Jones was a pretty rich man.

It was during our junior year that Henry got word that his father died. He went home for a week or so to look after things—and never came back.

As I learned afterwards, all Oscar Jones left his family was a big house they couldn't keep up, a powerful car that didn't bring much at the used car lot, and a good many miscellaneous debts that Henry and his mother were hard-pressed to pay.

I lost track of Henry Jones for quite a few years after that, so I was a little surprised to find him waiting for me when I got to my office one morning last week. After a few minutes of general conversation he looked around and said, "I was in this office once before. That was back in the days when your father was an agent for New York Life, as you are now. I was only a kid then, but I still remember it. When we started out that morning, Dad had some money with him to pay the first premium on a policy your father had sold him.

"Well, on the way down we passed a place where they had a pony for sale. I wanted that pony more than anything—and that's where the money went.

Dad wouldn't take the policy that day in spite of everything your father said.

"It wasn't until I had to leave the university that I understood why your Dad had urged mine so strongly to change his mind about the policy. Then I realized how much that pony of mine had actually cost. I decided then that if I ever got married and had a family, I wouldn't make the same mistake."

Henry and I started working out his life insurance program then and there. A couple of days later he stopped in again and handed me a check for the first premium. "I didn't see any ponies this morning," he said.

I laughed and thanked him. He grinned and said, "Don't thank me—thank your father. He made this sale for you over twenty years ago."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.
Honey, it's money!

When you buy a cotton dress that shrinks out of fit, you're really throwing your hard-earned money down the drain.

So, always insist on seeing "SANFORIZED" on the label before you buy.

Better look twice to make sure your cottons are trade-marked "SANFORIZED"... then they can never, never shrink out of fit.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.
The early-lang effect prettily interrupts Eugenia Simons' high forehead, the delicate earrings soften her square jawline. A touch of eye shadow and mascara, pinky-red lipstick and a sheer film of beige powder add a pretty glow. Fresh flowers, a sparkle pin and a flattering neckline complete her new soft touch.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

The soft touch

Eugenia Simons' pictures on this page illustrate the lovely difference that can be made when a woman discards severity in favor of femininity. Her softly brushed-out curls, gently rounded dress and relaxed expression in the picture above provide pleasing contrast to her starkly tailored look at the left. Delighted with the results of her outer embellishment, Eugenia is anxious to develop the qualities of inner serenity which will make the pretty picture complete.

This one illustration is only a clue to the many other ways in which a woman can gain appeal, can draw people to her, by consciously (at first) softening her personality and appearance.

Women often lose the soft touch as they go into their thirties and forties. There are the ones who sacrifice femininity for smartness and, in trying to create a striking or interesting appearance, go to extremes. Far more women, however, lose the softness of youth because they get so busy they drive themselves and everyone around them; in their hurry and their worry over getting things done, they get sharp, they cut corners—the smile, the little joke, the personal sympathy and concern vanish.

Here are several of the suggestions we made to Eugenia Simons, an unusually attractive woman, as you can see from her pictures on this page, but one in whom tension and fatigue had taken over.

Practice slow motion — do essential work on schedule, let other projects go.

Stop to listen to your children and your husband—their troubles, adventures, and so on. Cut phone conversations short.

Wear soft colors, soft lines in everything from blouses to suits. Add one pretty touch a day, whether it's a freshly laundered hankie poking out of your blouse pocket, or a ribbon in your hair.

Smell sweet, feel sweet. Use a light, flower-

(Continued on Page 209)
Fresh draperies and slip covers planned around a simple but definite color scheme create the effect of a whole new room. The book and magazine shelves are handyman style.

This charming room should be within reach of every woman with imagination. A little money and a sewing machine, fresh paint makes the room look new, well-fitted slip covers hide the worn upholstery, and a gay color scheme supplies the charm.

These suggestions for freshening up the Simmons' living room show you the simplest and least expensive way of doing an all-out job in a worn room. Newlyweds who are starting out with secondhands can follow the same techniques. But whether you make your color scheme gayly modern, quaint or subtle, you go about the job in exactly the same way.

First, get set with your color scheme. Do this by shopping for inexpensive fabrics—buy half-yard pieces if you want to be sure—and make them into ensembles which you can pin up and study for a few days. If you have a rug, your new scheme, of course, must harmonize with it. The green rug in our photograph, by the way, was rewoven from old carpeting and dyed.

Best decorative fabrics for the new job are washable chintz, flowered satin and printed muslin. At cotton-dress-goods counters you will find bargain prints in fine calicoes and percales as low as 17¢ a yard. Hand-twisted cottons such as sailcloth, denim and rep are excellent for your plain slip covers. Since it is the texture of fabrics, rather than the color, that sojus, don't be too practical if you want a real transformation. It is the light, bright gaiety of your theme fabric that sets the keynote of the room.

If you aren't an experienced slipcover maker, buy a booklet at the counter where you buy your fabrics and take advantage of all the new tricks that make fitting and sewing easier. Use your machine attachments for hemming and ruffling your unlined curtains, to stitch your welting and slide fasteners.

Check to see if your lamps look up to date. They should match the scheme these days, be large and simple. The pair in the photograph was made from department-store vases fitted with wood adapters, shades are "blanks" covered with straw matting bought for 0.50. The cranberry-glass lamp was made from an old heirloom vase.

BUDGET FOR SIMMONS' ROOM

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fabric</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chintz</td>
<td>50 yds.</td>
<td>1.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green rep</td>
<td>50 yds.</td>
<td>2.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red rep</td>
<td>50 yds.</td>
<td>3.35</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paint</td>
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<tr>
<td>2 Lamps</td>
<td>@ 7.50</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Shades</td>
<td>@ 2.90</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lumber for bookshelves</td>
<td>4.00</td>
<td>12.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOTAL:** 84.10
3 generations
tell you
why
Maytag is the Automatic for you

"I grew up with Maytag washers," says Mrs. Leon Martin of Detroit. "So, of course, only the Maytag Automatic could be my choice." She shows her new washer to Mother, Mrs. C. D. Chapin, Columbiaville, Michigan; and Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey, Detroit.

"...washes clothes as clean as my Maytag conventional," says Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey. Yes... only the Maytag Automatic has famous Gyrofoam washing action... the agitator action originated by Maytag. Clothes get cleaner as gentle water currents wash out even the most stubborn dirt. Safety Lid... open it—washing action stops; close it, washing resumes. It's "children-proof." No bolting down... perfectly balanced. This Automatic has adjustable legs to fit uneven floors.

"I like the way I can wash everything from nylon to blue jeans," says Mrs. Martin. That's because the Maytag Automatic lets you vary the washing time. Completely automatic operation... even turns itself off. Up-and-over rinse flushes dirt away from clothes not through them. Thorough spin-drying leaves clothes fluffy, with no hard-to-iron wrinkles. Built by Maytag... and that means you can look forward to many extra years of dependable, trouble-free performance and cleanest clothes.
Munsingwear Anti-Shiver Balbriggans

knit to keep you warm from chin to shin

Cozy, comfy, colorful Balbriggans, warmly fashioned of fine combed cotton. And knit and finished to resist shrinking, sagging, stretching.

$4.95


Sleeping Beauties

BY Munsingwear

Matched p-jamas to delight mother and daughter. Blue heaven, coral sunset, pink dawn, yellow sunshine.

Women—14-20 $4.95
Girls—4-16 $3.50

• LINGERIE • STOCKINGS • FOUNDETTES® At better stores or write Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
Imagine a whole wardrobe for $50—a year-round one at that! Only by making your clothes yourself could this value be possible, because the wardrobe includes a lovely full-length all-wool coat. It has interesting shoulder detail and is fully lined in matching rayon crepe. The pretty raspberry cotton classic is Mrs. Simons' favorite dress. The easy gathered skirt, the three-quarter sleeves which can be pushed up, and the small collar will make it a year-round "go everywhere" dress.

The slim blue dress worn separately lends itself to dressy accessories . . . looks pretty under the beige topcoat.

Her blue acetate-and-rayon (that looks like wool) dress and jacket combine in many ways for utmost use. The dress and jacket worn together look like a suit . . . the dress worn separately is perfect for dinner or the theater. We added an extra skirt in a co-ordinated striped fabric—this gives Mrs. Simons an extra suit when she wears it with the blue jacket. The striped skirt is also nice for sweaters and blouses. The $50 covers the cost of all fabrics, the patterns, zippers, thread and buttons.

BY NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal


Lovely beige tweed softly tailored into a full-length topcoat. Pockets in seams, roll collar. Vogue Design No. S-1291, Small, Medium, Large.
Sure-success cherry pie!
For sparkling cherry pie, with fresh, bright color and richly glazed consistency, use Minute Tapioca for a sure-success thickness.
For all berry or fruit pie fillings, use Minute Tapioca instead of cornstarch (the same amount). If the recipe calls for flour, use slightly less tapioca instead.

2-WAY PARFAIT
Minute Tapioca Cream Jelly (any flavor desired)
Prepare Minute Tapioca, following easy directions on the package. Chill. Then spoon his favorite jelly into the dish, add the creamy pudding, and top with another spoon of jelly and a sprig of mint.
For a whipped-cream variation (don't save this one just for holidays), add 1/2 cup heavy cream to 2 tablespoons of the jelly, which has been softened with a fork. Add a few drops food coloring, if desired. Beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick. Now combine with Minute Tapioca Cream in a parfait glass, using the jelly-cream as an attractive center ring and colorful topping.

California Style
Here in California, it seems to be the custom to begin the meal with the salad course, and our favorite features a sour cream dressing.

SOUR CREAM-ROSEMARY DRESSING
Make a good strong brew of rosemary tea by pouring 3 tablespoons boiling water over 1 teaspoon dried rosemary. Let steep 5 minutes. Strain and add the tea to 1 cup thick dairy sour cream mixed with 1 cup mayonnaise. Add 1 small leek or green onion, finely chopped, a pinch of salt and 1/2 or more tablespoons vinegar. Make it as tart as you wish. This makes a pint of dressing and keeps well in the refrigerator for at least a week. It's truly wonderful on tossed green salads.

Chef Cam Lande
Although he's been given a chef's hat and apron, Dick refuses to wear them. He'd rather wipe his hands on the back of his old trousers, and usually does. His pet recipe is for barbecued spareribs with liquid smoke seasoning. The bottle was misplaced in the back of the cupboard for a while, but the ribs have taken on a familiar flavor now that Dick has found it again.

DICK'S SPECIAL BARBECUED SPARERIBS
Combine 1/2 cup catsup, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon chili powder, 1 teaspoon liquid smoke (optional), 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon onion salt and 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt. For 1, allow 2 sides of fresh spareribs. Place the spareribs in a shallow baking pan and brush generously with the barbecue sauce. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 1 1/2 hours until meat is tender. During baking, turn the ribs once so they brown on both sides, and continue brushing with addition barbecue sauce. Drain any excess that accumulates in the pan. Set finger-style with seconds on napkin.

Teamed with spareribs for this meal are our ever-popular zucchini-salad boats. While Dick is cutting the spareribs into easy-to-manage finger pieces, there's just enough time for me to fill a pan of cheese-stuffed zucchini and the broiler. Bubbly and hot, they 2 ways make a hit.

ZUCCHINI-CHEESE BOATS
Wash and slice small zucchini in half lengthwise. Allow at least one zucchini per person. Parboil the slices in a covered skillet in boiling salt water until just tender. Don't let get mushy. Drain and—scrape off the slimy portion in the center of each squash half. Season the shells with salt and pepper. Fill with grated sharp Cheddar cheese. Sprinkle with a little paprika and broil until the cheese melts. The more cheese you use, the better people like it. Serve immediate while cheese is still bubbly and hot.

It's Teamwork That Counts
With teamwork on vegetable preparation from me, Dick will never fuss to cook up our special Barbecued Pot Stew. Dick insists that the bar offering of onion makes this stew better in color and flavor. We've used our old-fashioned bean pot for many years. With stews, it's long, slow simmering that results in tenderness. If you don't have a bean pot, a Dutch oven works equally well.

BARBECUED POT STEW
Brown 1 pound cubed lean, boneless beef, lamb or veal in a skillet with tablespoon shortening or salt and pepper. Transfer meat to an earthenware or bean pot (or a heavy Dutch-oven-style casserole). Next, brown 8 small peel whole white onions in the skillet, add them to the meat. Now, add...
Barbecued spareribs are tonight's dinner treat.

Better than One

ALL-IN-ONE CASSEROLE

Chop 1 large onion and 1 green pepper. Brown in a hot skillet with 1 tablespoon shortening and 1 pound ground beef. Add 1 No. 21/2 can tomatoes, 1 can whole-kernel corn, 1 small can pitted black olives, drained, 2 1/2 teaspoons salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Mix in a 1/2-cup measure of egg noodles which have been cooked in boiling salted water and drained. Reheat to taste and pour into a greased 2-quart baking dish. Top with 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese or buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F, until heated through—about 20 minutes. Serves 8.

Grand Finale

My family insists that a meal is not complete without dessert. Most often, it’s apt to be my lemon-meringue pie in a graham-cracker crust, made with our own juicy lemons, tree-ripened in the back yard. Sifting top honors with the lemon pie is apple pie. In fact, whenever I make an apple pie, pop’s eyes just glow in the dark. Dick’s baking accomplishments are in the cake department. He made Mary’s birthday cake, and even made his own Father’s Day cake when I was away. When one of the party guests questioned Buzzy about the cake, he proudly answered, “My pop can cook anything.” You win if you guessed it might be a devil’s food cake.

DEVIILS-FOOD CAKE

Combine 1 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cup milk, 1 egg yolk and 3 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate in the top of the double boiler. Cook over simmering water until mixture is smooth and slightly thickened. Strain from heat and cool. Cream 1/2 cup butter or margarine with 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Sift 2 cup cake flour with 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Dissolve 1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda in 1 tablespoon hot water. Add to the batter, and flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Last, blend in the cooled chocolate mixture. Pour into 2 greased 9” layer-cake pans which have been greased, lined with wax paper and greased again. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F, about 30 minutes. Let cool on racks 5 minutes before removing from pans.

LIBBY’S PEAS are rich, buttery peas ... with baby-tender skins. Picked just when their June-sweet goodness is at its peak. Rushed from field to tin within an average of 2 hours, to hold all their sunny flavor for you. LIBBY’S CORN, whole kernel and cream style, has that garden-fresh delicacy. Grown from plump, special strains that have taken Libby years to perfect. So learn all about flavor: give Libby’s a whirl!

Give LIBBY’S a whirl

...and learn all about flavor!

Get enough to go around!
only eleven Genie had to cook and keephouse, because the mother was working, though Genie herself was seldom in good health.

Indeed, this motif of poor health is an important one in Genie's life, and in the marriage. Illness and fatigue often made it impossible or difficult for her to carry on as a wife—whether in running the house, or in love relations.

In 1942, Genie became pregnant again, this time without any negative feelings. But the child, delivered by Caesarean section, died a week after birth. Genie was told she could not have any more children, which was a great blow to her. A few years later, because both wanted a son, they adopted Buzzy.

Shortly after the adoption, an eye infection set in, and the infant nearly lost his sight. For ten days Buzzy's eyes had to be bathed every hour. Around the clock Genie did this. Dick helped by doing the baby's washing, including the diapers, doing the marketing, cooked suppers—he is a good cook, likes to experiment with dishes like goulash, and bakes cakes excellently.

Actually, Dick has always done a good deal of cooking in the house. But this, like so many things, became one more fly in the ointment. "I liked the fact that Dick could do laundry," Genie says. "But he had no idea how many times he came into the kitchen and said, 'Did you add enough salt, did you do this or that?' Of course, I took it as a kick at me; I thought he felt I wasn't equal to the job."

Meanwhile, shortly before Buzzy's adoption, Genie's mother was injured in an accident, and moved into their small home. It worked out badly. Genie and her mother quarreled frequently, with Dick, again, playing the role of pacifier. One day, when Buzzy was about three months old, a quarrel developed so violently that Genie's mother chased her daughter out of the house with a board. Genie took refuge with a neighbor, and her mother followed shortly after, holding a bottle of sleeping tablets. She swallowed a handful before her daughter, crying, "See? You've killed your own mother!" Genie summoned a doctor and an ambulance, but her mother very nearly did die.

The erosion of Genie's and Dick's marriage took on an accelerated pace.

It soon became apparent to Genie, for one thing, that Dick was becoming partial to Buzzy, ignored Mary. "There were times," she recalls, "when I felt Mary crying; when she spoke to Dick about it, he protested that Mary showed no feeling toward him. Genie told him, 'What do you get from your daughter is what you earn for yourself.'"

But this exchange of views was unusual. By now there was very little conversation in the Simmons house. More than ever, Dick kept his thoughts and reactions to himself, seldom either depressed or praiseworthy. The harder Genie tried to draw him out of his shell, the more tenaciously he clung to it.

Genie is an expert manager of money, has handled her household budget so well she was able to pay off all of its debts for Buzzy's asthma treatment, and buy herself a 1936 Chevrolet. "I don't think I've ever done anything like it. It was about this time," she says, "that I felt Dick was a heck of a provider."

She felt Dick was incapable of planning their expenditures, and was improvising. "Anything he wanted," she says, "he wanted right now. They have always bought a lot of things—washing machine, vacuum cleaner, disposal unit, mixer, TV, automobiles (they now own a 1950 Studebaker Champion which is all paid for)—and this has kept them in financial hot water. Genie admits that despite misgivings she acquired in each purchase; "Then, when we couldn't get a payment, I'd bring it up," she admits ruefully.

Once Dick gave her a lovely, ruffled nightgown for her birthday. She resent it deeply. "I needed shoes," she explains, "and I thought he didn't even notice how I lived day to day." After that she gave her money on her birthday, told her to buy what she wanted for herself; "But I was 'noble' to do that, she now laughs.

As the relationship deteriorated, the already negligible social life declined to a vanishing point. Dick began to look desperately for a housekeeper. She sought outside interest in the Burnside Girl Scouts, in local politics, but this only heightened her difficulties in running the house, for these activities were time- and energy-consuming. Dick began to change his opinion on home a little, and his pleasant remarks made to him by women—"Particularly," says Genie, "unmarried or divorced ones."

Finally, the marriage reached a point where, says Genie, "I could see he just did care; he didn't care of the house, didn't care about coming home."

Then, this past Christmas, while Dick was addressing some cards at home, a lot of climate came.

"I could read into things he did more than he realized," Genie says. "He had already addressed several cards to divorcees in his office, and hadn't had any trouble with those. But when he came to one card, asked me, 'How do you address a card to a divorced?' I thought there was something special about that card. Later I opened the envelope. What I saw signed the old cards 'Dick and Genie.'," she continued, "Naturally, I didn't like it. I asked him why he had signed only his own name, and his sole reaction was sense of outrage that I had opened the envelope."

Out of this incident grew a quarrel; out of the quarrel came a demand for divorce; and out of that came the Simon's decision to try marriage counseling.

Genie spends one hour a week with counselor, Walter Helfrich (as does Dick), pays a fee of 5S a visit. Helfrich sits in the desk in his pleasant office at South Alexandria Street, sits in a comfortable chair. She talks; he makes an occasional comment. And out of this, much developed.

"To be truthful," she says, "when we get counseling, I thought most of the good would be done to Dick. I had no idea how much I needed it."

At first-sher feared there might be no hope for their marriage, and asked Helfrich whether a love tike that had been as damaged as Dick's could be re-established. "He was only too glad," she says. "There are lots of bad feelings get out before there is room for good feelings."

"I think, now, that this applied to both of us."

Trying to sum up what she has got out counseling so far—through the discovery and insights offered by Helfrich—"I was feeling a lot of resentment, the wife has to do this, the husband helps, he helps when once his help started to work, I got a sense of release. I saw that when a lot of a resentment to get out, an trained person like a counselor can help friend can't, nor a relative."

"Counseling is helping me see myself. I've learned, in other words, that you can get to know yourself, you can see something yourself, no good for someone to tell you about it."

"The only growth emotionally that takes place is when you yourself can take that step."

"I've gained the feeling that in course I'm doing something constructive. I've come to understand that we can't alone, there are few couples who don't have difficulties. I am beginning to learn to accept responsibility in terms that we as want it; to understand what is important in a man's eyes."

She now sees that she has been too niggardly with her husband; that when she drags him out of his shell, it only matters worse. "Dick once told me, don't just ask me something, you are judge and jury and prosecutor," she recalls, was right; and now all he's got to say with 'judge and jury' and it curls my toes.
she shares with Dick a new awareness a couples must avoid reading a "meaning to everything" like one does or says. The idea above all, she has a sense of continuance. "I know," she says, "that sometimes I won't handle situations like the one I did at Christmas card the same way.

"Much of their life together, of course, looks pretty to Dick. When he fell in love with Eugenia, Dick was right of her as poised, self-confident, active—why, himself, he admired her name "she was as nice at a lemon" as one could expect to get in the Christmas card the same way.

"And that's all he knew how to do when he got into a "tangle" in his marriage.

Gradually—and he would find it difficult to state at what point—Dick began to feel that he wasn't getting much out of the marriage. He felt that Eugenia refused to make decisions, and left all initiative to him. Her illness, her chronic fatigue and some of her attitudes combined to form a total situation which baffled her, and left her filled with unexpressed resentment.

"I thought she was a poor housekeeper," Dick says. "Her attitude was that if any woman kept house well there was something wrong with her, and in this way she made her own sloppy housekeeping a virtue."

Dick has always done a lot of housework in his home. "On my day off," he recalls, "I might start cleaning up a big pile of dishes in the sink— not as a favor to her, but because I was sick of looking at them. While doing them, I might see her in the yard, pulling an occasional weed. Later, she would bend over for not having the yard cleaned up, saying, 'Why, I even gave you a start.'"

Dick admits, "I'm afraid most of what I did around the house wasn't done with good grace." However, he adds, "he did expect some gratitude for his help. But done a lot of cooking. Partly, this was because he sometimes enjoyed it. But he did too. Dick

Along with the housework, Dick did a lot of cooking. Partly, this was because he sometimes enjoyed it. But all too often he came home from work, found a tired wife stretched out on the couch, and no dinner started. Dick, of course, was rather tired too. Nevertheless, he got dinner himself.

But transcending all these things, from his point of view, what made his marriage increasingly intolerable was the poverty of the relations. Even half the business in their relationship were fine, he still might have felt like the man being counselled, quoted by Dr. Popene, who told his wife, "There are a thousand reasons why I shouldn't divorce you, and only one why I should—but that's the one I'm going to follow."

"I got the feeling there was nothing to come home to."

Dick sums it up. And it was only a small step from there to asking his wife for a divorce.

Dick says frankly, now, that he began counseling under protest, and expected little to come of it. For some time he had been talking to his wife. But gradually—analyzing his troubles with professional help— opened up a whole new world for him. For one thing, he believed that, "I was the kind of a cooky," he now says with a calm objectivity, "who never considered anyone, not even my wife's food and ordered me to give someone the whip hand. All my life I had a fear of asking for anything; I didn't want to do anything."

He is learning how to talk.

"I have become half-convinced," he says, "that Eugenia was right when she said we were an unhealthy hungry; his problems, though I think she talks too much. I've learned not to hide my grievances, letting them grow in me; now, I am getting so I can rear a bit around the house."

And he has come to see his problems in a broader perspective, as witness the following.

"I have come to see in what a mistaken light I have regarded myself all these years. . .

Some folks pay a compliment as though it were going to break them...
a step in the right direction

SHOES
famous for Fashion and Fit

and every step brings you new assurance of
smart appearance and real walking
pleasure. Talented Vitality designers know how to create
sleekening lines...shaped to make your
foot appear delicate...your ankles
slim...your carriage graceful.

Yet Vitality’s knock for fit always
gives you a shoe that clings without conining
...molds without restraining. Vitality knows
how to adapt fashion and fit for you!

Vitality Shoes $1095 to $1295

Next Month

BANKS and Catherine Upshaw,
of Dallas, Texas, could be voted the couple most likely to work
as a team. Together, they have built
up a successful publishing business.
They are in complete accord on the
rearing of their son and three
daughters, share an active interest
in church and community affairs.
They have even agreed to
disagree, on November 1, politically —
a decision that often leads them a
mercy chase. Hop on up to the
soap-box, and join in the fan-club.

PULLS APART

By Roger Butterfield

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the November JOURNAL

Vitality Wandurlassh, shoes
(for dates and campus), from $8.95
Complete Range of Size and Width

Vitality Shoe Company, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 5, Missouri

...It was not just a question of my relations
with my wife, it was a question of my
relations with everybody.

“I have learned that my trouble was more
with myself than it was with Genev...”

And, like Genev, Dick has a sense of further
vistas of development. In almost any state-
ment he makes about himself, he is likely to
add, “...of course, I still have a long way
off...”

But the results of six months of counsel-
ing are to be seen not only in how Dick and
Genev feel about it. The family’s situation
has been objectively improved.

Dick’s work has improved. “Son,” his
employer said to him recently, “I’ve been
waiting for this to happen—but what is it?
I knew you had it in you.” Dick got a raise,
and was told he was in line for the next
promotion.

The relationship between Dick and Mary
has grown much warmer. Not long ago they
spent an afternoon together, and, Genev re-
ports, “They both came home walking on
aire.”

And Dick and Genev’s love relationship
has altered dramatically. This was so un-
expected by Dick that he remarks, laugh-
ingly, “When my wife dropped her re-
solve in love, my first reaction was
one of suspicion; I thought, ‘What is she
trying to do, trap me?’

Both Dick and Genev are enor-
mously grateful, to the institution, and
to their counselor, Walter Helfrich.
Helfrich, a modernized
ren of middle
years with a quiet
voice and a gentle
manner of compe-
tence, has some in-
teresting comments
to make about their
difficulties.

“Eugenia’s ag-
gressive attitude to-
ward her husband,”
he feels, “was a nat-
ural extension of the
attitudes she also
operated in her own
family.” He also thinks, “An aggressive wife
never really wants that. If she succeeds in
pushing her husband around she loses her
feeling of security. The counselor’s job is to
help the person see the difference between
what they think they need and what they
really need.”

Her unhackable feeling of playing second
fiddle in Dick’s life, he believes, is not based
on reality, but is an attitude developed in the
real situation of her early years. Her mother
turned to the brother for rewards for her
“sacrifice,” putting Genev in second place.
This experience became an attitude in her,
and she brought it to her marriage and
superimposed it there.

She has been in revolt against domesticity,
he thinks, “at least partly because it was
forced on her at home.” Also, “she felt that
being tired and without competence would
win Dick’s sympathy; this was her technique
of trying to establish a relationship, rather
than trying to win his admiration.”

Genev’s extreme jealousy, it seems to Helf-
rich, “derived from the fact that her self-
estee had always been at a very low level.
She assumed that any woman who came
along had capacities she didn’t have, and
was able to take her husband away. If Dick
reported, ‘Nellie thought this was a nice tie,’
Nellie at once became a threat. Of course, in
so reporting, Dick may have been saying,
‘Other people see something in me, why
don’t you?’ And these others are quite a
few, the burden of proof is on you.”

Though he agrees that Dick has often been
thoughtless (though not more than she),
Helfrich thinks this was at least somewhat
brought on by her pattern: “She sent him to
others for his ego satisfaction, then accused
this as her doing.”

But “She is coming to grips with feel
she never knew she had,” he says, “that’s quite a step forward.”

On the other hand, Dick,
“Helfrich points out, “told
talked to his wife so little that she in
know how badly disturbed he was, thinks, that Dick was so involved in feel
inadequacy that he never had energy,
‘go out’ to his family. When his wife
promptly to dig into a problem, this
simply caused new resentment, and he
rew even further—never showing the
sentiment.”

Helfrich thinks this pattern was
established in Dick’s childhood. “He sees
himself as a creature of aimless power,
and with his energy, and can’t
them in, because of his experience of
his sister. From childhood on, Dick had
been so easy to please, so much the object, avoided
the situation from which hostility might grow.
Probably, Helfrich thinks, this developed
cause of his mother’s approach: ‘You are
very good boy and your mother loves you.’
Dick may well, he would say, “so give up your ball game
take care of your
sister.” Dick even rejected if he didn’t.
He had to stay aloof because
otherwise he would
show her the host
and resentment fell;
and to do so
he cost him his
or her love. This
happened early, he brought
his relationship
Genev.

Also, Dick had falseconception, or somewhere
in childhood, that his ma-
culine attributes
were insufficient.
“His whole feel
about him, growing out of
stereotyped feminine
masculine
in
quacy, was that he
couldn’t compete when he was able to re-evaluate his ma-
qualities, his confidence in all areas
increased.”

Once Dick reached the peak, with
Helfrich’s help, where he was willing to
break with Genev, rather than preferring
to live in the far-off
sults, things took an upturn. When
I came home and found his wife asleep
in the living room, it was to tell Geni
he was her job to get the meal. She
then came able, in turn, to admit to her
cousin and herself that she was at fault; and
was a big step toward recovery.” On
Helfrich says Helfrich, “when Dick had worked
some of his own feelings of inadequacy
he able to deal with a situation, and not
into some kind of obscurity.”

Helfrich feels that Dick’s financial dif-
ulties may have helped him, because, he
thoughtful and down in his early life, a
less feeling for planning finances.
men, too, plans were much too much of a cha-
time, since he felt that he could achieve
Dick may have been too self-indulgent,
case he felt, “If I don’t take care of my
he, in Helfrich’s opinion.
Dick’s coldness toward Mary, Helf-
think, may have been resentment born

Helfrich is not a talking man.” By
and by training, his appearance
and manner suggest that he rather is
But when he has made the above com-
quiet, nearly hidden look of pleasure
be made extraordinary progress.

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LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL

October
THE GIRL WITH THE SPLINTERED PERSONALITY

(Continued from Page 99)

O'Brien at another table, usually alone. I would go to a bookstore, and there would be Jack O'Brien. It was just one of those things. Everybody has a certain person who is always bumping into, and he was mine.

I met Archer Hanley at a party to which he had come with a blonde and I with a man. It was several weeks later that I found out it was the Fifth Avenue while I was running for a bus. I swore under my breath because I had not seen him before I gained momentum. There was nothing to do then but smile and wave and climb on the bus. I hated that bus drive for waiting for to (for Archer Hanley was an elegant man. He had dark smooth hair and he wore dark smooth suits and he was in advertising and he had a one-room apartment in the Village. I had one room, too, but it wasn't an apartment, even though I cooked on a hot plate in it; it was strictly third-floor furnished.

But I jumped into Archer again, one night after work, just as dusk was coming to 7th Street and the colored neon lights were glittering through it, and I kept trying to hold in back of me the brown paper bag with the pie chicken I had just purchased for my supper. We talked about the Village and how you were always meeting people in it, just like a small town, and then Archer looked around and put his hand on my head and said, "How about having a cocktail with me, Jean?" And I said yes and came along with him to the Hotel Covington, wondering whether the brown paper sack would make a pile if I dropped it in back of me. We sat at the bar which was small but glowing and there was a man playing Cole Porter on the piano and I said, "How about having a cocktail with me, Jean?"

"Sure, I answered, lifting his brows. "You sure knocked that off!" He still had half of his left, He caught the bartender's eye and pointed to my glass. "You don't mind if I don't keep up with you?"

I laughed uncertainly. I thought he was kidding, but I couldn't be sure. I had nurtured half a cocktail through the party where we'd been by a certain person who is always bumping into, and we were going to disengage myself, would make merow that if only the sickness was waned. I would never try to take a whole one again. The bartender came over with the shaker and poured the cocktail to my glass and took time to look in my face before he turned away. He was probably surprised. I have sort of a baby face and I don't overload it with make-up. I have kind of reddish-brown hair which I wear short and curly and my eyes are blue and not bloodshot.

Who would have thought it would be convincing when I clumsily drew my cocktail toward me with a little "Ah-h-h-h-h, of some kind took an abandoned swig? But Archer's eyes widened and he said, "I had no idea you drank like this."

And then suddenly there I was with a part set up for me and I would have been embarrassed to disclaim it. I'll never know how I got through my second cocktail and struggled home with a fearful dread lest myのかっ overwhelmed it. It was like walking through water up to my chest. Later when the fog lifted, knowing only dearly ill, I couldn't remember whether Archer had suggested dinner or not, or even how we parted. Maybe the worst thing of all was that I had lost my chicken pie and I pictured with horror Archer calling up the next day to say he had it. Why did you do it? I groaned. Why? And some thing within me shrugged, helplessly. About a week later, Archer called. "Have anything more to drink after you fell down, because I'm uncertainly." He asked, in some what sounded like a deliberately casual tone. "Why, no. I don't believe so. What was there in me that could not resist following it?"

"Well!" said Archer, lifting his brows. "You're pretty young for that sort of thing, aren't you?" I lifted my shoulders. I do know if it registered. There was a pause. "Drink," said Archer finally, "never

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"Now promise you won’t keep muddling junk."
time, now that our chapter was safely launched, to look outward, to see what we could do for the community and not just for the chapter? Was our sole reason for being to perpetuate ourselves? He'd been asking around, he said, and found out they needed help with the kids at the settlement house, and there was work going on in the Village that we could get behind, bringing people of different faiths together and helping people understand each other.

The chairman put the suggestion to a vote and it was unanimously approved and then he asked who would like to take over the job of organizing a committee to do those things and nobody raised his hand.

"I'll take it," he said. He had never called me by my first name before. It was always, "Miss Mervis, what do you think of this suggestion?" He said, "Is anything wrong?"

"No!" I was surprised. "What makes you think so?"

"You look... terrible."

"Thank you," I said, and then realizing that my smile was just a little brave, I added hastily, "I'm quite all right. Just a little tired." I didn't know why I didn't listen to the movie. And I didn't want him to know that I was reduced to going to movies by myself on a Saturday afternoon.

His honest face was concerned. "You look more than just a little tired. Are you sure there's nothing wrong?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure," I said, and, still under the spell cast by the film, I sighed. He hesitated. "You know, you could talk to me. I swear I wouldn't say a word. Maybe I could help you."

"But truly," I said, and there was something welling up in my throat that made my voice have to squeeze its way out past it. Sympathy always does that to me, whether I deserve it or not. I swallowed. "There's nothing to help me with," I finished weakly. He said, suddenly stern. "Look, we can't have you wandering around the cold streets like this. Let me buy you a coffee."

We went into the hamburger place and he ordered coffee and I had to swallow again when the odor of the grilling hamburgers dawned on my nostrils. I was hungry, but it wasn't polite for anyone to request a hamburger from an almost-stranger, and I guess he thought girls with tragedies in their lives didn't go around chomping on hamburgers. He watched me sip the hot coffee and he drank his. "Does that help?"

I sighed for my lost hamburger and murmured politely, "Yes, I feel much better."

We stood outside and he linked his arm in mine. "How about a good brisk walk?" he suggested. "Maybe that will bring the color to those pale cheeks."

He was almost my height, just a trace taller. I was tall for a girl, so it was very easy to walk along with our arms clasped tightly. His profile was sober and his face was shaven clean, in an uneven, unshaven way, with his slashing black eyebrows and his black hair that was a little brown, and the winter redness of his cheeks. We walked down Fifth Avenue toward Washington Square and we walked around the square once and then sat down on a bench to catch our breath.

"Tell me about yourself, Jean," he said, and his arm was still wound around mine.

"I live on the third floor of a brownstone and I always lived in Ohio and gone to college there and joined the Marines and come to New York after, to look for work in publishing. I told
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH AND STOPS DECAY BEST!

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Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentistry history. Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the leaf way is the Colgate way!

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And slow sweet coming down of rain.
Beauty is heard, as well as seen:
Flute notes of field larks, sharp and keen.
An evening frog’s deep-voiced bassoon,
And crickets fiddling to the moon.

Beauty is sound as much as sight,
Cool water flowing through the night,
Bright moon in leaves or rippled grain,
And slow sweet coming down of rain.
Beauty is heard, as well as seen:
Flute notes of field larks, sharp and keen.
An evening frog’s deep-voiced bassoon,
And crickets fiddling to the moon.

Happy Christmas!

— Elizabeth-Ellyn Long

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Rootin', tootin' buckaroos trot off to bed like lambs—if they're toggled out for sleep by Hanes. (Note to Mothers—Hanes Sleepwear is all size-fast, suds-fast, cheerfully shrink-resistant! And so thrifty!)

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- Rootin', tootin' buckaroos trot off to bed like lambs—if they're toggled out for sleep by Hanes. (Note to Mothers—Hanes Sleepwear is all size-fast, suds-fast, cheerfully shrink-resistant! And so thrifty!)
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**Miscarriage... Why it Happens, and How You May Avoid It**

**DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN**

s. Chicago Board of Health

The whole gamut of family tragedies, I doubt that any strikes more dis-appointment and fear to the hearts of unmarried couples than to lose a first by through miscarriage. Why did it hap-pen? they ask themselves. Will another chance terminate the same way? Does is mean they can never hope to have a 3d of their own?

For until recently, miscarriage has seemed to be a mysterious act of Provi-nce. It takes place in the early weeks or months of pregnancy, sometimes even before the woman is aware that she is pregnant, so tiny organism so ruthlessly expelled most hope to survive in the outside world. And it is estimated that about one in every five or six terri-ble in this way. We have accomplished wonders in recent years in saving full-term babies, miracles in saving premature. But how can science reach into the womb, as it was, and throw its safeguards about an embryo or a fetus?

Yet this is precisely what is happening today. We know now why most miscarriages take place, and hence how to avoid them. There are still rare cases, but I must admit, that we don't understand. Occasionally it is necessary for the doctor to advise a couple that pregnancy would be inadvisable or dangerous. But at last we doctors are able to tell all but a small handful of expectant mothers, "Follow directions, and there is no reason why you should not have a one, full-term baby."

Let me say at the outset that the one cause of miscarriage which no amount of care can eliminate—accidental injury to the mother—is not so important as most women have been led to believe. It is true that when a woman is predisposed to miscarriage, a shock or a bump or a fall may be all that is needed to bring on the dis-aaster. We have found, however, that most healthy women can withstand rather severe shocks and not even harm to themselves or to their unborn children.

Not that I would have you throw caution to the wind and take unnecessary risks. But you need not fear that any slight accident is going to cost you your baby.

What, then, are the causes of miscarriage? A very common one has been found to be some disorder of the mother's endocrin organs. As you know, these regulate the functioning of many of the body's organs and have a great deal to do with the organs of reproduction in particular. During pregnancy, certain hormones are manufactured in great abundance for the sus-tenance of the fetus. You can see how a lack in this respect would endanger the infant. It is wonderful news, therefore, that medical science can now supplement the supply of vital hormones, when a mother's own body does not produce

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**Lovelier**—because it gives baby skin wonderful new protection against rash!

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Choose from gay sudfast songbird colors.
For your darlings and your dolls NITEY NITE
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sets: sizes 0-4. One-piece style: sizes 4-8.
Pajama, without feet: sizes 4-14.

“WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T?”
(Continued from Page 57)

instructor is at all likable and inspiring,
the students, without necessarily realizing it,
begin to absorb her (or his) basic attitudes,
from the highest degree. In fact, research has
shown that this conscious or unconscious
desire to be like a teacher is one of the
strongest motives in all learning.

The drift of our population to the cities has
also belittled woman's importance. On the
farm in the olden days she cooked the meals
(in fact, raised much of the food in her garden
and chicken yards!), wove the cloth, made it
into clothes and then washed them every week,
kept the house clean, and raised the
children who were a great help to the farmer.
If she stopped functioning for a day everyone
was inconvenienced. She couldn't help but feel
important.

Now the factory makes the clothes, the
canning factory precooks a lot of the food,
the dairy makes the deserts. In cities the
laundry or the washing machine does a lot of
the wash, and you can always eat out if
you don't feel like cooking.

Let's pretend for a minute that we are voca-
tional-guidance experts who analyze job
requirements and job rewards in order to help
young people choose careers wisely. In this
way we may be able to get a more objective
view of how the occupation of housewife and
mother stacks up against others.

Are the personality requirements less high
for successful homemakers than for women in
other professions? To become a distinguished
novelist or dramatist, a woman must have
a rare creative and descriptive skill, a
great range of practice. But she does
not necessarily have to be the kind who
make her life enjoyable to herself and others
such as sociability or contentment.

To become a successful lawyer in a depa-
tment store, a woman must have a keen
judgment, drive, years of experience in
several other parts. She may not have had
science or music training; nor a part of
the two of you, can make the baby
able to survive the world in nearly every
instance.

before the miscarriage may result. As
there is an excellent chance that a third
or fourth fetus may be born normally. The
thorough investigation and treatment of
the Rh factor, except in very aggravating
cases.

What, then, can you do to prevent
the individual roots against it
heartache and fear of a miscarriage?

1. If I had my way, every wife would have
a thorough physical examination by
a family doctor before she becomes pregnant.
Thus any discoverable disorder may be
avoided, and corrective action undertaken,
before there is a loss to which it might
be a threat.

2. Place yourself under the
doctor's care them-
ite you suspect you are pregnant. Stay under
close supervision until your
baby is safely delivered.

3. Take every precaution you can to avoid
infectious illnesses.

4. Report to your doctor immediately on
an unusual sign, such as bleeding or cramps.
Come immediately to bed and stay there until the doctor
has come. Then follow his orders implicitly.

5. If you have ever had a miscarriage, a
doctor's order to inspect the
vaginal or cervical area functioning of your endocrine glands.
A woman, exerting yourself as little as possible,
at the time in your pregnancy when
the previous miscarriage took place. Miscarriages
seem to follow a pattern. If you
are able to carry your baby past the danger
period, there is every chance that it will
be able to survive.

Aside from these things, I would have you go
about your daily life just as you did
before the baby announced its coming. In
keeping yourself under the care of a doctor
will guard against the possibility of
a harm, but you may not be able to
"foresee the future" of your baby.

A woman who can be trained to be
fairly good at all housework in a matter
of minutes and with the ability to
make her life enjoyable to herself and others
such as sociability or contentment.

To become a successful lawyer in a depa-
tartment store, a woman must have a keen
judgment, drive, years of experience in
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the two of you, can make the baby
able to survive the world in nearly every
instance.

"WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T?"
(Continued from Page 57)
Baby's biggest blessing!

handi-panty
by alexis

Atlanta, Georgia

LISTEN... MUSIC POURS OUT
LOOK... FEET GO... FLIP-FLOP

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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So help your baby thrive with a daily serving of new Swift's Egg Yolk for Babies!
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Slightly higher Doctor size

TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 38)

"Now in your case, Miss White, the uterus has fallen over backward—well, about sixty degrees. The result is, the blood supply of this region is affected, the uterus becomes somewhat congested, proper establishment of the menstrual flow is impaired, the bearing-down sensation of which you complain develops, as well as the backache and—partly on account of the inclination—leacorrhrea is liable to result. That seems to explain your symptoms quite inclusively, doesn't it?"

"Indeed it does. It seems to be a mechanical condition."

"That is exactly what it is."

"What has caused this displacement, Doctor?"

"Retrodisplacement, we call it, a fifty-cent word for 'backward tipping.' I am not sure that I can answer your question directly."

"I don't remember having had any accident."

"I doubt that an accident had anything to do with this. Many such conditions are congenital."

"Meaning?"

"The individual is born with the condition. That might easily be your case."

"What should I do about it? I don't like the idea of going on this way."

"I don't think it should be neglected, particularly in view of your approaching marriage. The condition should be corrected."

"You mean an operation, Doctor?"

"Yes, I—- I doubt it. If I operated on every woman who comes in here with a mild displacement, I wouldn't have any time to keep office hours. Such conditions are very common among young women. In fact, I imagine that a good many carry some degree of displacement all their lives, and never even know it."

"I should think their doctors would find it out."

"They often do, just as in your case. But many women go through a lifetime without checking up on the condition of their internal organs, unless some appalling symptom develops."

"I should think it would be discovered when they get pregnant. Most women have an examination then, don't they?"

"True. But after the third month of pregnancy, when the uterus rises out of the pelvis so that it can be felt above the pelvic bones in front, the displacement automatically becomes straighter, for it has to in order to find room to grow."

"But after a woman has had a baby, doesn't the uterus get smaller until it is normal size again? I thought it had to."

"You are quite right."

"Well, does going through pregnancy cause the uterus to be straightened out permanently?"

"It may, in some cases; but mostly the displacement persists after the uterus has become sufficiently small to allow it."

"Then why doesn't the doctor discover it when he makes his examination after the baby's birth?"

"I begin to feel as though I'm being subjected to a cross-examination. However, I welcome it. It is refreshing to find a young woman able to ask such questions. To answer your last one, you'd be surprised to learn how many women neglect that follow-up examination, even though its importance is highly emphasized by all doctors and clinics."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"I'm glad you brought up this discussion of pregnancy, for I want to explain two important points in connection with it and the matter of uterine displacements."

"Yes, Doctor?"

"First, a severe displacement may offer hindrance to a woman's becoming pregnant."

"You mean that I'm sterile on account of my condition?"

"No, I don't mean that. Many women become pregnant in spite of having displacements worse than yours, but it might be hindrance."

"Oh, I don't want that."

"You're not going to have it. The second point is—a severe displacement carries a definite threat of miscarriage, if the pregnancy does eventuate."

"Does it happen commonly?"

"RATHER frequently—enough so that it considered one of the likely causes of spontaneous abortion. On the other hand, many women seem immune to such an accident, in spite of having even a bad displacement. You can never tell how any particular individual is going to react—that's why medicine has not become an exact science."

"All I know is that I shall want to become pregnant when the time comes, and I certainly shan't want to do it."

"Of course. So we are going to take a step to see that you are safe on both counts."

"You didn't recommend an operation. Suppose, then, there be some other way to correct the condition."

"There is, in a case like yours where the uterus is capable of being dislocated back into its normal position without undue trouble. Had I been unable to replace the organ satisfactorily, there would be no recourse except to an operation, because it would probably mean that the uterus had become adherent to the surrounding organs. In your case I think that we shall be able to do very well—I hope so."

"What is it that you recommend?"

"I am going to have my nurse take you back to the examining room and show you how to carry out certain postural treatment. It isn't painful, but you won't like it. You have had this condition a long time—possibly all your life; and it is not going to be cured overnight. The treatment will require weeks, perhaps months. This is going to require faithfulness on your part. If you get tired of the exercises and give them up, or skimp on the time you devote to them, you may as well not start; for your time will be wasted. You must stick to the job religiously, as you do any duty for which you promise yourself to do."

"I doubt after a while you will be able to feel the uterus falling into its normal, natural position when you begin your exercises. It probably won't stay there at first, but later on it will. I can't promise, but I believe you will be able to save yourself the necessity of an operation, later on."

"If you should have to operate, Doctor, what would have to be done?"

"A shortening of the ligaments which hold the uterus in place."

"An abdominal operation?"

"It is, but a comparatively simple one."

"If those ligaments were shortened, wouldn't it interfere with pregnancy?"

"There have been some very clever operative procedures devised to avoid that very thing. No, you wouldn't have to worry about its complicating a future pregnancy."

"Well, I'm going to work hard on those exercises."

"That's the way to talk, and I am sure you will get results. Now go with the nurse and listen carefully to what she tells you. Come back here after a month, and we'll see if your condition has improved. I'll hazard more than a guess that it will have."

"Thank you, Doctor."
Parade of HOLGATE toys

—at your Favorite Store

Tenshun! A whole brigade of fun-packed Holgate Toys... scientifically designed to put the “create” in recreation. Chew-safe, color-safe... merry HOLGATE Toys develop alertness, coordination, size-color perception— and the kids have fun as they learn.

At better stores everywhere.
true sense of the word, since before airplanes were invented he owned a balloon in which in 1869 he flew from France to Russia. In 1909—his historic flight across the Channel—Jacques bought his first airplane, and received his license as Pilot No. 3. Before he made this historic flight, he had only been able to get a license to fly in Morocco as a volunteer airman in the war against the Moors in 1913 and 1914. It was a brave decision, for the Moors were known to kill their captives by bow and arrow. Sometimes later our plane was thrown into a ditch with a 65-horsepower engine. For exception service rendered to the Ministry of War of Morocco, he was awarded the Legion of Honor.

In 1915, he, together with my father, who undertook to pay for the transport of any American who wished to fight in the French Air Force, and Doctor Gross, of the American Hospital at Neuilly, raised and formed the Escadrille Lafayette, which later was incorporated into the United States Army.

Looking back on the first years of my second marriage, I realize the essentially self-contained life we began. The directorship the outer world meant little to us. Our house in Paris overlooked the Champ-de-Mars, that big garden that stretches its green banks from the Seine to the fine old buildings of the Ecole de Guerre. How lovely were those springs and early summer days. The gray flowers in the parterres, the green velvet of the lawns, the golden ruffles of sand that enclosed them, the scent of lilies and lavender, the acacias stretching the stiff bouquets of their blossoms to the sky, the birds singing, the swans on the gay little pond, and beyond the clear gray waters of the Seine, the long embankments against the stone embankments where fishermen fished or read the news. At night, the lights from the Eiffel Tower flashed above our roof and the stars seemed to answer from high above. Oh, the breathtaking beauty of Paris in springtime!

Throughout all those years, I was blissfully happy in my life with Jacques and with our wide circle of friends; but at first I missed the work that had accustomed me in England. I was therefore glad when a group of social workers asked me to help them to build and equip a hospital for the professional classes. It was estimated that 200,000 francs would endow a room, and we made this the basis of our first appeal. Many entertainments were organized to raise funds.

The most touching of all the tributes to the memory of Marshal Foch, to whom our hospital was dedicated, was paid by Paderewski. No longer President of Poland but still a great pianist, he gave a concert for our benefit in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. The long program must have taken his falling strength; nevertheless, after the public ovation that greeted his finale he remained to play a few songs for his countrymen, who had often heard him. Great in his generosity as in his genius, he refused any part of the proceeds, although heavy expenses incurred by his wife’s illness were taxing his resources.

The day dawned at last on which our hospital was officially opened by the President. Our chief satisfaction lay in the opinion expressed by the medical profession that no finer hospital existed anywhere—an opinion confirmed by the Germans in 1940 when they evicted all French patients and took the hospital over for their own use. In 1909, the Foundation Foch du Mont Valerian was re-dedicated to the “classes moyennes” for whom it had been built. In announcing the good news to our President, Justin Godart, to whose unfailing support we owed the successful termination of our work, informed me: ‘I heard from Prestice d’Houmard, a mark of appreciation which, after so many years, deeply touched me.

It was also to his recommendation as Minister of Public Health that I owed the Legion of Honor. How well I remember the day he came to our house in Paris to give me the decoration. I had refused the public function he kindly suggested, and nothing could have been more to my liking than the informal ceremony when in the presence of our household he made a little speech and asked my husband to pin the cross on me, since, of him. The following day he had made his historic flight across the Channel—Jacques bought his first airplane, and received his license as Pilot No. 3. Before he made this historic flight, he had only been able to get a license to fly in Morocco as a volunteer airman in the war against the Moors in 1913 and 1914. It was a brave decision, for the Moors were known to kill their captives by bow and arrow. Sometimes later our plane was thrown into a ditch with a 65-horsepower engine. For exception service rendered to the Ministry of War of Morocco, he was awarded the Legion of Honor.

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Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

Hair tends to be dry, oily, or normal. For this reason three Breck Shampoos have been developed. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action, and leaves your hair clean, fragrant and shining. The next time you buy a shampoo, ask for the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.
There were children riding in the forest jumping their ponies over hurdles in fields, children playing tennis and swimming in the pool, children fishing for trout in the rivers or canoeing on canals, children playing golf or bicycling in the garden—itis WHAT I recall the sweet, careless girls of those last prewar summers.

One week end Winston Churchill decided he wanted to paint his Most After care he thought he made up his mind that he would fer the water rough to smooth. Sending Deux for a photograph, he placed his gardener in a boat and told them to cross ripples with their oars. I can still see the scene with Winston personally directing maneuver—the photographer running round to do snapshots—the gardener clumsily laboring the water. With characteristic the roughness Winston persisted until all possibilities had been exhausted and the photographer, hot and worried, muttered, "Mes Anglais s'ont däns une mauvaise sorte.

Our happy life at Saint Georges Motel had earlier inspired my mother to acquire a bunch of roses with a fancy room, creating improvements steadily that in spite of falling health last years were happy.

She was forever critically surveying the garden. Walking in the garden with Jack and me, she would suddenly stop us and say, "This river is not wide enough; it should be twice as large!" When we came across a new gardener, she gave him a tour, showing him the fountains in Fontainebleau that we had missed. She was the legend that the great financier a builder, Jacques Coeur, had driven it to save his daughter; from this she derived the viceroy's pleasure any tribute to the female hierarch. She once gave an army of workers all the day laboring the water. She had a garden of roses and hollyhocks, it held a pool and borders of sweet-smelling flowers.

There were also garden water gardens with weeping willows, hydrangeas, irises, day lilies, lupines and anemones. We planted them along the river as it flowed past the house, would say, "This river is not wide enough; it should be twice as large!" When we came across a new gardener, she gave him a tour, showing him the fountains in Fontainebleau that we had missed. She was the legend that the great financier a builder, Jacques Coeur, had driven it to save his daughter; from this she derived the viceroy's pleasure any tribute to the female hierarch. She once gave an army of workers all the day laboring the water. She had a garden of roses and hollyhocks, it held a pool and borders of sweet-smelling flowers.

Near Aunt Kate:
Here's the snapshot of Timmie and incidentally, did you ever see a snowman with so many extra parts?
You'd be surprised how quickly I get them assembled, thanks to the Dot Snap Fasteners. They work so easily, and I don't have to worry about them coming undone when Tim goes into his tumbling act.

Most all of his clothes are equipped with Dot Snappers and it's a big convenience, too, when you want to get shopping in a hurry.

FOR YOUR OWN SEWING
You can put Dot Snappers on the clothes you make, with the Dot Snappers Kit. Complete with professional attaching tool. At notion counters, $1 a box. Refills 25c.

DOT Snap Fasteners
UNITED-CARR, FIRST IN FASTENERS, CAMBRIDGE 42, MASS.
wrong, it should be paved," my mother commented severely; and the year of her death old paving stones brought from Versailles covered the court.

On my next visit to her it struck me as strange, since she could no longer walk, that she should wish to build a bowling alley. It was in vain I tried to turn her thoughts to more suitable amusements. A bowling alley duly arrived from America. Here the nurses my mother no longer could do without sometimes bowled. More appropriate was a Bath chair Queen Victoria had used during her visits to Cimiez, which had been made by a famous French carriage builder. Its beautiful lines had captivated my mother, who had ordered a donkey, complete with its harness, sent all the way from Sicily to draw her.

Gradually my mother weakened, and we took her to her little house in Paris where, in the winter of 1933, she died. Leaving the Old World with its marked respect for the departed, where men have time to doff their hats and women to cross themselves in greeting, I found it strange to be met in New York by policemen on motorcycles who preceded the hearse while we raced to St. Thomas's Church. But the service there was triumphantly symbolic, with suffrage societies flying their banners as they came up the aisle wave upon wave. A hymn my mother had herself composed was sung—it naturally concerned a woman.

On our return to France, I plunged again into my work in Paris and at Saint Georges Motel. In time my chief interest there became a nunsarium or, as it is in France, a preventorium, where there were some eighty young children who were recuperating from operations or in need of preventive care. I have always loved children; but like the old lady who lived in a shoe, what with my Preventorium and Recreation School and, in 1939 and '40, a few hundred refugee children from Paris, I had so many I very nearly did not know what to do. But at least it meant that we never experienced the tedium of country life.

During the last summer before the war, we went to Blenheim for the coming-out ball of my eldest granddaughter, Sarah, who is now married to an American. My son had succeeded his father as tenth duke in 1934. I went to Blenheim with anxious forbodings, for the international horizon was dark. But on that evening the scene was still gay, and my pleasure great in meeting so many old friends. I suppose with Winston and Anthony Eden and wandered out to the lovely terraces Marlborough had built.

How revealing are my memories of Blenheim in my son's time when his life, with Mary and his children, was all that I wished mine could have been.

SOMEB Where in the hinterland of my consciousness lies the sadness, the haunting anxiety of that cold and desolate winter. We were icebound in our little chateau. Spirals of feecy mists wound upward from the frozen ground. The fountains stood silent in mid-air like gleaming silver plumes. The trees covered with hoar frost had their branches etched in black and white against the sky. In the garden nothing moved, everything seemed tense—waiting. Dressed in fur coats to warm us, we used to huddle round the fire those long winter evenings. Jacques had joined the French army and was often away on various missions.

On Friday, May 10th, my maid woke me with the news that the Germans had invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourig, and were marching south and west. We knew then that the inevitable had begun and would soon be upon us. I told her to pack a valise and to put it under my bed. We studied our maps in sickening apprehension. Everyone of us knew that there were worse things.

With the invasion of the Lowlands came an ever-growing influx of refugees. Hurrying south, they found even in our little village, water of a village. First came the automobiles of the rich. Then followed a sad procession. Once again the farmers on their great wagon, drawn by four splendid Percherons, were trekking south, leaving their crops, their cat-
Happy Hawaiian Harvest to you—from DOLE

At your grocer's now—the new pack of delicious DOLE Pineapple Products! Get some and serve some today.

This frosty Minted Pineapple Cup, for instance: appetizer or dessert, it's as cool and refreshing as a Waikiki breeze! Easy—mix drained DOLE Pineapple Chunks with chopped fresh mint. Refrigerate, then garnish with a sprig of mint.

Individual "Topsy-Turvy" for dessert is easy, too, with juicy, crisp-cut DOLE Crushed! Spread the drained, luscious bits and a cherry over a butter and brown sugar mixture in oven-proof custard cups. Fill cups 1/2 full of cake mix, your own or prepared. M-m-m-m!

Be sure it's Hawaiian—be sure it's DOLE! Send 25¢ for idea-packed Party Book to DOLE Mainland Office, 211 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.
After ten years spent in a land at peace, I find it difficult to describe my reactions to the stress and turmoil of that spring. I remember a feeling of growing horror as the Huns approached. It was as if everything beautiful and fine and worth while was going to be destroyed. I had worked hard—I had simulated a courage I did not feel—I knew we were beaten. It seemed to me that the only thing that now mattered was to get our sanatorium children safely away. At that moment everything seemed unreal, and we were dashed by a disaster we felt very near, for the wind blowing from the north was bringing the sound of guns ever more clearly to our ears.

June 6th we set out for Pau in search of quarters for the children. Jacques had orders to go south and was able to take me in his small Citroen—our chauffeur had been mobilized. We left with a valise apiece, since we planned to be away for a few days only—just time to find a house, and then return to evacuate the children.

I shall never forget the sadness and the beauty of that last day at Motel. The fountains I so loved were throwing their sun-tipped jets into the still air; the children’s laughter rang happily as they played nearby. I looked back as we drove away. The pink house with its blue roof was reflected in the waters of the moat. Then we were on the road caught in the traffic that flowed south.

We finally found a large villa which, although quite uncomfortable for permanent use, could serve as a temporary home. We left Pau at 4:00 a.m. on the third day, glad to be homeward bound. It seemed strange to see our way so clear, no one was going north and yet the southbound traffic never infringed the regulations and our half of the road lay free before us, throwing through an endless row of caravans.

At Périgueux we drew up at a café for much-needed refreshment, and were greeted by two friends.

"Where are you going?" they asked us.

"To Saint-Georges Motel," we answered.

"You are crazy," they said. "There are thousands of dollars already there; the government has moved to Bordeaux."

"Nonsense," said the husband, "they exaggerate," and we resumed our way.

Visions of the Nazi Motor Cycling Corps swarmed before my tired eyes. I would so much rather be shot than taken prisoner, I reflected, searching the traffic that now appeared to be flying south. I looked for our cars which, if the news were true, must be conveying our children to Pau. Suddenly I recognized one of them, and our Butler sitting next to the driver.

The Germans were indeed in our village, which had been evacuated. Some had been bombed, but neither the château nor the sanatorium had been hit. The hospital at Dax had received a bomb, but our agent’s wife, who had that day gone to be delivered of her child, had been killed, together with her newly born child. One more tragedy amongst so many was no more than a last glimpse of the war that the sanatorium children had safely escaped.

Reaching the American consulate, we saw a long line of cars and crowds of excited people running in and out of the building. Queues of frenzied people surrounded every official. It was impossible to reach one. Hampered in the crowd, we were able to reach two American friends. One of them, an important official in the Red Cross, looked harassed and insistently beckoned me to leave the country. He told us that I had figured on the Nazi hostage list. Only a few months back, Baron Léon Rothchild had been imprisoned because of his having extorted money from a French family before he was returned. We were advised to cross the Frontier at once—for it would soon be too late.

Impressed by this evident anxiety for our safety, we decided to approach Jacques’ chief, the Ministre de l’Air, for permission to leave the country. He was difficult to find, because the government was only then moving into its new quarters. But when at last we found him, he told us that an attempt had been made to place Jacques’ demobilization in jeopardy and that he had advised us to take me and the children immediately. It remained only to obtain our visas.

"Don’t waste any more time," said our chief, "your papers are ready. You shall have them by morning; you will never get anything done here. Have your passports vised for Spain and Portugal at Barcelona and Lisbon. We have crossed the line of trust to getting your American entry in Lisbon. But hurry," he added ominously, "for the Frontenac is to be closed to us momentarily, then you will no longer get out."

We took the road to Bayonne. A great sadness filled me at leaving France, where I had found so much happiness. I knew my husband would return to his country and I hated being the cause of his going.

The evening before leaving Lisbon we dined with the Duke of Kent, who, having heard of our arrival, invited us to a lovely palace the Portuguese Government had placed at his disposal during his official visit. We ate at first decimated, but he insisted that we should come as we were, and he promised to send news of us to my sons in England. I sat next to him at dinner—it was just a year since we had met at Blenheim for my grandmother’s coming-out ball. Two years later he was killed in an airplane accident. How odd it seemed to sit at a formal dinner again free of anxiety! We had eaten our little lunch on little white paper and knew of the stress and storm of a country overrun by a ruthless enemy. That we had come so far with happiness and pride. What a world of difference now lay in our outlooks. I shall not, however, forget the Duke’s considerate kindness to us that evening. He brought England and my children closer to me, and I felt warmed by his solicitude. He was a man of great charm and had a sympathetic understanding of all that was beautiful, inherited from his mother, Queen Mary.

The next morning—thanks to the good offices of the American Consul and my brothers—we left Lisbon on the Clipper. I had an inhibition against flying, and my first voyage. As we moved through the waters and rose to our flight, I looked at the blue sky above and the slowly fading coastline below, and I smiled at the accidental passage to a promised land.
The soup is stracciatella, the meat cotolett di vitella—hard to pronounce but so easy to make . . . and delicious to eat!

**Conversation Piece**

By Ruth Mills Teague

Here comes an Italian meal—and am I glad! I'm so fond of Italian food that I love to talk about it, and the dishes on this menu bring back happy memories because I had them all in various parts of Italy.

First, *stracciatella* (you call it "stretch-a-tella"), one of the most delicious soups I ever tasted. It is made by stirring beaten eggs mixed with Parmesan cheese and a little farina into a hot soup stock—and of course the richer the stock, the better the soup. The meat will be *cotolette di vitella*. This combines scaloppine of veal, Mozzarella cheese and thin slices of ham, built up in layers like five-decker sandwiches with the veal at top and bottom. When they are fried gently the Mozzarella melts and becomes gooey. Good! And there's a sauce with them too, *Risotto con piselli*—rice with peas—is the other hot dish. Beef marrow, butter or margarine, onion, saffron, chicken broth and Parmesan cheese are involved, and all these ingredients plus the slow method of cooking make this a super dish. Add a salad of greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and ripe

(Continued on Page 206)
**Beatrice Cooke**

**Mealtime Adventures**

**FOR OCTOBER:** Beef Cheese Surprise, PTA Chicken Chow Mein, Crispy Butter Drops

**Luncheon Party for the PTA!**

I suppose your Parent-Teacher Association is flourishing now as the school year gets well under way. If your committee's been worrying over what to serve to 25 people or more at luncheon I have the answer for you here—an easy-to-make meal-in-a-dish for 25:

**PTA Chicken Chow Mein**

1 cup Meadow Gold Butter
1 cup cold water
1 cup cornstarch
2 tbsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika

Melt butter in hot kettle. Add onions and fry 3 min. Add celery, salt, pepper and liquid. Cover and cook 5 min. Add drained LaChoy Bean Sprouts and dark meat. Mix thoroughly and cook 5 min. Combine and add flavoring and thickening ingredients. Stir lightly and cook one min. Serve piping hot over LaChoy Chow Mein Noodles. Allow 1/2 cup noodles and 1 cup Chow Mein per serving. Garnish with strips of white meat. Flavor individual dishes to taste with LaChoy Soy Sauce.

Isn't that an easy meal for 25? And you can depend on its being delicious if you're sure to use wonderful LaChoy American-cooked Chinese foods. LaChoy Bean Sprouts are crisp, tender sprouts of the tiny young bean. Prepared and packed in spotlessly clean kitchens, which I've visited myself. You'll like LaChoy ingredients whether you're cooking for two or 200... you can depend on them!

**FREE Chinese Recipes**

LI'L ABNER

YO CAN'T DO THIS TO ME.
WOLF-GAL!!
AH IS A MARRIED MAN!!

---

YUM!! HYCAR COME TH' MINNYS,
SULTY-MINS AN' FOOD-ENERGY
WHICH'L SAVE ME IT--TH' BEST
THING ABOUT BEIN' MARRIED
IS 'CREAM OF WHEAT'?

IT HAIN'T FO YO'-- IT'S FO ME!!

---

YORE SWEET, DELLY-CUT LI'L.
WIFE GOT TH' "CREAM OF
WHEAT" FEELIN', AS ANY POOL.
KIN PLAINLY SEE!!

AH KNOW AH DESARVES IT BE
PUNISHED FO' GOIN' TOO NEAR
TH' RACE -- BUT THIS IS
INHOMIN -- SENDIN' ME
T'BED WIFOUT MAH "CREAM
OF WHEAT"!!

---

(Continued from Page 24)

OLIVES, AND A CRUSTY LOAF OF ITALIAN BREAD,
AND WE'RE ALL EXCEPT FOR DESCENT. IN THIS
CASE FRUIT IS THE ONLY ANSWER. I THINK, AND
PINEAPPLE CHUNKS AND STRAWBERRIES WILL
PROVIDE THE LIGHT AND REFRESHING FINALE WE
NEED. FRESH OR FROZEN FRUIT CAN BE USED, AND FOR
AN ADDED TOUCH WE'LL POURE A LITTLE HONEY MIXED
WITH LEMON JUICE OVER IT.

THIS WILL BE A DINNER FOR SIX.

STRAHCETTLE

WHEN I MAKE SOUP STOCK, I COOK VATS OF IT AND
FREEZE WHAT I'M NOT GOING TO USE IMMEDIATELY.
IT'S SO COMFORTING TO KNOW THERE ARE
SEVERAL QUARTS OF DELICIOUS HOME-MADE BROTH
ON HAND, AND IT'S NO MORE TROUBLE TO MAKE A
LITTLE THAN A LITTLE. GET A GOOD BUNCH OF HERBS--
AT LEAST ONE SHOULD BE A SHANK BONE WITH NO
MEAT ON IT. TAKE OUT 1 TB SPOONFULS OF MARROW
AND SAVE FOR RICE. PUT BONES IN A LARGE POT
WITH ANY LEFTOVER VEGETABLES OR BONES YOU
HAVE ON HAND, COVER WITH WATER, ADD SALT, A
COUPLE CELERY STALKS AND 2 FOEVE BONE, COVER
AND COOK SLOWLY A LONG TIME. STRAIN BROTH,
TASTE FOR SEASONING, AND IF MEAT TASTE ISN'T
STRONG ENOUGH, SIMMER FOR A WHILE WITHOUT
COVER TO REDUCE QUANTITY. COOK, CHILL AND
STORE IN THE FRIDGE. THIS WILL BE DONE A DAY OR
TWO IN ADVANCE. MEASURE DESIRED QUANTITY
INTO A POT. ADD 3 TB SPOONFULS PARMESAN CHEESE
AND 2 TB SPOONFULS OF FLOUR FOR EACH 2 CUPS
OF BROTH IN THE POT. BEAT EGGS, CHEESE AND FLOUR TOGETHER AND ADD 1 CUP
COLD BROTH. SHUFFLE BEFORE SERVING, BRING BROTH TO A BOIL AND DRIBBLE IN THE
EGG MIXTURE, BEATING CONSTANTLY WITH A WHISK OR A LARGE FORK. TURN HEAT TO LOW
AND LET SOUP COOK GRADUALLY FOR 5 MINUTES. SPRINKLE EACH SERVING WITH CHOPPED \nParsley AND LET PEOPLE HELP THEMSELVES TO GRATED PARMESAN CHEESE.

COTOLETTE DI VITELLA

GET SIX 1/2 SLICES OF VEAL CUT FROM TOP RUMP.
ASK YOUR BUTCHER TO SLICE THE EDGES AND
FLATTALEUTS AS THIN AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT
TEARING. THE PIECES WILL BE MORE OR LESS OVAL IN
SHAPE AND REQUIRE ABOUT AN HOUR TO COOK, IT'S
BEST TO DO THEM ALL AT ONCE, BUT IF YOU
ARE COOKING THEM WITH OTHER THINGS, BE SURE TO
SLICE THEM UP FOR THICKNESS AND SHAPING THEM
EVENLY. IF IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU, THE THRICE-THICKER
ONE WITHOUT FROZEN BONES IS A LOT TENDERER.

POUR 1 TB SPOONFULS OF BROTH IN SKILLET, THEN
ADD 1 TB SPOONFULS OF BEEF BROTH AND A
LITTLE ITALIAN SOUP OR RICE COOKED WITH IT.
ADD 1 CUP CYD MASHED POTATOES AND 1 CUP
SAUCE. MIX ALL TOGETHER AND STEM

RISOTTO CON PESCELLI

THE DAY BEFORE, THOROUGHLY WASH 1 1/2 CUPS
LONG-RUNGED RICE AND PUT IT IN COLANDER
AND RINSE. IT SHOULD BE COMPLETELY DRY BEFORE
YOU BEGIN.

WHEN TIME COMES TO COOK, POUR 1 TB SPOONFULS
OF BEEF BROTH IN SKILLET, THEN ADD 1 CUP
COLD WATER, AS MUCH AS YOU
NEED. IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO START WITH ABOUT 6 OR 7
MINUTES, STIRRING MOST OF THE TIME. THE RICE
SHOULD NOT BE BROWN, BUT IT SHOULD ABSORB MOST
OF THE LIQUID. PRESS THE RICE DOWN FREQUENTLY
AND CHECK THE RICE AS YOU
GO. ADD 1 TB SPOONFULS OF
RICE AND COOK ABOUT 10
MINUTES BETWEEN ADDITIONS.
ADD 2 TB SPOONFULS OF
POTATOES AND 1 TB SPOONFUL
OF GARLIC TO THE PEA RICE
BEFORE SERVING, LET IT COOK
A LITTLE LONGER. THIS IS A
THICK, RICH, RICE AND
POTTAGE DINNER THAT IS
CONSIDERED A DELICIOUS
STARTER TO A MEAL.

---

"Oh, I just adore a man with a pipe,
Harold—but did you have to light it?"
MIXED-VEGETABLE SALAD

Take tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, sliced olives and salad greens in whatever portions you like. Slice cucumbers and radishes thin and let them stand in the refrigerator at least several hours. Be sure they are thoroughly dry before you mix the salad. Water is a fine

COMPOTE OF PINEAPPLE

AND STRAWBERRIES

a fresh or frozen fruit. Fruited pie generally and can be used if you like. It's an adaptable dish made from any fruit you like, and can be used in cakes, puddings, or as a

FORGOTTEN CITIZENS

(Continued from Page 28)

Jell-O is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corporation.

Now's the time for JELL-O SALADS!

How about serving a beautiful, easy-to-make Jell-O Salad this very evening?

For instance, she might be called to back her few minutes later. I followed her in. "This thing" turned out to be our refrigerator. It's hard for me to imagine how I would feel if I had been locked in an institution thirty-six years old, and realize the every day that I've had to go through the motions of this new life. They do not trust themselves to act as they should act. They are terribly self-conscious. If I have a few moments to spare, I can read a book or write a letter. In the kitchen too, there is a woman who can

TRICKS TO TRY FOR YOURSELF

Two of the most common tricks to try for yourself are:

1. A package Lime Jell-O
2. White grapefruit slice with a tablespoon of lemon juice and a tablespoon of olive oil. This makes a delicious salad that is very refreshing.

3. A package Orange Jell-O
4. A package Pineapple Jell-O

These tricks can be used to create different flavors and textures in your Jell-O salads. Experiment with different combinations to find what works best for you.
Gossard

Striped Ease-

This Gossard is the most congenial figure-maker yet! Completely yielding to your every thigh move—walking, sitting, bending—with the new Striped Ease cross-stretch panel at lower back. And the 4" top slims your waist and diaphragm, beautifully! The all-over smoothing, comfortable girdle you should move into today!

"Pat, Applied For"

Nylon and laces with lavish 14" length, $5.50. S.M. $4.50

THE H.W. GOSSARD CO., 111 NORTH CANAL STREET, CHICAGO 6

 Blow Your Top!

Directions for Scoring

Answers to Questions on Page 129

If you have answered “True” to any of questions 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, and “False” to any of questions 2, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 17, 20, then score yourself 5X on each.

If you have answered “True” to any of questions 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 20, and “False” to any of questions 1, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19, score yourself 3X on each.

Score yourself 2X if you’ve only given “False” to any question.

An “X” score of 70 to 100 makes you a safe member of the Republican Party; a “Y” score of 70 to 100 makes you a steadfast Democrat. A score from 50 to 70 “X” or “Y,” you’re an independent who is apt to make a final decision on the basis of the man rather than the party.

A score of under 50, you bet- ter watch out! You may not be strong enough to resist the campaign promises of the most persuasive candidate. You may be a political innocent.

A score of more than 120, you are subjective and objective, resist emotional appeals.

Since both parties have taken a bipartisan position on questions 3 and 18, either side may claim one plus 5 for a True answer.

Nylon and laces, zipper, white, 14" length, $13, 16", $16.50

Striped Ease girdles, $12.50

Nylon and laces, zipper, white, 14" length, $13, 16", $16.50

A, B, C cups, $3.95 5, $5 -

we might have eight women on our hands mixing in eight separate bowls in different parts of the kitchen. I’m pretty hard to discourage, so I simply answered, “So then we’ll have eight women in eight mixing bowls.”

Preparing for the worst, we had plenty of bowls on hand and individual typed copies of the recipe. All the ingredients were in plain sight, but not measured.

When the parties came into our kitchen, they did so diffidently. But in five minutes there was as much chattering as if some of my bridge-playing friends had dropped in. We volunteers hung back purposely, not interfering or directing, but ready to answer questions and supervise the electric mixer.

Very soon there was the lovely aroma of baking cookies mixed in just two bowls, and baked in just two pans.

During the cooking session, the social worker dropped in. For several minutes she looked on, then motioned me outside.

“She’s been behaving like that all afternoon? I mean, has she been working with the others and talking so freely?”

“I can’t get over it,” the social worker said. “I’ve worked with her for two years, and this is the first time I’ve seen her take such an interest in anything.”

Anybody knows that cookies should be eaten hot out of the oven. We ate them that way, and washed them down with good, hot coffee. We had to make another pot of coffee, and another.

“You don’t know what it’s like to have a decent cup of coffee,” one of our visitors exclaimed. We didn’t know, and it almost made us weep. We hadn’t even thought about coffee’s being important.

Next day the social worker telephoned to ask me if it would be possible for Mrs. S. to bake a cake before our next club meeting. It seemed that she had been talking about nothing else since getting back to the ward. I said that it would be easy to arrange, since my son’s birthday was coming up, and he wanted a cake too. Mrs. S. didn’t pretend to be a cake baker. I explained, and I’d be delighted if Mrs. S. would bake one for me.

Early the next morning we called for Mrs. S. and brought her to our home. Left to herself in the kitchen, she baked two beautiful three-layer cakes with green mint frosting. When she told us that her own birthday was only a week away, we hunted another birthday cake and decorated her cake too. On the way back to the hospital, she held her cake as lovingly and lovingly as a mother holds a new baby.

That was the beginning—baking cookies and cakes. Then came sewing. And one day, in a conference, the social worker suggested getting someone from a Farm Bureau or home-demonstration unit to come talk to the group. Most of our members are from farms—

 Blow Your Top!

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Since both parties have taken a bipartisan position on questions 3 and 18, either side may claim one plus 5 for a True answer.
THEY I'm a Danish student learning about America the Greyhound way" — writes Greta Holm, of Denmark

"As a Danish exchange student on my way to college in America, I traveled by Greyhound bus from Montreal to New York and then on to Kirksville, Missouri.

"Seeing all the sights and meeting so many friendly people on my trip through this wonderful new country was a big thrill for me.

"I started learning about America the easy and economical way — on a trip by Greyhound!"

Greyhound Free full-color booklet "Beauty Spots of America" Write Dept. A-10, Box 821, Chicago 90, Ill.

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$8.95

TO

$9.95

Crisp fall styles fashioned to complement the smart loveliness of your new fall wardrobe. Soft 'Cushioned Comfort' makes your feet feel as lovely as they look.

"Cushioned SHOES"

Available at Saks, N. Y., Bullock's, Los Angeles-Gimbels, Milwaukee-Thompson, Roland & Lee, Atlanta-Perkins Bros., Dallas and 2500 other fine stores from coast to coast. Write for beautiful fall folder and name of nearest dealer.

NOW HAVE THE BEAUTY YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—WITH

Sheer Beauty FOUNDATION

used alone as a complexion tint or, as a powder base for that flawless sheer look!

The only translucent finish that veils your complexion in sheer loveliness... so that you seem not to wear makeup at all, but to possess great natural beauty, lovely shades... more lasting... more easily applied than ordinary makeup. 75c

Special value, large size, plastic bottle 75c

senthéric

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL 209

(Continued from Page 177)

scented cologne. After your bath — makes you feel sweet as well as smll swee.

Look fresh. In some colorful flats and crisp aprons or house dresses. Nothing makes your look or feel fresher while doing routine domestic chores.

Don't argue about anything if you can possibly avoid it. Listening solves many problems, can be a form of bloodless revolution in the home.

Have fun! It's up to you to have and initiate the looks for the family fun—picnics, excursions to visit old friends, movies, or inviting friends in for a Sunday-night supper.

To have the soft touch is to be the approachable woman to look at and to know, to whom children, family and friends turn for help and for fun.

THE END
In the maple sugar country
Vermont Maid is a favorite!

Table Tips...

For French toast that’s very French indeed—use half-inch slices of French bread. Dip quickly into beaten egg and milk, brown in butter. For real perfection, serve it with plenty of golden-rich Vermont Maid!

Good, old-fashioned maple sugar flavor—that’s a taste treat that delights young and old alike. And real maple sugar flavor is what you get in every jug of Vermont Maid Syrup.

Skilled blenders choose only the finest maple sugar... then blend it with cane sugar to bring you, at moderate cost, a full-bodied syrup that’s uniformly rich and delicious. Vermont Maid is perfect poured over pancakes and waffles... delicious on cereal and French toast, too!

Look for the attractive 2-handled glass jug on your grocer’s shelf. In the 12-ounce or generous 24-ounce family size.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses.

Vermont’s oldest grocer, A. B. Hubbard, chose for his jellies—made from Vermont syrup—that’s real. And Vermont Maid has more flavor, more body—2 to the gallon! It’s the richest Vermont syrup you can buy. The price, too—less than you’ll pay elsewhere.

For French toast that’s very French indeed—use half-inch slices of French bread. Dip quickly into beaten egg and milk, brown in butter. For real perfection, serve it with plenty of golden-rich Vermont Maid!

Here’s an easily made cake topping you can whip up in seconds! Mix lightly—with a fork—3 tablespoons of Vermont Maid Syrup in 1 cup of shredded coconut. Sprinkle mixture over cake batter before baking. Different—and delicious.

In the farmhouse kitchen, pancakes and syrup are one of the favorite treats.

NOW the burning color dazzles the eyes. Every little white house in the valley is set with garnet or gold, every wandering road wears a double bracelet of copper and lemon and rusted. Our giant sugar maples carry their color right up into the sky—and, for all I know, through it. The beautifully shaped leaves are the brightest and purest gold, and veined with rose red. When I pick up a handful from the lawn, I feel as if I were holding light itself, for the curious quality maples have is of seeming to glow.

There is a wealth of color, too, down in the cellar. Under the dark-hand-hewn beams the baskets are lined up. The deep forest green of the acorn squash, the silver-gray-blue of the Hubbard, the brown-white of the potato, the dark red of the apple—these are a comforting sight to see when one climbs gingerly down the ladder-steps stairs. I like to tuck the first owners of the old house would applaud our efforts. The tallow and relishes and the jellies are clean and shining on the shelves. The freezer is sing, filled with all the mountains of beans and tons of chard and spinach and beets and sweet corn. If I wake up in the night, I can hear it breathing, for in an old house you can hear anything in any part.

I miss the old-fashioned apples we had in our childhood. The new varieties are lovely, but when apples were apples was when the sweet Snow and russet varieties were in every orchard. We had an old gracious tree at Stillmeadow, before the ’38 hurricane, which bore small tawny apples that were sweeter than honey, cool and crisp to bite into. We never knew its name, but how we grieved to lose it!

On a warm bright day, we give all the dogs a bath. This is quite a chore with some of them. Tiki fluffs the summer kitchen with water as he bounces about, Melody isn’t much for it either. Teddy, however, sits like a golden lamb, snuffling at the suds pleasantly, and Sister is a model, except that she talks in a low tone during the whole bath. Blazer and Jerry whoop and holler afterward, soaking everything in the reach.

The Irish are a problem. It takes Geo. to help lift one half of one Irish while she lifts the other. The suits slide on their lustrous coats. When they are washed, they dry instantly.

Tiki has finally learned to retrieve dumbbells. That was a triumph for Jill. He would chase balls from babyhood on, and he was always looking with interest something else. He would smile hope and joy, and then, to show Jill she must mind but he wasn’t in a mood to play. Game. He accepted the bits of meat at each lesson as smugly as if he had re-done his homework. Then came the day actually opened his mouth and reached for that wooden thing. Jill nearly fainted with joy. Now he will be the proudest bringer of any dog on the place.

The cats view all this schoolcraft amusement. They spend their time tracing their humans, not being trained by the once saw a Siamese on a leash and I mired the sight, but when I old Esme, slapped me lightly. An Abyssinian, best to sit by the typewriter and help the mail. Aladdin’s favorite pastime, I think, involves reaching out now then to strike a key or bat at the rib. Esme prefers keyboard walking. I did know of any better way to answer letters or whatever it is to have thinking beside you on the desk. In a house without a cat is a house not furnished.

People who do not like cats have sympathy, for they contribute so much joy to life. If you can have dogs—
...and looked up into his face. "I'm going to have a baby," she said again, laughing, as though she were telling him for the first time.

"I'm going to have a baby," he said, laughing as he steered the car around a U-turn. "Or else your figure's going to pot," she giggled. "Yes, to pot." Then after a while she spoke more soberly. "No, but now I was just pregnant. Now it's different. Before was like being on the way. Now it's almost there."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," she said quickly. "Honestly. I never did this before." He could feel the emotions on his face, and it turned his head slightly and smiled at her. "You see," she said, "I'm used to what happens when a girl goes to a dance with a boy. Seems we're getting slightly involved, Mr. Haywood." "I love you," he said.

...all the familiar question came, whirled around. "How much money do you make?"

And the answer, the only answer, "All right," he glanced at her, suddenly realizing that the whisper was not in his ear. He saw in the gray light of dawn that face was contorted and pale, her hands clenched. The groan came from the silent, slanted eyes. He leaned closer to her, leaning his head against her shoulder. "You give me too many sweats, don't you?"

"I like you," he said.

"You go home and get some sleep, won't you?"

It's all right.

...No. You go home. It won't happen for real hours. Doctor said so. Promise?"

"I'll stay," he said gently.

...they drove through the hospital gates, trespassed, grumbled over the road. As it got out of the car the gray was already fleeing from the sky. The day was beginning; the sun on the roof, the horse's head, and every one you see on a crowded street or in a farm or a dance in a night club or marching in a parade—every one a woman lay her head on a pillow and went, for a little while into the dawn of death.

He carried the bag, holding Margaret's arm, and they went up the broad steps into the silent, wainscoted hall where it seemed still to be night. A nurse nodded to them from the desk.

"Mrs. Robert Haywood?" she asked. "Yes, Doctor Collins made a reservation." The nurse got up from the desk. "Come with me," she said. They followed her to an elevator. On the way up, Bob leaned closer to Margaret and said: "Does she know what you're here for?"

The nurse and Margaret looked at each other, the look which must be as old as the world, the look which says in amusement, "What a strange funny man, how young, how understanding, how almost unnecessary, and how much to be loved.

"Margaret said, "She knows it isn't my appendix, darling."

They got out of the elevator, walked down a corridor, at the end of which the nurse turned. "You wait here, Mr. Haywood." Margaret walked away from him with the nurse. Without a backward glance she walked away from him into a room, and shut the door. He lounged against a wall, wondering if it would all right to smoke. He decided against it. From somewhere very far away, he could hear music.

The nurse came out and said, "You can go in now.

He went into the room, with its one high white iron bed, a dresser, and very little else. It needs flowers," he thought. Then he looked down at Margaret where she lay on the bed, her face small and pale on the pillow. He leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

When he lifted her head she smiled softly at him, saying nothing, and he asked her if she was thinking. This is what being in love is. You look at a face and you do not know if it is beautiful or ugly. You only know the sight of it. It is not something to sing about, or make poems about. It is not pretty.

Margaret spoke softly. "She gave me a letter. I'm feeling sleepy. Not of floating. It's nice."
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Do you feel the pains? Not very much. They're closer together. She asked the eye. After a moment, he asked her. "Can mamma, will you?"

I was going to sleep. She closed her eyes and for a moment in that instant she seemed to slip away from him into a place where he could not see. She went alone, as all women go, with the door closing behind her, becoming no longer a Negro, no longer her husband who was pregnant and with whom he had tender half-hour conversations about the child that was to come. Treadway, he thought. It was an unfamiliar word, bringing with it the reek of old feather-bound Bibles.

He edged away from the bed and sat on the one hard straight chair. He thought of the conversation he had had with the confident man on the opposite side of the table. "It's a boy," Marguerite had said. "We'll name him Michael. I discovered something about Michael today. He likes raisins. He loves them hot and raisin wafers, and plain wafers, he kicks. So after that he would sometimes bring her a box of raisins. "For Michael," he would say.

He remembered the time he came home from the office and found Marguerite near tears. At first he would not say why. Then finally, when he became alarmed, she told him, sniffling her way through the story, "I went to town today. I did some shopping. They had an argument over a baby's Kopper Kettle for lunch. Everything was going fine until I saw a woman at a table near me. She had four... I mean, single-toothed redheaded snooks and boys. She was thin and haggard-looking. Her meal was a plain bellarm trying to keep those kids quiet. I looked at her, and I thought, 'That nine, eight years from now, Bob, couldn't Michael be a girl? Something pink and white and ruffy?' He had laughed at her. "Michael can be a girl," he said, stroking her hair.

"You wouldn't mind?"

"I don't mind a bit. I love girls. I raised one."

After a while a nurse, not the same one who had brought them to the room, came in. "He had the feeling that if they did, they would be like holding a young bird in your hand, feeling its heart beat wildly, fighting not to let the hand, but wanting to assure you that it could fight, that it was quite capable of caring for itself, while your heavy heart was emptied over it and you pleaded, 'No, don't—don't fight. You're very little and very vulnerable, and the world is full of savage beasts.'"

Rest with you."

He had been a chrysanthemum, huge and yellow, with crimson and white ribbons. They sat in the stand in the sunshine and ate ice cream and drank old coffee the first time everybody else did afterward. He had taken her to supper—scrambled eggs and a slab of ham on a sizzling platter. They had talked about coffee and talked some more and had more coffee and suddenly Margaret had looked up, grinned.

"Bob, it's eight-thirty! I have a date for the dance!"

"What dance?"

The Homing dance. There's a boy from home—he came down special."

Bob had stared at her. His voice came out hard-edged. "Why didn't you take your friend?"

She had looked back at him, eyes level with his, her voice sober. "Because you wouldn't let me. Why didn't you take me to the dance?"

He had looked away, miserable. "Because I forgot there was a dance."

"If you don't mean very much to me." Bob's glance had flicked back at her. "Do I? Do I mean very much to you?"

She had put her head slowly, her eyes solemn. "Yes."

He had voiced that almost angry sound again, almost cruel. "Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"You say it just like that, and I haven't even said I love you."

She had put her hands into her lap and looked down at them. "Well, I do," he had said suddenly. "I do love you." She raised her eyes to his slowly but still she said nothing. His lips trembled and a look of wonder came on his face, as though for the first time.

She had laughed suddenly, a happy running laugh like a child's. She ran across the table and touched his face. "Bob, I love you," she said. "And they had gone out onto the campoam and walked and winding up at the right, there where he had seen her as the chimes sounded curved.

That had been the beginning, nearly a year ago.

Slumping down in his deep leather chair, Bob glanced at his watch. Seven-thirty. Doctor Collins should be here, he thought. It was nearly eight, when Palmer stepped into the lounge. She was small, quick woman, and even in repose gave an impression of movement. There had been her hands, which were like garet's, only thinner, and restless. Or it had been her eyes, which seemed, even on the most tranquil, most awkward moments, to be searching for something.

She took his hand and drew him close. Her voice was covered soda and chimes smiled cheerfully. "I hope Margaret is scared as I am," she said. "I feel like I've definitely met in her smile."

"Your first," she asked.

He nodded.

She sighed, looked down at the hand on her lap. It was his. She said, "She was deep, almost like a man's. It was tired. "My baby's in there now, having nothing to eat."

He had taken her face and laid it on his breast, smiling, at the door. "Do you?"

"Well," he said, "I'd have done it."

He had taken her head, smiling at him. Her face was grey and heavy and painted, and yet there was—she hadn't met in her smile.

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  film instead of draining through clothes!

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  more water, leaves clothes damp dry!

- See this great new automatic washer at
  your Hotpoint dealer's. It's reasonably priced
  —easy terms, if desired. Hotpoint Co. (A Divi-
  sion of General Electric Company), Chicago.

Sealed—No Costly Venting Required!

- Lint, moisture, heat can't escape into room!
- Clothes are dried softer, sweater, fluffier in a sun-pure, washed-air
  breeze!
- No more heavy lifting or bending!

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FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS
waiting. I'm going down to see her. She rose and went quickly from the room, in high-speed nervous walk.

The blond woman caught his eye. “Your mother-in-law?” she asked.

Bob nodded. “I have many kids has she got?”

“Just... Margaret.”

The woman shrugged. “Oh.” A moment later Mrs. Palmer spun breathless into the lounge. “He's come—and gone!” she said. “They didn’t tell us!”

“Ah—” He stared at her, feeling a little embarrassed before the heavily relaxed blond woman, embarrassment for Mrs. Palmer’s white face and angry dark eyes. “Yes, maybe he was in a hurry. Maybe he forgot.”

“He told the man he'd be back at noon. He doesn't expect anything to happen before then.”

The blond woman lit another cigarette from a brownish bottle of the ones she had been smoking. “I wouldn't worry,” she said kindly, in the rumbling, yet soft, voice. “They don’t all arrive at the same hour.”

“Are you doing your best?”

There’s housework, brushes and all. But Mrs. Palmer and Bob remained fixed, while the others drifted in and out.

Bob stood up. “I'm going to see her,” he said, and Mrs. Palmer nodded. He walked down to the door and opened the door. The shades were drawn and all lights on. The starchy look of antiseptic cleanliness was gray and humid and disordered. There was no nurse there, and Margaret lay motionless on the bed, her face gray, and wet with sweat. Her hair was a wild, hopeless tangle, and he bit his lip, feeling the blood, salt on his tongue.

“Hello—”

His hands hung useless at his sides. He went over to her and stood looking down at her. The door banged shut behind him, and he turned and said, “Here—what are you doing in here? You'd better get outside.” He glanced over her shoulder and saw a young nurse with a sort of contraption on her hands. “You better get on,” she said. “You've lost your weight. You're looking as if you're going to faint.”

Bob glanced up. “What's the matter?”

She was simply sitting there, looking at him. “I'd better get back.”

Bob skidded down to the door, then opened it and went outside. The man was standing in the corridor. She looked startled for an instant to see him leaning weakly against the wall.

“You are all right, Mr. Haywood?” His face was white and smooth, almost like wax fingers, touched his sleeve.

“Oh, I know, I know. You seldom lose a letter.”

She did not laugh, merely stood for a moment, her eyes intent upon his face. “You’re not a woman, are you, Mr. Haywood?” she asked.

His head jerked up in surprise. “No.”

Her plain face suddenly flashed very red. “Oh, I'm sorry,” she said, “I only meant... we have a chapel. Many of our Catholic fa-unders found it a good place to go when they’re upset.”

He wet his lips. “Sister... is she—is she all right?”

“Oh, yes.” The beautiful voice was soothing. “She’s quite all right.”

“You’d tell me if she weren’t?”

She touched his arm again. “I would.”

“Thanks. And thank you for the tip about the chapel. You’re all very kind.” He moved a step away from her, feeling as if he supposed this would all seem very funny to him later. “I suppose it really is funny, in a way.”

She shook her head. “It’s never funny to have to stand by and see someone you love in pain.”

No, it isn’t. Thank you, sister.” He went back to the lounge and sat beside Mrs. Palmer. “She’s all right,” he said. “I saw her. She spoke to me.”

The clock moved on, and he smoked cigarettes, and suddenly it was noon, and a tall, tired-looking man was standing in the doorway, beckoning to him, calling his name.

He hurried into the room, and Mrs. Palmer, standing in the pale, sensitive, uncommunicative face. This is Doctor Collins he thought. The man, staring into the pale, sensitive, uncommunicative face. This is Doctor Collins he thought. The man, staring into the pale, sensitive, uncommunicative face. This is Doctor Collins. It’s the man who can make my wife live or die.

The doctor was talking swiftly. His voice was brisk, impersonal, as it moved through the unfamiliar territory of the corridor.

“Mr. Haywood?”

“I’m here.”

“Bob interrupted.

The doctor paused, and for a moment the mask of the iron-gray face flicker of irritation lit up the flat, dark eyes. “I am trying to tell you, Mr. Haywood. She is very slow to dilate and very hard. She has very little strength left. I am going to give her a sedative. It will slow the process down. Later this afternoon, we can talk better what to do.”

He turned and walked away.

Bob stood watching the straight back move with measured step down the hall. “Later this afternoon... She has been fighting very hard.” So it was now as it had always been, as it had struck him that first afternoon, and as he had to have been the dormitory corridor. A young bird flitting, bunting its wings, and he could only watch as it grew old and grew George, she said. He turned back to the lounge and saw Mrs. Palmer leaning against the doorframe. Her face looked like chalk, with the burning dark eyes accusingly on his face.

“I heard,” she said.

He walked past her and sat down across from her. “Son,” she said. “Solitaire!” He saw her holding up a pack of cards.

She looked at him. “I have a friend,” she said. “Then I will myself. Push me that chair, will you?”

He slid the straight-backed chair over to her, and when she was sitting there, she began to deal the cards.

Mrs. Palmer came back and sat down beside him. “I felt quite well,” she said. “I didn't slip out while you were down in the room and called him at the office. He said to let him know what the doctor said.”

He patted her arm. “Go ahead,” he said. “And why don't you get some tea or something?”

She got to her feet. “I don’t know about the tea. There seemed to be a faint reproach in his tone, something to that effect. He sat and watched the blond woman going through the slow movements of her game. She played as though she had been playing for eternity and would go on forever. He noticed suddenly that the far end of the room was empty. The old man and the boy no longer sat there.

“One down and two to go,” the woman said suddenly.

“What do you mean?”

“They pointed down to the other end of the lounge. “Or maybe I should say two down and two to go. She had twins. Big, fat, healthy boys. She had them a short time. I don’t think of stitches, I understand. That leaves your wife and my daughter. Your wife’s taking her time.”

“Yeah,” he wanted to talk, but he could think of nothing else to say.
...woman went on in her deep, rolling, yet soft voice. "Funny about them old men's the girl's father. Hasn't got to her since she married the young man. But today, when I heard she was his he left his bed and came to sit. After I went right back and still didn't say a word to her. Funny business, having to let her go. Maybe it felt better, just listening to her ramble a little. She spoke of the painted eyes and the silver hair, she said. One she had painted a man's hair. She seemed, in some bizarre way, like the symbol of motherhood.

"If you knew all this," she asked, "you'd know the end of this story. Nurses are things. I've been around here a long time. Deeds and taxes and the poor and the bereaved. Always with us." She opened the card. "Beauregard. I've here nearly forty-eight hours with Beauregard." He drew in his breath. I thought you said it was her fourth..."

I glanced sideways at him. "Sure," he replied. "If there's one thing I do about this business, it's that you believe everything you hear. It's making it interesting. Maybe you wrong her husband isn't here? He's in the hospital." He shrugged. "War and babies," she said, "voices trailed off as she played another card. "If you'd been here yesterday, she said, "I've seen all my daughter's--and theirads--and most of kids. But families you stay piled up outside the room. They had horse, and hope it's soon," she said, "too." She went on near solitude in silence. She said to a white child in her arms, "Our room, Mrs. Dumont, collected her...) slipped them into her bag, and stood there. She turned from the room, and Bob felt the lounge empty without her. He waited. The clock moved. Nothing seemed, yet everything was happening. Finally, there was Mrs. Dumont appeared in doorway. "I have a granddaughter," she said. "She swished under the heavy, coat. "It'll be she'll be a hellion. Nearly three and..."

..."He's Jealous of the doctor too." She added. "He's here, now, in the hospital?"

"Yes," I replied. "I'm glad for you."

"Bob stood up. "Did you say--Doctor?"

"Yes," the old man said, "I've always been..."

...then maybe he'll get to Margaret..."

Mrs. Dumont nodded. "Sure, well, the baby's back. If you come back in the next few years, I'll see you. I'll see you, I'm always here," she lifted her hand relief, then moved out of the doorway. "I wish I could be like her," Mrs. Palmer.

"But I can't. I'm frightened, Bob." He'll go see what's happening.

She went down the corridor, but as she turned to the door of Margaret's room. She was Doctor Collins glided the hall and in the room, followed by a nurse Haddad against the wall and waited. The door didn't quite shut, and she heard the footsteps. He hurried after her down the now-familiar corridor, to the door of the room. He opened, and an orderly came out, pulling a table on wheels. Margaret was on the table, face swathed in bandages and her eyes wrapped in gauze, understandable, blood on her face. She asked, "Where?"

"Come with me," he said.

..."Margaret's father was there, looking tired, and older than when Bob had last seen him. Much older, they nodded. He sat in the chair facing them. Then he noticed the newcomers at the end of the room. Two men sitting apart, smoking, nervously, and an old man with their heads together. He wasn't interested in them. He ignored them.

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"But I can't. I'm frightened, Bob." He'll go see what's happening.
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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

JOURNAL

November 1952

Polls apart in Politics

He likes Stevenson
she likes Ike.

Christmas Dinner
cooked a month ahead

FABULOUS FANNY

Beginning the hilarious story of Fanny, who won all hearts with "Tea and Sympathy," but broke her own.

By NORMAN KATKOY

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It tastes better... cleans teeth and breath better... reduces decay better...

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**Journalism**

Beginning on Page 50, *Fabulous Fanny*, Norman Katkov's biography of the great comedienne, Fanny Brice, the girl who grew up to be Baby Snooks. Since, as in all good writing, the subject will make you forget the writer, may we remind you that Norman Katkov is a hard-working thirty-four-year-old native of St. Paul, Minnesota, and a graduate of the University of Minnesota who now lives mostly on route between Hollywood, New York and St. Paul. After Army service, he was a police reporter and newspaper columnist for several years before becoming a highly successful freelance writer.

This capsule autobiography of Michael Foster (Excerpts! Page 41) might come as a surprise to the paperman's dream: "When I was thirteen I quit my last newspaper job, on the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and went to live for several years in the remote San Juan Islands, north of Puget Sound. In 1942 I left to New York, and there got married Jane Hardy, who as a literary agent had handled my work for ten years before we met. We decided to live in the West. In addition to my twenty years of short-story writing, I have published five novels. Jane and I now have our morning coffee on a hillside terrace which overlooks Reno and forty miles of Nevada mountains."

Winston Graham is a young Englishman, born and educated in England. He moved to Cornwall when he was seventeen and ever since has made his home there. Beginning as a writer of crime stories, he published his first novel when he was twenty-three. Fifteen others have been published in England and widely translated. *Fortune is a Woman* (Page 38) is only his second appearance in the United States.

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**Cover Photograph by Wilhelma Cushman**

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Let those who wish to participate address all requests to American Bible Society, Dept. 1, 150 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York, N. Y.

Thought to take to the polls

New York City

Dear Editor: Your series of articles on Political Pilgrim's Progress demands the attention of every man and woman in this country.

Since the fair sex first trooped to the polls thirty-two years ago, women have made real progress in their fight for political equality.

With adequate training, women may be as wise, or better qualified than their male opponents. They may hold any public or private office in this great nation of ours—local, state or national positions.

There is only one place where a woman cannot penetrate—and that is in an all-men's organization.

A tip of the hat to the ladies from a man, not a mouse. Sincerely,

Hsiang-Yuan S. Meng

Political Pilgrim's Progress ends, officially, this month. But you'll keep up the good work, we know. So will the Jet BAC, ED.

Help in Cancer Control

Dear Sir: The education committee of the Alexandria Chapter, Virginia Division, American Cancer Society, Inc., was delighted to see your article, Self-Examination for Cancer of the Breast.

We wish also to inform your readers that our chapter (as do others) has access to the film on Breast Self-Examination. Just call your local chapter of the American Cancer Society and they will gladly arrange to show this or other films on cancer control to your group or organization.

Sincerely yours,

ISABEL ZIMMERMAN, Executive Secretary

(Contd. on Page 6)
“ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!”

Yes, there's more lather...faster lather...in an Ivory bath!
It's so relaxing to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. No wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly busts into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any other leading bath soap!

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(Continued from Page 4)

Out of the Mouths of Babes

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Dear Sir: There are times when we have had a hard time making my pay check reach, but I suddenly felt quite rich when our little seven-year-old girl without prompting or coaching said in her mighty prayer:

"Thank You, God, for all the things we have. Do not make us rich, and do not make us poor, but always keep us in the middle, and let us live happily ever after."

Sincerely,
ROYCE H. HUBIN

Through 472 Issues!

Lynn Center, Illinois

Our Readers Write Us Department: I have before me a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, December, 1896, which serves to remind me that I am one of the fifty-year readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and with less than a dozen missing copies. It was a valuable aid in our youth's educational upbringing and has remained so.

A three-score-and-ten, etc., birthday comes up. What gift can be so royally and generously shared as renewal to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL? I sincerely hope to go on reading it through another decade, with the same sustained interest, as during the preceding years.

Yours,
E. S. P.

True Love—
Not Always Smooth

Raritan, New Jersey

Dear Sir: After seventeen years of marriage, my wife and I are still head-over-heels in love. The years have revealed that we have much more in the way of common interests than we realized when we first were married.

Despite this profound and very satisfying companionship, we often become unreasonable angry with each other over trivial traits which, untrained, the wrong way.

It was, therefore, very comforting for us to read the statement of your There's a Man in the House.

He said that, according to the expert on women at his club, it is possible for couples to remain madly in love throughout the years even if minor traits cause irritation from time to time. We have copied his paragraph and have pasted it up in our bedroom for reference.

Incidentally, the problem under discussion doesn't seem to be brought out very clearly in most of the books on marriage and preparation for marriage which I have read.

Very truly yours,
(NAME WITHHELD)

Found! Freedom

Dunham, California

Dear Editors: There is a disease common to not only one generation but to our time in general: overcivilization.

Having lived all my life until the last nine years in cities, I not only hated the insecurity of being a farmer's wife, but I resented it too. Now, when I have finally accepted it and learned to live with it, I feel more free and secure than I ever did before.

My day begins at five. It is then that the dog wakes up, the cats wake up, the hens across the road want to find their mammas and the mammas want to find them, the roosters begin to crow and various and sundry birds wake up and decide to make the air lovely but wakeful with song.

The next subject on the agenda is chores. As an ex-city woman, I figure there ain't no chores. My husband and I had a pre-marital agreement that I would do the inside work and he would do the outside work.

Ironing—since when is it a crime for a farmer of all people to wear a clean but unionized shirt? And I find that unioned sheets and pillowcases that have been dried in the sun smell so sweet and deep as well as if I had put them through the mangle that stands in the corner for the summer months unused.

Extra pounds? I am 5'11" and weigh 142 pounds. So what! I would still rather have my figure and my lemons (if any) than the ravishing figure of some Hollywood queen.

(Continued on Page 8)
"So many lovely gifts are brought to your home by your Avon Representative!" says Loretta Young. "It's easy to select fine cosmetics and toiletries for everyone on your Christmas list. And it's such a pleasure to choose them early... in the comfort of your own living room!"

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...Welcome her when she calls.

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A Family Tradition Since 1886 • Radio City, New York • Montreal, Canada
Planning a winter vacation?

Ask Mary Gordon—Of TWA

WHERE TO GO TO HAVE THE MOST FUN!

For sunshine, head for the Southwest, a land of enchanting scenery, where nature guarantees perfect weather. You can ride, swim, play tennis, or enjoy a charrole steak under the desert sky. Fast, daily TWA flights take you there.

For romance, fly to Spain. Colorful land of music and gaiety, with ancient cities and majestic castles, bullfights and festivals. Your dollar will go further in this vacationland than you’ve ever known. It’s only a few hours from New York to Madrid via TWA’s Salamanca. Thrift Sifton, November 1 to April 1, TWA First Class, $360. Standard $560.50 (Both round trip).

For excitement, visit New York, a palatial world of theaters, revues, night clubs, and restaurants. You'll find many things to do, but don't forget to take time out to have a look at the latest fashions. For help in planning your trip, write Mary Gordon of TWA for her booklet "How to See New York," or information about organized tours.

For a special quickie vacation, join your husband on one of his business trips. You can fly with him for half fare, if you leave on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. For full information on Family Half Fares, Sky Tourist Rates, and Circle Tours, visit your local travel agent, your nearest TWA office, or fill out the coupon below and mail it to Mary Gordon of TWA. Or if you have any special travel problems, write Mary Gordon of TWA. She has the answers.

Miss Conover, Dept. J11
Trans World Airlines, 50 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me your free booklet...

Basic Travel Warehous

How to See the West

How to Stretch Your Travel Dollars

If You Are Going to Spain

N. AME

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Are you in the know?

How to intrigue Unpredictable Pete?

Should a greeny hesitate to date a...

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More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

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(Continued from Page 6)

who doesn't know the history of a house
dress. When her career ends, she will begin
to wonder what this thing called life is
all about and be amazed at the real
values that she has willfully passed
by. I can say, too, in all seriousness that
I see evidences all around me of God's
provision for the months and years to
come. Sincerely,

MRS. W. E. HOWE

Fun at the Florist's

Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Editor: This is a belated letter of
tanks for sending me the JOURNAL covers.
We had great fun doing our window—
which I am enclosing some pictures—
and think you would have been gratified

if you could have heard the reactions we
got. A number of people came in to tell
us about other covers they had enjoyed.
Our two vanities had a different
Mother and Daughter corsage to
each day. The hats were borrowed from
my assistant and her small daughter.
Will you please extend our thanks to
Al Parker, and assure him that there are
many of us in our town who enjoy his
covers.

Sincerely,

BARBARA R. HOBIT

Tale of a Hat

The Duke's Cottage
Redcliff, England

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: Once again the
season of the jumble sale is on us, and
the ladies are flush with the trundling of wheel-
barrows, as people rid one another of horses.
That we are all too apt to stick in boxes, believing
these (often wrongly) too good to throw away.
Amusements of money are raised by the
sale of these hoards. I can never think who
buys them, or why. Moreover, there is a
kind of seasonal rhythm about it all.
The things taken out of the jumble sale this
year will be put back again next year, and
bought by someone else.

I once had a Paris hat. It was a severe
model in navy velvet, and I wore it for a
long time. Came the war, and I thought it
no time for saucy headdress, and put my
Paris hat in the jumble sale.

The doctor's wife appeared in church
wearing it the following Sunday. She had
stepped on it and pressed it so flat that
I was sorry I had parted with it.

She had it a year, and then back it went,
and the next time I saw it, it was on the
head of a G.I. bride, her going-away
dress. She had added a wool collar! The village
was full of soldiers and their bright-faced
friends at that time, and my hat, so to speak, went
round and round, appearing sometimes with an
eye veil, sometimes with a feather. I had
a lot of fun looking it out for, and guessing
at its latest social status.

I saw it last on an autumn morning.
The local gypies had packed up their camp,
thrown away the last of the old motor
tires, and broken shoes which they
always kept behind as keepsakes, and were
peeling off into their winter quarters.
On the side of the caravan sat a
gypsy woman wrapped up in a rug, smoking a
dehalf clay pipe, and driving a large
dow. She

was my Paris hat.

By now it had become a little bared,
but still had that je ne sais quoi that
only Paris can give.

Love to you both,

DOROTHY BLACK

(Continued on Page 191)
She thought she’d never hear it ............... BUT SHE DID!

It could be you ... It's wonderful how the correction of one little fault can sometimes change a girl's entire life. Take Laura, for example; past thirty, and not a prospect! "An old maid", people said. Indeed, Laura, herself, thought she would never hear the Wedding March played for her. But eventually she did ... married a wonderful guy, too. But only because she changed to breathe an extra-daily insigniment that brutally brought home what her trouble had been ... why she had been unable to hold a man. Laura's case is not a rare one. It could be anyone. It could be you!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

Nothing repels a man like halitosis (bad breath)*. And everyone—even you—can be guilty without knowing it. Why risk offending endlessly ... why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, extra-careful precaution against it?

Clinically Proven Four Times Better simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and bad breath is stopped! Instantly! Delightfully! and usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. nationally known, independent research labora-
tory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes ... stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste Kills odor bacteria instantly You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath ... the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chloro-
phyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that extra assurance about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popu-
lar, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

Use the extra-careful Precaution against Halitosis (Bad Breath) ...
Now, Tide washes clothes WHITEER than any bleach can bleach them!

Yes, TIDE washes clothes even WHITER than soaking in bleach overnight!

No more need to bleach, except for stubborn stains!

Just put your wash in Tide's gentle, so-safe suds and all the white things will come out whiter than they’d be if you’d soaked them long hours in strong bleach! It’s washday’s big news! No bleach known can match Tide’s amazing whitening action.

So SAFE to use!

Oh, yes! You can trust your prettiest wash print to Tide. With all its wonderful whitening action, Tide is really safe for everything that’s washable... the most delicate fabrics, the daintiest colors. Colors! Tide’s gentle suds. Why, after just one wash, Tide actually brightens soap-dulled colors!

Cleaner clothes, too!

When you rinse out a Tide wash, you’ve got cleaner clothes than you will get with any soap. No soap knn will get out so much grimy dirt, yet leave clothes free of dulling film. Get Tide today! Remember other washday product—bleach, soap, or “detergent” will give you a whiter, cleaner wash than Tide!

TIDE IS SO THRIFTY TO USE— you’ll be amazed! Such a little Tide makes such oceans of rich, long-lasting suds... goes so far in hardest water, it’s a miracle of economy.

TIDE is MILDERS for hands than any other leading “detergent”!

Tide has a wonderful new mildness—so gentle, so kind to your hands. Why, not even the mildest leading “detergents” that are made especially for dishwashing are so easy on your hands as Tide. Try it—see for yourself how much milder Tide is!
There are,” I recently remarked at a party, “distinct advantages to growing old.” The immediate reaction to this remark was amusing—and typical. The gathering was largely composed of folks in the early and later forties, with a sprinkling of the young married set. These now protested vigorously, “How do you know?” “Why do you even think of old age?”

This haste to reassure me was affectionate, I thought, and even flattering. But it completely missed the point that I was not complaining of growing old. On the contrary, I was speaking about something that had often crossed my mind.

“Apparently,” I thought to myself, “there is something painful about this subject. One oughtn’t to admit one’s age. It is as though one unnecessarily conjured up a melancholy specter, or brought disastrous personal news into a gay party.” But what I was thinking, and had started to say, was news to me—good news—unexpected news—namely, that I am looking forward to being old!

A white-haired lady, with many quizzical humorous lines around her still-keen eyes, smiled upon me.

“You are right,” she said quietly, “There are advantages. But why anticipate? Old age hardly begins before sixty.”

“I suppose,” a young physician interjected, “that you feel wiser than the young. That’s the advantage.”

So now they thought I was flaunting my experience and years! That wasn’t it, either. “Old” people can be just as silly as the young. And though youthful silliness can be delightful, mature silliness is abhorrent. “People are wise or unwise in their years,” I thought. “There is the wisdom of the child, of the youth, of the man or woman—and of the old. There are satisfactions in each period of life—satisfactions and frustrations, pleasures and pains.”

“To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . . A time to keep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; . . . A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; . . . He hath made every thing beautiful in his time, . . .” (Ecclesiastes, Chapter III)

How could I express what was forming in my mind about the later years of life? Wherein did I find pleasurable contemplation of them?

Was I thinking of those insurance advertisements that hold out the joys of retirement in an idyllic cottage in a mild climate, with a modest but certain check coming in regularly, and nothing to do but “rest”? The insurance check is not to be scorned. There is always the material problem of old age. One has to have saved something—to have some resources—to face old age with that equanimity which is, in itself, one of the advantages of growing old. But a life without further effort?

Perish the thought! I know (as much as I know anything) that as long as I live I shall write; if public and publishers cease to be interested I shall write anyway, perhaps only because formulating one’s thoughts comes to be a habit impossible for most writers to abandon—a kind of personal luxury. I once knew a very famous writer who always wanted to write poetry. When he died the drawers of his writing desk were full of poems, written in the last two years of his life, poems he had never even tried to publish, although anything from his pen, good, bad or indifferent, commanded a price commensurate with his fame. I thought affectionately of him, pacing the floor, composing in his mind complicated rhyme schemes, searching for exactly the right word (the word to make more words dispensable, because poetry is of all writing forms the most)

(Continued on Page 14)
Lucky Man!... to have such comfort
Clever Wife!... to choose for beauty...

the Beautiful Streit Slumber® Chair!

A PERFECT FORMULA for a Merry Christmas... a gift that satisfies a man's desire for comfort and a woman's eye for beauty—the beautiful Streit Slumber Chair. Be a clever wife, too—stop in at your Streit dealer's today and select your gift Slumber Chair now. And, while you are there, try the Slumber Chair and discover for yourself its luxurious comfort and the wide range of styles and coverings from which you may choose just the right chair for your room setting. You'll be pleased to find that there is a Slumber Chair to fit every purse and every style preference.

In addition to the beautiful, long-wearing STREITEX supported plastic covering illustrated, you may have your choice of all the popular textiles or of genuine leather—in modern, traditional or period chair designs. Slip covers are available at factory cost.

...and remember—with the Streit Slumber Chair you get two pieces of furniture... NOT ONE!

Every Streit Slumber Chair is sold complete, with a matching footstool that adds extra seating capacity to your room without crowding. Ideal for television viewing. Heavy spring-filled self-upholstered top to lift off to reveal a spacious storage compartment for books, slippers, etc.
Streel Slumber Chairs Are Sold In More Than 30 Designs! If your dealer does not have the style you want in stock, ask him to order it for you in the fabric of your choice.

[Image of the ad with various fabric swatches and chair designs]
clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

Penaten works the magic

"You'll be prettier...if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie.

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday...take make-up spots a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten does!

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

(Continued from Page 11)

"You'll be prettier...if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALL BABA". Photo by Technicolor, Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, 25c to 95c, plus tax.
Have you inspected your cards lately?

When company comes, offer the luxury of fresh new CONGRESS packs. No other cards handle so well in deal, shuffle and play. Guests appreciate their lively slip and snap, their gem-like colors, their gleam of gold and silver. For the friendly, sociable contest of cards, choose your weapons... wisely!

SMART TRICK! buy two double packs today... and always have a fresh one handy!

Only CONGRESS Playing Cards have CEL-U-TONE finish!
EAT ALL THE
FOOD YOU BUY!
(and you'll buy less)

Save shrinkage...wrap and roast in

WEAR-EVER FOIL

You'll save up to 15% on meat shrinkage, have juicier roasts without basting... when you prepare meats in this sparkling, pure aluminum. It's the perfect wrap, too... for storing foods. Keeps them fresh longer. Folder in each box gives directions, helpful hints to help you save food, work, money. In handy, economical rolls at grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. Ask for WEAR-EVER Foil.

Friendly to Food

WEAR-EVER

Aluminum

See WEAR-EVER on the ALCOA Program "SEE IT NOW" over the CBS-TV Network, every Sunday.

Three tiger cubs from the New York Bronx Zoo: Gigi, the lazy; Wadi, the irascible; Souja, sweet.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Hampden's Nature Atlas of America includes no tigers, but practically everything else—rocks, trees, wildflowers, birds, animals, reptiles, fishes and insects of the United States and Canada—with outlines of their orders and families, and many remarkable maps showing where they all are. You learn what Nature has to offer and then how to track it down.

"I have milked a mammoth, and I travel with adjustable window screens. I have been up in a balloon with Sir Nigel Playfair, and down in a submarine with Gary Cooper. I have scalped an elephant in a St. Louis zoo, and christened an electric rabbit with a jeweler's hoop of Lamson 1912. I have clerked behind a counter with Margot Asquith, and sung duets with Margaret Truman... I've had tea with Lloyd George, dinner with Ramsay MacDonald, and I've asked Greta Garbo on Clifton Webb's court." Need we say who is the Big Vertical Pronoun? Tallulah by Tallulah Bankhead, as edited or told to or written by Richard Mancy.

The Profile of Youth in India in the JOURNAL is opening up vistas to us Americans. If we're ever going to know about Asia now's the time, and what better way than to see how the people of Asia live? Before this article was published General Roundel, on the subject of Asia, said that he believed the two Americans who did most to build up good will and friendship on that continent were Eleanor Roosevelt and Chester Bowles. When Mrs. Roosevelt arrived at the New Delhi airport she said four words that turned the trick: "I came to learn."

There's a good book about doctors. It's YOU AND YOUR DOCTOR, by Martin Goldwater, an M.D. himself.

It made a particular impression on our book reviewer because one of his most humilitating experiences occurred in a doctor's office. It was a first visit to a very important physician. After waiting forty minutes (by your time the set for the appointment) she was finally shown into the inner sanctum, but twice as she was (Continued on Page 18)

"Sound as an apple, Mr. Jones... you're O.K., too, Mr. Blau... you, too, Mr. Quinlan."

Three tiger cubs from the New York Bronx Zoo: Gigi, the lazy; Wadi, the irascible; Souja, sweet.
Oh! The **WONDERFUL** things Jell-O Puddings and Pie Fillings can do...

- with a banana...
- with a husband...
- with less than a quarter...

**Just a few pale slices** on top of the rich, dark goodness of Jell-O Chocolate Pudding—and what a good-looking, good-tasting dessert you can serve!

Made from an exclusive blend of Walter Baker's Chocolate, Jell-O Chocolate Pudding and Pie Filling stands head and shoulders above all the rest! Follow directions on box and, with one banana and some cream, serve this dessert to 4 smiling people.

**We think all husbands** should be pampered—and what easier way than with a big piece of homemade-tasting lemon pie?

You can make it in half the usual time with new Jell-O Lemon Pudding and Pie Filling—without a fresh lemon to your name! And your pie will have a real, old-fashioned taste that everybody loves! Directions on the package for the pie in picture.

**Here's how to make** guests feel warm and welcome—and still pinch a few pennies at the same time!

Serve them a buttery-rich Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding—and they'll never guess! And they won't guess it was so easy for you to whip up, either! One package of Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding and Pie Filling and a dash of jelly will make enough to please 4 people. Directions are on the box.

**JELL-O Puddings & Pie Fillings**

*Now 5 Flavors - Vanilla, Chocolate, Butterscotch, Lemon, Coconut Cream*

*JELL-O is a registered trademark of General Foods Corporation*
Halloween needn't frighten you when Windex Spray is handy! It's the quickest, easiest way to make windows and mirrors simply sparkle! Whisk! Spray it on! Swish! Wipe it off lightly! Windex Spray leaves no messy dust to clean afterwards, like some cleaners. Saves time! Saves work! Costs far less than a penny per window! Even more economical in the big 20-oz. size. Get Windex today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also available in Canada.

No wonder Windex Spray outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

PRODUCTS OF THE DRAKEET COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO

"Draw all you want on my windows—
I just bought a giant bottle of Windex Spray."

Even a lobster dinner can wait when there are dangerous sewer germs lurking in every drain. No liquid disinfector can bridge the muck they breed in. It takes Drano to unclog drains and keep them running free and clear. Use Drano once a week—every week. Won't harm septic tanks. Makes them work better. Get Drano today at your grocery or hardware store. Also available in Canada.

"You put him in the pot—I just remembered this is the day of the week I put Drano in all the drains!"

(Continued from Page 16) reciting her history to the doctor the telephone rang and two outside patients got quite as much of his time as she did—and considerably more of his attention. He then put her in the little room adjoining his office for an examination, and told her what articles of clothing to remove. This was 11:30. The room was about four by seven, and contained a pulpit, a metal chair and a washbasin. No window. She undressed and lay down. First she kept on her shoes. Then she took them off and lay down again. After a bit she thought, Well, I didn't set to take them off, so she got up and put the shoes on, and lay down again. Time passed, as she lay there flat on her back. By one o'clock she was thoroughly aroused. No matter if there were another patient in there, she didn't care. She'd open the door. But to her consternation she found the office empty. No patient. No doctor.

Don't tell me—" said the patient, a light dawning.

The nurse shook her head. "I'm afraid it's true! I didn't know anyone was here, and the doctor's gone out to lunch."

That's why we like You and Your Doctor. The author gives ten commandments for doctors, among which we remember particularly: Don't keep your patient waiting; Don't divide your attention. Try to like him.

The Shaw-Campbell letters (Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Their Correspondence, edited by Han Dewey) read like a novel—a love story—a drama such as G.B.S. would never never have written, but Stella Campbell would have loved to play! It is a love story between two of the most publicized people of our time and two of the wildest, complete

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For work-saving brushes that stay fresh and new-looking through years of household use, be sure all your brushes have Du Pont nylon bristles. They are easy to clean... can be sterilized in boiling water... dry in a jiffy... never get limp or brittle... don't break off. There's the right nylon bristle for every brush. So, whenever you buy any brush, remember that:

"Cradle—fly home to your mother!"

... save you time through its passionate climactic years to its bitter-bitter chiding irritated fractions end.

"... for you have awakened the latent tragedy in me," he wrote to her, "Broken through my wound over to Africa, I had carried all the tragedies of the world like feathers and stuck them in my cap and laughed. And if you put in it was an illusion, then I am as lonely as God. Therefore you must still be the Mother of Angels to me, still from time to time put your divinity and sit in the heavens with me. For that, with all our assumed cleverness and picked up arts to slave off the world, is all we two are really fit for.

(Continued on Page 21)"
"My heavenly Koolfoam pillow gives me perfect rest and sleep!"

says

Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in MGM's "JEOPARDY"

really, it is heavenly!" says BARBARA STANWYCK, antifal star of motion pictures. "My Dayton Koolfoam Pillow makes me sure of the best rest I've ever known!"

If you want the same luxury, make sure that you get a genuine Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. For Koolfoam is the only foam latex made by Dayton's exclusive mountain-water process. Only Koolfoam is smoother, softer, more resilient... conforms to every movement of your head, cradling you gently. It never needs punching or fluffing. And it's always clean, fresh, sanitary, allergy-free.

At your favorite store you'll find Dayton Koolfoam Pillows best suited to you and every member of your family... the most wonderfully luxurious pillow in the world!

* * *

Available in several sizes and thicknesses

STROKE IT!
PRESS IT!
SQUEEZE IT!

Enjoy the rest of your life!

Dayton Koolfoam Pillows

HE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF FOAM LATEX PILLOWS • DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY • DAYTON, OHIO • SINCE 1905

Others, too, say wonderful things!

"My pillow is grand. I always read in bed, and the pillow is tops for that."—H. C. Hut. John Center, Dayton, Ohio.

"Our 9-year-old son was allergic to something... and couldn't sleep for choking and sneezing... missed two school weeks out of every month. We decided to try a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. Not one spell of allergy has he had, and he sleeps so soundly, too! It is miraculous."—Mrs. N. R. F., Annandale, West Virginia.

"Two years ago I suffered three fractured vertebrae in an auto-train collision. I never knew a restful night's sleep until I bought a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow. I've had amazing relief from pain, am able to live a normal life again!"—Mrs. H. M., Roxbury, Massachusetts.
Feast or Fiesta?

Either way, you've got a dinner date with the Green Giant's famous kernels

The Green Giant is showing you the most famous hat trick in all the eating world. From his top hat he pulls Niblets Brand Corn—tender kernels picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor. From his sombrero he takes Niblets Brand Mexicorn—grown from the same exclusive seed (D-138) but with sweet red and green peppers added. Serve 'em both and double your corn pleasure.

Niblets SWEET Corn or Mexicorn

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario
These are the Blueberry Muffins that became famous overnight because one woman told another of their flavor.
Read it, especially if you've passed up the earlier ones.

No more dramatic example of Lincoln's great gift to the colored people of this country could be imagined than the story of Charlea Clinton Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding was the son of a former slave. He had risen from poverty to become one of our wealthiest citizens. At the time of his death he was president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co., with assets of more than $32,000,000, and head of a large Negro bank with resources of more than $3,000,000. Money isn't everything, but it would have seemed like the Green Pastures Beyond to that father who was a slave.

If you want a further boost to your pride as an American, read Bernard De Voto's The Course of Empire: a history of exploration in America from Cortes through three centuries of French, English and the Americans pushing westward.

More specific, and especially for those who plan to go to Mexico this winter, is In the Footsteps of Cortes, by Fernando Benitez, an alluring combination of old and new Mexico very well presented.

Rosario Mazeres, whose name we have had occasion to use before in these pages, is the bass-clarinet player and personnel director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is also a famous ornithologist, and when the orchestra was touring Europe this past summer he took time off to visit the island of Skokholm, renowned for its water birds. As an experiment in "shooting," Mr. Mazeres captured a Manx shearwater (sea bird about the size of a crow), banded it, and took it with him by air to Boston, where he arrived just 21 hours after the bird's capture. Then he let it loose. The bird circled a moment or two, then sped directly out to sea. Mr. Mazeres at once alerted the British scientists to look for the bird's return. Though the shearwater travels great distances over the ocean in its migrations, it does not cross the Atlantic Ocean. Thus the transatlantic flight was contrary to his migratory pattern. Nonetheless, 12 days and 18 hours after he left the bass clarinetist in Boston, he was seen in his own burrow on Skokholm. The hour was 1:30 a.m., but the welcoming committee was there. (The Manx shearwater's real name is Paulinus Puffinus.)

Incidentally, 1600 aysters have come over from Bergen op Zoom, Holland (very cold), to live in Maine (also very cold). They're here since 1919 and like it fine. This is an experiment to introduce aysters to new locales.

There are too many books this month! For poetry we recommend Kentucky is My Land, because we admire Jesse Stuart's poetry so much. We haven't read such a thriller in a long time as A Hole in the Ground, by Andrews Garre, who also wrote Murder Through the Looking-Glass, How to Work with Groups, by Audrey and Harleigh Trecker, is going to be a help to any club woman who has to organize. And Vitalized Assembly, by Velie Zetta Thompson, is a mine of suggestions for school assembly programs to now the home of every teacher's life. . . . We'll have to wait till next time to give you the gossip in Cleveland Amory's The Last Reports!
she's in love
... and she loves Community

And her very first party is dinner for eight!

here's nothing slow about Jane. Even when it comes to silver, she can't be bothered buying the slowpoke set... a single place setting at a time.

"Not Jane! I'm going to have a whole chestful of exactly what I want... exactly when I want it... right now! No waiting around for extra place settings I can't afford now. No hoping someone will hurry up and give me more so I can have a real party!"

Jane is richly proud of her Community* pattern—it's White Orchid*, newest hit of hits in the world's most deeply loved silverplate. She loves the graceful, tapered handle, and the design which reproduces so faithfully the most beautiful flower of all! She likes to feel the distinguished weight and balance of her White Orchid pattern, too, and to brag about its world-famous lifetime "Overlay" of pure solid silver.

And you... what about you? Don't be a silver slowpoke! Your friendly jeweler wants to tell you about his easy-payment plan. He wants to show you Community's five world-popular patterns.

Put Community in your future, here and now. Dinner services for 8, housed in a handsome anti-tarnish chest, lined with Kenized* fabric, as low as $55.75. Community... the finest silverplate.

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. COPYRIGHT 1952, ONEIDA LTD.
Yours—for a Merry Christmas
**How Is Your Constitution? . . .**

**Revision in New Jersey**

Rich Miller was seven years old. And he lived in exciting times. There was his new brother Damon to be wondered at, played with. And there was the new state constitution. Rich had worked hard for that and he was as glad as anyone in New Jersey when it passed. At age four, Rich probably knew more about his state constitution than most eligible voters, for he at least knew that such a document existed.

Rich was, as his mother explains, "a constitution baby." During the seven or more years that Gene Miller and other hard-working women and men of New Jersey were campaigning for revision of the state's century-old constitution, Rich was growing up and observing.

A new constitution was dinner-table talk at home; a big day was one when he could go canvassing from door to door with his mother or could meet the commuters' train with pamphlets and sandwich board.

"Just try to get people interested in their state constitution," says Gene Miller, sighing at the memory of the days back in 1941 when she and other members of the League of Women Voters began their campaign to educate the voters. "Most of them don't even know there is such a thing. And when they find out they often don't care."

But conscientious, energetic Gene Miller did care about such things. The former Colorado schoolteacher was embarrassed when she and her husband Richard, an insurance-company actuary, first moved to New Jersey some years ago. "I realized I didn't know anything about the state," she admits, "I joined the League in order to learn just simple facts of politics—like voting."

Her interest in learning soon developed into an interest in getting things done. Fortunately she was in good company, for she was just one of the hundreds of well-meaning citizens who came to realize the need for an up-to-date state constitution and made it a real part of their lives until the struggle was finally won.

Heaviest opposition came from the direction of Jersey City, where Mayor Frank ("I Am the Law") Hague (Continued on Page 183)

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**Outmoded Laws Confuse**

By Margaret Hickey

When the citizens of New Jersey began their campaign to streamline the constitution of their state, they were shocked to find the average voters knew nothing of the constitution's great effect on their everyday lives. Many didn't even know such a document existed.

Things are just about forty-eight times as bad as that. For in forty-seven other states people are, or have been, in that same situation. They may know that something is wrong with the state's business, is constantly thwarting progress and causing delay. But they fail to realize that their state's constitution has anything to do with it.

The pages of these documents groan and creak with outmoded regulations and limitations on the powers of the legislature, the governor, the people themselves.

Ancient clauses limit some state legislators' salaries to a starvation level of $3 a day, are often responsible for keeping good persons out of state government. Some constitutions still talk about "British possessions," others compute the state's budget in shillings and pence. In West Virginia, railroad officials may not serve in the legislature: in Tennessee, duelists are barred from public office.

Only seven states have constitutions written in the twentieth century, only three written in the past decade.

These ancient documents have been peppered with amendments and clauses to suit special-interest groups with axes to grind, who have found it is as easy to amend a constitution as it is to pass a law.

Many states keep their machinery oiled and running simply by means of openly defying absurd, restricting sections. Often huge industrial states flounder about, trying to operate under rules drawn up for agrarian populations of more than a century ago.

While state officials either submit or circumvent, the people are usually in the dark. Knowledge comes only when some citizens realize the great need and give their time to educate voters to it. This has happened in New Jersey, Missouri, Georgia, Rhode Island and New York. Ohio and Tennessee will vote this year; Florida and Illinois have passed "gateway" amendments opening the way to revision.

Not the least influence in all these victories has been the voice of people like the hard-working members of the League of Women Voters who have helped educate citizens to the need for constitutional revision. The National Municipal League of New York, long-time leader in the field of good government, reports that most state constitutions need complete redrafting, has drafted a model constitution suitable for the needs of every state. The League keeps account of all activity in constitutional reform throughout the country and can supply revision "pilgrims" with sound ideas and methods.

Symbolic of New Jersey's outmoded 1844 constitution, this horse and buggy dramatized the need to modernize the state's government. Aroused citizens campaigned vigorously to get enough votes to win a seven-year fight.
Now for the first time science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon safely!

Is your nylon and rayon lingerie losing its original sparkle—taking on a dull gray film? Now, at last, a NEW KIND of bleach lets you SAFELY, gradually whiten nylon and rayon, fabrics you could never bleach before. It's Gold Seal's "snowy"! The new powder bleach discovery.

Use "snowy" bleach Every Wash! Make Nylon, Rayon Whiter With Every Bleaching! "Snowy"’s action—safe and gradual—continues every time you wash. A few bleachings and grayed slips and blouses start to sparkle again. For new lingerie, use "snowy" from the first wash and keep that new look! Gentle "snowy" brightens tub-fast colors. Wonderful for baby’s things. Smells so clean and fresh!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. If your store does not have "snowy" send 25c to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for generous trial package.

-snowy- powdered bleach

Takes away nylon gray

2223 • Soft Gloves to make in a bright wool jersey or a plaid. 15c.

2611 • Cap with or without crown in jersey trim with small beads. 15c.

2110 • A stuffed Elephant will delight a little child on your list. 10c.

2111 • Add a Giraffe, too, to a family of stuffed animals. 10c.

2585 • Crocheted Slippers with pompons of tiny wool flowers. 15c.

2119 • A fat Humpty-Dumpty to take a lot of great falls. 10c.

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You'll Want to Get Your Hands On This

Power Packed Beauty

Here is a new kind of car, designed to meet the needs of active, on-the-go Americans more completely, more thoroughly, than ever before! It's powered for action, with a thrilling reserve of acceleration. It's styled for action, with lower, livelier, lovelier lines and spacious Travel-Lounge interiors. It's engineered for action, with a new road-hugging ride, new steering ease, new Gyro-Torque Drive for nimble change of pace.

See and drive this thrilling Action Car for Active Americans — the New '53 Dodge.

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On Display Now! Visit Your Nearest Dodge Dealer and Thrill to a "Road Test" Ride

Sensational New
140 Horsepower RED RAM V-8 ENGINE!

Packs more power punch per cubic inch displacement... delivers a full 140-h.p. on "regular" gasoline. Brings you the triple power advantages of hemispherical combustion chamber... short stroke design... high-lift lateral valves. More fuel energy goes into power, less is wasted on heat, friction. Most efficient engine design in any American car!
Emotional maladjustment is a real threat to married happiness.

How can a wife help her neurotic husband to grow up emotionally?

Should I Work?

If higher standards of living and increasing costs are leading you to consider an outside job, these questions may help you to analyze some of the important factors that should influence your decision.

1. Are you getting steadily deeper in debt?
2. Is your family suffering actual want?
3. Are you in good physical health?
4. Is present income wisely budgeted and expended?
5. Will working permit sufficient family companionship?
6. Can household tasks be performed?
7. Are all your children of school age?
8. Is it necessities, not luxuries, which you need lack?
9. Does your husband approve your working?
10. Will he help share the housework?
11. Have you two planned how your money will be used?
12. Do you feel that you should work?
13. Are you trained for some specific job?
14. Will your earnings (less added expenses) solve your problem?

All "Yes" answers would seem to indicate that you can work, but a "No" answer to any of the first seven questions suggests a job may not solve your problem. In any case, be sure that your salary will be a real benefit to your family before you take a job.

When to Have a Baby

The desire to have children is a deep human instinct, and most married couples want and expect to have a family someday. But in modern times, many young people are forced to begin married life under circumstances unfavorable for starting a family.

Perhaps it is necessary for the wife to work for a time, in order to pay off debts or to supplement the husband's starting salary. Perhaps they haven't been able to find suitable housing, and are living in cramped quarters or sharing a home with in-laws. Perhaps they advanced their wedding date, in the knowledge that the husband would soon be called into military service.

In any of these situations, a responsible young couple may doubt the wisdom of having a baby at once, yet instinctively fear the consequences of postponement. Certainly they should talk it over, fully and freely, over a period of time and should agree wholeheartedly on whatever decision is reached.

Your first child will profoundly influence every aspect of your marriage, including its very basis, your relationship with your husband. In deciding when to have a baby, you will need to consider not only the practical problems—living quarters, budget, and the like—but emotional factors as well.

Are you two sure of yourselves, of each other, and of the serenity of your relationship? (If your marriage is faltering, parenthood cannot be expected to correct the situation.)

Do you both want a child? (Neither husband nor wife is justified in imposing his will on the other.) Are you really ready to assume the responsibilities of parenthood, and prepared to fulfill them continuously for years to come?

Will you and your husband share those responsibilities?

Do you want a child for its own sake, rather than for purely selfish motives? (If you have known parents to conceive a child for no other reason than the hope of an inheritance.)

If you really want a child, only the most urgent reasons should lead you to postpone. But if you decide not to have a baby now, then by all means decide when you will. A postponement for a definite time and for specific reasons is merely a delay; an indefinite postponement may become a permanent default.

Do You Agree?

Are more women working today than ever before?

No, the peak year was 1945. However, for women forty-five years of age and older, the number working today (over 5,000,000) has broken all records.
MASTERPIECES IN FINE CHINA

FOR YOU
THE SAME FINE QUALITY
IN LOVELY

Rhodora
BY LENOX

The renowned hand-craftsmen of Lenox make only one quality of china... the finest. The same exquisite, translucent, yet amazingly durable china seen in the White House service is yours in every Lenox pattern.

Too, the glowing color and precious 24-k. gold design that make Rhodora so superb will be as lovely a generation from today.

For there is no more beautiful, no more durable fine china than world-famous Lenox.

Rhodora, 5-piece place setting (dinner, salad, and butter plates, teacup and saucer)...

$23.25

FOR PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
THIS WHITE HOUSE DINNER SERVICE
in a lovely gold rose and plume design was a "Command Performance" in fine china by Lenox. The rare translucent beauty and superior durability of Lenox China have made it again and again the official choice of our Presidents.

LENOX CHINA

AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS FINE CHINA

A GIRL when a boy "stands her up,"... deserts her for a twenty-minute talk with the stag line... baugs at her new hairdo... criticizes her friends... teases her in front of another couple... doesn't fall in with her plans for after the dance... or if she's had some emotional trouble at home or in school and is in the mood for a "good fight."

She wonders if he... is trying to tell her by his actions that he doesn't like her any more... decided that she isn't very pretty or fun to be with... will tell the other boys that she's a drip and no one will ever date her again... could possibly want to talk to her.

So she decides... to go home alone to cry... or to "let him have it" in her choicest sarcasm... or to make him "sorry" by flirting with another boy... or to tell him she never wants to see him again... or to blame him for everything.

If you're wrong, admit it to yourself, first, then to the other person. Try to find out why you behaved the way you did. Did you think a test or quarrel with your mother? Sometimes we take out our uneasy feelings of "never doing the right thing" on the very people we like best—the nice ones who always put up with us. Did you take this advantage of your date or steady?

If you're right, remind yourself that everybody is entitled to a few mistakes. A self-righteous, if-he-wants-me-to-make-up-let-him-come-to-mine attitude is undelicious and unfair. Most boys are just as sensitive and easily hurt as you are—but they're not supposed to show it. A boy, too, is often clumsy with words, so it's especially hard for him to find the right ones. It's up to you to help him by giving him a chance to show, rather than say, he's sorry.

A BOY when a girl... breaks a date at the last minute... puts on an act to impress the other fellows... ridicules his taste in ties... embarrasses him in front of his friends by acting "like she owned him"... announces in the middle of a malted milk that she has six minutes to get home... or if he's had some emotional trouble at home or in school and is in the mood for a "good fight."

He wonders if she... is bored with going out with him... thinks his ideas about people and places to go are dopey... will tell the whole school... just came along for a free ticket to the movies... really prefers a more sophisticated type... would laugh if he tried to explain.

So he decides... to "show" her by taking another girl home... or to "kid her out of it"... or to go off with the guys who aren't so silly... or to wait until she cools off and admits it was her fault.

Then a boy likes... to know you're sorry. You can always write him a note on a funny card, or mail him a white clay peace pipe, if you simply can't say, "I was wrong last night. Bill, and I'm sorry. If it's all right with you, I'd like to keep our date for Friday."

Boys squirm if you rip yourself apart with self-accusations; they're more at ease if you quickly change the subject.

Then a boy likes... you to give him a "hi" sign that he's forgiven, if you trim, too, he's certain. Then accept his eagerness to talk as his apology. Choke down your desire to chew "I told you so" and to discuss it further. If the quarrel was serious (late hours, driving, wild driving), state your objections clearly before you accept or refuse another date. When a boy honestly wants to please a certain girl, he's usually willing to change his ways!

From the Referee's Corner:

He says: "In moderating TV arguments, I assign some good to each side. All quarrels are a lack of understanding—the important questions are "What's wrong with my viewpoint?" and "Did my personality help it to happen?" " Ben Grauer MC, "It's a Problem"—NBC TV

She says: "When you ask a question in any heated discussion, it puts the burden of proof on the other person. What you don't say you never have to explain. And remember—nothing is ever eaten as hot as it is cooked." Martha Rountree Moderator, "Meet the Press"—NBC TV

Something to Save

If you have to "have words," make sure you include a few soft ones... to turn away wrath: Thoughtfully: "I can see your point there."

Lightly: "Hum-m, maybe we'd better put off this full-scale war until the heavy artillery catches up with us."

Politely: "Well, I hardly see where our differences can interest the others, so maybe we'd better save it until we get home."

WINNINGLY: "Somehow I got off the track—let's switch to something I know about!"
“Wonderful! ... makes my skin so much smoother, fresher,” says lovely Arlene Dahl

Wakes vital moisture within your skin
You can have ... the delightfully softer skin, the dewy fresher skin, that makes you really lovelier! The new beauty is yours ... with the wonderful Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care.

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakes vital moisture within your skin. Your skin must have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what Skin-Tonic Action gives you!

Day by day, your skin looks smoother ... and stays smoother.

Moisture! for dry skin, too
Dry-looking skin is often "dry within." Skin-Tonic Action not only stimulates vital moisture ... it helps your skin retain natural moisture. Quick improvement is evident ... radiant new freshness, new softness!

For you ... a minute a day, Skin-Tonic Action means your Lux Soap facial is a beauty stimulant! Just cream in the rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold, and right away your skin looks more satiny.

Try Lux. Tests prove daily Lux facials can improve any normal skin. Yes, with Skin-Tonic Action, just one cake of Lux can make your complexion definitely smoother, definitely fresher. You'll find life's lovely when you're Lux Lovely!

Get the big bath-size Lux, too ... for new loveliness all over. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

Arlene Dahl
Co-starring in “CARIBBEAN”
A Paramount Picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Get a new slant on sewing with The Amazing New

The only home sewing machine with a "slant" needle for easier stitching... better vision!

Here is one of the most exciting sewing developments in 100 years. The amazing new model in the famous SINGER family. The needle slants toward you instead of being straight up and down. Makes it easier to see where you're going; easier to "feed" and guide all types of fabric smoothly, perfectly.

Only SINGER—maker of the lead straight-needle and swing-needle (zig-zag) machines—brings you the exclusive slant-needle machine.

Now, for the first time, a full-sized, full-fledged cabinet machine—that you can use as a portable, too! The slant-needle SINGER has a carrying handle concealed in the top. You can lift the machine out of the cabinet, carry it anywhere. Base of machine is fully closed, completely sealed.

Made of die-cast aluminum for light weight plus extra sturdiness. Designed to give you a new slant on sewing. It's light to carry. SINGER lifetime dependability.

The only machine that's a cabinet and a portable model all in one!

Available in unique, new-design Spinet Cabinet—and other styles!

New Spinet Cabinet—designed specially for the slant-needle SINGER. Ideal in modern or period rooms. Concealed drawer. Matching stool available.

Spinet—open. Note the angle of the leaf and of the machine itself. Designed so you can sit more comfortably, see more clearly, stitch more smoothly.

The Queen Anne—one of several popular cabinets which the new model and other SINGERS are available. A fine traditional piece; beautifully, sturdily built.
Slant-needle SINGER

New eye-rest design. Modern, streamlined. Almost all moving parts concealed. Even the bobbin winder is recessed. Available in traditional black or lovely soft beige. A magnificent new model in the already world-famous line of SINGER® Sewing Machines.

See it—try it—today!

Blond Modern Desk—especially handsome with the new beige-colored machine. Doubly useful as an attractive writing desk, a convenient sewing cabinet.

And while you’re at your SINGER SEWING CENTER, see the complete line of smooth-stitching SINGER Sewing Machines—styles to fit every home, prices to fit every purse. Get acquainted with the wonderful selection of patterns, fabrics, notions, too. Everything to make sewing easier!

SINGER Sewing Centers

Don’t be misled. SINGER sells and services its products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red “S” Trade Mark on the window, and listed in your phone directory only under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

There are more than 1200 SINGER SEWING CENTERS coast to coast—and more than 400 SINGER service cars always ready to bring SINGER service right to your door.

Singer sewing machines
after 25 drying skin begins to show!

It's noticeable—and disturbing—the way skin often begins to show dryness after 25.

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

You need a special replacer to offset this drying out of your skin's natural softening oil. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

See below how this quick non-drier works to soften and repair common dry-skin troubles all over your face and throat—and especially in dry-skin trouble spots. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!

Drying starts to show first in the places pictured below. See how best to help correct it!

Griss-Cross Lines under Eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To Clear Away—Work into corners nightly plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from outer corners of your eyes, and tap cream very gently inward under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery eye skin soaks up this cream's moist richness.

Floaky, Dry Skin Patches on your cheeks rough up your skin, spoil your make-up's smooth look.

To Smooth—Be sure to cream- over those tiny dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Start from outer corners of your eyes and tap cream very gently inward under eyes to nose. Feel, see how your dry, papery eye skin soaks up this cream's moist richness.

Tiny Dry Lines Etch In between your eyes, on forehead.

To Smooth Down—Circle on Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream generously. Making firm, quick little circles, work it up between your eyes—out over eyebrows to temples. Leave a little of this special, rich cream on overnight to give your dry skin more of the softening oil it needs.

Small Creases Settle by Earlobes when your skin begins to dry and inelastic.

To Flatten Out—Use first two fingers of each hand a make a "U-Turn" with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream back and forth under your eyes. Cream from front of ear under, then up in back. This helps flatten little dryness creases, helps keep skin soft, resilient.

Dry Skin "Down-Lines" by nose and mouth harden your expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in" softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream under your eyes, corners of mouth, nostrils, and about nostrils and mouth. See it smooth that "dry skin," ten look. A special emollient makes this cream extra-softening.

3 features make it so effective for dry skin!

1. Rich in Lanolin
2. Homogenized to soak in better
3. Special emollient for extra softening

Get a jar today!

Start this truly remarkable correction of your Dry Skin today!

96¢, 55¢, 31¢, 15¢ (plus tax)
Tell me, Doctor

"I've heard about the Rh test but I don't understand it. If I am Rh negative and John is positive, can we ever have children?"

By HENRY R. SAFFORD, M.D.

WHY, Betty Bay!" exclaimed the doctor. "Am I glad to see you! It must be a year since you've been in this office. So is this the young couple that's brought you with you? Don't you know I take only female patients?"

The young couple was a handsome combination of youth, health and high spirits. The girl was slender and fair, not much over twenty; her companion might have been five years older. I know you don't take men patients, I thought maybe you'd take this one, too. This is John Dunn, and he and I are engaged to be married."

"Time certainly does get along," commented the doctor. "It doesn't seem more than two or three years since I was spanning your backside to make you take your breath. I'm glad to see you, John, and I'm glad to tell you that you are getting a fine girl, too."

"I don't need to be told that," John remarked, as he grabbed the hand of the doctor. "Just the same, it sounds pleasant, coming from the mouth of authority."

"Now, what brings you two in here today?"

"Well, we're going to be married in a couple of weeks and we have to have a blood test; I think this would be the place to come and have it done," replied the doctor. "I see," replied the doctor. "I'll take you both. Yes, you have to present a negative Wassermann in this state before we can take out a license to marry. We can send to that here, and at the same time I'll tell you what your Rh status is."

"I've heard about that, Doctor, though I don't understand it very well. It wouldn't be any stumbling block in the way of marriage, would it? I wouldn't want to happen under any circumstances, rather let the old Rh business go to

"No, I don't. I think it would prevent us from marrying," said the doctor slowly. "It will save you a lot of grief, however, if you had information about the Rh status of both of you."

"If you'd explain about the Rh, I think I know better if I wanted it done."

All right, it's a bit complicated, but I'll give you an idea. For a really thorough explanation I'd have to give you a course in physiology and hematology. For a great many years it has been known that different people have different types of blood. There were four main types, some so incompatible that a transfusion of one into the blood stream of a person of a different type would be as fatal as though you had splatted that person's skull with an ax.

"About ten years ago hematologists discovered that even when mingling different specimens of the same type of blood, in a few of the mixtures the red corpuscles were damaged by some strange reaction, though the majority were not. Further experiments showed that most persons have in their blood an element which can cause serious structural changes in the blood cells if introduced into blood which does not contain that substance. This element was termed the Rh factor."

"The original experiments were done with blood from the rhesus monkey, hence the name, 'Rh.' Blood which contains the substance is called Rh positive, while blood in which it is lacking is Rh negative. If you were to transfuse an Rh-negative person with Rh-positive blood, the disaster might be great."

"But", objected Betty Bay, "even if John and I should be different Rh types, at least we have no intention of mingling our bloods in that way."

"Don't you?" replied the doctor. "Well, I'll come to that later."

"Which is the more common type, Doctor?" was John Dunn's query.

"Among women I have typed, negative turned up in the proportion of about one to eight of positive. Of course, in the case of a female negative Rh, the ideal situation would be marriage to a negative. When the male happens to be positive and the female negative, a serious complication may ensue. This particular combination occurs only about once in fifty cases; but even that is frequent enough to cause plenty of trouble."

"Now, to come back to your statement, Betty Bay. I'll have to explain a few rudiments of anatomy and physiology, both in the adult and the embryo. To begin with, the adult has two types of blood circulation, which are activated simultaneously, but quite distinctly, from opposite sides of the heart. One type carries blood to the various parts of the body; to feed the tissues, the other carries blood through the lungs, to purify it by taking on oxygen."

"The fetus in its mother's womb, on the other hand, has only the first type of blood circulation, the systemic. Since it is floating in a sea of water, obviously its lungs cannot be working. Waste products of the fetal blood have to be eliminated, however. That
Measure of Devotion

It was only on rare occasions that Edna Allen permitted herself the luxury of hiring a woman to help her clean the house. But now, with the holidays just around the corner and Peggy on the way home from college for a long week end, Edna decided that the occasion was special enough to warrant it.

And so, for this one day, she “borrowed” a Mrs. Webb from one of her friends across town who employed her regularly.

The woman, a pleasant-faced person with a tremendous capacity for work, arrived promptly at nine. By noon the upstairs was done and Mrs. Webb had become quite talkative. By the time they’d finished the downstairs and were tidying up the kitchen, Mrs. Webb had covered the early chapters of her life and her conversation had largely to do with her husband, Jerry Webb.

“I’ll tell you, Mrs. Allen, there wasn’t a finer man ever livin’ than my Jerry. He was always so thoughtful and so devoted to me and the children. Never did I have a birthday that didn’t bring me a little present and maybe a box of candy, too. He never forgot an anniversary either, and he was always bringing home little surprises for the children . . . .”

“Where do you want these glasses, Mrs. Allen? On the top shelf?”

“Yes, it was certainly a shock when poor Jerry passed away nine years ago. Well, that’s life, I guess. One day you think you have everything—and then, all of a sudden, you have nothing . . . .”

“I guess this will finish up the kitchen, don’t you think, Mrs. Allen?”

After Mrs. Webb left, Edna Allen stood at the doorway a watched her as she walked down the street towards the bus stop. Then she turned and went up the stairs to her bedroom—slowly, because she suddenly felt quite tired.

For a long time she sat on the stool in front of her dressing table and looked at the photograph of Dick Allen that sat on the right-hand side under one of the lamps. He had a strong face and a determined one. He had always been so engrossed in the big problems of life that he sometimes forgot the smaller ones . . . flowers on her birthday . . . little surprises for their daughter Peggy. He had let their fifth anniversary pass by unnoticed—he had been working late at the office for days—and even though they joked about it afterwards, Edna had felt a little put out about it at the time.

It wasn’t until after the accident which took Dick Allen’s life that Edna realized how deep and how complete his devotion had been. Her husband’s New York Life agent, P. Warren, came to the house to explain the details of Dick’s insurance. Each policy had its special purpose in the careful plan which Dick and Paul Warren had worked out together over the years. Her own lifetime income . . . money to pay what was left of the mortgage . . . Peggy’s expenses through college. Yes, she thought, Dick had sometimes forgotten little things, but the important ones he had remembered well.

Edna glanced at her watch with a start. Peggy’s train was due in less than an hour, and she was nowhere near ready to meet her. She turned on the light on her dressing table and moved the photograph just a little closer to it . . .

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

In November, 1902, Charles Dana Gibson's drawings of the clean-shaven, wholesome-looking American male were putting mustaches out of fashion. Braunes first arrived in America from France. Insulin for diabetes was unknown. Typhoid killed thousands of Americans every year; no one knew the germ came from unclean water. The average U.S. male lived 49 years.

"Have rich girls and poor girls the same thoughts, or anything in common?" writes a wistful reader in the November, 1902, JOURNAL. Answer: "It is a beautiful thing to be a girl whether you wear fine clothes or plain."

"A graceful carriage depends on the total sensation of the new theater season here so far has been a little lady only twelve years old, a beautiful Balinese child, so wonderful to watch that practically everybody about the Workshop has been at once to see her and her brilliant group of dancers and musicians, the first to appear in the new world of stage and screen."

The dance sensation of the new season is young Miss T., the thunderstorm, right on the dot; the flood-gates flickered, finally went off for good, and the kitchen-warming dinner Miss Davidson had planned was served by candlelight saved by Miss T.'s old range.

Frieda Cashman, who photographed the cover of the current issue, says the typical woman voter will be dressed usually in tweeds and a little felt cloche the suit designed by Sydney Wragge, he hat by John Frederics. The cover girl is Miss Barbara Foster, Smith College sophomore, new at modeling, never before on a magazine cover.

Recently at Lowell Thomas' big dance in Danielson County, and some months before its first public presentation, Henrietta Muschow was behind the scenes by Lowell himself on this thing called Cinorama, which you'll be seeing in no line and with which Miss M. says the movies hope to make competition much harder for television. If we understand correctly, when you go to see a Cinorama film, you'll feel as though the picture was not only in front of you but on both sides of you, and the sound, too. Anyhow, in a studio at Lowell's place they're making the product you'll be seeing in which Lowell tells the story of the movies from prehistoric times to now. Yes, prehistoric, Miss Murdock says. For Mr. T. showed her the ancient fresco from a cave in Spain, of a wild boar, with four legs in front, and four behind. "And the funny part is," Miss Murdock told us, "It really does look as if its legs were moving."

There may be other celebrated birthdays this month, but the one for us is Mrs. Edward MacDowell's on November 22. She'll be ninety-five. The big party's the night before, here at the Waldorf, and hundreds of writers, painters, sculptors, composers who have made their finest achievements and won their greatest acclaim under Marian MacDowell's wing, you might say, will be on hand to pay tribute to this wonderful widow of Edward MacDowell, "who by the power of faith and her own indefatigable energy and stamina," as the music critic Olin Downes remarked the other day, "has developed to its present status the MacDowell Colony, which stands unique and unparalleled as a center for creative work in the arts."

Carl Carpenter, president of the MacDowell Association, told us one of Mrs. M.'s stories of a great new summer dowager giving her a lift in her carriage one day up there, and on dropping the pretentious little old lady off at the Colony, saying, "I suppose you're one of the help here."

"Which is exactly," Mrs. MacDowell replied, "what I am!"

November 5th to 11th is National Cat Week, and the very day we were notified of this by the American Feline Society, Inc., we received from Friends of the Birds, Inc., a strongly worded objection to the vote by the Governor of Illinois of a bill passed by the state assembly—a bill to restrict cat vagrancy by means of traps, and thus help conserve song and insectivorous birds. . . . Well, in a few days now, we'll know whether anyone who relents a bill like that can be elected President of the United States.
She was beautiful, mysterious. He was in love with her... and he suspected her of fraud.
YOU might think that that first time I
met her hadn't really a lot of sig-
nificance. Yet the more I think of it, the
more important it seems to begin there.
It was just before the outbreak of war,
and I'd been on the roads getting odd
jobs when and where I could. She'd had a
puncture, and it was going dark, and she
was making a halfhearted attempt at
changing the wheel. It was a lonely road,
and I expect she was glad to hear my foot-
steps coming toward her; though I've
wondered sometimes that she accepted
my offer of help quite so readily, I must
have looked disreputable.

Anyway, I changed the wheel, and she
offered me a lift. I was glad enough of the
chance. We were miles from Salisbury,
and I didn't look forward to a night under
a hedge. It was a big car, and I remember
thinking as I got in that they were both
thoroughbreds, she and the car. She
wasn't more than eighteen; tallish and
fairly plump, the way some girls are at
that age. She'd a lot of dark hair, tied
loosely back at the nape of her neck, and
very pale skin.

I don't remember exactly what we
talked about, except that I told her I was
looking for work. Then she mentioned the
possibility of war, and I rather let myself
go about it, feeling as I did then that I'd
nothing to fight for except the privilege of
living in the gutter and being kicked
around, feeling that I wouldn't fight, for
any of the things she cared about.

I half expected her to stop and tell me
to get out, but she didn't. There was a
rather stony silence until she drew up at
some gates and said, "This is where I
live. You go straight on for the center of
the town. It's only about a mile."

"Thanks," I opened the door.

"Thank you for changing my wheel." She
was groping about in her bag, and
as I was getting out she put two coins
into my hand. I pulled back quickly, and
one of the coins rolled on the floor of the
car. She began to say something and I
didn't hear except at the same time,
and a man came up out of the darkness.

"Is that you, Sarah? Where have you
been?" He was about my own height, thin
and iron gray. (Continued on Page 122)
CAMILLA WESTLAKE knew exactly the minute when she decided to become a witch. She was washing the breakfast dishes, and Roger's eggcup was, as usual, filled with ashes. The time was exactly twenty-eight and a half minutes past eight o'clock, courtesy of Spicer Macaroni and the radio. Roger had rushed off to his nine-o'clock class at the college where he generously dispensed history to the bobby-sox set. Their seven-year-old son, Buddy, was in the back yard with Agnes the cocker, digging in the tulip bed. School was closed that week.

The eggcup was a small thing, but every egg morning for eight years Roger had dumped butts and ashes in with leftover yolk. Camilla had suggested the ash tray, had lined the place mats with all sizes of ash trays. Had begged her spouse quietly. And this morning, all at once, this particular eggcup was that straw.

If I were a witch, thought Camilla, I'd fix it!

Arrested by the thought, she took her small neat hands from the dishwasher and wiped them. She went right up to the attic, and opened the old black sea chest where her father's books had been stored since he died. Father's library was a special thing, an antiquarian's collection, and Camilla remembered perfectly the big black book which she never could read. She pulled it out, dusted it with her frilled apron, sat down in the cobwebby light and opened it.

Maybe father would disapprove. Camilla had never gone against his wishes. Nor Roger's either. Nor anybody's. She was a shy, meek child and a shy, meek woman. Roger sometimes called her his little dove. Father had called her "Mouse."

Nevertheless, with the big stout volume in her hands Camilla suddenly had a new excited feeling, and she widened her soft blue eyes. No more eggcup trouble in this house, she said to herself, and turned to the first page and began to read.

The text was in English, fortunately, though a queer old-fashioned English. The pages were yellow with time, and a faint dark smell came from the heavy binding. There were cabalistic signs drawn here and there, and an engraving showing figures waltzing around a Maypole. The Maypole ceremony was a pagan rite, Camilla discovered. Maybe the church ought to give up May Day and the children winding themselves up in bunting.

(Continued on Page 106)
The earthy pigment for yellow ocher which produced a weather paint preferred to white by many a practical-minded early settler for his colonial dwelling still keeps this rare old farmhouse a mellow pumpkin color.

Plain white paneling above the parlor’s corner fireplace points up the wallpaper’s old prettiness. Under the primitive portrait is an eighteenth-century harpsichord from London; the marbles, an early game of solitaire.

This choice old house, filled with rarities, and a rarity itself, is near the upper coast of Massachusetts at Essex and just over some low green hills from the ancient town of Ipswich, pictured here in these pages several years ago. In fact, it was by the town of Ipswich in 1634 that the land was granted to John Cogswell, giving the house its name. The land has always done well by the house, even when after more than two hundred years of Cogswell ownership the property was bought in 1839 by a local shipbuilder named Adam Boyd, for Mr. Boyd supported the house most decoratively with acres of peacocks whose meat sold on the Boston market for $1 a pound. It was Mr. Boyd who also beautified the grounds by planting the now huge and handsome elms that shade the house. You can tell the house is lived in by connoisseurs of early American arts and architecture, and you can also tell the house is really lived in.

By Richard Pratt
Architectural Editor of the Journal
Above the butterfly table in the sitting room hangs a primitive of Prudence Waters; across the shell cupboard, one of Jane Hutch. Past the red-spread dining table in what was once the kitchen, then through the door under an old cod weather vane, is the ancient buttery. The cupboard displays a collection of English earthenware, but in 1752 it held the family silver and porringer.

One of the choice features of the house is the painted cedar graining on the woodwork in the best bedroom, a fine example of Early American craftsmanship, which was the first finish given to the trim after the house was built. In the corner is a beautiful blue foot tub of Chinese export porcelain, probably brought to this country by a local sea captain back in the days of sailing ships.
Brusquely, Mary rubbed the crystal ball, mostly because it was dusty.

"All, all is mystery," she said in a die-away voice.

"Yet Madame Zaza knows."

Even without a crystal ball it was obvious. The young man was easy prey for some designing female!
By Michael Foster

This is a story to be told in the Dutchman's place at two o'clock in the morning, ... Once upon a time when Mr. Larrigan, the city editor, came back from his afternoon mug of beer in the Dutchman's place, across the alley, he eased himself into his comfortably sagging swivel chair, and let seven or eight minutes of the city's day thunder by unheeded. The newsroom was filled with the clattering toll and hurry of many men, very soothing to his nerves, and the floor shook stealthily with the press run of the second home edition. Across the littered expanse of the city desk his two assistants were murmuring into telephones; one of them turned and beckoned a reporter.

Mr. Larrigan's famous steel-trap mind shimmered cozily, all to itself, inside his skull. With a pair of scissors a foot and a half long, he delicately clipped the end off a new cigar. And then he thought of something. From his vest he produced a small pocket mirror, swung around to get the gray light from the soot-grimed windows, opened his mouth exceedingly wide and had a good look at some dental work he was having done. After that, he lit his cigar and became wreathed in thought. Phones kept on ringing, men hurried in and out; and under its dark rainy skies the city, Mr. Larrigan's ancient adversary, in its dull roar of life kept on dreaming up situations of mystery and violence, of crime and fame and poverty and politics and an occasional glimpse of the shining human spirit—none of which could ever surprise him. Briskly he picked up his long shears again, and pointed them at the new girl reporter where she sat at her desk in a remote and modest corner of the newsroom.

"O'Reilly!" he shriled.

Mary O'Reilly jumped up quickly, so quickly that she knocked over her shabby purse as she grabbed for it. Three freshly sharpened pencils, a shiny new compact and some small change spilled out on her desk. With an anxious hand she swept everything back into her purse, all except a dime and a nickel that had fallen down and gone under her typewriter. Then she started walking between the crowded rows of desks. She had been on the paper only five days. With the brim of her little hat pulled down partly over one eye, she stood beside the city desk.

"Now, Mary," Mr. Larrigan said, "down in the back alley, next door to the Dutchman's place, there's an old rooming house. In one of the windows on the ground floor there's a fortuneteller's sign. It's been there a couple of weeks."

"Yes, Mr. Larrigan," Mary said breathlessly.  

(Continued on Page 94)
"I have two heirloom treasures, a primitive painting and a Salem rocker, which I would like to use in my living room. Can I mix these with today's commercial pieces and get the kind of informal charm I like best?"

Journal readers with just a few antiques often ask us this question. They don't want to wait a lifetime to collect enough antiques for a whole room, nor do they want to show the few they have in unfavorable settings with more modern styles. We assure them that today's Early American reproductions combine perfectly with antiques, against ranch style or traditional backgrounds. It is fun to furnish and decorate a Provincial American room because of the beloved tradition behind it. The originals of all the quaint early pieces were designed from memory of pieces seen and usually were made in home workshops of woods which grew nearby. In time local cabinetmakers made furniture to order, according to the patrons' desires and needs. This originality gives lively interest to today's reproductions, for you can find among them the just-right piece for a particular spot in your room. There are tall armchairs with delicately turned spindles—visitors' chairs they originally were—and cozy fireside rockers, butterfly and gate-leg tables with wide drop leaves, and for your lamps reproductions of the old chair-side tables originally made hold candles and the Bible. Practically every piece made in an earlier day is now copied with the changes necessary to adapt it to our modern living.

Our forefathers were never more skillful than when designing a chest. Perhaps it was the incentive of the period room may happily combine a few treasured heirlooms with today's reproductions of good old pieces. Rich backgrounds and gay cotton fabrics give it sty

By Henrietta Murdock  Interior Decoration Editor
It's just like Ward's sign said the time he had chickens," Hildy insisted, "and he sold all his eggs, didn't he, and bought a bike like I'm going to do?"

"But this isn't eggs, darling," Mrs. Thatcher said. "It doesn't sound right."

"It's silly," Ward said, in his most superior I'm-three-years-older voice. "It is not!" Hildy's large eyes filled with tears. "It's a good sign."

"All right, darling," Mrs. Thatcher said soothingly. "It's a fine sign."

Ward took one of the cookies cooling on a rack on the kitchen table. "You spoil her," he said. "I heard dad tell you so." He helped himself to another cookie, and turned to find Hildy's round face close to his own, her normally pink cheeks blazing red.

"You think you're so smart!" she cried, her fat blond pigtails bouncing against her shoulders. "Well, I heard daddy say something about you too," she told her brother. "I heard him say that if you didn't stop eating sweets all day long you were going to look like a— a spotted something, he said, because you're getting to be at the pimply age anyhow, and ——"

"Children!" Mrs. Thatcher's voice cut between them. "Hildy, warm the milk—it's feeding time. And you go mow the lawn, Ward."

Ward moved to the door, muttering, "She gets all the easy jobs."

Hildy watched her brother start across the lawn with his Irish setter, Duffy, at his heels. "Ward's awful," she said. "I hate him."

"Warm the milk, Hildy."

At the sound of the opening refrigerator door, a honey-colored cocker spaniel came trotting hurriedly into the kitchen. She sat herself down as close as possible to Hildy's feet and looked up into her face expectantly.

"No, Tinker, this isn't for you," Hildy said; "it's for your children." She turned to her mother. "I'm going to make the sign red," she told her, "with white letters."

"You're sure that isn't a little too conservative?"

"Too what?" Hildy asked.

"Never mind, darling. I think red with white letters will be lovely."

A thin, wailing sound began from the laundry next to the kitchen, becoming gradually more vigorous and demanding. Tinker pricked up her ears, looked at the closed

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The man grinned.
"They're awful little fakers. Like kids," he said.

They wriggled their way into everybody's heart.
She sang and lived My Man, and
crowned her way into millions of
hearts, but Fanny Brice broke her
own heart for a swindler—a man
who never returned her love.

"K E E N E Y'S THEATER in Brooklyn, that's
where Fanny started," said Lew Brice, in
talking about his famous sister. "Fourteen years
old. I'm a year younger. She out front singing in
amateur night and me back behind the curtain,
fighting the stage hands for pennies.

"Say you're in the audience and you like Fanny's
pipes. So you throw her a coin. But if you're
Fanny, you're going to finish that song. You figure
you'll get the pennies and nickels later. Except
there's no later.

"Those stage hands would raise the curtain six
inches," Lew said. "Just enough for the coins to
roll through. You had to be fast."

Fanny won her first amateur contest. "She got
ten bucks," he said. "I made half as much behind
the curtain and I never even opened my mouth.
That was the beginning, right there, and we made
every amateur night in Brooklyn from then on."

They lived then on St. Mark's Avenue, in South
Brooklyn, in an eight-family tenement house which
Fanny's mother had bought.

"Twice a year," Lew said, "my mom used to take
us out to Coney Island, all dressed up, and parade
the boardwalk. Lunch was two shoe boxes full of
sandwiches.

Copyright, 1932, by Frances Stark and William Brice

Fanny singing My Man. The song might have been the
story of her life: "He isn't good. He isn't true...What can I do?" It was maudlin—but every time she
sang it she cried and thought about Nick Arnstein.
Twice a year, Fanny wanted to go twice a day, as we've got no money, we're just a pair of punks. But Fanny's a schemer. A block from our house is Bergain Street, where you can transfer to Vanderbilt Avenue trolley to Coney Island. Fanny gets a white handkerchief, fills it full of pebbles, and ties it in a knot. Then she takes it down to the corner of Bergain and Vanderbilt, watches to see who throws away their transfers when they get off the trolley.

Now we got two transfers and we're on the trolley for Coney Island. But I heard that the conductor collects a second fare when you go over a bridge. So I grab Fanny, I whisper to her about the second fare. She says, 'Shut up.' Now I see the conductor coming up the aisle. I'm real worried. Fanny is smiling and waving the handkerchief back and forth, and the conductor coming closer, and all of a sudden the handkerchief is out of the window, and Fanny is crying like nobody stole the rent money.

'Tmean crying. Real salt tears. Fanny was a born weeper. 'That was our fare,' she bawls. 'I was supposed to take my little brother to visit grandma.'

Well, figure it. You think anybody was going to let a sweet little kid and her sweet little brother get off the trolley? There was somebody going to put up for us.

At Coney Island, there was the problem of getting money for rides, for hot dogs, for salt-water taffy, for the thousand delights of this children's paradise. Holding Lew's hand in hers, Fanny would walk through the crowds until she saw a fat man standing. Approaching him, Fanny would say, 'Excuse me, please, mister, but what is the shortest way to walk'—and the tears would come, faster and bigger than before—'back to St. Mark's and

Nick Arinstein, swindler, was Fanny's "My Man." Many women thought him handsome. As Eddie Cantor says, he was "all the time the perfect gentleman. The kind of fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he tipped his hat."

Editor's Note: Out of the sordidness and poverty of city slums sometimes grows a great talent which captivates millions. Such a talent was Fanny Brice, whose irresistible clowning brought her up from saloons and burlesque theaters to become an enduring Broadway and radio star.

In the scramble to live, Fanny's childhood accustomed her to petty thievery, crooks and gamblers. In spite of avaricious contacts with the underworld, Fanny herself remained almost a legendary figure of uprightness to all who knew her.

She gave her heart to a forger and swindler, and once having given it she was never wholly able to take it back. She had faith that somewhere there were husbands who came home nights, were faithful and loved their children . . . that there was a life gentle, generous and pretty wonderful. She could never find it, but she never stopped searching.
Scared and tearful and gawky—that's how Fanny felt at fourteen when she was pushed into her first stage role, amateur night at Keeney's Theater, Brooklyn. She closed her eyes, imagined nobody in the theater but herself and her mother, and sang When You Know You're Not Forgotten.

Clothed in the animal-skin styles of primitive man, Fanny coyly eyes the blandishments of comedian Bobby Clark and a club during a skit for 1922 Music Box Revue.

"You—you with the St. Vitus's dance," showman George M. Cohan once said to Fanny, "back to the kitchen."

Vander... Vander... Vander—"clutch Lew to her bosom, pressing her cheek to his, a weeping, bitterly until the money had been into her reluctant fingers.

Thus, carefully canvassing the area, work at first one end of the boardwalk, then the other. Fanny would weep her prospects into plenty food and rides.

At last, with twilight imminent, with I weary and footsore, Fanny would lead him the trolley stalls. There she would wait for last obese citizen of the day to appear. Then
To please her audiences, as a young star, Fanny teed in, lifted her skirts, rolled her eyes, clapped hand to head, shaking it from side to side and meaning "Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy.

Fanny sang in Follies until 1923. When the Midnight Frolic started on the Amsterdam Roof, Fanny would play the regular Follies and then go upstairs to sing in the Frolic.

Folies Finale personified color and glamour of theater. Fanny, in center of front row, holds hand of comedian Willie Howard, at her right. Behind them is line of tall chorus girls, typical of those "glorified" by the "Great Glorifier." Fanny had a Ziegfeld thread running through her life: Besides the Follies and Frolic she started in Ziegfeld Folies of the Ar, movies, Ziegfeld Folies, The Great Ziegfeld, and Follies revival two years after Ziegfeld died.

Final tear, a final plea, and the pair were on their way home.

"Now, the next morning," Lew said, "Fanny is outside with another handkerchief, loading it with stones. She tells me we're going to Coney Island. We go that day, the next and the next. All of a sudden I got it figured. All Fanny wants to do is cry. It's not Coney Island any more. It's the weeping. She's in love with her act.

"We were together from then on," Lew said.

Lew cannot remember a time when Fanny wasn't performing. The first, the very first act of hers, was a show she conceived, produced, directed and starred in. Admission was a penny, and the theater was a shed beside the tenement.

When she had collected 20 pennies, a sum mysteriously arrived at in the secret corners of her child's mind. Fanny would lock the door of the shed, walk before her audience, drape a shawl over her head and around her shoulders, bend forward so that she was an aged woman, and announce that this was a bridge over a black river at midnight. And the rain was pouring over the bridge and into the black river and on the baby she held in her arms. And her baby was starving and freezing and dying of pneumonia because Fanny had no money for milk or coal.

If Fanny's tears were matched by her audience's, the performance was forthwith ended, the shawl folded carefully until her next show.

However, if the customers were dry-eyed, the rain continued to pour, the baby continued to stare for milk and die of pneumonia until the shed was filled with the wailing of 21 children, for in any chorus of crying, Fanny was a hands-down winner. (Continued on Page 192)
"I trust him," Vera said of Kefauver after spending campaign day with him, Nancy. "He has such potential strength."

"I can't help but like that man [Stevenson], he has such courage and intelligence but I'll never agree he was drafted."

The defeat of her candidate hit her hard—but she didn't let it thwart her political career.

ABOUT nine-thirty on the morning of election day, after she had seen her husband Ray off to work, her daughter Joyce off to school, made the beds and washed the breakfast dishes, Vera Schultz will run a comb through her brown curly hair, shoo the cats out of the living room and drive down the California hills to vote.

First putting her X at the top of the Democratic slate of electors, thereby casting her vote for Governor Adlai Stevenson for President, she will then, in the local column, put another X beside her own name. The rest of the day she will spend whisking through the hills that tower over San Francisco Bay getting out the vote of at least a dozen more people in her home territory, Marin County.

For Vera Schultz, known to her friends as Bobbie because at a tender age she was smitten with love for a milkman of that name, is a politician as well as a housewife. She is running for the Board of Supervisors of Marin County. The odds are good that she will win. Behind her she has the experience of two important elective posts in Mill Valley’s city government and a smashing victory in the primary against six men opponents. With her she has most of the women’s organizations, an important businessmen’s group, and a host of friends.

For the past ten weeks she has campaigned the southern tip of this lovely dairy county. She has run up more than 1000 miles on the speed-
DELEGATE IN A DRAFT

ometer of her small black Studebaker; seen more than 2000 people; made more than 100 speeches.

Only in the privacy of her own home, however, has she felt free to show her growing enthusiasm for Stevenson and the Democratic platform. The supervisors' race is a nonpartisan one, Vera makes no bones about her party affiliations, but the state laws do not permit party labels and partisan action in city and county elections.

She would be the first to admit, though, that for three weeks this summer she was glad to hew to a nonpartisan line. For three weeks she didn't know how she would, or could, vote. She had then just returned from the Democratic National Convention. She had gone there as a Kefauver delegate and she took his defeat by the Democratic regulars hard, as did Kefauver himself.

Kefauver had won her loyalty as the only man who could save the party from what she felt were its abuses of power. When Stevenson, without campaigning, was pushed reluctantly into victory by the very groups she deplored, she was stunned and shocked. "I came home with the greatest feeling of futility—of inadequacy," she said. "The fact is that this convention was not the instrument by which the people express themselves—and I had thought it would be. The whole convention process is so organized that the reins can be expertly held in the hands of the professionals." Faced, however, after the convention with either compromising, sitting on her hands, or bolting the ticket, she realized she was still a Democrat at heart.

But, in Chicago, she had been unprepared for the tight, bitter struggle which took place that hot and sticky last July week in the crowded, noisy convention. In her home state, the party rank and file, and some of its more progressive leaders, had shown themselves increasingly eager to do away with machine politics.

In the last state convention Vera and scores of her friends had rounded up enough support to throw a monkey wrench into the old-time works. They had elected a new state chairman and vice-chairman, 

(Continued on Page 114)

Back home in Marin County, Vera campaigns—day and night for nonpartisan post on Board of Supervisors, has fine chance to win. "Give the people the facts and they'll choose wisely and well," Vera says, regretting she can't join Democratic Party campaign too.
There is an old belief which Ruskin has expressed that “the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art treasure is that which has been painted by a good man.” Today we are skeptical, having found too many exceptions. Yet there seems some connection between Corot’s saintly nature and the mood of calm detachment conveyed by his paintings.

The anecdotes of his charity are endless. Once an unknown artist asked to borrow 500 francs, at that time a fairly large sum of money. Corot at first refused. Finally he made the loan, and observed to a friend, “Now it goes much better. You will see, I shall paint a good picture.” On another occasion a well-dressed lady arrived in a carriage and begged for 1000 francs to pay her rent. It was pointed out that the borrower was obviously...
Shawls return to fashion with great excitement, and with the shawl the starkly simple basic dress, this time a night-and-day affair in wool. With such a dress you'll wear your stoles and scarves from blanket plaids to jeweled satin, or a short colorful coat or spencer jacket. Fur ascots are tied like a ribbon, full-blown roses worn in pairs, newest belts are elastic gold, silver or calfskin. • By Wilhela Cushman 

Fashion Editor of the Journal
TWEEDS, TWEEDS, TWEEDS
America-bound Paris tweeds have a new flavor—fresh, young, sophisticated. Checks, cheviots or bold plaids are worn over black dresses, casual Norfolk jackets over satin blouses. A tweed dress, fitted like a glove, has a taffeta lining. Jerseys come next in new and spellbinding variety—jersey for evening, pin-pleated, combined with Chantilly lace. One-piece jerseys for day, soft as angora, and softly draped.

NEW LENGTH, NEW SLIMNESS
Skirts are longer—12 or 13 inches from the floor. The new slimness is molded and with easy movement, often with a back pleat, seldom pencil-straight or unwearably narrow. Full skirts, forever loved for late day, are still a fashion.

FASHIONS...

A hint of a hat suits the silhouette—a ribbon, a bow, a twist of velour, a hand of fur. Shawls are everywhere. The fur-trimmed look is back. Necklines are higher and so are heels. Blouses are beautiful in satin, taffeta, pleated chiffon. In coats, it's the lining that counts—shirred, pleated, printed—in candy pink, sky blue, brilliant red. The costume colors are beiges and grays from pale wheat and pearl shades to smoky tones. All black or black-and-white is better fashion than ever.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN


Rushed satiny wool coat with important new button-on silver-fox border, by Christian Dior.
There's something about her

Chicago-born Mrs. Howard Linn, of Lake Forest, Illinois, imprints her vivid personality on everything that touches her life. "You can mix colors, fashions, people, periods of furniture," she believes, "—if you have the feeling for it." And she does. Her love of color (especially vibrant reds) runs like a current through her wardrobe. A slim figure with close-cropped white hair, she adores the fashion of flame-red cashmere with a gray tweed skirt, wears a red hat with taffeta or tweed, has always loved red for evening. She wears green slippers with slipper-satin, deep pink carnations with a gray suit. She knows (from experience) that a good dress can be worn for twenty years, if you love it and take care of it. She delights in "little gems of dresses" that cost around $20, loves "pussy-cat" bow necklines and pearls she can twirl through the bows. She lives most of the year in her beloved house "Pointed Roofs," goes to Virginia spring and fall. Mrs. Linn is the "mother" of Chicago's Junior League, an active member of the board of directors of the Chicago Maternity Center. • By Wilhelma Cush

Fashion Editor of the farm

Rayon taffeta with a pussy-cat bow — one of Mrs. Linn's "little gems," now in its third season. Hattie Carnegie's velvet turban.
The slim silhouette Mrs. Linn loves—gray chiffon with a streak of two favorite colors.

DRESS BY ELEANORA GARNETT

Mrs. Linn in a gray suit makes a morning call at the Chicago Maternity Center.

Flame-red slipper satin—an important evening dress with a short bolero and red velvet sash, by Christian Dior—New York.

Broadtail cocoon coat by Maximilian worn over her gray suit with a John Frederics red felt hat, carnation pink in satin scarf worn at the neckline.
BEIGE JERSEY, because it is so adaptable. Not only the color but the design lends itself to changes. The narrow band in matching satin at the neckline and sleeve, satin belt and gloves, dress it up. A cape stole with brilliant Paisley lining (reversible) with Paisley gloves has great style. You may prefer it with a plaid lining or in two shades of jersey. The cashmere sweater is trimmed with brown picot-edge taffeta ribbon... the ribbon shirred slightly and following the lines of sweater with scroll design added. Dress, Vogue Design No. 7841, 12 to 20. Cape stole, No. 7710.

Other Views and Prices of these patterns on Page 116
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 190 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada.

*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)
BLACK CREPE, because I can wear it year round. A seasonless dress such as this is especially nice if you make two jackets. In gold wool, the waist-length jacket goes through winter and spring, looks especially pretty with taupe accessories. The jacket in white linen goes south in wintertime ... anywhere in the summertime. Wear it with a cummerbund or with a brilliant plaid scarf. The blue cashmere sweater trimmed with narrow flowered jacquard ribbon is a year-round favorite. The dress itself has a covered shoulder, a nicely detailed neckline ... the pattern includes the jacket and the cummerbund. Vogue Design No. S-1358, 12 to 18.

By NORA O'LEARY
Assistant Editor of the Journal

GRAY FLANNEL, because it is so classic. A jumper dress is a wise choice because it can be dressed up or down. Worn with matching jacket, it gives the illusion of a suit, is nice with a white piqué touch at the neckline. Bright jerseys or sweaters ... blouses, too, look pretty underneath. Coral wool jersey for now, a black-and-white polka-dot silk for spring. To be added ... a turquoise cummerbund and an elongated triangle in white lapin to take it out of the daytime class into the evening ... sparkle with rhinestone jewelry. The slim jumper with side pockets, four-gore skirt, Vogue Design No. 7787, 12 to 20. Jersey blouse with modified turtle neck, No. 7723, 12 to 20. Princess-line jacket, No. 7704, 12 to 40.
At Twin Farms, columnist Dorothy Thompson and her artist husband, Maxim Kopf, create meals—careers in themselves.

Headline idea for remodeled kitchen: decentralized cooking centers made possible by range in separate sections. Cooking top with four units in a row is set in long counter with pan storage below. Double-bowl sink makes vegetable care swift. At window-lighted counter near refrigerator, supplies and utensils are handy for fixing salads, making foods ready for ovens. Old kitchen was short on work space and storage. Major structural changes: remove pantry wall, relocate dining-room door.

In two cans on wheels waste is separated from garbage for pigs. Closed units match wood cabinets.
Conveniently centered, the hardwood-topped table is used frequently—for making bread, carving meat. Knives are nearby in slotted wall holder. Wide shelf over windows holds seldom-used things like large bowls. The kitchen is in gay primary colors, soft blue and warm yellow with old-fashioned red print curtains. In the spattered linoleum is a ruglike inset, under the wood range, of black linoleum, spattered with color too.

Twin ovens, built into cabinets at eye level to save stooping, are on opposite wall from cooking top. Airy vegetable bins fit under porch window, a pass-through for supplies. New refrigerator nightly defrosts automatically. Ceiling fixture and lights over windows, sink, range add the light touch by night.

TWIN FARMS looks to the rolling Vermont mountains; the surrounding valleys are rich with harvest. It's a real working farm and Dorothy Thompson and her charming husband, Maxim Kopf, are true dirt farmers. They raise and freeze vegetables as well as meat and poultry; their bread is baked in the big kitchen. When such a brilliant and famous commentator is a true homemaker and her genial artist husband interests himself in cooking wonderful dinners, one is heartened about American family life.

Six people are fed daily, and when the neighborhood gathers for parties, there are as many as 125 to plan for. "But it's simple if organized," Miss Thompson says. She listed her needs as she sped from lecture to lecture.

Miss Thompson needed badly more work surface, and very generous storage, since they shop twice a week. She wished to keep the comfortable wood range for times when the electricity fails, or a cozy fire is cheerful.

When remodeled, every job a working farm kitchen does was made easy and efficient, but old-fashioned charm was kept too. The kitchen at Twin Farms begins a new career!
MENU

Sea-Food Cocktail
Roast Duck  Almond Gravy
Wild Rice with Herbs
Vegetables Panaché
Cranberry Relish
Poppy-Seed Sticks
Avocado-Onion Salad  Mint Dressing
Confetti Refrigerator Cake
Coffee

(Planned for 8)
THEY say that history repeats itself. I guess this is true and lately I have been thinking of a woman who once lived in parlous times and led what I might call a parlous life. Shuttled back and forth, from pillar to post, like a poor lone ghost—though ghost she was far from being—she was known as a revolutionary. She had ideas and she stuck up for them. Her name? Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you who she was, but her name was Anne Hutchinson. She was a rugged individualist. She lived in a proper environment for such a one. She lived in Boston. In Boston she lived as a rugged individualist. She became so individual that the Massachusetts Bay Colony would have none of her. She was a Puritan; you had to be one in those days, or else. You had no choice of voice or speech if you wanted to avoid the gallows or, at the very least, the stocks. Anne Hutchinson feared neither. She was a born-and-bred refugee.

Her Final Haven. Finally, after many vicissitudes, she fled with her family to Rhode Island, but her last haven (Continued on Page 170)

By ANN BATCHELDER
"We've got to go," he said. "Everybody's going
and nobody wants to—nobody that is anybody . . .
Twenty years ago if you'd told me that skunk could
make any difference in my life!"
A BENEDICT family meeting—a Benedict Big Business Powwow—was in progress. But this was not the regular annual Benedict family business assemblage. This was an unscheduled meeting called by the outraged members of the clan. For the first time in a quarter of a century the Big House was cleared of all outside guests. Only the family occupied the bedrooms, clattered down the halls, ate at the long table in the dining room.

Uncle Basley, oldest member of the clan, was presiding but no one paid the slightest attention to him. In appearance he was extraordinarily unchanged with the years except for the white shock of hair above the mahogany face. These meetings were ordinarily conducted with parliamentary exactitude, everyone polite and grimly patient in spite of the emotions always seething beneath the ceremonial behavior. But now the great chamber vibrated with heat and hate and contention. Uncle Basley’s gavel rapped in vain for order.

Bick Benedict stood facing them all, and shouted, "I won't have it. We're doing all right without oil. I won't have it stinking up my ranch."

"Your ranch!" yelled a dozen Benedicts. Then, variously, "That's good! Did you hear that! You're managing this place and getting your extra cut for it. Your ranch!"

Leslie, sitting by, an outsider, thought, Oh, dear this is so bad for him I wish they'd go home or why don't they stay here and try running it for a change, the Horrors.

One of the more arrogant of the Benedicts who dwelt on the East Coast now dropped all pretense of courtesy. "Just come down off it, will you, Bick? You're big stuff, I know, among the local Texas boys. But we happen to have an interest in this concern. And we've got the right to say by vote whether we want or don't want a little matter of five or ten million a year—and probably a whole lot more later—divided up amongst us. I don't know about the rest of you boys and girls, but me. I could use a little extra pin money like that."

Stubbornly facing the lot of them, his face white beneath the tan, and set in new deep lines, Bick repeated stubbornly the line he had used over and over again as though it presented a truth that made all argument useless. "Réata is a cattle ranch. It's been a cattle ranch for a hundred years."

"That's just fine," drawled an un-sentimental Benedict. "And there used to be thirteen states in the Union and the covered wagon was considered hot stuff."

The laugh that went up encouraged Maudie Plaeer to sink a deft dart. "And please don't quote that story about old Pappy Waggoner when he was drilling for water and they brought in all that oil on his North Texas place. Quote. 'Damn it, cattle can't drink that stuff.' Unquote."

Now Leslie saw with a sinking heart that the gray-white in Bick’s face was changing to scarlet. "Do you people know who wants the lease? Do you know who wants the rights?"

"Yes, we do. It's the Azabache Oil Company and a mighty pretty little outfit it is too." (Continued on Page 72)
APPLES ARE A-COMIN' IN.

Baldwins, Pippins, Northern Spice.
Oh, what beauties I have seen, Oh, what pies!

An apple pie is a tour de force in the hands of the knowing cook. She looks on her crust and finds that it is just the right size trimmed and quartered; she poppies her apples and found that they are what she desired. Zanzibar furnishes her spices, the gardens of Arabia her perfumes.

The borders of the magical gardens of Solomon must have harbored sweet will, and the borage that tells of dreams, and the bergamot that throws its shadows over things to be. And of these are made the shadows of things come true.

1. To let dream stuff go and come down to eating things, let's make a party parfait. Fill parfait glasses with pistachio and vanilla ice cream. Garnish with orange and raspberry sherbet. Decorate with a cherry.

2. Sandwiches should be thin—except in lunchboxes and jacket pockets. I'll tell you some sandwich stories sometime. For tea you may have a very chi-chi open sandwich in this wise: Mix until smooth 2 tablespoons of sweetened condensed milk and peanut butter and a pinch of salt. Spread on small thin rounds of bread. Place on baking sheet and bake 10 minutes at 350 F. until slightly dry and toasted.

3. Campana might just as well be inter-changeable with open sandwiches. Who cares? Chop line equal parts of cooked ham and salted peanuts. Add enough mayonnaise to make a spread. Any thin bread will harbor such a mixture and be good to it.

4. Even the cranberry people don't advocate garnishing ice cream with straight cranberries. Unless, of course, they have received the sugar treatment in a big way.

5. Canto I: But the cranberry shall not be slighted for by a long shot. Let's usher it in, and put it in the parfait parlor. Make up a vanilla tapioca pudding from a mix, and be sure to follow the directions on the box.

6. Canto II: Put in a bowl and chill until thickened. To serve and get the folks all excited, use tall parfait glasses, having a spoonful of pudding and one whole cranberry sauce alternately in the glasses, polishing the whole thing off with a rosette of whipped cream.

7. The baked bean is the Saturday-night New England standard. A nice way to dress it up—although the old bean pot is dressy enough for me—is to parboil halves of green peppers, with the seeds removed as I have often said. Fill the pepper shells with the beans, sprinkle liberally with chopped crisp bacon, and toast the traditional slice of browned salt pork, which reposes in the middle of each pepper.

8. Carrying on with the beans, we may as well get them off our chest, and this is what I had on mine. This is a salad. Boil and drain a batch of navy beans. Be sure they are perfectly drained. Chill. Make a French dressing with lemon instead of vinegar. Add a generous teaspoon of finely chopped parsley and a good pinch dried mint. Serve beans and dressing on lettuce.

9. For a hot dish for Sunday-night supper, why not have stuffed mushrooms? Peel large ones and don't try to do anything with the little fellows. Cut off the stems and brush off the coats. Then go over them all with melted butter. Be careful not to injure interior of caps, for there is where the mushroom's flavor lies.

10. Chapter II: With a spatula or a small spoon, fill the cups with finely ground chicken or game paste of sausage, or anything you like that is full of pep. Blandonness does not go with the mushroom. Bake in a greased pan with a tablespoon butter until the mushrooms are tender and the filling is done through. Do not turn the mushrooms.

11. Welsh rarebit needs little help, but if it does, arrange on slices of hot toast, not too thick—the toast I mean—slices of grilled tomato and hard-cooked eggs, well seasoned, and over all a thin slice of cold ham. Cover with the hottest Welsh rarebit possible and serve instantly.

12. It seems to me that cream cheese is taking the place of almost everything these days. If it grew on bushes it would be thicker than Queen Anne's lace.

13. If you have any turkey left over, and you can't think what to do with it, mix equal parts Roquefort cheese and butter or margarine to help you out. Make some sandwiches with the cheese and on the cheese put some nice slices of turkey. Even slivers will do. Add some sprigs of sage, salt and pepper. Latch your sandwich together. Cut croswise.

14. When is an orange not an orange? When it is something else. To make this come true, cut oranges in two. Scrape out the pulp and membrane, to make nice cups.

15. Part II: Now prepare an orange gelatin dessert, adding pieces of the pulp, small pieces of preserved ginger and chopped walnuts. Before the gelatin is quite set, add your fruit and nuts and fill the orange cups almost full. Chill in the refrigerator. When ready to serve, decorate with whipped cream and a half walnut.

16. Hospitality Department: Make up a batch of your best pastry. If yours isn't anything to brag about, use a pastry mix. You can't go wrong. Roll thin and milk into 3" squares. Wrap each square around a sardine touched with lemon juice. Bake in a hot oven, 400 F., until lightly browned.

17. Tuna buns are made like this—and very good: Mix together 1 1/2 cup gherkins, chopped, 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, 1 can tuna, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1/2 cup grated cheese and mayonnaise. Mix until well mixed. Spread on buttered halves of hamburger buns. Bake in a 350° oven 8 to 10 minutes.

18. Sauted cherry-stone or little omelettes in butter until slightly curled. Place on small rounds of buttered toast. Drop a little catchup mixed with horse-radish on each. And serve.

19. To make a Peach Rumba: In each dessert dish place a canned peach half. Drop a few drops of rum flavoring in each peach hollow. Spoon in some peach syrup. Fill with vanilla ice cream. Top with toasted almonds.

20. A bowl of walnuts, the nutcracker handy, and a good book. What more can one ask on a Winter evening?

21. A touch of garlic gives your salad that Gallic touch. If you're going to a party later, chew a sprig of parsley.

22. This certain Thursday in November calls for pumpkin pie. For variety spread the top of your pie with currant jelly, then with whipped cream. And serve it up.

23. Where I live it is impossible to get a blueberry muffin one would recognize as such. The receipts seem to call for two blueberries to a muffin. I'll say nothing about it.

24. Snow Art: Have ready 1 1/2 cups blueberries—and if you use frozen berries you must be thoroughly drained and dried between paper towels. If the batter seems too thin, take no notice. Add the berries, bake in greased pretzel muffin pans, 22 minutes at 450° F.

25. I do not intend to go skating this year. I see that my skates are nicked. I feel that some small boy has been using them. When I get hold of that small boy he will not use skates for some time. Frankly, I cannot see why I should have another pair of skates, not knowing whether there will be any ice or not. Likewise I shall do no tobogganing and my sliding days are over. But I'll see you in the spring, when robins come again.
On cold days hot soup hits the spot. The savory aroma, the cheerful look of the steaming bowl is so appetizing. Lucky for you! Because you can take the simplest foods and plan delightful meals around delicious soups. Toasted sandwiches, codfish cakes, a salad, spaghetti or scrambled eggs...nothing to it. Maybe you add only a sandwich and dessert, or fruit and a glass of milk. When you serve a substantial soup as the main dish, the rest of the meal practically takes care of itself. Yes, there’s meal-making magic in hearty...heartwarming soup.

Cream of Celery
Freshest celery...extra-heavy cream blend happily in this soup.
Open faced turkey and cranberry sandwich
Tea

Vegetable Beef
Always a hit...this flavorful "square meal" soup so rich with vegetables and fine beef.
Pumpkin Tart
Milk

Bean with Bacon
A hearty favorite...pea beans with the smoky taste of bacon.
Melted cheese and green pepper on biscuit
Coffee


ARTHRITIS

Today the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritis diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in the United States. In fact, the Public Health Service recently reported that more than 10 million people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—rheumatoid arthritis and osteoarthritis—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not really a problem, prompt treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of advanced rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by osteoarthritis. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the entire body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anaemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a thorough physical examination is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's individual needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—if continued persistently—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. Keep your weight at normal, or below.
2. Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.
3. Maintain good posture.
4. Develop a calm mental outlook.
5. Have regular medical and dental check-ups.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from any type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritis patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that the great majority of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.

There are twelve on a jury because court astrologers who had charge of choosing jurors used to select one man for each of the signs of the zodiac. The idea was that, because this would bring every type of mind and every type of individual to consider the question, the verdict would be most fair.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

(Continued from Page 69)

"You've been away from Texas so long you don't know me," she told him. "I'm trying to find out what Azabache means! It's Spanish for jet, if you want to know. It's jet for Jett. Jett—Azabache. He controls most of it. Well, I won't have Jett owning any piece of my country here on Reata—"...

"Hold on there! Just—a minute. You've got a pick on Jett Rinklers and swaggers and truckers. It's going to be hell. Phil Smyth was talking about it last night. Vastly leased a piece of the Double Bee to Azabache."

"Well, there you are! You needn't feel upset."

The whole country's going to stink of oil. Do you know what else Pinky said? He arranged for Vastly to sign, or even Hermosa—to move to town and only coming out to the ranch week end and holidays."

Vastly might like that. I'm sure I'll twinn it."

"Yes. Maybe you would. Hm, hm? No slick house in town? A slant garden, maybe! No back yard, people in for cocktails an' Patrons of the Hermosa Symphony in the Square Zig or whatever the fashion is."

"Jordan, don't be like that." She hesitated a moment. She took a deep breath, and then said, "You know we don't exactly have many of acres order is—yes and all four little children and I. It's killing you—I mean it's too much. Why can't we have a little change of our own, smallish, which you could breed your own wonderful.

I know we're going again."

"Everything in the whole world changes ever minute."

"Reata's just going to improve. Not change."

So now the stink of oil hung heavy in the air. It penetrated the houses and dens the motorcars the trains passed through towns and cities. Only when ye were soaring in an airplane fifteen thousand feet above the earth was ye nostrils free of it. Azabache oil mooned poured into Reata. Reata produced too corn for which the whole world was screaming. Beef. Oil. Beef. Oil. Only oil was lacking. Too bad we hadn't got any Texas oil. But I'll take it. See Sunday in December even the voice of the tim's most voracious was somewhat quieted.

With terrible suddenness young ma faces vanished from the streets of Bend. White faces black faces brown faces. Bo Dietz was off. The tides in the Red River changed. "Bowie, High, Low." The Mexican boys around Pepe's Nopal and the slim sleek boys at the Hake Viento and even the shifting population of the Ensenada—al all became units in a new world of canva Texas was used to khaki-colored clothes, bl blousy dresses and the high-heeled boots and the brush kicks of the range and plains. This was khaki and a piece of a new country.

Young Jordy Benedict at Harvard w summoned home."

"You're needed here on Reata," Bick said tersely. "I need to feed the world. That's an important thing."

"I can't stay here now."

"Yes you will. Any one of ten million kilos can sit at a desk in Washington or shoot Germany. Producing beef here on Reata is of constructive patriotic thing for you to do."

"I'll go back to school. Or I'll be drafted I won't stay here."

(Continued on Page 75)
"I really didn’t believe it—until I saw it happen to my own face"

"I thought I had to put up with a rather sallow color"——

"I thought I just didn’t have a very smooth skin"——

"I thought my skin was just not fine-textured"——

"I thought my skin could never have that look of perfection envied in other women"——

Then I saw how much clearer, more alive my skin could look. When skin begins to lose its natural beautifying oils, it is bound to get a dismaying drab look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—or not deeply enough, your skin loses its fresh color even more.

But I found the roughened look of my skin easy to change. Skin-helping ingredients in Pond’s Cold Cream work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond’s, you help both sides of your skin. Outside—embedded dirt is swept away. And—your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Inside—circulation is stimulated.

Each night I gave my skin this oil-and-moisture treatment:
Soft-cleanser—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream generously all over face and throat—up from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.
Soft-cleanser—quickly with more skin-helping Pond’s Cold Cream. Tissue off again lightly.
Soon my skin actually looked finer.

I am really excited about what Pond’s Cold Creamings do for my face. And you, too, will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream immediately—after your first Pond’s Creaming. Use it every night (remember, the robbing of your skin’s oil and moisture goes on every day). As you use Pond’s, you will delight in your lovelier skin.

More women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.

Today—go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond’s Cold Cream. Start using it this very night.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. says: "Pond’s Cold Cream keeps my skin looking so smooth and fresh. It is my one essential cream."
Change your "POT LUCK" with this born-to-be-better corn

Plump, thin-skinned kernels, fair to bursting with milky corn goodness—that's why folks take so readily to Del Monte Brand Corn.

Every golden forkful promises extra tenderness—heaps of sweet country flavor.

And now comes another wonderful thing. Every time you buy Del Monte Corn, this happy experience is yours. For the Del Monte label always means dependability in flavor and quality—no matter what Del Monte Food you choose.

Try Del Monte Corn soon. It's a really great value.

P.S. Did you know that, according to the U.S. Department of Labor (June, 1952), canned fruits and vegetables have gone up in price less than half as much as "all foods" since 1935-39?

CHICKEN CORNETTI

| 1 (4-lb.) stewing chicken cut up | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| 4 cups (1-lb.) broken spaghetti | 2 to 3 12-oz. cans DEL MONTE |
| 2 cups finely sliced celery | Golden Whole Kernel Corn |
| 1/4 cup chopped green pepper | 1/2 to 1 cup stuffed or ripe olives |
| 1/2 cup chopped onions | 1/4 lb. pimiento cheese, cubed |

Simmer chicken, covered, in boiling salted water (about 6 cups) until tender, about 2 to 3 hrs. Cook. Remove meat from bones; cut in large pieces. Measure broth; add enough hot water to make 6 cups liquid. Bring to boil; add spaghetti, chicken, celery, green pepper, onions, paprika. Cook 15 to 20 min. Add 1 can of the corn, the olives and cheese; cook 5 min. longer. Taste; add more salt if necessary. Serve dressed with the rest of the Del Monte Corn, heated and seasoned, either on a hot platter or in the same utensil in which dish was cooked. Edge with thin slices of green pepper, if desired. Serves 10 to 12.

The brand you know puts flavor first

Del Monte Corn

Choose from 3 styles for extra enjoyment:
- Golden Whole Kernel
- Golden Cream Style
- White Cream Style
"No draft board will take you. I can fix that all right anywhere. And I won't send you a cent if you go back to Harvard."

"To me it's just a question of talking in Bick's office. He's Boyle, pale. The older man grinning, old-faced. Casually, Leslie stroked in and sat down.

Bresquey Bick said, "We're talking."

"I'm listening. I've been listening outside the door so you may as well come in."

As if this were a cue Jordy relaxed in his hair, his eyes as he looked at his father now were steady. "When I'm through at Harvard I'm going to Columbia P and S."

"P and S?" Bick repeated dully.

"Physicians and Surgeons. School. We need doctors as much as beef. That's why I'm going on instead of in. I haven't used any of the money you've sent me all this time. And that's about it. Your money's a bank there in Boston, waiting for you."

Iosquit because you didn't know about it."

Bick Benedict turned with a curiously low movement of his head to look at his wife. "Then you must have been sending him your money."

"Jordy dear, don't go on like a father in a melodrama. I haven't any money. You know that. It's Uncle Babway. And I asked him. So don't blame him for it."

Slowly he said, "That's right."

"If you know I never was any good around here. I never will be. Any man on a ranna can do thejob better than I ever could."

"That's right." Jordan said. "You never were any good. You never will be. You'll be all alike, you kids today, white and Mexican, you or Angel Orebreg. No damn good."

"Angel's fine," Leslie said, matter-of-factly. "I saw him today in Benedict, he looked wonderful in his uniform, Jordy. Angel's going to be married Tuesday. Did you know that?"

"Yes, I'm staying for the wedding."

"Oh, you're staying for the wedding?"

Bick repeated. "I'm mimicking his son just a little, even to the stammer. "Well, that's big of you! That's a concession to the boy's family."

"He's turned the cold com- munting eyes on Leslie. "You've been ears at this. Twenty years. Satisfied?"

Her tone her manner were as matter-of-fact and good-natured as his aspect was tragic. "Watch that arithmetic. Jordy will be twenty-one pretty soon. A man.

The two men sat around, one after another at his desk. He did not look at them. "That's right. We were going to have a party."

"Not in wartime, Jordan."

He looked up at his son. "I hadn't forgotten it just slipped my mind. You'll be coming into your estates when you're not married outside. You don't mind living off Reata even if you don't want to stay on it."

"Quietly Jordan said. "They'll see me through. I've thought about that. I've got as much right as to them as Roody's kids, or to fly with Aunt Manuela."

Bick Benedict picked up a sheaf of papers on his desk, shuffled them, put them down.

"Doctor, him? New York, I suppose."

"Now Jordan is Leslie protested. "You know Jordy loves Texas as much as you do, in another way, perhaps."

"He's putting up with old Doctor Tom out of business, maybe."

"I think I'm going to have a chance to work with Guerra in Vientecito when the war's over. If he's lucky enough to come back in one piece."

"Sure! You don't mean—why, he's—"

"Rubén Guerra. His practice is all Mexican, of course. Uh—look. There's something else I'd like to talk to you and mama about. I'm afraid you won't like this, either."

"I've had enough for just now," Bick said, and turned back to his desk and the aimless shuffling of papers. "Tell your life plans to your buddies, why don't you?"

Doctor Guerra.

"He's busy in Europe just now."

"Well, Angel Orebreg. Or Polo. He was racketed with bitterness and disappointment.

"All right, papa. I will."

Young Angel Orebreg did indeed look fine in his uniform. Months of camp training had filled him out, he was broader in the shoulders, bigger across the chest. He always had had like his forebears, the slim flanks and the small waist of the horseman.

"One of those Pacific planes," he said. "I bet. That's where they're shipping all us Mexican Americans. They say we're used to the hot climate, they're nuts. Vincent Cardenas came home with malaria, he says it's all jungle out there.

Half of Benedict and practically all of Nopal were invited to the wedding. Angel was marrying Marita Rivas, one of the daughters of De- modok. Of course young Angel had furnished the trousseau according to custom. The impor- tance of Marita's marriage would be gauged by the display of her gowns and bridal dress at the hoda—the wedding feast.

"Well, I've got to," Bick said, heavily, grumpily. "Angel's son. It wouldn't look right, if we didn't."

"Why, Jordan. I wouldn't miss it! Angel. He was the first Reata baby I saw."

Everyone was there, from the Benedicts of Reata to Fidel Gomez the coyote from Nopal. Fidel was a prizefighter now, he no longer needed to bother about exploiting his own people. Fidel Gomez, too, had been touched by the magic wand of the good fairy. Only his run-down palm of mesquite outside Nopal now hummed and thumped with the activities of the men and machinery that brought the black rich liquid out of the sandy soil.

There was the bridal ceremony, full of pomp and ritual, and the bride in white satin with pearl beads and wax orange blossoms. The dress was later to be hung properly in the best room for all to see, and never to be worn again. A high platform had been built outside Dimodoe's house. After the church ceremony the bride appeared on this in each of the seven dresses of her bridal trousseau, so that all should see what a fine and open-handed husband her Angel Orebreg was. The two men with envy and the men looked at her and at the proud Angel and thought, well, a lot of good those dimes and that pretty little charula will do you when you are sweating in the islands of the South Pacific. What a tostera! But Marita walked proudly along the platform.

Leslie had seen all this before at many ranch weddings, but she was as gay and ex- cited as though she never before had known the ceremony of the hoda.

Yes, Caloric is a miracle of performance, giving you undreamed of leisure out of the kitchen. It's a miracle of beauty, too, with its sleek, modern design, its gleaming porcelain and chrome. Why not see how easy meal-getting can be with an Ultramatic Caloric Range? Remember, you save up to $100.00 compared with any equivalent range using other fuel. Remember, too, that more homes cook with gas than with all other fuels combined, by a wide margin! Caloric dealers are listed in your classified telephone book.

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The life of humanity is so long, and that of the individual is so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave, and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope.

—ROBERT E. LEE

Sprawled comfortably on a veranda chair, Pinky Smyth was deep in talk with Judith Whiteside and Gabe Target and Pinky Smyth and Uncle Bawley. Cattle, oil, politics were the primary subjects of discussion as always in a group of Texas males. Wars and the end of wars; nations expanded and the fall of nations; human lives and the shattering of human lives; all these were secondary.

"That's right," Pinky Smyth agreed. A gleam of maledice danced in the seemingly guileless blue eyes. "Just like in the old West, that's you and me. God sure was good to you Benedict's to hand you a seventy-five-foot reinforced-concrete swimming pool set in the brash right in your own front yard."

Bawley good-humoredly joined in the laughter. "Well, now, it's a health measure. Ladies have out like a weal. And the young folks. We'd have that pool in time, oil or no oil."

"They're Wonderful for the boys in service! They taste so good!"

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"This is the kind of thing I love about Texas. Everyone here and everyone happy and everyone neighbors. It's perfect." She squeezed Dick's arm, she smiled, she met a hundred outstretched hands.

Young Angel had had a few drinks of tequila. "Fix 'em over there quick, and I'll come over to Marita and the little Angel—only we don't call him Angel, that's a no-good name for a man."

The dishes were spread out-of-doors, long planks on wooden standards, and there was vast eating and drinking, and laughing and talking till the singing of serenades especially written for the occasion. Luz, away at school, would have loved it, Leslie reflected. She would write her all about it. Just look at Jordy. He seemed to be having a wonderful time, not shy and Withheld as he so often was. She called Dick's attention to Jordy.

"Look at Jordy! He's having a high time. I was afraid he'd feel—uh—that he would be upset, seeing Angel in uniform. Going, I mean, so soon. But look at him."

"Ma," Dick stared down the long table at his son seated next to a pretty young Mexican girl and looking into her eyes. "He's become a shade too gallant, isn't he, to that little What's her name—Polo's granddaughter isn't it?"

"Don't be feudal. She's a decent little girl and her name is Juana. Jordy's being polite and she loves it."

A fine feast. Barbecued beef and beans. The great wedding cake was the favorite feast cake called color de rosa. It was made of a dough tinted with pink vegetable coloring, or colored with red crepe paper soaked in water, the water mixed with the cake dough, very tasty. There was pan de polvo, little round cakes with a hole in the middle, shaped with the hand, delectably sugary and grainy. There was home-made jellied beef and as big as the big frying pan in which they had fried potatoes deep in fat. Delicious with the toast cut in circles. There was beer, there was tequila, there was mead. A real boda, and no mistake.

So Angel and Maria looked deeply into each other's eyes, and danced, and behaved like proper young Mexicans newly married. Everyone drank to Angel's return, unbarred to Benedict. No one knew that Angel would return from the South Pacific, sure enough, landing in California after the close of the great Pacific War, and coming straight back to Benedict.

But he came home as bits and shreds of cloth and bone in a box. He came home a hero, his picture was in the papers. He had proved himself a tough hombre sure enough there in those faraway swimming islands. So tough that they had given him the highest honor a tough hombre can have—the Congressional Medal of Honor. Private First Class Angel Obregon—conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty—heroic conduct—saved the lives of many comrades—overwhelming odds.

It made fine reading. And the widowed Marita and old Angel Obregon and his wife, and his ancient grandmother all knew that there must be a funeral belling the conduct of the hogs that he beaped in the flag-draped box. But the undertaker in Benedict—funeral director he now was called—said that naturally he could not handle the funeral of a Mexican. Someone—there were people who said it might have been Leslie Benedict—thought this was not quite right. Talk got around; it reached a busy man who was President of the United States of America way up north in Washington, D. C. So he had the flag-draped box, weary now of its travels, brought to Washington and buried in the cemetery reserved for great heroes, at Arlington.

Marita wished that it could have been nearer Benedict, so that she might visit her husband's grave. But she was content, really. And she had named the infant Angel, after all, in spite of the other Angel's objections that day of the wedding.

None of this the guests could know now as they laughed and danced and ate and sang, and the small children screeched and ran and darted under the tables and gobbled bits of cake.

The music of the guitars grew louder, more resonant.

"Come along home now, honey," Dick said. "I've had enough of this and so have you."

He rose from the crowded table, and Leslie with him. Angel, the bridegroom, and Marita the bride, seeing their guests of honor about to leave, started toward them in smiling farewell.

It was then that Jordy Benedict stood up, too, and to the amazement of the wedding guests he put his arm about the girl Juana's shoulder. He was very pale and his dark eyes seemed enormous.

Sprawled comfortably on a veranda chair Dick was deep in talk with Judith Whiteside and Gabe Target and Pinky Smyth and Uncle Bawley. Cattle, oil, politics were the primary subjects of discussion as always in a group of Texas males. Wars and the end of wars; nations expanded and the fall of nations; human lives and the shattering of human lives; all these were secondary.

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Bawley good-humoredly joined in the laughter. "Well, now, it's a health measure. Ladies have out like a weal. And the young folks. We'd have that pool in time, oil or no oil.

"The Target was a realist. "Like bell you would! That twenty-seven-and-a-half-per-cent exemption on oil fetched all the little tricks around your neck by here like swimming pools and airplanes and Caddys and whole birds of fifty-thousand-dollar critters. And that goes for the rest of the states,颂。"

"Depreciation," Pinky Smyth mused. "It's wonderful."

"Judge Whiteside spoke pontifically. "One of the finest laws ever passed in Washington, that oil-depreciation.""

There was the sound of laughter from the shadow of the vines at the rear of the veranda. The heads of the five men turned sharply.

"That you, Leslie?" Bick called.

Her voice, a lovely sound, came to them though they could not see her. "I get starved for male conversation, not only hear you," suggested that ancient charmer, Uncle Bawley.

Continued on Page 74.
Two more for dinner?

Stretch the meal you've already fixed for the family with fluffy, snow-white Minute Rice on the side... or whip up a new and wonderful dinner-in-a-dish in lickety-split time! Either way, Minute Rice helps you out of an embarrassing spot!

Minute Rice is quick... quick—pre-cooked—with all the flavorful goodness of luxury quality long-grained rice! And it's so easy to fix! Minute Rice prepares itself! Just bring to a boil and turn off the heat. It does the rest for you. And so perfect every time, your guests will think you've been slaving over a hot stove all day!

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Keep Minute Rice on hand always! Get the large economical Family Size!

Glamour dish in just 18 minutes!

LEMON RICE WITH BROILED FISH

Mince 3/4 clove garlic; sauté in 2 tablespoons butter until golden brown. Add 1 1/4 cups Minute Rice, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, cover, remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Serve with broiled Birds Eye fish fillets. Only Minute Rice can absorb the flavor—give you the special lemony zest that's so perfect with this fish dinner! And only with Minute Rice can you make this glamorous dish in just 18 minutes! Recipe delights 4.

Another Quickie! Cat'sup Rice—mouth-waterin' with meat, cheese or fish! Simply combine in saucepan: 1 1/4 cups Minute Rice and 1 1/4 cups fat-free broth (or 2 chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in 1 1/4 cups water). Bring to a boil, cover, let stand 10 minutes. Then add 2 tablespoons catsup, 1 tablespoon butter; mix well. Serves 4.

For perfect rice he quick and easy way Minute Rice

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(continued from Page 26)

She came out of the wine shadows then and stood a moment, waving them back to their chairs. "No, I'm not staying. Relax. I was just wondering about depreciation in first-class hotels. My father, for example. He's way over seventy now, he's given his life to saving other men's lives. He's a weary old gentleman, and not well. What about depreciation exemption there?"

Gabe Target, bland and benevolent, undertook to clear this feminine unreason. "Oil is a commodity, and valuable. How you going to measure the value of a man's brains?"

"By his record." Her voice was crisp now. "When a country considers oil more important than the spirit of man, it's a lost country.

"Now Leslie," Bick's tone was fond, but a trifle irritated too. "Get down off that stump. Someday a short-tempered Texian is going to take a shot at you."

"All right. I'm off." Her voice was gay but her eyes were serious.

"Where you going, hot of the day like this?" Pinky asked. "Stay here," Uncle Rawley pleaded. "It rests my eyes just to look at you."

"Gentlemen," I'll tell you this privately." Bick announced, "old Rawley's always been in love with my wife."

"Who hasn't?" The heavily gallant Judge Whiteside.

S\traight and slim as she had been years ago. A misting of white in the abundant black of her hair. "I wish I didn't have to go, but I've promised. Luz and I are driving Juana and little Jordan over to Bob Dreta's new place. Bob's got a new lamb to show Jordan, he's never seen a lamb."

"All these Jordans around here," Gabe Target said, "I should think you'd get mixed up."

"His name isn't really Jordan, you know. Jordy and Juana named him Polo, after her grandfather. But Jordan began to call him Jordan — " Laughing, she gave it up. "Dreta's place," Bick said, and shuffled his feet a little. "That's a far piece for the kid to go, day like this."

"He's tough," Bick's brow cleared and he wagged his head. "He sure is. I sat him up front of me on my horse yesterday, just to see what he'd do, and when I took him down he began to bellow to be put back up again. Kicked me."

"Well, real Mexican — " Pinky began. Then he stopped abruptly. Brightly, but looking them over with a clear cool gaze, Leslie said her polite farewells. "I'll be back by six. You know the way Luz drives. Won't you all stay for supper? And tell me what you've talked about while I'm away. If you dare. Just what are you five evil men up to now, I wonder. And don't you know you'll have to pay for it in the end?"

She vanished into the house. The five men looked at one another. "Leslie's always been real sharp talking," Judge Whiteside said, and his tone was not altogether admiring.

Unusually Bick dismissed the criticism. "Leslie doesn't mean it. When she gets going I just come back at her with some mild questions for her. The South and Tammany in New York and a few things like that."

The men sat quietly a moment. Reata Ranch sounds came to them on the hot Gulf wind — humming metallic sounds now, different from the sounds of a quarter century ago. "Don't hardly ever hear a horse nowadays," Gabe Target observed. "Do when I'm moving around," Bick said. "Pinky eyed him keenly. "Thought you didn't gallop around as much as you used to."

"Leslie's always after me to take it easy, but I pay no mind."

My twins, Pinky said, "they went coming to Houston yesterday, and they-walks and hair in curls — said had to get to the lobbies, they had a few girls coming for a card party they'd set her hearts on those lobbies Lugen's store at few in special up in Maine. They have nothing to do, couple hundred miles each way, like running to the corner poetry."

Uncle Bawley often sat with his eyes shut, sitting. His fingers tapped a tuneless rhythm on the chair arm. Now he opened his eyes and surveyed the younger men, oh, What do folks use it for? In the war they were flying around shooting up towns and children. Now it's lobbies in Maine. Got to have lobbies. And caking hellbound in automobiles a hundred miles an hour, going nowhere, killing people like chickens by the side of the road. Pushing ships across the ocean in five days. There ain't been a really good boatload of folks for the Mayflower crowd.

"You don't get around enough, Bawley," the Target argued. "Look what it's done for the state! Look what it's done for Houston and Dallas and Hermosa and Corpus Christi a hundred more. Look at the people, too."

Yep. Look at 'em. The girls all got three nick-name, no place to wear 'em. And envious of the avocados. The men, this, they got the livelihood like locomotives and planes the size of ocean liners, and their lives done up in teakwood and cork and rubber. And what happens? The women get red and go to raising little flowers for prize shows like the peonies did and the men go to raising cattle just like their grandparents did a hundred years ago. Next thing you know, a know mustard green corn bread'll be fashable amongst the old crowd as an in drag of bragging about how they eat at that Italian Cafe and the Twenty-One Club when they go to New York. My opinion, they're going to change every body's kind of food from them. They made the full circle."

"Well, anyway, Uncle Bawley," Pinky said, protesting, "granny, you can't ob- ject to the breed of beef cattle that oil money is raised up here on Reata."

"Can," declared Uncle Bawley. "And do you think yesterday in that big tent, it took up there, selling off bulls and steers, by that big black bull Othello, scares you, did him. Pissed fifty thousand dollars, how six ty-sixty — when you get it up into those hers for a cow-with what's the difference?"

Jett Rink's holdings. Has he got a thousand million or only a hundred million, what's it? It ain't money any more, no. There they stood, those critters in a motion tent, solid square, low-slung like Mack truck, legs just stumps. I've et take off of those behemoth. They've got no more bristles on them."

"Tell you what, Uncle Bawley," Pinky said. "Maybe one the boys go out and make up an old Longhorn that's been hiding nowhere in the brush these past fifty years. Leslie'll have you a good old-time chicken steak off of that.

The calm low tones of Gabe Target's be under it the talk and laughter. "Now, boys, this is very pleasant, sitting here gab- blin' in the hot of the day. But I'm back home, and this isn't what I came for. You want to state your situation. What do you want? Not that we don't know it. But just unner us, off the record, cut down to bare bones."

Bick Benedict hunched forward, his hands crossed in front of him between his knees, arms resting on his thighs. "There it is, right. We didn't realize, when we let out to town the oil workers were going to swin in on Reata. There's a mob of them. I've got nothing against them, big husky fellows, work hard and spend their money. They know they have to keep away from me and I keep away from them. Well, at first it was work and sleep and eat and live in those shacks just anyhow, for them. But now the whole outfit has sort of shaken down, they've brought in their wives and kids and so on. At first they stowed their houses with refrigerators and radios and so on. But now they've got together in a bunch called "The Better Living Association."

"How many of them?" Gabe Target did not waste energy on emotions.

"Oh, good many hundreds by now. Swarming all over the town and county."

Disaudet votes, Pinky Smyth announced, like a checker of lists. "Right in this precinct."

"They're yelling all over the district they want what they call decent schools for their kids and a hospital for the sick and injured and so on, and homes for their families. And the oil property—about a hundred and fifty thousand acres of it—is in my part of the town. In the Town of Benedict. If they vote—and they will—and carry it—and they will the way it stands now—they don't want my old commisioner. They don't want him voted out and a new commisioner in. There'll be a new tax rate on every acre of land hereabouts. That tax on a couple of million acres can just about cripple Reata. They win, and it'll spread to your Double B, Pinky, and you know it.

He unclasped his hands, threw them open, palms up. The lines in his forehead were deep, the eyes strained and bloodshot."

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "You talked to the Arabachie crowd about this, Bick?" he asked his host.

"What do they care? I don't affect them."

"They did. Said Jett Rink heard of it, he laughed his crazy fat belly."

Silence. The hot wind rustling the vine leaves. The drum of a powerful motor somewhere far off on the prairie. One of the nearby townsfolk yelling down the road. Nothing. No other busy at the pool. The five men sat eying one another. Waiting.

Smoothly, benevolently, Gabe Target broke the silence. "Well now, Bick, we don't want anything that isn't perfectly legal and aboard, of course."

"Course," the four echoed, and their eyes never left his face.

Silence again, brief, breathless. "I suggest—and of course I want the second leg of the opinion of our good friend the Judge here—I suggest a very simple feasible plan, Bick. Now I'd like to ask you a couple questions. Plainly speaking, the county commisioner's your man. That right?"

"Right."

"The Mexicans on your place—enclaves and so on— they vote right?"

"They vote—right."

I heard some of the younger Mexican fellas since the war's over they've come home and haven't settled down right, they've been rabble-rousing, chewing their mouths off, getting together saying they're American citizens without rights and that kind of stuff, and the boys who fought in the war, and so on."

"Well?"

"Can you handle them?"

"I can handle them. Always have. They'll quell down."

The full vote is needed to carry your candidacy. Am I correct? Without it, it's out?"

"Out."

Gabe Target's eyes were flat disks of steel sunk in the caverns below his fatherly brow. "Well, my boy, you don't want a crowded bag money city sprouting up among these beauties."

"As fair a piece of Nature's bounty," Judge Whiteside insisted, "by now somewhat picoted at finding himself a bushy of a shaven curls of peroration, "as there is any-
where in this Great Commonwealth, and I may say, anywhere—North America, South America, the uncharted wastes of Asia—" if you think Asia is engravished in your nerves, you're wrong."

"Boys, boys!" Gabe Target's kindly chiding tones like those of a gentle schoolmaster.

Bick bided his temper by an effort. "Let's just hear Gabe out, will you? This is pretty important."

Gabe was talking in that quiet reasonable voice so that everything he said sounded pleasant and right and somehow beneficent.

"Now then. These boys in the big oil outfits—and I don't doubt they're good boys, though maybe mistaken some ways—they ought to have their own town. They've earned it. And keep Benedict the way it is, population and layout and nice little town government and all. And taxes. Just have the precinct lines rearranged and the town line set to where it was before oil. There's a big enough population sprang up there outside to make a fine little town of their own, the oil crowd and their wives and all. Get 'em incorporated, all fair and aboveboard—before you know where you're at. They could call the town—for example, if they were so minded—Azabache. Or town of Jett Rink. And leave them hold the schools they're bawling for, and the hospitals and the city hall and the gymnasiums and pave the streets and put in the water. And let Jett Rink pay the taxes."

Silence. Gabe Target's eyelids came down over the fleshy eyes, giving him that aspect of benevolence again.

Finally Bick spoke. "You really think it can be done?"

"Judge Whiteside here will bear me out I think. Won't you judge?"

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. His voice had the finality of one who is the law. "It's as good as done this minute. You can forget it.

"Little drink would go good," Pinky suggested.

Bick reached for the little bell on the table at his side. Almost before its tinkling had died away on the hot restless air the two Mexican girls appeared with the tray of bourbons and ice and water, the other with the coffee. Solemnly the men drank, the talk was more deitory now, their voices as always loud, pleasant.

Gabe looked at Bick Benedict, he thought the man's russet coloring was now like a lacquer over a foundation of gray. "Bick, how's Jordy working out as a doctor?"

Bick hesitated a moment before answering: When he spoke it with a wry lightness. "Oh, you know young folks today. Jordy takes after Leslie's side of the family, more. Her father."

Blunderingly, Judge Whiteside must satisfy his own curiosity, now that Gabe Target had inserted the entering wedge in a topic that the Benedit's social circle considered closed to discussion. "I suppose this morning's office he's in—I suppose Jordy's starting off using the Mexicans like a clean maid? More. For experience—observation—sort of—"""

Bick did not reply. "I can't get the right of it," the judge persisted. "Only son and all. Where's his feelings about Reata? To say nothing of his pa and ma?"

The little crooked smile on Bick's lips did not deceive the four keen-eyed men. "Oh, well, Judge, you can't tie a kid to a horse. His talents lie another way, that's all. I'll make it. I'm not quite through—yet."

Gabe Target's cool measured tones cut through this perilsage. "Bick, you ought to get you a good smart solid young fellow, not even the war, over, knows stock and range, and feel and all. Modern—" hastily—"like yourself. Train him into manager to do that work. Hard over-all work. College type business, not him on the ground. And I mean Texas ground."

Pinky Smyth spoke up. "That's Bob Diets—Say, I tried my best to steal him off you, Bick, years ago to work the Double B. He wasn't hardly more a kid than me. Wouldn't come."

Bick's gaze went out and out, past the verandas and screening, on and on to the distant line where the dome of the sky met the golden tan curve of the earth. "I offered him the job. He wasn't interested. He is as much as I was old-fashioned. Said this was the time for pioneering in advanced range management techniques. That's what he said. Said he was interested in ranching as a way of life for the man, and not to make money. He said people who wanted to make money ought to try the stock market or the oil industry or most anything but agriculture and stock..."

A stunned silence followed this recital of heresy.

Judge Whiteside cleared his throat. "don't aim to appear nosey, but I heard around that this Diets and your Luz were running...

(Continued on Page 85)
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Taller and healthier children! It is happening in millions of American families—as the principles of modern nutrition are better understood and applied to everyday living.

Science produced a vital key to buoyant health when it discovered the value of vitamins. Through chemical synthesis, they were made abundantly available, and at low cost.

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What is the American girl made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Not since the days of the Gibson Girl! There's a new American beauty...she's tease and tempers, sire and gamín, dynamic and demure. Men find her slightly, delightfully baffling. Sometimes a little maddening. Yet they admit she's easily the most exciting woman in all the world! She's the 1952 American beauty, with a foolproof formula for melting a male! She's the "Fire and Ice" girl. (Are you?)

Have you ever danced with your shoes off? yes □ no □
Did you ever wish on a new moon? yes □ no □
When a recipe calls for one dash of bitters, do you think it's better with too? yes □ no □
Do you secretly hope the next man you meet will be a psychiatrist? yes □ no □
Do you sometimes feel that other women resent you? yes □ no □
Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet? yes □ no □
Do sables excite you, even on other women? yes □ no □
Do you love to look up at a man? yes □ no □
Do you face crowded parties with panic—then wind up having a wonderful time? yes □ no □
Does gypsy music make you sad? yes □ no □
Do you think any man really understands you? yes □ no □
Would you streak your hair with platinum without consulting your husband? yes □ no □
If tourist flights were running, would you take a trip to Mars? yes □ no □
Do you close your eyes when you're kissed? yes □ no □

Can you honestly answer "yes" to at least eight of these questions? Then you're made of "Fire and Ice!" And Reylvon's lush-and-passionate scarlet was made just for you—a daring projection of your own hidden personality! Wear it tonight. It may be the night of your lifetime!

(Continued from Page 85)

Together a good deal, Dietz isn't invited to parties and places, but a lot in her plane and his car and hamburger joints talking, and so on."

Bick shrugged in an effort at carelessness, but his brow was thunderous.

"Oh, kid stuff. Dietz is smart enough, but he's one of those know-it-all kids. Luz is a real rancher, she'll talk to anybody who'll teach her something new. The Dietz kids—or anybody."

"He's no kid," Uncle Bawley announced, suddenly aware wide-eyed. "He's getting along."

The gulf that this brought forth lightened the heavy resentment of Bick's tone.

"Well, anyway, this ancient Bob Dietz, he says the big ranch is doomed. The feudal system he calls it. That's you and me, Pinky. Says that with artificial insemination and modern long-term breeding, pretty soon you won't need to feed your stock a pound of hay or cake. You'd think he'd heard talk he was the one first discovered Lehman's lovegrass and yellow bleesout and sideouts grama and blue grama and all. He's got a piece about twenty sections now, down near the valley, he calls it a trial range unit, he says he —— "

"How about water?" scoffed Jude Wetherside. "You got water fixed to eat out of his hand too?"

"Oh, sure. He says no reason why water can't be harnessed and led across the continent. In the future. Says the Tennessee Valley showed us a little something. Says they'd find a way to take the salt out of salt water and hitch the whole Gulf of Mexico to Texas. That's in the future too. He says."

"If they ever get water into Texas," Gabe target said, "God knows what'll happen.

"I'll tell you what," Uncle Bawley announced in his manner of speech at last. "The youngesters will cut Reata into pie slices and raise up a steer to the acre."

Even after all these years Leslie Benedict always felt a distinct shuck as she came out of the dim cool rooms of the Main House to meet the first light of the Texas sun. The Big House hummed with air conditioners, but here at the Main House the family relied on the massive old walls for protection. Leslie often had suggested a cooling unit for Bick's bedroom but he even refused to have one in his office.

"In the barbecues shacks have them," he said, "and the Houston and Hermosillo zillionaires. I was brought up on Texas heat. Sun and sweat have made Texas."

Luz said, pertly, that he was beginning to sound like Uncle Bawley.

Now Luz and Leslie in the front seat, Juana and little Jordan in the back. The four were off for Bob Dietz's ranch in the Valley. Leslie cast an anxious eye toward the child. "It'll be cooler as soon as we begin to move. Juana, you don't think it's going to be too much for Polo, do you?"

Juana glanced at the child beside her. "He loves it. He was so excited this morning he wouldn't eat his breakfast."

Juana's English was spoken with precision. Her voice was soft and low and leisurly, unlike the strident tone of many Mexican-American women.

Bob Polo stemmed from Spanish blood and his grandmother's skin had a creamy palor, the dark eyes were soft and the black hair was fine and abundant. About her throat she always wore a strand of pearls that Leslie had given her—Benedit family pearls—and the luminous quality of these seemed reflected in her skin. But the child Polo had the cafe-au-lait coloring of his Mexican grandmother and great-grandmother, and their Mexican hair and eyes.

Now the car rounded the curve in the long driveway and passed the Big House. Thereon four people were descending the broad stone steps and there were cars waiting in the drive. Almost automatically Leslie bowed and waved and smiled, though she knew only vaguely who the guests were this week or this particular day.

"It seems to me," Luz remarked, "that our visiting strangers get stranger and stranger. Who's that?"

"I don't know, really. Not very important. Two of the boys have been dedicated to take them around. But next week!"

"I hear it's a king and queen. Doesn't it sound silly!"

"Yes, poor darlings. And a swarm of other people. It's a weird list. Somebody must have slipped up on it—Jordan's secretary or somebody. They can't all be interested in cattle.

"Who?"

You won't believe it even for Reata. Uh, let's see. There's a prize fighter and a Russian dancer and a South American bassador. And a movie queen who's bought a ranch in California and wants to stock it. And her husband and her baby brother who else. And I'm afraid your Aunt Maude and your Aunt Leigh are descending."

"I may suddenly be called away."

"Now Luz! Anyway, they're all invited to that big thing at Jett Rink's new airport."

"Oh, that? I may hop over for a look at it but I wouldn't be found dead at the idiotic bowling dinner."

"Your father would like just to show up, and Jordy, too, and all of us."

"That's ridiculous."

"Because everybody is going to be there, and if we stay away it will look queer. Anyway, there's a political reason of some kind. He doesn't like it any better than you. But Roody asked specifically that we all—go you and Jordy and Maude —"

"And I asked the child from the back seat.

Leslie turned, she held out her hand to the little child and smiled at him. "No, you don't have to be political my darling. Not yet."

The child looked at her solemnly, the great dark eyes almost mornful. "I'm hungry."

"There!" Juana said. "Because you didn't eat your breakfast."

"I want my breakfast now."

"Listen Snoocks," Luz called to the child, "wait till we get out of Benedict and past New Palace."

"But I'm hungry."

"In a little minute, mi vida," Juana said to the child. "Near the Valley where it is quiet. You will have milk and coffee. And we will have lunch at Bob Dietz's house."

They had whisked through the streets of Benedict. The old main street had become a business section that branched in all directions. Fine-glassed stores, glitter for glitter, the dazzling aluminum and white enameled objects within. The leather shop of Lifedioso Men's was a little more than tourist bait now, for Lifedioso was long gone. Tourists from Iowa and New York and Missouri came to buy stitchless, high-backed cowboy boots in which their offspring hobbled back into the waiting family car.

The nut-eaten Longhorn steer still stood in his glass case merrily standing out at the procession of motorists streaming along the road which in his lifetime had known only the quick clatter of horse hoofs and the bellow and shuffle and trudge of moving cattle.

As the Benedict car flashed through the town and out, Leslie's quick glance darted this way and that. "How it changes! Almost from day to day. You should have seen it when I came here a bride, before any of you were born."

"Well, I hope so, madam!" Luz exclaimed loquaciously.

"That first week! I'll never forget it. I re- joiced just about everything—except your father. The—"the sayonara' horrible little shocks were worse than the Negro cabins in

(Continued on Page 85)
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Virginia. Texas food was weak and the sky was sole leather.

"Still is," Luz observed.

"But not at our house. And there are all these modern houses in the barrios now. And they're talking about a new hospital here in the El Centro, and it's a very fine house of Fidel Gomez in El Centro. Fidel Gomez, wallowing in oil, all those brothers now to manage the business of bringing the Mexican migratory workers, men, women and children, into the town for the seasonal crop picking at forty-five cents a week."

There ain't any open road any more," she said. "Look at that enormous thing with those aluminum gondolas or whatever they are. Acres of it. "Lexaneese plant."

"I don't remember seeing it before. Just get about more. Turn into a homey-dy if I'm not careful."

"If you weren't so stubborn about letting me take you up in the plane, Luz redeemed her, 'you'd see the world.'"

"You and Jordy don't really see the world. We've learned your geography from planes. I think the world is little blocks and aires with bugs wriggling over them. I don't think you ever really see anything on the angle of the ground. What with trees and planes and cars you never see foot earth."

"Bob says you forgot to teach me to walk. Anyway, you ride from the air is pretty, missy, which is more than I can say down here."

"Tell me, what's Bob's new house like? Is it attractive?"

"Attractive as a boxcar. You could put a whole thing in our pantry."

"Modern puerile, isn't it?"

"You and pa are a little worried about Bob, aren't you?"

"Well, no, worried. I think he's a wonderful young man. I don't suppose you in to marry every man who interests you.

"No. Only one. Bob and I have talked out it. He says he wouldn't marry any girl so as Reata hung around her neck."

Her voice was soft and her eyes were on the aired but something intangible asked slightly for guidance.

"Your Aunt Juana, that you were named after, thought that Reata was more important than marriage." Luz said nothing. They sat on in silence. Luz just turned her head, then, to look at her mother, and her eyes came back to the road. In a sense of somewhat dry reminiscence Leslie added on. "She was with Cliff Hale at last. Was Vashit Smyth's father—and he was love with her. But he wouldn't come to see Reata and she didn't go to live at Double B, and they wouldn't throw the two ranches into one. So she lived at an old maid. And died there."

"I'm young. Luz said, her voice airy, even if I am over twenty. Young in spirit,
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"You can't be talking to me!" Leslie said firmly. "I sure can. I'm talking to all of you. Out here is no Mexican served and I don't do no racket. So—out!"

The worried-looking woman behind the register said, "Now Floyd, don't you getting techy again. They ain't doing him. Leslie felt her lips strangely tight. She said, "You must be out of your mind."

"Who you talking to?" the man yelled. She came blithely in, she stared a moment at the little group, her brows arched and her face was written angry; at the open-mouthed men and women at the counter and tables.

"Hey, what's going on here," she said. "He man glanced at the golden-haired, eyeglassed man, he pointed a finger at the two men and the child, but Leslie spoke before he could repeat the words.

This man won't serve us. He says he don't serve Mexicans.

"When the jaws at the counter had ceased aching with rage, she scarlet surged up into Luz's face, her eyes a blazing blue. Leslie thought, with a little portion of her brain that was not ab. Why, she looks exactly—but exactly—Jordan when he is furious.

"You son of a bitch," said Miss Luz insightfully.

"He man advanced toward her.

"Floyd!" barked the woman behind the counter.

"Git!" shouted the man then. "You and your greasers." And he gave Polo a little kick so that he lurched and stumbled and fell on his face; and I caught him, and retorted then to the doorknob. "I'll tell my father!" she told the man. "I'll kill you! Do you understand who your father is?"

"No! No, Luz! No, don't. Come." They went they heard, through the doorway, the voices of the man and man raised again in dispute.

"You crazy. Floyd! Only the kid and his mother, was not chotes, nor the others.

"Aw, the old one, was black hair and salt-and-pepper beard. Leslie put a hand through Juana's arm, she ticked the child's hand in hers. "Come, child! Sh! Don't cry!"

That is a bad man," Polo said through his sobs.

"Yes darling," Leslie whispered, "I am going to make my breakfast. They were coming in the car now, and Wanda will sit back here with you. They didn't have milk to drink. Luz will be out at the next store and she'll get you a little milk and some crackers and you can drink the milk through a straw as we always can the little lamb all the sooner. Won't that be fun!"

They had their promise. All the way to Bob's ranch and all the way back they had kept. But in the end Luz and Juana had melted.

"Please," said Leslie. They had implored them, one not until after that horrible Jett party is over. Please, Luz please. Juana, you tell your father don't tell Jett and Floyd don't tell Juana until after that. You know they'd say something—something nasty, it would get around. Leslie thought. Leslie is all over the place. All those guests at the Big House and a thousand people going to the party. Wanda will be public enough. Please. Just until next week when we'll all talk about quietly, together.

"Quietly!" shouted Luz. "I'm going to Bob the minute we get home. He'll have that baboon!"

"Luz, I promise it won't be left like a promise. But it can't be now. This is the wrong time. It's got to be handled through proper channels, carefully. Your mother and Gale and Judge Whiteside."

"Judge Whiteside!" Luz scoffed. "That hopscrawler!"

Quickly Leslie said, "We're sorry because of what that ignorant bigot did. But we all know this has been going on for years and years. It's always happened to other people. Now it's happened to us. The Benedict of Reata. So we're screaming."

"All right," Luz snapped, "then let's hit it."

"Yes. But not now. Please. Not just now. It's the worst possible time to make a public fuss."

And deep inside her a taunting voice said, Oh, so now you're doing it too, b'm? After twenty-five years of nagging and preaching and being so superior you're evading too. Infected. Afraid to speak up and act and defy. His the rattlesnake before it strikes again. Tell them now, tell them now, what does it matter about the silly guests and the ranch and the oil and the banquet and the talk and the state. It's the world that matters.

At six that evening Buck Benedict, sprawled on the couch in their bedroom, regarded his wife with the fond disillusioned gaze of the husband who is conditioned to seeing cold cream applied to the wind-burnt feminine face.

"What the hell went on down there at Bob Dietz's?" he inquired. "You girls came home as sore as if you'd been scalped by Karakanawas. Juana looked as if she'd been crying and Luz stamped past me without speaking. Just glared. Did the two girls quarrel or something? What the hell went on down there, anyway?"


"Uh-huh. All right, keep your girlish secrets. You don't look so good yourself, by the way."

Leslie continued to pat the cold cream on her cheekbone.

There's nothing like a little flattery to set a girl up before dinner."

"The boys decided not to stay. Except Uncle Daviey. He's not going back to Holgado until tomorrow."

"Did you finish your business? That private business you are all so cagey about?"

"Uh, yes. Yes."

"I thought you all looked as guilty as kids who were going to roll an orchard. Did it turn out all right?"

"Fine. Fine."

"What was it all about?"

"Oh, nothing you'd be interested in, honey. Town business. Elections coming up. Stuff like that."

Tell him now, the voice said. Tell him with his wife and his daughter and his daughter-in-law and his grandson were kicked out of a roadside diner and it's his fault and your fault and the fault of every man and woman like you. But she only said, aloud, "We brought the little lamb back with us in the car. Bob gave it to Polo."

"You trying to make a sheep man out of a Benedict? Don't let that get around the cow country."

"He insists on keeping it in a box in his bedroom. Juana's having quite a time."

He laughed like a boy at his mental picture of this. Then he fell silent. When he spoke he was serious, he was urgent. "Leslie, I wish they could live here at Reata. Not only little visitors like this, but stay. Do you think they might? The kid loves it here."

"Of course he does. He thinks it's heaven. Wouldn't any child who'd lived in a three-room box for an apartment while his father went to school?"

"Speak to Juana about it, will you? Maybe if Jett sees how happy she and the boy are here he'll leave Vienecito and give up that stinking clinic, settle down here at Reata where he belongs."

Agreed, quite as though she did not know that what he suggested was hopeless, she seemed to fall in with his plan. "Wouldn't that be lovely! I'll speak to Juana tomorrow."

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He sighed with a sort of deep satisfaction as if the impossible were already accomplished. “Let’s have a little drink up here before I have to go down and start arguing again with Uncle Bawley.” After she had given the order, “What’s Diets’ place like?”

“Compact as a hairbrush,” she told him. “You wouldn’t know it was Texas. Everything planned to the last inch like a problem in physics. It’s planted right up to the front door, I expected to see grass growing in the house.”

“Did, huh? See his stock?”

“Yes. Some. It looked—what’s that word—thirtyish. Bob said it was solid beef cattle, he wasn’t going in for collections’ items. Jordan, maybe this boy has got hold of something so fundamental that it’s enormous.”

“You sound as if you’ve been talking to your daughter Luz. I want to know what you think of him.”

“Brett’s a fine man. And more than just smart. For the rest, perhaps he’s just a lee-clee bit too earnest for my taste, and not enough humor. But maybe that’s the mark of future greatness. Great men are usually pretty study. Except you.”

The Mexican girl came in with the tray and placed it on the table beside him. Back opened the bonnet, cocked an eyebrow at Leslie, she nodded.

“That’s mighty party talk, missy.” But he was not smiling. “Look. Is she going to marry him?”

“I don’t know. Neither does she. He won’t marry Reata. I’m sure of that. Not even if he has to lose Luz. And he’s crazy about her. But not that crazy.”

“Hey, wait a minute! This is where we came in, isn’t it?”

“Sort of. We talked a little about her Aunt Luz too. I told him Luz and Cliff Hake—before he was old Cliff Hake.”

He got up and began to stride about the room. “Oh, you did, eh?”

“Yes. I thought she might be interested to know what happens to a woman sometimes, if she doesn’t marry because of some unimportant thing like a ranch, for example.”

“She doesn’t want to marry that dirt farmer. Anyway, she isn’t going to. Not if I can help it.”

“Twentieth century. Remember?”

Moodyly he stared at her. “Oh, let’s forget it. I’m tired. This has been a stinker of a day.”

Instantly she was alert. “What happened?”

she asked.

“Nothing. Everything. After the boys left. I sat there talking to Bawley awhile. He looked like an old hundred-year turtle, moping his eyes and mumbling. I love the old good but it sure can drive you crazy. Talking. He thinks he’s one of the Prophets or something new, the way he talks.”

“Hurts him to say that to you?”

“Nothing. Nothing that made sense, that is. It was just the whole stinking day. I got to thinking about this damned Rink standing this week. Bawley said he wouldn’t be seen dead there, oil or no oil. And to tell you the truth I’d rather be shot than.”

“That’s wonderful!” Leslie said. “We won’t go.”

His shoulders slumped. “We’ve got to. Because everybody’s going. If we stay away we’ll be the only outfit for a thousand miles around that isn’t there. Everybody’s going and nobody wants to—nobody that is anybody. Stay away and we’d be more marked than if we went to the party naked...”

To think that that cowhide could make decent people do anything they don’t want to do!”

He can’t. We don’t have to go.” She faced him squarely, hairbrush in hand, she gesticated with it as she spoke. “You keep on doing—we keep on doing things we’re really opposed to. You just can’t keep on doing things against your principles.”

Belligerently. “You don’t say? Well?”

“You’ve just said it. This hickory is/nowing to a thing like Jett Rink. But isn’t so important. It’s a thousand things. Oil, Air and the ranch. And the Mexicans. The big thing. The things that can/pen to decent people. It’s going to catch with you. It’s taken a hundred years, maybe it’ll take another hundred. But in a catch up with you. With everybody. It ways does.”

“Go join a club,” he said wearily, returned to the couch.

She came over to him and sat beside him. “Buck, do you feel ill?”

He stared at her. “You called me that, he said.

“Did I?”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. Jordan. I didn’t know.”

You’ve never called me that before. Never. Everybody else did, but we never called me anything but my name since the day we met. Say, that’s kind of funny. Maybe it means you’ve been finished with your husband Jordan.”

She sank down beside him, her arm against his, her arm across his breast. “Dad’s my husband, darling. Bick’s friend.”

“Tell your friend to get the hell out of your wife’s bedroom.” But he was not about to haya, in response. At all. He began to talk to the crazy, though unwillingly admitting the old family fear that for more than a hundred years the door of his common sense. “I guess it’s kin got me... the boys... and the shit, the damned oil crowd... like any dirty boom town. No, Benedict is on top of everything, turning out a no-no-longer-right... oh.”

“Bawley, don’t say things like that! They’re terrible. They’re wrong. You’d know how wrong. You’d be sorry.”

“Yeh, well I know this much. Things getting away from me. Kind of slip... from under me, like a loose cushion. I say to God I sometimes feel like a failure, Benedict a Benedict’s family a failure.”

She sat up very straight, she took again in her hand, held it close to her. “Jordan, how stupid that you should say that today!”

“You’d told me.”

“Because today was kind of difficult for me too, in some ways. And I thought, a were driving along home—Luz and Juanita and little Jordan and—I thought myself, well, maybe Jordan and I and all others behind us have been failures, one way. In a way, darling. In a way that nothing to do with ranches and oil and lions and Rinks and Whitesides and Kims and. And then I thought about our Jor... and our Luz and I said to myself, well, if a hundred years it looks as if the Benedict family is going to—”

As he turned, half startled half relieved to stare at her, the man saw for just a moment a curious transformation in the face of this middle-aged woman. The lines the years had wrought were wiped away a magic hand, and there shone there look of purity, of hope and of eager su- nacy that the face of the young girl worn when she had come, twenty-five years, a bride to Texas.
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By RICHARD PRATT, Architectural Editor of the Journal
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TELL ME, DOCTOR
(Continued from Page 35)

is accomplished through the mother, by a constant interchange of blood elements through the placenta, commonly called the "afterbirth." It is expelled from the uterus after the child, when its function has been fulfilled.

"Is it really a transfusion, then, Doctor?"

"No, it's not a transfusion at all, because the blood of the fetus and that of the mother never actually mingle. The fetus never receives any blood cells— it manufactures its own. It couldn't actually receive whole blood because there is a partition of cells between the two circulations to prevent it. What does happen is that there is an exchange of certain blood elements."

"I don't see how the husband's blood type matters. He has contributed only one single cell to the make-up of that fetus. How can that one cell cause trouble about incompatibility?"

"I assure you that it can," patiently explained the doctor. "That one cell merges

with the single unit produced by the mother known as the ovum, and the two divide and subdivide almost to infinity. These myriad cells produced by this division carry the characteristics of the father as well as the mother, even though they are developing entirely apart from their male sponsor. We expect the fetus to be governed in its development by certain characteristics it has inherited from its father; if the father happens to be RH positive, it is to be presumed that the fetus will be the same.

"This unborn child, which is constantly growing, finally reaches the point where its own physiology becomes an important factor. It is now producing blood cells in increasing quantities through structures which are developing for that purpose, notably the red bone marrow. If that infant's blood happened to be RH positive, while that of its mother was negative, what would you expect to occur?"

"Oh, dear! I should think it would kill the mother, as you said the wrong type of blood used in a transfusion would do."

"It isn't quite as bad as that, fortunately. You forget that the mother is an adult and pretty tough. What does happen is that her system may begin to develop antibodies against this alien type of blood. In other words, she is prepared to fight it."

"Then I should think that would settle the whole question."

"You forget that the unborn infant has not the toughness of its mother. When cer-
elements of her blood, fortified by the
bubbles she may have developed, reach
the fetus. It is not possible to cope with
dangerous change. It's blood may undergo a
structural alteration we have been describ-
ing, with disastrous results.

"I feel awful," burst out Betty Ray. "If
I am Rh negative and John is positive,
why, we could never have a child or at least if we did, it would be born
bad.""I haven't told you that your chance
of being Rh negative is only one in eight, and
that of John's being of a different class is
delay one in fifty? Even if you two prove to
to that one-in-fifty couple, your chances of
your first child, at least, surviving would be
certain.

"You didn't mention that," I replied.
"I was coming to it. I'm not through yet.
Well, I only have your interests at
art. It is better to know about danger in
to do something to combat it, than to
try one's head in the ground and wait for
water to strike.

"It is as important for couples contem-
plating marriage to investigate their Rh
status as that of possible syphilis taint. The
one difference is that the state requires you
to be Wassermann negative, or it will not
granted you permission to marry. I can tell
you — in the birth certificates recently, the
part of Health has added one more
question, for its file: What is the Rh status
the mother? That shows how important
matter it is considered to be."

"Well, it would not," pointed out the
doc. "They might, however, pose serious
problems. As a matter of fact, many women
in this category never produce antibodies at
all. Even with those who do, antibody pro-
tion is likely to be a slow process, so that
when diagnosis is made, there is no

What would you do, Doctor," inquired
Betty Ray, "in case I was in this category,
and I had come to you with a second or
third baby for you to deliver?"

"I would watch you carefully, particu-
larly during the last half of your pregnancy.
I would have your blood examined fre-
quently, with particular reference to the
twenty-eighth and the thirty-second weeks
of pregnancy, to detect the presence of antibod-
ies.

"You can see them, then?"

"Oh, yes, a competent pathologist can
demonstrate their presence, all right. If they
began to show up in quantities, I would at-
tempt some of the medicinal treatments
which have been suggested; and in the
event that they continued to develop in
overwhelming quantities, I would
conclude the pregnancy as early as was

All right," stated John Dunn with a
budding authority that the doctor found
interesting. "Betty and I are willing to take
the test. Aren't we, Betty?"

"Yes, we will, Doctor."

"Good! It will take a few minutes. The
result of the Wassermann test will not
be received until tomorrow, but I can tell you
about your Rh status almost immediately.
This way, please, to the laboratory."

It was a matter of but ten minutes before
the doctor approached the two young people
who were anxiously waiting in his consulting
room. There was a smile on his face as he
announced:

"The news is good. You are both Rh posi-
tive.

"If you decline to take the test, you are as guilty under
the law as the abortist," says Doctor Safford's
fourth article, next month.
ENCANTO NUEVO... on Franciscan white china body, masterfully craftsmanship fuses these subtle nature colors...Spruce, Birchbark, Willow, Sandalwood, Magnolia, Teak... then illumined with a glaze of gem-like hardness, they are
SET IN PLATINUM

LAD

"Of course there's nothing unusual in that," Mr. Larrigan said. "There are fortune-tellers' signs all over town. But just now, when I was coming back from the Dutchman's place, I saw a woman's face in the window. It was dark inside the room, but there was this woman's face at the window, just sort of floating in the shadows.

MART was still scared of this fat old man whose voice was something like the buzzing of a wasp. She swallowed, waiting.

The odd thing is, this woman's face is floating there upside down," Mr. Larrigan said. "Now, if something's happened to her, maybe it's time somebody looked into it. It might be something new."

"Oh," Mary said faintly. "Yes."

With legs feeling a trifle weak, she departed. On her way down a long corridor she looked half warily at the elevators, which could lead to more decorous arrangements, such as a meeting of the school board, or a woman's-angle interview with the wife of a prominent felled fustigated for grand larceny. Instead, she went through a side door. Crossing one end of the vasty echoing composing room, populated with many lights, she headed for the back stairs. In spite of herself, her flat-heeled shoes were swift and light with youth on the dusty concrete steps.

In the rainy alley, she saw the windows of the Dutchman's place, warm and steamy with friendliness and good plain cooking, inexpensive. Near at hand, almost opposite the newspaper's back door, was the dark wall of the rooming house, its bricks encrusted with the city's years. One of the dark windows had a sign, laboriously home-lettered.

MME. ZAZA
Your Future—50¢
The World being
What It Is Today.
Why pay more?
Communications from the Spirit World
Friday nights only

Mary went nearer, and saw what Mr. Larrigan had seen. Inside a shadowy room, a white and dramatic face was dimly hanging upside down. Perhaps a beautiful face, as nearly as you could tell: it seemed to have finely arched eyebrows and its mouth was a blur of dark carmine. Mary judged it was five and a half or six feet above the floor.

She had a moment's picture of Mr. Larri- gan standing there in the rain, his hands clasped behind his back, contemplating this. And then she saw something Mr. Larrigan had not seen. Out of the deeper shadows of the room's interior came slowly another woman's face. Right side up. Older and heavier, it stopped almost beside the first face, motionless; it hesitated there, looking with hollow eyes at the alley and at Mary. Before Mary lost her nerve altogether, she set her jaw and walked through the alley puddles to the door of the rooming house.

The hallway inside was almost dark, lighted only by a dainty gas jet, and it smelled of time and poverty and washings and imperfect people. It was the sort of hallway which every reporter knows, where, when you go in, you hear a door somewhere being closed furiously. In fact, you become very conscious of doors—and the secret lives, maybe frightened, which are going on behind them. There was one on her left with a small card tacked onto it, and when Mary bent over she could read, printed with a spluttery pen:

MME. ZAZA
WALK IN

With something fluttering in her throat like the wings of a moth in her hand, Mary turned the knob and walked in.

A fake Oriental gong jangled wildly, tremulously, just over her head and she jumped back. Then she went on in, closing the door firmly behind her. This room was a fairly large one, hung with dusty black satin in folds all along the walls. There were a table and a couple of chairs. The table had on it the usual crystal ball and a pack of cards.

A curtain parted silently and a woman stood there—the one who was right side up. She was large and rather motherly-looking, except for those awful hollow eyes—which, even so, might once have been jolly, when looking upon a smoking bedstead and a good cold bottle of wine on the stool. Mary O'Reilly could recognize stark hunger when she saw it.

The woman tried to smile—a dreadful anxiety of a smile—started forward to welcome a customer, and then suddenly slumped. As if her legs had given way from under her. When Mary with a quick breath of pity reached her, the woman was clinging with big, weakly sliding hands to the side of a pot door. The curtain.

"Here!" Mary said, trying to hold up Mme. Zaza's sagging weight.

Over her shoulder she saw in an inner room a decrepit iron bed, sour. She knew it was the room in which she had gazed from the alley. She could see the back of the card in the window. But the woman, who hung upside down had vanished. With a quick glance around, Mary saw the door of a clothes closet which was quite shut. On a clothesline stretched across the room, between herself and the windows, there were some more black draperies pinned up to dry, and some sort of a moth-eaten old garment. Mme. Zaza had been washing. Mary helped the heavy starv- ing woman toward the bed. With a long breath Mme. Zaza lay down, and Mary lifted the poor old feet in their broken shoes up onto the counterpane.

"Now," Mary said briskly, "I know what the matter with you, at least. You just—"

"I'll be in a minute, dearie," Mme. Zaza said, through blue lips. "I just got too faint, like. Just you give me a minute to rest, and then I'll get up and tell you."

"I didn't come here to have my fortune told," Mary said, "I came to—"

The brass gong over the door was pealing again. Violently. With staring eyes, Mme. Zaza tried to get up on one elbow.

"Another client!" she whispered in wonder. "Oh, dearie, let me step away —"

"Be still!" Mary hissed, and pushed her down again.

TIP TOING to the curtain, Mary peered through the crack. A young man had come in. Mary thought for a moment he might be a reporter from one of the other papers, he might be a young man from the district attorney's office—except that he didn't have the young lawyer office duds that the D. A.'s young men usually had. He stood in the black curtained room, just looking around. Whoever he was, this was Mary's story, and she was going to keep it for herself and the Gazette, if she could. She went back to the bed. "You stay here," she whispered. "I'll handle this."

"Oh, dearie," Mme. Zaza said. "I—"

She bit her lip, and in her eyes stood miserably the need for fifty cents.

"I'll tell his fortune, all right," Mary said.

With lifted chin, Mary O'Reilly swept through the black curtain.

"How do you do?" she said.

The young man was tall and sandy, some what shabby of tweeds, and somewhat good- looking. His eyes focused upon Mary in absolute astonishment. He took off his hat. And swelled, with a, "My dear!"

"Don't be despaired," he mumbled. "About my future."

"O.K.," Mary said. She pointed to the table. "It's down." If she had a small side of relief. So it was just a customer.

(Continued on Page 96)
GIVE A SHINING PIECE OF THE FUTURE!

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(Continued from Page 91)

She had already made up her mind what to do. She could help Mrs. Zaza to turn out to tell this yoked fortune; but for her own purposes she wanted to keep the seeress immobilized in the back room. Or else she could say to this clack that Mrs. Zaza was not receiving today; but she knew the old girl would hear her saying it, and so might come to another outcome. Mary sat down opposite the clear gray stare of this young man, and hastily tuck her flat-heeled shoes out of sight under the table.

"You are Madame Zaza?"

"You saw the sign," Mary said.

Brusquely she rubbed the crystal ball, mostly because it was dusty. But even then, all she could see, peering into it, was a sort of moonstone-cloudy effect in which the young man's stubbino chin floated—up-side down.

"All, all is mystery," Mary said in a die-away voice. "Yet Mary, my dears.

"Fine. How about my future?"

"In this room," Mary said, "you are in the presence of your future.

She had read somewhere that fortune-tellers sit up near their customers, and then go by shrewd guesses and by conversational leads. This young man was about twenty-three or four, only a little older than she herself. He had put his battered, sporty-looking hat on the table—upside down—and on the leather band inside Mary could make out the initials E.K.L. in worn gift stamping. So a very young man, with something of a careless-romantic air about him.

"You will have four children," Mary said firmly.

"But

Then he collected himself. "When does all this start?"

"He asked with a superior little smile. That startled blink, and the self-righteous question. So he was a bachelor. "You will be introduced to your future wife very soon," Mary said. To herself she thought, 'look like a man that.' It's really rather nice, poor lamb, and faitre, if ever I saw it, for any designing woman."

"M.E.L."

"But I must warn you," Mary said. "Be masterful from the very beginning. Kindly, of course, but let her know who's boss right away. If you want to impress her, I can see it."

"I hope this will make it easy for you a little, Mrs. Bexley."

"Not at all," she said. "And an air of silent attitude, let her know that there have been many women in your life. But never tell her anything definite about you, no matter how much she pleads."

"That, she thought, will just be a stroke in her wheel."

THANKS," said E.K.L. gratefully, "I'll remember."

"That's all," Mary said.

"You mean that all your future's going to tell?"

"That's a lot for fifty cents," Mary said.

"E.K.L. said, 'all right.' He fished a half-dollar out of his pocket, laid it on the table, and picked up his hat.

"One more word of advice," Mary said. "You should get some more from a fairly respectable background. You ought to get yourself together and stay out of disputable back alleys."

"Oh," he said faintly. "Yes, Thank you."

After the young man had gone, closing the door behind him, Mary went back into the inner room.

"Dearie," Mme. Zaza said from the bed, "you are A Friend in Need. I couldn't do better myself, except maybe string him along a little more."

"Sure I'm a friend," Mary said. "Here's something for you."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"You gave me a coarse turn, she said.

"I thought you were either a dangerous maniac, or else a real mad thing seeing. It ain't from the ceiling, honey. I wonder what such gawking at from the alley awhile back."

"If it wasn't from the ceiling, where is it now?"

Mary demurred with merciless feminine logic. "Right, behind you," Mme. Zaza said weakly.

Mary jumped, but when she whirled there was nothing there.

"No, no," Mme. Zaza said. "You're looking right at it. That's my ectoplasmic Dearie. Which materializes out of the Spirit World on Friday nights. So I can pass on her messages."

"I don't see anything,"

Mary said stoutly, though the roots of her blond curls were still strung inside her hat.

"Yes, you do. You're looking right at it," Mme. Zaza said again. "That there long, trailing robe, like. Which needed washing, so I just washed it today, there not being any clients. Look, honey, just walk over on the window stool—side of the clothesline—the window side—and have a real good look at it."

So Mary stepped around the limply draped garment and hung folded over the clothesline, and saw a thin rubber mask of a woman's face hanging there upside down. Because it was sewed, hooded, on the top of the dark, roadside effect. It had high-arched brows, a tragic painted mouth.

"See, it works on wires in the other room, there," Mme. Zaza said. "Because you're a friend, and already in the business, so to bless you and bring you good luck."

"How does it work?"

"Oh, I got some blue lights, sort of blurry like, and when I do right this, here ectoplasm just floats out. And a lot of income smoke. That helps. And I wish I never had to smell it again. This face floats on those there overhead wires I was telling you about. So Friday nights I rig it up, Mme. Zaza said.

"And then I wait,"

"Only, Mary said, "Business not so good?"

"Honey," Mme. Zaza said. "I'm going to tell you something else, because you both."

(Continued on Page 93)
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(Continued from Page 98)

So it was pretty late that Saturday night when Mary went across the back alley to see how her friend Kate Sullivan was getting along in the fortunes business. And by that time she had still another thing to worry about, for Kate Sullivan's sake. The first Sunday editions of the Tribune, the city's big morning paper, had carried the open-fire blast of a large civic-virtue crusade against a scourge of fortune-tellers and mediums which infest our city, preying upon credulous, trusting or sorrowing citizens. It was just another big boopie Tribune crusade, and it was nearly lost among the uproar about the gigantic art robbery; but it promised "full revelations of these evil parlor of sorcery" upon succeeding days, designed "to arouse public indignation." Mary didn't want to see poor old Kate pinched; and she knew that wearily resigned police always had to cooperate, a little at least, in newspaper crusades.

But Kate was very cheerful. She hadn't spent any of her precious change for newspapers. She had bought nourishing victuals. Mary was tired, awfully tired, and they just sat by the kitchen stove in the inner room and gossiped. With a cup of tea aperture.

"No further clients," Kate said. "But as I always think—in fact, dearie, I have modeled my life upon it—tomorrow is a better day. And I am not the worst off, not by any means, in this tumble-down old loony bin in a dark alley. We got a new tenant. Poor fellow."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's an artist. Everybody in the place feels sorry for him anyway, and he's only been here a week. I'm glad my profession is more practical, meeting the public. That is, when there is any public."

"Oh, well," Mary said drowsily. The tea was hot and restful.

Kate went on. "It's plain to see he is a starving young artist. You know, gaunt-like.

But kind of good looking at that," she said, "I seem him washing his brushes in the sink, awhile back this afternoon."

"M-m-m," Mary said.

"He's a hard worker, that I'm sure of. Kate said with a sentimental, pitying duet.

"Besides, the landlady, Mrs. Durfin, telling me. She likes him. She's a great listener, especially on new tenants. At their doors."

"I suppose landladies have to," Mary said, thinking about more important things. "What?"

"Sure. Plenty, Here, honey," Kate said proudly. "Let me have your cup. Mrs. Durfin was telling me, this young artist is a friend in there this afternoon. In his room. Another man, it was, and this other man was saying to the young artist: What? I says. You mean you only painted these pictures all day? he says. My, he must work fast," Kate Sullivan said.

"Well, I suppose maybe he has to," Ma said sleepily. After a long time, Mary sat up suddenly, spilling some of her tea. "What she said. "Where is that sink?"

"Why, it's the public mop sink like, aw at the far end of the hallway," Kate said, "Why, dearie! What's the—"

"But Mary was gone. Out through it black-hung screen room, and then tiptoe down the dark, bad-smelling hallway, lit by showing under the door's passage. These unknown people of the city byways were home, in this rabbit warren old building. Over the mop sink burned gas jet. Where the industrious artist was been washing his brushes, Mary bent over and looked carefully. There were traces colors left on the dirty white tile, but it was disappointed. They were the crude doped colors that sign painters use. There none of the purpentine-and-paint smell she

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it was a long ride, and all the way she kept thinking with horror that the Gazette was closed until Monday morning. Mr. Larrigan’s home was a small neat house in the suburbs. He himself came to the door, in carpet slippers.

“Wish, Mary,” he said. “Come in and meet the wife and me, E. F. commented. “Listen!” Mary said. “You remember that rooming house in the alley where you sent me? The fortuneteller’s.”

“Well, but—” Mr. Larrigan peered at her timidly.

“Listen!” Mary gasped again. “There’s something I read somewhere. A legend. When Titian—you know, the great painter—was in his old age in Venice, oh, terribly old, he started repainting some of the magnificent pictures he had painted long ago. He was fumbling then. Ruining them. So his students—this is the legend—taught him to make up their minds to save the great paintings of his youth. Sure, the old master could paint over, retouching, retouching, running. But his students mixed his colors with olive oil. So they would never dry. So this bad painting could be wiped off, leaving the master’s pieces untouched.”

Mr. Larrigan looked at her awhile. Then he said softly, “Mary, come in here and tell me all about this rooming house.”

So Mary did. In the living room, with Mrs. Larrigan beaming and nodding, Mary told him the whole story. All of it. From the very beginning—down to the mop sink.

When she had finished, Mr. Larrigan said, “And this would have to come up on Saturday night. On our off time.” To Mrs. Larrigan he explained patiently, “I think it’s the great art robbery, my love. Smart! A famous artist himself as a broke, unsuccessful artist. Oh smart! This is a new one! He’s made the perfect hide-out for a big crime. So the great masterpieces are whisked into this rooming house, and the poor young painter paints over the Rembrandts and so forth with olive oil, that will never dry. And in a day or so, a poor young artist that everybody feels sorry for, he moves away from there. With some varying, bad, wet daubs of his own painting. And so any trail there might be is utterly lost. And six great masterpieces are concealed—and how!”

“Jim!” Mrs. Larrigan said. “Remember your blood pressure!”

“Now, Mary,” Mr. Larrigan said in a practical voice, “we’ve got to save this. We’ve got to hold this until Monday morning. When we can smash it as an exclusive. You say this fortuneteller is a friend of yours now. Go back there, and stay there. Over Sunday. Watch that hallway. There will be a fast Gazette car parked at each end of the alley, and there will be good men in each one of them. Every minute. In case the artist tries to pull the getaway. You get to one of those cars, to trail him. There will be a crew in the Gazette office across the alley. You’ll have to tell the fortuneteller something, but don’t tell him the truth. I’ll see she gets a nice chunk of money, and a job too. In the circulation department. For life. This is up to you now, Mary. It’s your story.” As she left he patted her shoulder. “That rooming house!” Mr. Larrigan said complacently. “You always know where a story is breaking, have a peculiar sense that way.

But Mary knew more about women than Mr. Larrigan did. When she got back she told Kate Sullivan everything. Taking four-hour turns, one on guard and the other asleep, they watched that hallway all through, that night through the halfflapped crack in the fortuneteller’s door. With the belt hitched.

And all day Sunday.

Nothing whatever happened until around three o’clock Sunday afternoon. It was time to turn on watch, and she came back into the bedroom-kitchen in a panic.

“It’s a stranger!” she whispered. “I just looked away for a minute and there he was. Out of nowhere. He is probably a member of the gang. He seems very much at home here. He is in our fortunetelling room right now!”

Mary got up and went out. It was the tangle young man.

“All right,” she said. “I’m in despair again.”

“I do not give readings on Sunday,” she said.

“Yeah, but Madame Zaza, I thought she maybe for a friend—”

“No.”

“O.K.,” he said forlornly. “But I’ll round. I’ll be around once in a while for several days.”

With tightened lips Mary went back in the inner room, lay down on the neatly made bed, and turned her face to the wall.

At 5:45 that evening the artist came out of his room and washed his brushes in the sink, and then knocked on Mr. Larrigan’s door.

When he heard only hurr stirrings inside, a captain of detectives opens the door with his key. This man was smart, and as usual, and the light so dim Mr. Larrigan could not see his face. From then on nothing else happened.

So it came about at 5:30 Monday morning. Mr. Larrigan, the great policeman of rousting the chief of police out of bed telephone. And telling him where the nuns’s missing art treasures were to be found.

The actual raid, minutes later, was as quite as a spectator. Twenty detective three museum officials, five Gazette photographers, and Mary hailed on artist’s door. When he heard only hurr stirrings inside, a captain of detectives opened the door with the key. Then, sure of his way, he was smart, and tried to get into the green striped pajamas. And there were six glistening new paintings. Adobe and sandy Mary, worried until the museum officials lool reverently at the backs of them and identified the ancient canvases.

Handcuffed, the artist only sneered when the cops ranacked the place to try some lead to the other members of the gang.

“We know one other one,” Kate Sullivan said virtually in the doorway. “Tell Mr. Mary dear.”

“Oh,” Mary said calmly. “Well, there young man who’s been frequenting this place for no good reason.”

OFFICIAL pencils came out, official gr were bent upon her.

“He’s tall, and sandy-colored Mary said dully. “He’s good-looking—good-looking—and . . . and sensitive. Mantic even.”

“His initials are E.R.L.”

“How many goes are there in this story anyway?” the captain of detectives yelped and rushed for me other officers. The police bulletin out another. Described Within the hour, Mary knew in her heart, the police would be the great man hunt for E.R.L. As well as for others, already described by the main workmen.

So the Gazette smashed its great story—the most usual story in years. Mary’s by-line, and four solid pages of cartoons besides the big dramatic phot graphs spotted on pages one and two.

PINEAPPLE ON DAIK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY AYAN BROWN

Be sure it's
HAWAIIAN—
Be sure it’s
DOLE

Versatile is the word for luscious, crisp-co/8 Dole Crushed Pineapple! Its rich, juicy flavor adds real Hawaiian taste to any recipe.

This special-Hawaiian flavor is distinctly Dole! Savory in sparkling Juice, cheery Chucks and tender tidbits . . . a golden Dole Pineapple Slice with crisp, grated carrot, topped with tangy sour cream.
the story, Mary wrote and rewrote the story all day, with new hot leads for each edition. As the man hunt widened, Kate Sullivan was famous for a day; and Mary... Mary was tired.

At the end of the long roaring hours, Beth Adams, the society editor, stopped by her desk. (The last bulletin led was that expert

workers of the museum were successfully

wiping the olive-oil scenario off the fifth of the great masters.)

"Hello, baby," Beth Adams said. She was beautifully gowned because that night she was going to cover personally a big society

party. "Let's go down to the Dutchman's," she said.

They went through the composing room and down the back stairs and across the

alley, Beth Adams picking up her long skirts with one slender hand. There is a Dutch-

man's place, or its equivalent, in every city in America, where newspaper people—from

the night-working morning papers as well as from the day-toiling afternoons—frogether

for good but inexpensive food and beer just before payday. After payday, for a few days

ey eat and drink in the best restaurants of the city.

There was a fair-sized crowd when Beth and Mary lined up at the scarred, sticky old

bar with a large bowl of pais' knuckles within easy reach. Several people nodded or waved

to Beth, but Mary knew only the ones from the Gazette, because she was a newcomer in

the city.

Beth was turned half away, talking with a couple of men on the other side, when

Mary became conscious that someone else had come out of the crowd and was standing

close beside her. She looked up—at the face of her tall, sandy friend, E.K.

"Hi, Zaza," he said. "I see by the papers that your real name is Kate Sullivan. That's a

pretty name. It just suits you."

Beth Adams turned back to Mary. "Hello, Eddie," she said. "Mary, do you know Eddie

Lashan of the Tribune? Eddie, this is Mary O'Reilly."

Weakly, they both said, "Oh," and stood

there staring into each other's eyes. Casually,

Beth turned back to her conversation on the

other side.

"So you're doing the Tribune crusade

against fortune-tellers," Mary said.

"Yeah, and I learned a lot," Eddie said.

"I was going to be introduced to my future

wife very soon."

"You probably will be," Mary said aus-
terely.

"I have been," Eddie said. "Just now."

"You are silly," Mary said in a badly

shaken voice.

"We're going to have four children, dar-

ling," Eddie said dreamily.

Furious because she was blushing hotly,

Mary said, "Shut up."

"Don't talk to me like that," Eddie said

quietly. "I'm a kindly man—but you know

who's boss, right now. I'll not be henpecked.

Madame Zaza warned me about that too."

Faintly, looking at his nice stubborn jaw,

Mary thought, I sure cut out one heck of a

married life for myself... That is, of course,

if I do decide to marry him.

Eddie was staring down at her in an aloof,

silent way. Masterfully. Then he said, "We

might as well understand right now that

there have been women in my life."

I believe it, Mary thought. With a stab of

jealousy perfectly logical from a feminine

viewpoint, she thought, Why, he was even

glancing around a shady fortune-teller. In a back

alley.

"Now," Eddie said, "we thoroughly un-

derstand each other."

But I could manage him, Mary thought. If

I decided to marry him. Poor, simple lamb. I'd

take to use a few reasonable wiles and stratag-

ems, of course.

Eddie said. "We've got a date. Beginning

right now."

"No," she said. "I don't want to be seen

with you for a while."

Slowly, sweetly, Mary

smiled. "There's a big man hunt on for you.

Police bulletins, description and everything.

Phone me, say Thursday afternoon, if you

are still at large."
How often have you wished you could spend all of a holiday with your family, and not in the kitchen? This is particularly true at Christmas. The turkey has to be looked at, the creamed onions have a habit of scorching while you try to get the present and the donor together in order that the children may thank the right aunt for the right toy. Even a double boiler has a habit of dehydrating under the normal Christmas-spirit rush, and anyway the gravy has to be made. Why not cook your holiday meal a month in advance before presents and their wrappings are in the stores, before even the innumerable Santas appear to remind you constantly there are only—days to Christmas?

The secret, of course, is a freezer. I cook the whole meal before the rush begins, package it, wrap it, freeze it and forget it until Christmas Eve. Like most families, we are traditional about Christmas dinner; we have Frosty Fruit Cup
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing
Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce
Green Beans with Mushrooms
Creamed Onions
Mashed Hubbard Squash
Raw Vegetable Relish Tray
Hot Rolls
Christmas Pudding with Hard Sauce
Mincemeat Tarts
(Planned for 6-8)

This complete meal with the exception of the green beans is cooked in November. Recipes and instructions are simple to follow:
Peggy Rawlins Dorman

chop coarsely. Mix 3/4 cup butter
margarine; add 3/4 cup chopped onion
a cook until onion is transparent. Mix
other 10 cups dry bread crumbs, 1
chopped celery, 3 teaspoons salt, 3/4
scoop pepper and 2 teaspoons poultry
seasoning. Add chestnuts, onions
all the butter or margarine; toss to-
gther lightly. If you wish to make your
favorite stuffing, reduce your usual
out of poultry seasoning a bit and
r the chopped onions, as herb and
flavors are often accentuated in
freezing.

 Giblet Gravy

Use this as if you were going to serve
immediately, using half of the turkey
ings, giblet broth, cut-up giblets
rained chicken broth. Cook quickly.
in a freezer container, label and
.

Cranberry Sauce

{}13 cups whole washed cranberries
3/4 cup boiling water to which 1 cup
starch has been added. Cook until they
about 10 minutes. Cool and put
rzer container, label and freeze.

Creamed Onions

{}2 pounds white onions; make a
mark at one end. Cook in boiling
water with 1/2 teaspoon cream of
th added about 20 minutes or until
ures are tender. Drain. Combine with
ps thinned thickened cream mixture. We
ome family is particularly fond of
old-time dish, double the quantities.
{} into a 1-quart freezer container, label
and freeze.

Hubbard Squash

{}4 pounds Hubbard squash into
lices. Peel pieces. Cook until tender
about 30 minutes) in 2 cups boiling
water, covered. Drain. Mash and
en with turkey or margarine, salt and
re and a little hot cream. Cook. Put
rzer container, label and freeze.

Christmas Pudding

{}5/4 pound or 1 cup ground
1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup milk
2 well-beaten eggs. Sift together 3/4
flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda and 1
oon-cinnamon. Mix together 2 cups
white raisins, 1/2 cup chopped candied
pil, 1/4 cup chopped candied
pil, 1/2 cup finely cut citron, 1/4
ched dried Brazil nuts with 3/4
lour and 1 cup soft old bread

Add dry ingredients and fruit
ixture to wet mixture; blend well. In
the family tradition, I sterilize dishes
and stir them into the pudding mixture.
Pour into a well-greased and floured
31/2-quart mold with a tight-fitting cover
or with foil or two thicknesses of
paper; tie securely. Place on rack
in a deep kettle. Pour boiling water
in the mold; cover and steam 3 hours.

Add boiling water if water cooks
away. Cool. Wrap securely in freezer
foil, label and freeze.

Hard Sauce

Cream 1/2 cup butter. Gradually add 2
ep confections' sugar, a dash of salt
2 teaspoons vanilla. Beat until light
and fluffy. Put in freezer container,
labe and freeze.

Mincemeat Tarts

{}Make your favorite mincemeat tarts
ake completely. Cool and store
dividually in freezer foil, freeze.

To Serve the Meal on Christmas Day

Two or three days before Christmas,
take turkey out of your freezer to
swallow completely in freezer wrapping.
It requires 8 hours per pound for thawing
in the refrigerator. It is best to thaw in
the refrigerator to prevent danger of
spoilage. When the bird is totally thawed,
put slices of bacon across the breast and
put in a slow oven, 225 F., for 1 hour.
The drippings from the previous cooking,
poured over the bird, and the bacon
will serve to baste it. It is a good plan
to leave a coating of oil over the breast and
legs to keep them juicy and succulent.

Put your squash, onions, gravy, stuffing,
cranberry sauce, hard sauce from the
Pan in the freezer. The turkey is put in
the refrigerator the night before
in their packages and wrappings.
At the same time, remove pudding and tarts
which will thaw at room temperature.

On Christmas Day, the stuffing of
sauce and its foil cover can be heated
1 hour in the oven with the turkey;
remove cover after 45 minutes. Allow 1 1/2
hours' thawing time for the fruit cup;
break apart with a spoon as it thaws.
Serve in a semi-frozen stage, garnished
with pieces of maraschino cherry. Heat

(Continued on Page 179)
**CANDLEWICK**

**for your table beautiful**

Candlewick, and only Candlewick crystal glassware, has that family-round-the-edge design which catches all the light and brilliance, so beautifully frames the American hand-craftsmanship of the glass tableware. A candlewick makes this glorious new jelly that tastes like fresh fruit, by itself! And you can buy this orange jelly anywhere at any price, yet this new flavor sensation costs less than any jam or jelly you can buy. They pull down clouds when weather grows too warm.

**TAKES JUST 15 MINUTES!** And it's so easy! There's no fruit preparation ... no paraffining ... no special utensils necessary! And when you follow recipes carefully, results are terrific every time! 

**RECIPE FOR THIS THRILLING new jelly on page 109. **(Recipes featuring processed and fresh fruits with each Certo bottle or Sure-Jell package.)

**CERTO OR SURE-JELL**

**Take your choice ... a liquid or powdered fruit pectin product!**

**HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES—**

**Taste best...Cost less!**

*Certo and Sure-Jell—made from natural fruit pectin—nature's "jellying" substance found in varying amounts in all fruits.
At last... an easy “No-Cook” Marshmallow Frosting!

Quick... never fails... whip it up with KARO Syrup

Complete in 10 BIG sections... 80 pages, 6" x 9" size, gay full-color pictures, varnished water-resistant cover... Newest, improved easy recipes for better meals! ONLY 25c.

Not like other cook books but new—new—new! Planned to make your cooking easier... better! The new “no-cook” marshmallow frosting you see above is only one of the delicious recipes you’ll learn about for the first time in Jane Ashley’s wonderful new cook book.

All kinds of recipes for main dishes, salads and salad dressings, hot breads, desserts and cookies. Over 200 improved easy recipes and interesting variations.

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ACCEPT SPECIAL 25c OFFER: This big new 80-page cook book by Jane Ashley is yours for only 25c postpaid. A real bargain; and you don’t risk a penny because it’s guaranteed to please you, satisfy you, make your cooking easier... or your money back.

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**The Wear-Ever way to easier, better cooking**

Not only does Wear-Ever aluminum have strength and toughness that make it a lasting investment, it also helps control the absorption of heat for best results. That's one reason prize-winning chefs and bakers use Wear-Ever.

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It's so easy to bake perfect cookies, macaroons, biscuits. Ideal for cooling candies, too. 3 sizes.

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You'll find that the steady, even heat in a Wear-Ever aluminum pan bakes them so light and tender. 6 and 12 cup sizes.

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You'll use it for most loaves, nut breads, loaf cakes, frozen desserts. 9"x5"x2½"—80¢*

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See Wear-Ever on the ALCOA Program, "SEE IT NOW" over CBS-TV, every Sunday.

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*Prices subject to change.**

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- Baked apples**, Dumplings
- Old-fashioned Biscuit Pot Pie
- Upside-down Cake
- Biscuits, Johnnie Cake, etc.

Here's the answer

in an unbreakable, light, strong pan you'll delight in for years to come. Many more uses. Comes in 3 sizes. 13½"x9½"x2½"—$1.75*

**Bake and serve in Wear-Ever foil—no pan to wash**

*Western prices slightly higher.

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**Friendly to Food Wear-Ever Aluminum**

In the garden, dressed as she dressed. She had reached a rapidly interesting part. But she would need a week really to learn the business of being a housewife and her broom had an amorous short handle since Buddy had saved her for a gun.

She was ready to go when Buddy came in. He was a sight. He was crying and his eyes were smudged with cream and his face was smeared with it. That terrific Jones boy, he sniffled, "I feel like it.

Camilla looked at him. Suddenly a sharp light shot through her head. A kind of hate flashed across her face, and when it cleared, she saw her son plainly. A sniffling timid boy with a baby face and a rather beauty in his eyes.

Where's the cream?" asked Camilla in a high voice.

Well, you see, it came up and I said —

Camilla looked at him stonily. "You go and get that cream," she said. "And a big as you ought to be able to heat the boy like the fat Jones character. Go on, don't come back without a half pint every cream."

then a mouth fell open. He turned and ran. Camilla sat down calmly to wait for him to finish. Page 73 in the black book. She did not wonder when she would know she was a girl. She felt quite dazed with excitement. The repeated somehow the more important stations.

She was in the midst of one item when Roger's mother arrived.

My goodness!" said Mrs. Westlake. "Camilla, you're not going to have your fur coat last another winter.

Camilla, Sr., turned. She went into the bathroom and sank down on the sofa. Then rallied. "You always begrudge anything done for me," she said in the familiar aingle. Camilla gave her a dazzling smile. "Yes," she said. And the air bomb could not drop more suddenly.

her phone rang, and Camilla answered it. "Yes, in a voice that she did not realize as she ran the steps up the house, "Mrs. Westlake," she said, "you was just knocked my Henry down and he has a concussion of the skull. I am coming over as fast as I can."

"Camilla," I'd love to... up," she said breathlessly to her mother-in-law, "I will be back in a few minutes. Make sure you take care of yourself," she said. "And a drink," she added, with a te smile, "you always do."

she went off to the house down the hill with a very light and disturbing idea. Her words to Buddy had been a rapid rush, and she had been only a few dates—and had he ever followed an idea before? She whispered the fifth in her mind: "We must do it as she ran up the steps on the house.

a, how scared she had always been of Camilla! Now she noticed that she had never been afraid of the doorknob as she did it and walked right in. The boy had two sniffs in the face. "Ah, Mrs. Jones was setting up by the fireplace, tall, sallow.

I want you to hear just what your son began Mrs. Jones. "Totally unprepared attack, and when I ran out he went.

I'm convinced that he oughtn't to be there," commented Camilla.

He knocked me down on the cement.

Camilla gave a side look at her weary figure, and then turned to Mrs. Jones and smiled. "It's perfectly wonderful, she said, "I know you'll be glad to Junior put in his place for once. You do know everybody says he is the worst bully on Butternut Street, don't you, Mrs. Jones?"

Camilla made a gesture with her left hand, almost as if she were sewing and planning something. "And I'm glad, too, that Buddy isn't the coward I was afraid he was. It's all most beneficial, so now let's wash them up a bit and just have your cream get some more cream to replace the cream he spread all over Buddy. They can get sodas on the way back.

Mrs. Jones started to speak, her face flashed a deep red, and she took a step forward, then strangely enough enough to the kitchen where the boys mopped their faces, accepted some change from Camilla and went off together.

Mrs. Jones stood on the porch looking after Camilla as long as she could see her. Camilla could feel her eyes, so she turned and waved goodbye. "See you soon, my hair was just tired of being trapped all the time, like a poor little fish.

"Well, cut it under your hat."

"I shan't wear a hat," said Camilla. "And you'll tell a secret: I hate hats!"

"You'll be the only club member without one," predicted Mrs. Westlake, "and you'll be criticized and that isn't good for Roger."

"You've been telling me for eight years that if there is anything wrong for you to come on over and tell me," Camilla said to her. "Wouldn't it be funny if you turned out to be right?"

She laughed with delight. It was so wonderful to hear her voice and listen to words she never, never in the world could have said yesterday. They really ripped out, she thought with surprise. Who could have guessed what she might say next? Not Camilla. By the way, Roger's bringing a stuffy old archaeologist or an archaeologist or some kind of gift for dinner. They'll be home before I am, no doubt. You might mix them with a bit of dry sense. Roger wouldn't drink his without two olives."

"I never— I don't know how —"

"You'll find a picture in the cookbook. In the back, under Beverley, there is quite a picture. I do not know what she did double the gin and cut the vermouth in half," said Camilla airily. She looked for the black book, and tucked it under her arm. Then Camilla looked at the clock. "I'm only a little late. And you have a nice restful time looking at all the jewelry there now. Roger said just put to another plate, so we won't have to worry about dinner."

"What are you planning to have?"


BESSY'S Revolving Rack saves time—uses salt, also a simple-to-assemble dish rack. Two models are available: the one with 8 racks, and the other with 12. Recipe booklet with Certo bottle and Sure-Jell package. Also available—leaflet featuring new recipes made with frozen fruits and juices. Write to Frances Barton, Dept. L.N., Box 1880, New York, N.Y.

For more tips to serve, see Page 104.

Clip this recipe... not in Certo booklet.

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Buy! The quality. The ease of use. The speed. The effectiveness. The economy. And to top it all, the fact that it is the only product you'll ever need to buy again—ever again.
"it's a transfiguration. It's got so dull we all hate to come and waste our time. I feel we could get busy and clean up the town, be an influence in politics, change the school curriculum."

There was a shocked silence. Camilla looked at the Program Chairman and finished, "I think we have had reviews of Thomas Wolfe's Of Time and the River often enough."

She sat down. And felt really wonderful as the worst battle in the lifetime of the club raged around her. It turned out that a lot of the younger members agreed with her, and the Old Guard was forced to retreat in some disorder. Camilla bent her head and sneaked glances at Page 16, which was a little discouraging, because she didn't really want to go to the cemetery at night and make up little packets of grave dust. She'd have to use plastic freezer bags, she thought. And being a witch was worth almost anything. She was off in a dream when they elected her head of a committee to study the politics in Oak Valley.

It was the first time she had ever been elected to anything except potato masher for church suppers. Just wait, she thought, until I get around to interdicting the mayor about his income from those slums, and the school board about the lunches they serve at Riverview. She got home very late, because so many women wanted to talk to her after the meeting.

The house on Butternut was all lighted up. It was a good comfortable house and Camilla loved it, except that Roger always painted it mustard. Going up the steps, she decided to get the painters in the next day and paint it pink. A pink house would be such a change!

She was smiling a secret little smile as she ran in, dropped her bag and the book on the hall table. The mirror reflected her blown bright hair, dark eager eyes and smiling mouth.

Roger was cross. He introduced her stiffly to the man in the corner. The two men stood up and Camilla slid her eyes from one to the other. Roger was big and square and redheaded, and she loved him with a kind of fearful anxious love—that is, she had. Now she thought coolly. Well, the littletrumpet is leading a new life now.

Doctor Graham was tall and thin, and he was not an old thing at all, he was young and he had slanting dark eyes set well under a most intelligent brow. "Good nose, too, thought Camilla, nice to pinch."

"Where have you been?" asked Roger.

Camilla laughed. "More marriages have founded on that fatal question," she observed, "than you could count."

Roger's mother spoke hastily, "That is just right, Camilla."

"Are you agreeing with me?" asked Camilla.

"How simply wonderful," "I just wondered," said Roger, giving in at once.

"I've just been bewitching the Women's Club," said Camilla. "I'm going into politics, I guess. You won't know Oak Valley when we get through with it."

Doctor Graham said, "If women once get an idea of their power, any town changes."

"Life changes," said Camilla. "Now we'll just put an extra plate on and have dinner."

She smiled at Doctor Graham. "I'll just open a few cans."

Roger's face was the oddest color, not really green but verging on it. His mother, meek as a lamb, said, "I always feel pothuck is a fine thing. She stood up. "I'll set the table."

"Can't we all help?" asked Doctor Graham.

"Why not?" said Camilla, not looking at the horror in her husband's eyes. "Where's Buddy, by the way?"

Mrs. Westlake cleared her throat. "Mrs. Jones called up and asked if he could have supper with Junior. They are building an atom bomb and can't stop. They came and got Agnes to be a spy."

"I cannot understand it," said Roger. "We have never had anything but trouble with the Joneys."

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Doctor Graham was standing there, en route to the sofa, with the black book in his hand.

"Put that down," said Camilla sharply. He grinned at her. "I was wondering whose book this is. I've seen it before."

Camilla put the coffee pot down on the table and reached for the book. "It's mine," she said, "and it's a very private book."

"It's always a private book," he said, "but there's one thing I want to tell you about it."

Camilla clasped her hands and faced him, her eyes very bright. "What's that?"

"It's the wrong book," he said.

"You mean this book can't make a witch of you, Doctor Graham?"

Something came into his eyes and was hooded; was it pity or scorn? "You don't need it," he said. "Whatever you need, it isn't any help in being a witch. All you have to do is smile. I never in my life, I never—Well, anyway, you're trying to do research in the ancient and unrespectable art of magic, this book is merely a waste of your time."

Then they heard Roger banging around in the kitchen and Doctor Graham went on to the living room. He began to ask Mrs. Westlake about her favorite programs on the television and received a long analysis of all of them.

Camilla slipped out to the porch. The moon was climbing a very tranquil sky. The shadows of the moonlight and the trees made a quick pattern on all the lawns on Butternut Street.

The air was as soft as young love.

So I never was a witch at all, said Camilla.

I never was! All the day, the strange and wonderful day, it ever happened at all? But all the power she had felt, all that giddy light feeling—what was it? then, if not witchery?

The screen door creaked; it was rusty and made a querulous sound.

"Darling," said Roger, "where's the cork puller?"

"In the left drawer," said Camilla.

Inside, the television went on, for the benefit of Doctor Graham and Mrs. Westlake: Somebody was singing in a high tenor, "I'll take my love—"

Roger put his arms around Camilla and gave her a very hard squeeze. "You look just wonderful," he said. "There's something about you tonight."

"Camilla," she said against him. "I had quite a day," she said.

They went into the house, and Camilla sat down quietly at the soda while Roger cut the fruitcake and poured coffee instead of her doing it. She looked very hard at Doctor Graham and she tucked her lips in stubbornly. Who was he to know whether the book was wrong?

The real acid test would come tomorrow morning, she thought, when she began to wash the breakfast dishes and saw whether Roger's eggcup was filled with cigarette ashes or just simply with leftover egg yolk. And Camilla smiled to herself.

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In past years, doctors could do very little about nephrosis; today there are new drugs to fight it, new hope for parents.

New Hope in Nephrosis

By Dr. Herman N. Bendesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

Parents do not ordinarily think of kidney disease as a threat to their youngsters. And in fact it is not one of the commoner ailments of childhood. Yet it is not so uncommon as we doctors wish were the case. In poorer districts, particularly, where children have had faulty diets and inadequate medical attention, I have often seen the pale, wasted bodies of children with kidney dysfunction. I have seen it among the well fed and well cared for as well. And too many times afflicted children have come to us too late.

For nephrosis — the general name given the kinds of kidney disease most frequently contracted by children — is an insidious ailment. It remains hidden, sometimes for months, without the slightest effect on the parents. It is a disease that comes after the parents are aware that anything is amiss. Worse yet, in past years, there was very little we doctors could do about nephrosis when we knew of its presence.

But recently discovered drugs have now given us weapons with which to fight it. We still cannot promise that these will cure, but in many instances they help to keep the disease under control. Given time and the assistance needed, the child's own body has a chance to overcome the disease. At last we can give the parents of nephrotic children some worth-while hope to sustain them in the fight they themselves must make.

Even now the exact cause of kidney disease among children is not fully understood. It is evidently connected at least in part with some failure or disorder of metabolism, which is the body's process for using the foods we consume. More specifically, it seems evident that nephrosis arises when for some reason the child's body is not able to absorb protein and fat in the normal way.

What we do know is that if a child has nephrosis, examination of the blood and urine is likely to reveal a lack of normal proteins in the blood, and an abnormally small amount of protein substances in the urine.

The disease literally drains away the proteins needed to build bodily strength in growing children. When the condition is allowed to continue for a long period, malnutrition and anemia, with retarded growth and muscular development, will follow.

Edema, or swelling, occurs in certain areas of the body, caused by an accumulation of fluids which the kidneys fail to excrete properly. In severe cases, blood may appear in the urine, and the blood pressure goes up. Finally the heart is affected. Heart failure, in fact, causes most of the fatalities of kidney disease in children. In other cases, it is some secondary infection, such as pneumonia, influenza, or peritonitis, that deals the final blow.

Kidney disease lowers the resistance of victims, and hence makes them unusual susceptible to infections of all kinds.

(Continued on Page 111)

Doctor Bendesen's booklets, used by many thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

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That was the picture—and so gloomy a one that I dislike even presenting it for many years. But now sales and the antibiotic drugs aid us in dealing with the secondary infections, and thus save many lives. Amino acids, which are protein substances in concentrated form, can be taken by mouth or, if necessary, injected into a vein. They help avoid malnutrition, and consequent damage to the body structure.

Diuretics can be given to stimulate kidney action and prevent the accumulation of fluids.

And so we can now add nephrosis to the long list of diseases which, when discovered soon enough, in many instances can be held in check by skillful treatment. It is not likely that your child will develop nephrosis—the disease is not so common as all that. But if he should, early treatment will greatly increase his chances to live and to make a complete recovery.

Unfortunately, the very earliest symptoms of nephrosis are inclined to be deceiving. They may be no more than loss of appetite, irritability and or latitude. These occur in so many disorders of childhood, and in so many well children who are simply tired or emotionally upset, that too often they are dismissed without a second thought. But these might be symptoms of nephrosis. If behavior of this kind persists for more than a few days without some obvious explanation, ask your doctor to make a thorough examination of the child, including laboratory tests of the blood and urine.

In early nephrosis, too, a child may go for unusually long periods without urinating. Or, on the other hand, there may be abnormalities frequent urination. These conditions are hard to detect in diapered toddlers, and the disease occurs most often in youngsters two to four years of age. But if you think there is any irregularity in urinary habits, have the doctor investigate.

A third possible sign is persistently puffy eyelids; or swollen abdomen, feet or ankles. And of course if blood should appear in the urine, lose no time in getting your child to the doctor. (Rather rarely, beetles will color stool or urine red. But the doctor should be told of the incident in any event.)

If it is kidney dysfunction, the doctor can find it out quickly through testing of the blood and urine. It does not say that nephrotic youngster should be under close medical care present but he is pronounced entirely well. The doctor should be notified of any infection, no matter how slight it may appear, for any other bodily condition that may impair health and affect the kidneys should be attended to. For instance, infected tonsils and teeth should be removed as quickly as possible.

Aside from these things, the mother's chief responsibility will be close, but unworried, observation of the child's behavior and general condition. It will be necessary to regulate the patient's diet carefully, as the doctor directs, with the stress on lean meats, eggs, green beans and cereals. A minimum of salt should be used. With the addition of amino acids, if the doctor deems them necessary, a high-protein diet will help offset the protein loss caused by the disease.

In cases of severe edema, it may be necessary to make an incision in the abdomen to permit the excess fluid to drain away. This, of course, may mean that the child must remain in hospital for several days or weeks. Once he is strong enough to be out of bed, however, it is usually safe and desirable to have him at home. To permit as much activity as the doctor thinks is wise.

It will be a long flight, and it may be a hard one. Under the best of circumstances, the disease usually lasts from six months to as long as two or three years. I have even known cases which took five years or more to clear up. But these are rare, as they must occur as they would to any illness that goes on for months and months. Don't get upset or discouraged when the improvement takes a little longer than you expect. The child will feel much improved as the days go by, and will become discouraged and frightened too.

Satisfy yourself that your child is under competent, devoted medical supervision. The next best service you can render a youngster with nephrosis is to keep patient, calm and unafraid. Then's hope today that the effort will not be in vain.

DELEGATE IN A DRAFT

(Continued from Page 55)

who refused to take orders from the rich and powerful San Francisco county machine, already harassed by a tax scandal, and had devised a new method of selecting delegates by districts to the national convention. When that hadn't worked, they had rallied around Kefauver. With him as a symbol of anti-corruption, they had rolled up a two-to-one victory over the regulars in the June primary. When they headed for Chicago they were committed to stick with him until released. They felt they had a people's mandate to see that he won—California takes its primaries seriously.

And Vera does too. She would no more break faith with a voter than with her husband or child. A cootie teacher, she abandoned teaching because she felt she would be more valuable to the community in politics—clean politics.

"Give the people the facts," she says, "and they will choose wisely and well."

Her husband, Ray, a darkly good-looking man, was a three-terms office holder, urged her on. When she took four years off from politics during Joyce's childhood, he kept asking her when she was going back. "People of principle, like Bobbie, are needed in government," says Ray.

His hobby used to be planning and building beautiful houses for his family—but now his spare time is at Vera's disposal. Saturdays and Sundays when she is campaigning, he drives the car, handles the picture posters, corral people for her to talk to, and cases them up, so that they chat long, something which Vera is loath to do.

"He is a wonderful campaigner," Vera says.

"I suspect he likes it," Ray snorts, but smiles. Joyce, a ten-year-old replica of her blue-eyed winsome mother, also lends a hand, answering the phone, stamping letters, sometimes going campaigning. "I like places with benches best," she says.

Belt Joysie's campaign with Vera to the convention. The morning after Kefauver's defeat, as her mother kissed her awake, Joyce shook her head rapidly. "I'm so sorry he lost, Mommy," she said.

When Vera first thought about going to the convention, more than a year ago, she had been a West-side Democrat, a militant member of the county's Democratic Committee. But she had been a loyal worker, and a member of the county's Democratic Committee. And the convention committee, the state Democratic Committees agreed to support her, but Vera had to finance and organize her own campaign.

Despite the state's cross-filing system, she won the primary—the first Democrat to do so for this office in more than twenty years. Soon after the victory her finance chairman
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Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 & 63

Vogue Design No. 7841. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7710. "Easy-to-Make" cape-stole, sizes Medium (30-32-34) and Large (36-38-40), 55c.
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Vogue Design No. 7723, Blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 50c.
Even before the last cheers for Alben Barkley died away, though, Vera was hit by something of the same sense of futility that had threatened her earlier in the day—"a feeling of emptiness in the role assigned to the delegates in a game being played by powers invisible to us." Now it was the platform. From the rostrum an aging man was rumbling his way through the lengthy text, but Vera could hear only the rise and fall of the phrases, the low cadence of his voice—and not one clear passage. There were half-hearted attempts by the chair to get silence on the floor, but nothing came of them. The Democrats were in a noisy, logomachy, politicking mood.

When the voice vote came at the end of it, Vera burned her face in her hands. "I couldn't vote, in all honor," she said, "for I didn't know what was in it. Did anyone? One copy was passed out to each delegation—but there wasn't time for it to get around ours. It made me almost physically ill—the most important business of the convention next to balloting and we on the floor literally didn't know what we were doing."

The racing pace of a convention is too swift for any mood to linger long, however, and by the next morning Vera was cheerful again, looking forward to the nominations and the Kefauverites' first chance to show their strength as a unit. She tiptoed out of bed at seven, intent on getting both breakfast and the caucus under her belt before she came back and met Ray and Joyce, who planned to make their first visit to the convention hall that day. She had pressed her pink wool, a dress of Joyce's, whitened her shoes and curled her hair the night before. Despite the fact that it was two A.M. before she had returned from the hall, she had felt the need of putting her own house in order whether the convention's was or not. She had wanted also to eat, but could find no place open—"the Democrats stayed up late but the restaurants didn't."

She was in her place at the convention hall well before time for the scheduled opening at noon, eager to get on with the actual business of nomination.

All around were the signs and symbols of Kefauver. Balloons of every color bobbed and floated overhead (to the disgust of the TV camera men), placards were wedged between the chairs, confetti, noisemakers and coins-in caps already littered the floor and the galleries. At noon Alabama gave way to Georgia and touched off a half-hour Russell demonstration. Before its echoes had fully died away, Alaska had claimed its alphabetical rights and Kefauver was being nominated. Vera stood through the speech, her banner—"The Women of America Want Kefauver"—clutched in one hand, and as the file moved out into the aisles she followed the man ahead of her—and the silken golden flag of California ahead of him. Dwarfed by the procession, all she could see was backs, necks, heads and the bottoms of banners. She felt rather than heard the cheerleader bawling through the clarion, the music playing The Battle Hymn of the Republic. She made the wrong turning and got lost; she was jammed in with scores of others; she edged outward, she moved on—and then, suddenly she was thrilled and excited. "I was the one who wanted to keep the demonstrations to five minutes each," she said in amazement. "But this is wonderful!"

When she slid back into her seat, the pink of her cheeks matched the pink of her suit. "It's the first thing I've been able to do for Kefauver since I got here," she said laughingly. "I guess that's the secret of the demonstration's long life."

By six, however, she was more than ready to leave, but her friends stopped her, Stevenson's parade, they said, was next—and she must see that. Up in the gallery she could see Ray and Joyce still watching, and she stayed.

As two governors nominated their colleagues, scores of people leaped over the gallery railings and joined the delegates on the floor. Now many a state banner was seized and pushed into the parade—but not California's—and the din started. With
shocked eyes, Vera saw New Jersey join the marchers; she had not believed the reports that despite Kefauver's primary victory in that state, the delegation had switched to Stevenson. As they filed past her chair, she cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted, "Don't you have any respect for what the voters back home want?" She was mad clear through.

Out of the blue, now, another blow fell. Louisiana was being called—despite the fact that she was only to be allowed to "sit." Then, amid even greater uproar, Virginia was recognized and white-haired Governor Battle appeared on the rostrum. Virginia, he said, would sign no pledge—but he would promise that the Cabinet nominees would appear on the state ballot. It was moved that Virginia get full voting rights. There was a roll call. The North stood solid, and the count showed Virginia out. But the chair daddied in making the official announcement—and suddenly Illinois switched. Virginia was in.

The word whirled around the floor: "Stevenson wants them in." While Vera stood appalled, hundreds of delegates switched their votes. Not far away, the stocky figure of Jacob Arvey, Stevenson's friend and Illinois boss, could be seen—receiving congratulations on getting back from dinner just in time.

"No one could make me change my vote like that," Vera said hotly. "No one—not even Kefauver. What kind of delegates are they to turn an agreed-upon rule of the convention inside out to save a few electoral votes?"

She sat down frightened. Beside her, another Californian said cynically, "It's all over now. It's sewed up." Another told of seeing Ed Paulcy, California's oil millionaire, seated in the honor-guest section, even though he had been one of the regulars defeated by the Kefauver slate. Vera herself had seen the state's attorney on the floor, wearing not one official badge but two, despite the fact that he, too, was licked in the primary.

"Hail, hail, the machine's all here," a wit commented. "Put a plaque on the door—the Democrats slipped here!"

Her old friend and counselor, Sam Gardiner, slumped in his seat.

"Well, it's as well to vote Baa for all the good it does now," he said gloomily.

Around them, the convention rolled on. More nominations, more parades, more demonstrations, and more voting, this time on South Carolina. Finally, at two, after a fire broke out in the cluttered hall, the convention adjourned. Vera went back to her hotel room, sad and deeply resentful. She would have liked to wake Hay and talk to him, but it seemed a sorry thing to do. He had not the coldblooded stamina she had; he needed his sleep. Alone, she sat down by the window, near Joyce's cot, to think, to renew her faith in democracy and to study her fears. She had only a slim hope now that Kefauver would win.

Friday, at the California caucus, it was revealed that there were many others who didn't sleep either. Some 300 of the Kefauver and Harriman groups had argued until late in the morning.

Back in the convention hall, the first ballot went with agonizing slowness, with delegations after delegation asking to be polled. Kefauver came out ahead, but still far short of the majority needed to win the nomination. On the second ballot, he picked up a few more votes, and still led the field.

But before the third ballot began, the ax fell. Harriman announced his withdrawal from the race, and urged his supporters to vote for Stevenson. Cheers rocked the hall, but Vera's friends sat in stony loneliness. When California's turn came to vote, its broad-shouldered, dark-haired chairman, George Miller, seized the mike and cried, "California is faithful to the people of California who chose Kefauver. We cast our sixty-eight votes for Estes Kefauver."

The ballot dragged on, Michigan switched to Stevenson, followed by Minnesota. At the end, Vera's tally showed Stevenson on the edge of victory. Then the chairman permit-

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Best Seller, 7 to 1, Because it's Best for You! The hairdressing women prefer above all others. The one beauty experts recommend. At all beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.
Kefauver to step forward from the rear of the speaker’s platform, where he had been sitting more than an hour for a chance to talk. Madly California cheered, sending their roar topped with a coonskin hat to the feet of the rostrum. Then, while Vera waited, Kefauver waved to them and then, in measured tones, withdrew his candidacy and told his supporters to vote for Stevenson—"who is qualified in every respect." The man recognized Utah, which switched. Stevenson was in with one vote to spare. Russell and the chairman declared Stevenson’s victory "unanimous." California yelled "No!" again, Vera standing on her chair, clapping her mouth with her hands. Astonished, the chairman changed his statement to victory by acclamation.

For an hour, then, while the hall waited for President Truman and Governor Stevenson to arrive, the band played. Truman finally praised the convention’s choice, and Stevenson stepped forward. I accept your nomination and your pronouncement, he said—and the holdouts capitulated. Vera cheered along with the rest. Can’t help but like that man when I see him," she said, "but I don’t think I’ll ever get that he was honestly drafted.

That day was waiting for her that night. He had seen Joyce in about ten and watched the convention winding on the TV set of a friend down the hall. He was more up to scratch than Vera.

To think Kefauver lost to a man who isn’t even a millionaire," Vera said, "who believed the whole democratic processes—and funded a draft! Maybe Kefauver will get the vice-presidency," Ray said. Kefauver didn’t seem to have had any stomach for it at all. "Under no circumstances would he accept it, but there were whispers that he hadn’t been asked. He was about to hold a breakfast for his supporters, and when the coffee cups were empty, he took his place on the platform.

When he saw Vera he couldn’t keep his hands on her shoulders and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. "It was a good fight," he said. Vera blinked back her tears. "Maybe next time," she said.

The Schultzes drove out of the city Sunday evening. Joyce cuddled beside her mother, fingering her hand, Ray again at the wheel. They had had joyous plans for this return—a visit to Glacier Park, a tour through Columbia River gorge, a ride down the mountain highway leading out of Seattle. For two days they tried to have fun. "Let’s just go home," Joyce said on Tuesday, voicing the thoughts of all. "Everything’s nicer there."

For three weeks after they got home, Vera’s heart was heavy. She was pleased when George Miller was elected state chairman, and interested in his remarks that complaints about a machine victory in Chicago were "cry-baby talk." She laughed skeptically when the old guard formed a "Volunteer’s Organization for Stevenson." "A professional organization, they ought to call it," she said.

She attended a luncheon called by the representative of the Women’s Division of the party, and explained that she couldn’t help running the local campaign for Stevenson because of her own candidacy. When her alternate, Nancy Strawbridge, was picked to work in the Marin County campaign, she was glad. Nancy was on fire to be a full-fledged politician. "We need her," Vera said. "The more fresh, eager young people we get who know the score, the less chance there will be we’ll have another convention like that one."

She gave an interview to the local paper about the fact that she thought Stevenson’s choice was a fine man, also that she thought he was "thrust down our throats" by "the old-line politicians and the big-city machinists who made pawns of the delegates."

"How can you criticize the party like that?" one friend said. "You are so right," another delegate said. "I’d have lost all faith in you if you hadn’t told the truth about what happened.

The interview marked the turning point in her conflict. Now that she had her protests off her chest, on the record, she felt free to turn her back on the convention and face the choice that now lay before her. "And of course, being me," she said, "as soon as I did that I hadn’t any choice. The Democratic platform comes out so much more clearly for specific issues and important principles than the Republican platform that there is no comparison between the two for me. Machine politics operate powerfully in both parties. The resistance against them must come from within, so I’ll stay in my party and fight. As for corruption—Stevenson’s record as governor shows no corruption, and I believe he’ll do what he says he will—clean up that mess in Washington. It’s the individual’s qualities that determine his fitness for public office, and Stevenson is obviously a man of such courage and high intelligence that I think he will take his place among the great men of history." THE END

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Spectacular Result-line—new Contour Facial (with or without hormones) by Dorothy Gray—use it in conjunction with your favorite Dorothy Gray Emollient Cream or Lotion.
DELICIOUS oyster pie is hard to beat as the main dish for a cold-weather buffet party. It's a festive dish, but easy to prepare, which makes it ideal for our purpose, so let's settle for oyster pie and plan a menu around it.

This will be a fairly simple meal, so we can indulge in both a hot and a cold hors d’oeuvre. The hot will be Braunschweiger (a well-seasoned liverwurst—your butcher will recognize the name) and bacon balls. The little balls of Braunschweiger are wrapped in bacon and broiled, and do make plenty because they're sure to be popular. For a cold hors d’oeuvre, boat-shaped pieces of crisp green pepper filled with an onion-and-cream-cheese mixture and topped with caviar will provide a nice contrast.

Now the pièce de résistance, oyster pie. The filling will be made of oysters, mushrooms, ground smoked ham and sauce, and the top will be puffy piecrust. Real puff paste is fine for the top, but it's such a nuisance to make that I worked out an easy recipe for the

(Continued on Page 176)
The freshening tang of Pineapple wakes up your taste at any meal, in any dish. Canned for you 5 wonderful ways... as golden juice and varied fruit cuts... Pineapple's the good companion of America's good-eating! Nature stores her most refreshing flavor in this tropic fruit.

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CHUNKS

TIDBITS

CRUSHED
"I was kept late with Valerie, daddy. I had a puncture. This man shouted the wheel for me, so I gave him a lift."

Her father looked me up and down. He said sniffly, "Very well. I'm much obliged to you tonight."

The girl said good night to me a bit more graciously, and they moved off. I could see she was walking to get a taxi home and a bit anxious about risking her safety with a tough like me.

I stood there looking after them. They'd already almost forgotten me. It was minutes before I knew I was still holding one of the coins she had given me. It was a half crown.

The police picked me up next morning after eleven. Was I the man who had changed a wheel for Miss Durnley and had been given a lift afterward? Well, I'd come along to the station, then? Miss Durnley had lost a diamond bracelet and I was wanted for questioning.

"Perhaps she'll be waiting at the station to accuse me. But when I got there there was no one but a sergeant and another policeman. They asked me the usual questions, and then said, was I willing to be searched?"

When they'd finished the sergeant went to the outer office and took his telephone. He came back and said, "All right, son, you can go. We're not going to make a charge about it."

I said, "Thanks. Shall I leave a forwarding address?"

"If you'll take my tip," said the sergeant, "you'll keep your tongue a bit quieter; otherwise these days it'll lead you into trouble."

I went down the steps of the police station, shaking the half crown in my hand; and down in my hand. I thought with the arrogance of a young man, "Saturday... maybe... but of course I never seriously believed it would happen."

And of course it never did happen in the least as I vaguely imagined then; and it was nine years before it happened at all. By then everything had changed for me, and I was a more or less respectable member of the insurance world.

Although I went into the war determined to do my worst, the life in a queer way suited me, and Michael Abercrombie was responsible for the rest. I met him in Haifa, and after it was all over he offered me a job in his father's firm of insurance adjusters.

I remember, after meeting his father that first morning, we went out and discussed it over a cup of coffee. He tried to explain what the business was; that when a firm or a private person suffered loss or damage, an adjuster was engaged to examine and assess the loss and adjust the claim so that it was acceptable to both parties.

"My uncle died about eight years ago," Michael said, "and to be quite frank, dad's a bit of a freak in this profession. For a certain type of claim he's perfect; but for other work, where one needs a tougher, stronger character, he's no good. As for me, I'm too much like dad in the wrong way. We need an opponent, leading man.

"Should I be flattered or insulted?"

"He didn't laugh. "A bit of both, perhaps. We need a man of absolute integrity, pleasant to meet, but able to put over a strong line where it's necessary. Of course, from another angle, you may not be open even to consider the job. It's a big change from being second in command of your battalion to rushing off to see if Mrs. Smith's fur coat really was damaged beyond repair when the water main burst."

We got up and went out. I thought, Well, it's not eight years since you passed the night in Stirling workhouse; if it's a matter much more since you did seven days for hitting a policeman in the eye; it's not twelve since your father turned on the gas and you came in and found him.

At that point, I nearly turned the offer down. Another man I'd met, a New Zealander, had suggested I should go out there. It's queer to think how much can hinge on one decision. Because if I had gone to New Zealand I should never have seen Sarah Durnley again.

I'd been working more or less successfully in the City for two years when a report came through of a fire in a manor house in Kent. I went down and left my car outside the gatehouse and walked up to a big law, moldering, overgrown, and covered with yew trees and formal gardens; and the door was opened by a plump man in tweeds who said he was Mr. Tracey Moreton, the owner, and would I come in.

"We've nothing dramatic to show you," he said. "The smoke woke us and we were able to keep the fire under until the brigade came. The damage is chiefly in one room."

He led me into a room at the back of the hall, and there was the usual sort of mess; blackened furniture, and curtains hanging in a hole somewhere."

"Apparently there was a fault in this chimney," he said. "The firemen say one of the beams has probably been smoking for weeks, but last night it burst out on the store cupboard that backs onto this room from the kitchens, and the smoke caught alright." He coughed. "If you'll excuse me, I'll wait outside. The smoke gets in my chest."

I had a good look round, the furniture was badly charred, but there was no real structural damage except what the firemen had done breaking open the windows. When I found Mr. Tracey Moreton again he led me to a big drawing room at the other side of the house and poured me a whisky and soda."

"I said, "It's been a lucky escape. If there'd been more draft you'd have had no home today."

"There was a Birket Foster. It's a bitter blow to lose that."

"I noticed two pictures. One was a sea scene, but they were both badly burned."

"The sea scene was a cheap print. The Foster was of the mill and spinney which used to be at the back of this house. It was specially commissioned by my grandfather."

He lit a cigarette but didn't offer me one. After a minute the whiff of some herbal mix- ture told me why.

"Have you any idea of its value, Mr. Moreton?"

"I think it was put at five hundred when the insurance was taken out, but its sentimental value's a lot more to me. I have the policy somewhere. But no—of course, it's at my solicitor's."

"Doesn't matter, I'll check when I get back to Town. About the damage to the house, but I had no fire insurance.

I didn't finish because a young woman came in carrying yellow chrysanthemums. She stopped when she saw me.

"Oh, sorry, I thought—"

He said casually, "This is Mr.—er—oh, yes, Tracey Moreton, who's about the insurance. My wife."

We muttered the usual sort of polite words, and she went across to the grand piano and began sticking the flowers into a tall vase. She didn't recognize me. But I knew her at once. It was just as if somewhere in my mind all the details had been stored and shut away and the sight of her opened them up.

After I'd finished my drink I went back to the study and took a detailed inventory of the damage. With Birket Foster's Mill and Spinney he reckoned in, my first estimate was a lot wider of the mark.
Before I left I saw Tracey Moreton again, and he said, "Were you in the Eighth Army?"

"Yes... Why?"

He shrugged. "Some expression you used. I was shot down over Tobruk in June, '42."

"I didn't go out until the end of '42. Were you there later?"

"No. I was living at the expense of the Italian government."

It's always the same when that sort of thing crops up. He'd been polite before, but bored. Now he had a more friendly tone. He came to me at the door, and I left him there.

I crossed the square and looked across the grounds. Behind the house were two greenhouses and some potting sheds. I saw someone moving in one of the greenhouses. It was Mrs. Tracey Moreton.

Looking back on the moment, it does seem to me that I got a feeling of the importance of what I did next. I could turn and go out to my car and drive away, and that would be the end. Or I could walk up to the greenhouse, and after that it would be too late.

I went up to the greenhouse.

For a few seconds she didn't see me, and I looked at her. She'd fished off to slimness; narrow waist, dark lashed, a lovely mouth; her hair was shorter and done differently, was slightly ruffled and shining.

She turned quickly and saw me. "Are you looking for my husband?"

"No... I saw you here. I came to pay an old debt." I put my hand in my pocket and took out a half crown. "Before you were married your name was Darnley, wasn't it? Sarah Darnley?"

That evidently decided her she didn't have a lunatic to deal with. "I'm sorry—I don't remember you. What did you say your name was?"

"You never knew it." I put the half crown on the wooden bench. "You gave me this in 1963. Or do you think I remember a pencmark on a lonely road?

Her eyes were slightly dark than her hair and lashes, intelligent and warm, but a bit secret, as if she'd learned to play it that way. "I do remember one thing that happened to me. But I don't think..." She hesitated.

"You aren't—Heaven's yes."

We stared at each other for a second. I said, "Did you ever find the bracelet?"

She must have been remembering. "I can't tell you how sorry we were about that—afterward—when it was too late. The bracelet was found near where I'd had the puncture. The thing must have dropped off when I was struggling with the wheel before you came. The clasp was always a bit unreliable."

"So are tramps," I said.

She flushed. "I'm very sorry. I wasn't to know—we weren't to know that you were just an ordinary man of the road."

"But I was."

You couldn't have been, or you wouldn't be so much changed."

I stared at the half crown. "I think maybe it brought me luck. Perhaps now it'll do the same for you. Anyway, thanks for the loan."

I turned to go, but at the door she said: "Wait."

I stopped.

She said, "I don't know your name."

"Oliver Brannell."

Her eyes went quietly over me. "I'm very sorry you were put in that position over the bracelet."

"Forget it."

"Then will you forget this money too? You must see."

She picked up the coin and held it out to me.

"No."

I smiled briefly. "I don't see. It's yours now, Mrs. Moreton. I like to pay my debts."

The next week I went down again to get the thing settled up. As before, Tracey Moreton let me in, and we talked business for a time. After we'd done all we could Moreton turned to me. "I believe you'd met my wife once before."

Somehow I hadn't expected her to bother to tell him.

"Yes. She didn't remember me."
New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Outdoors or indoors, good times and good grooming go hand in hand. So stay nice to be near. Guard against underarm perspiration odor with new finer Mum!

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Delicately fragrant new Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

He rubbed his middle finger along the line of his mustache. “Were you in the Rifle Brigade?”

“No, the K.R.C.R.”

He coughed as we went toward the door. “I’ve not been in circulation since the war. Exposure brought on asthma. It’s hereditary. Of course. Come and have lunch with us sometime.”

“I couldn’t have been more surprised.”

“Thank you. I’d like to.”

His eyes traveled incuriously over my face.

“Sunday?”

“You think you very much.”

It had been a good October, and Sunday was the best day of the month. Elliott, the butler, opened the door. As I was looking at a small French picture in the drawing room Tracey Moreton came in with an older woman.

“Glad to see you, Branwell. Admiring my Waitteau?” He stepped to get his breath.

“Mayn’t introduce you to my mother? This is Major Branwell, mother.”

So he’d got to know that somewhere. Mrs. Moreton was tall and fainly lined and rather puffy; but all the same she gave me the impression of alertness and vigor.

“My son’s spoken of you, Major Branwell. I believe you were in New Africa together.”

“I said, ‘Well, in the same area. But I’m afraid my army rank’s out of date.’

‘I don’t think that sort of thing is ever out of date,’ she replied.

At that moment Sarah came in, and there was the usual conversation. We went in to lunch half way through in it. Moreton’s breathing became worse, and, refusing Sarah’s offer to get him something, he went out.

“‘It’s been the same all this month,’” Sarah said to Mrs. Moreton. “‘The adenalin wears off quicker each time.’

I didn’t say anything, but I suppose they thought I had to have it explained to me.

Mrs. Moreton said, “He was in the water nine hours. That began it. That, I suppose, and the long intermission.”

“Have you another son, Mrs. Moreton?”

I asked.

She smiled. “Yes, the barrister. He served in the Guards, like his father before him. But he was luckier than his father. His husband! He was lucky!”

When Tracey Moreton came back in five minutes he seemed a lot better, and after lunch he insisted on showing me the rest of the house. Halfway up the stairs I stopped to look at another picture: it was of the three Wise Men bringing their gifts at the Nativity. It was a good rather old canvas, and if I remember, there are only three or four pictures in the house worth anything. My grandfather thought nothing of that, but I’ve just had it restored. It’s by Filippino Lippi, about 1500. The one over there on the other side is an early Constable.

Upstairs was more of a warren than down. “It’s a burden round my neck, but if it came to the point I wouldn’t part with it. Not now, when I can earn nothing for its upkeep.”

“What about the war?”

He made his usual face, as if he’d tasted something nasty. “Before the war I didn’t need to work—at least not in the way most people do. During the war the very grateful government has made it necessary. But now I can’t. Shall we go down?”

While we were talking the two visitors had come, and one of them was standing with his back to the fire drinking coffee. He was a big, homely, rather pop-eyed man of about the same age as the gray hair and a thick yellow silk tie. The other was a dark, quite pretty girl, with a chiffon scarf round her neck. Clive Fisher was the man’s name, and the girl was his sister, Ambrose.

“Clive is the uncrowned comissar of good taste in the county of Kent,” Tracey said. “When my Lippi came back I knew that only his approval would make it possible for me to hang it again.”

“No merely any approval,” said Clive.

“There are standards that anyone can apply. Any reasonable person, that is.”

I listened to the discussion, but didn’t join in. Culture, for what it was worth, was coming to me late and piecemeal.

Fisher seemed very much at home, and I gathered that he was a sort of artist. If you could judge from his clothes, he did pretty well out of it. Suddenly I’d no wish to say anything longer, and I got up. I thought Sarah would stay with the Fishers, but instead she walked with Tracey and me to the door.

It was the week after that I met Miss Latchen. There was a burglary claim in Pimms Street, and I called on the way home to see the owner and assess the loss.

The owner, Mrs. Latchen, was in, but a maid said that Mrs. Latchen would see me. So after being shown the living room with its surprising wealth of white furniture and inspecting the broken catch on the window and seeing the cupboard when the Georgian silver had been taken, I followed the maid upstairs to a bedroom. The woman bed said:

“Do sit down, Mr.—er— I know you excuse it. I’ve had a headache ever since morning. You know what it’s like when you’re wakened two hours before your usual time.”

Mrs. Latchen was a blonde of above twenty-seven with heavy eyes, a nice nose and a sullen mouth. She wore an ivory satin nightdress, to match the curtains, and the long peach-colored fingernails.

We talked. She said Gerald was away under a doctor’s advice, as he knew of the loss of his Georgian silver. No, nothing else had happened personally, she wouldn’t have any tears over the loss.

When I heard the front door close I was ordered it was the maid taking her even off. Mrs. Latchen asked me to pour her a drink and when I’d done so she nodded her shaggy page-boy head in approval.

“You mix a good drink, Mr. Oliver Braywell. I’m glad you came.”

It didn’t seem to me that the conversation was moving in the right direction. I got my feet and said, “Well, thank you for the drink. I have all the particulars I need and—”

“Tell me,” she said. “Do all insurance men come like you?”

“What way?”

"Strd—thirteen stone, nice hair, cold gray eyes.”

“You’re over on my weight. And then?”

“Not as good-looking.”

“Oh, much better-looking.”

“All the same,” she said, “I bet you can hear if you really let up on that expression.”

I said, “I said might say the same about you. How do you drink your water. What are we waiting for then?”

“You husband, probably.”

I gave her time but when I turned up her eyes had his brown button. She said, “My husband’s in Scotland. I shouldn’t bank it on you. It’s not a good looking.”

There was a minute’s silence. She put I glass down carefully on the table beside I bottle of water. I said, “I hope you drink your water and your own way out.”

I thought it better to say nothing to it I bade her good night, but she didn’t know I was the one man she had to find. I found my own way out.

Delahaye’s is in Bond Street, and I just five or the following Friday Sarah cashed and headed away from me. She walked with the quick ease of flat-heeled shoes, a smile. I knew he could have come before me.

“Is it you,” I said. “I was off to get my tea. Perhaps you’d join me.”

She seemed as if she was going to object but instead she gave in, and I led her across to a cafe in the other side. She was wearing a sort of burgundy-red coat with wide sleeves and a little round hat of one same color with a shiny black pin in it. She had her legs crossed, and was sitting at the table.

As we sat down I said, “As a matter fact, I’d been waiting outside Delahaye’s years.”

She put down her bag, took off her glow folded them, pulled up the menu and sat at it.

“Does that amuse you?” I said.

“Why should it?” She flashed a bit but she didn’t look up.

The waitress came and I ordered tea and toasted scones. Alone with Sarah like this.

(Continued on Page 137.)
"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and by the time we got back from our ferry boat ride I knew I was in for trouble.

"We'd been having such fun I completely forgot about putting on gloves or a hat. My hands and face were chapped raw! Fortunately, at home there was soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!

"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand you've smoothed with Jergens Lotion, as it will with oily lotions or creams that just coat the skin with a greasy film.

"When Steve took me buggy riding in Central Park next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder screen stars choose Jergens 7 to 1. It's so quick and easy to use!

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your skin lovely, too. You'll find it protects against roughness and winter chap — for only pennies a day. Jergens Lotion costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.
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THE NEW AUTOMATIC

GAS—The modern fuel for automatic cooking...refrigeration...water-heating...house-heating...air-conditioning...clothes-drying...incineration...etc.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION
was as unsure of myself as I'd ever been in my life.  
"You've worked at Delahaye's for some time?"
"About eighteen months."
"I suppose it's a nice sort of hobby."
"Oh, it's more than that. We need what I earn. Have you any idea how much it costs to live at Louis Manor?"
I shook my head. "I'm sorry. Your concerns—"
"There's nothing to hide. Tracey's father died in 1940, and the death duties meant sacrificing his investments. Taxes have gone up and up ever since."
"When we met before the war, didn't you tell me you were studying ballet?"
"Oh, you remember that? I didn't carry on when the war came. In any case, I think it was too late, I hadn't started early enough."

The waitress brought the tea. I watched Sarah's hands as she poured it.

"And your father?"
"He sold our house and lives in London now."

We drank our tea. Something in our talk had helped. At least it had helped me. I had stopped sweating, feeling uncomely.

"And why did you want to see me?"

A CHARM there. "Old time's sake. . . . I wanted to. Isn't that a good enough reason?"
"Not for waiting."

I said, "When I met you that night you were like something out of a different world. Now our world are at least speaking terms. That pleases me where it hurts me."

"In 1940," Sarah told me. "Tracey was a squadron leader."
"He's a good lot older than you."

"Yes."

"And then?"
"Oh . . . that's all there is, really. And you wish you'd tell me how it happened, this change in you?"

"Is there such a change?"

"Yes. . . . O. . . . yes."

I was silent for a bit. "There really isn't anything to tell. Things happened by accident. After the retreat from El Aghila I got chivied into taking a commission. When it was over, Michael Abercornicke offered me this job."

"Who's he?"
"Well, my boss, in a way, and my friend."

"Oh, very. He's all the things that I'm not."

"And what are you not?"

I met her eyes and smiled. "Cultured. . . . charming. . . . understandable. . . . good."

"Don't you find it hard work, being none of those things?"

"No. . . . I just sit back and let it come."

There was a short silence. "I'm going, Oliver." The name seemed to slip out.

With a feeling of warmth I said, "I'll drive you down."

"No, of course not—thank you. I expect Tracey will meet me at the station."

I got the bill and waited while she pulled on her thigh-high gloves. As I looked at her, I knew I felt about her as I'd never remotely felt about any woman before. I wondered if she knew it, the way women are supposed to know. If this was falling in love, then I'd done something for which my talents were very ill-suited, but I knew that the choice was no longer mine.

I saw Sarah a couple more times that winter, though not alone. The following July I was invited down to Louis Manor for a week end. It was the first and only time.

Toward the end of breakfast Sarah got up and went to the sideboard. Her spaniel, Trixie, who had been watching from a corner, rose and shook herself and was ready to be picked up.  

"Do you ride, Oliver?" Sarah asked.

"I've been on a horse twice," I told her.  

"Why?"

"I thought you might like to see a bit of the countryside."

"With you and Tracey?"

"No, just me . . . we usually get hikes from the village. They're very docile."

Carefully casual, I said, "I should like that very much."

When I saw the horses they looked as high as churches, and I realized Sarah's idea of a back was quite different from mine. We went out of the main gates and turned up a narrow lane. After a few yards Sarah held on her horse until I came wobbling abreast of her.

"All right?" she asked, smiling.

"More or less," I said as I felt the careful grin.

We followed the lane about half a mile, and through a farmyard, which Sarah said was Lowis Farm, the last one owned by them now.

"There used to be eight," she said, "and part of the village too. It was wretched luck; most of the property had to be sold at the worst time, just before things shot up in value. Some of it has been resold since at four times more than we were given for it."

At length we turned for home and she said, "D'you mind if I go on, just as far as that wood? I think Fredly would enjoy the gallop."

I said, no, of course I didn't mind; and watched her go off across the fields, her blouses rippling and her hair streaming, and Trixie scuttling behind. My gray brute wanted to follow. After checking him twice I thought, "Hooray, why should I be left behind?"

and gave him head.

I went through all the symptoms of diving and crash-landing twenty times a minute, and the ground thundersed away below like someone trying to rip a carpet from under the horse's hoofs. The trees got nearer. I pulled on the reins and the brute's wicked head came half up, and we plunged into the wood.

Sarah found me among the foxgloves. "Oliver, are you all right?"

I tried to rub a dash of lichen on my shirt. "That horse had its intention in its eyes from the minute I got on."

We stared at each other for a moment and then both burst out laughing. She helped me to my feet, and I didn't seem to have broken anything. We found my horse grazing peacefully at the far side of the copse. Then we sat on the grass for a rest.

She lay back against the trunk of a fallen tree, her cream silk blouse open at the neck. The ride had brought a flush of color to her cheeks.

I said suddenly, on impulse, "Are you happy, Sarah?"

She sat up and rubbed a finger along her brow. "What if you mean by happy? Who is it? There are times when I'm happy, times when I'm not."

I said, "But doesn't one ever strike a balance?"

She straightened her brows. "A balance? It sounds like the text for a sermon. Prepare to meet your Audience face to face. Very solemn."

"As a man who at one time was suspected of pinching your bracelet—"

She looked at me quickly and smiled, but didn't speak.

"You were my mascot during the war. That half crown. You brought me luck." I hesitated, and then decided to go on playing with fire. "It entitles me, don't you think, to take a few liberties."

"I haven't noticed any. Are they to come?"

I stared at her profile. "Sometimes. I told her, 'one wonders if there isn't a sort of frustration in the people's lives—" people who seem to have too much that isn't used, that doesn't have a chance to express itself. That's why I asked."

"Because I've compromized in the old-fashioned way by getting married and sticking to my contract?" Her voice was cool and not very friendly. "D'you seriously think the other way would have been better? By now I should have been a prima ballerina, earning six pounds a week in the corps de ballet. Is that the sort of fulfillment you've had prescribed?"

"I wasn't criticizing—or giving advice. All I asked you was, are you happy?"

"The answer's no," she said. "Do you propose to do anything about it?"

I said, "Is there anything I can do?"

She picked up her crop. Then she raised her hand to push back her hair. It was a sudden gesture.
Pop it Fluffier in Wesson Oil

Puffiest, tastiest popcorn you ever made! Pure, sparkling Wesson Oil distributes the heat evenly—coats each kernel with the lightness and delicacy of finest salad oil. Notice how Wesson brings out all the delicate flavor of fresh popped corn—and makes it so tender all the way through.

Perfect Popcorn
1. Pour 3 tablespoons Wesson Oil into 9 in. or 10-in. skillet (with cover). Heat until a drop of water sizzles in oil.
2. Add 1/2 cup popcorn. Cover and shake gently over heat. When corn starts to pop, reduce heat; keep shaking while corn pops. Salt to taste. Or try...

Choc-Corn: 1/4 cup sugar, 2 tbsp. Wesson Oil, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup light corn syrup, 1 square cooking chocolate. 1/2 tsp. salt. Boil to hardball stage, test in cold water. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour on popped corn and stir.

Wesson Oil is wonderful in electric poppers, too.

A true friend makes you laugh instead of defrauding you.

She said, "That's Victor arriving now. We've people coming to lunch."
I said, "If I get tickets, will you come with me to the ballet sometime? As a friendly act?"
"Perhaps... We must hurry now or I shall be late."

I met Tracey's brother as I was coming down the stairs. Victor was a bigger man than Tracey and might well have been the elder: a slight, well-shaven face, twists of a new cutter, a prosperous good-tempered voice.
Other people were arriving, among them Clive Fish and his sister. And Clive also was a tall boy with a good fortune face. I hadn't realized how tall she was, because I'd seen her only once before, and that was in bed.
She sat opposite me at lunch. We neither of us said a word about our earlier meeting.
When I looked at them together I knew it was no great coincidence that Clive Fish should be a friend of Vere Litchen. They were the sort of people who would move in the same circles, artistic in a fashionable way, good-timers living on their nerves.
Mrs. Moreton sat next to her younger son. He had that week been adopted as prospective candidate for a Sussex division at the next election. Clive Fish, in his usual assertive way, dominated the conversation; but I noticed that Tracey was more lively and talkative than I had seen him before. I wondered if Tracey's wit was one of the things which had counted with Sarah when she married him. Perhaps still did count. I really hadn't an idea what they felt for each other. I only knew that she and I had moved toward a new intimacy this morning.

All winter I tried to fix up the visit to Covent Garden, but one thing and another stood in its way. I saw Sarah three or four times, but never alone, and she kept me at a distance. Once I met Tracey and had a meal with him at his club.
So it was April again, and I saw that a season of ballet was opening next week; and I got tickets and then phoned Tracey and told him what I'd done and would he let Sarah come and initiate me. He sounded amused and said he'd no objection; he'd call her. He returned to say she'd be pleased to come.
Then there was a week to wait.

I was at Covent Garden well ahead of time. I caught sight of her before she saw me, and pushed toward her. We got to our seats as the orchestra was tuning up.
"Ever since last July I've been trying to fix this evening."
"You mean since we talked of it at Louis'?
"Yes... I was afraid Tracey might not let you come... how is he?"
"Fairly well. Mrs. Moreton's away and we're having some repairs done, and that always makes him cross because they are never done the way he wants them. We may go away ourselves next week."
"Oh? Where?"
"Only to Scarboro. Victor is there, and it will be a good thing for Tracey to be away while the dust is about. We're closing the house. Have you been away?"
"No. I've been in London most of the time. Busy, you know. Not riding."

She smiled, put her hand on the balcony edge, as if to look down into the orchestra, where all the fiddles were making a rather exciting sound. At that moment the conductor came up to his restraunt and his evening's had begun.
We had a meal at a restaurant afterward and talked about ballets and the people who danced them. If there had been a certain amount of constraint in Sarah's attitude this winter, it wasn't there tonight. She'd been in a dream; that made the difference. Unfortunately, it wasn't the same dream as mine.
After a while she said, "Oliver, you don't talk ever of yourself. And not even about your work. What have you been doing today?"
To humor her I told her of a case when a man had tried to defraud the insurance company on the theft of some motorcars.

Do you get any false claims?
"Quite a few. More often in fires than in burglary because it's easier to cover up.
People like to get rid of bad stock. But often the floor gives way and part of the preparations falls through into the cellar or the foundations and isn't burned."
"Moral to that. I should think, is start your fire in the cellar."
"Yes, and the simplest props are still the best; candle in a wastepaper basket, that sort of thing."
"Why a candle in a wastepaper basket?"
"Well, you set your fire, darnes, chairs, whatever it is, in a basin; and under it you put a candle, standing on hemp or something, inside a wastepaper basket. Then you light the candle and leave, and the fire breaks out when you're asleep in bed sixty miles away."

It was warm in the restaurant, and the hum of noise made a sort of privacy. We heard a rumble or two of thunder, but when at which we came to be surprised to see the streets fairly streaming with water.
There was no rain then, so we ducked hurriedly into the car.
I started the engine, and then a silly thing happened. A lot of rain had come through the car's top and lodged in the upturned sun visors. As soon as toward the car the water spilled out in a cascade all over us.
I got out a handkerchief and a piece of clean cheesecloth and gave them to her and apologized while the water trickled down my neck.
I said, "I'll drive to my flat and pick up raincoat and a rug. We're only five minutes away."

By the time we reached the flat it was raining heavily again.
"You'd better come in and dry yourself on the front of the fire," I said. "It's a good hour run and you'll be frozen."
I've never been proud of my flat, but I never looked shabbier when she was born into it. Things look more faded when there is something like this to compare them with. The gas fire popped, and I pulled a chair up a bit. "Sit here. I'll get the rug."
When I came back there she was standing with her skirt held out like a fan and her hair a bit ruffled with the rain.
I said, "She stood in her scarfet gown. Anyone touched her the gown rustled; she stood in her scarfet gown. Her face like a rose and her mouth like a flower."
"Sarah had half turned. I didn't know you read poetry."
"I don't much."
"Or quoted it."
"A dog's allowed two bities. After that you can shoot him."
"I wouldn't want to— for that."
I took a new horizon. Out of a cupboard it was size too big for her.
She said, "I think we should go. Tracey may be getting anxious."
I said, "Ring him if you like."
"Well, I can't from here."
"No, I suppose not. Tracey's a very gone man, isn't he?"
"In what way?"
"He doesn't seem to mind your coming or what people say."
"Oh, we have— a perfect understanding and trust."

At the time I wouldn't admit how this word was made me feel. There was silence for while. The gas fire was hissing like an angry audience.
I said, "You know I love you, don't you."
"Yes."
"How long have you known?"
"Since that Sunday we went riding."
"And what of Tracey's... understand and trust?"
"She said, "I'm afraid it doesn't cover the fire."
"Why did you come out with me, then?"
Her eyes flickered over me for a second, then she moved to pick up her coat. "The weather."
It's stopped raining."
I helped her into the raincoat. In the coat there seemed nothing of her. She turned with a sort of way to flunk me, I instead she said, "Oh, Oliver, don't I like that."
I'd driven back to Lewis. The idea of surprising Sarah, I suppose, was the very first to come. I'd ever so much as touched her except twice to shake hands. Perhaps that was my way of being polite; but she'd always seemed so very far away.

The house was more shadowy when we got there except for a light in the main hall. I got the open door for her. As I did so, I glanced at a cigarette. Tracey was standing on the top step.

"That you, Sarah?" he called. "Bring me in for a drink. I want to talk to him.

I suppose we'd had the whole drive to rest. Anyway, he seemed to notice my manner. All the same, it was awkward.

I thought he only wanted an excuse to get me inside. Alone in the house except for two old servants, he was glad of someone to talk to. He was full of a scheme for improving the lighting in the hall by putting windows in the roof.

Recently Sarah had settled herself, but I'd walked until nearly two, feeling by turns dead and elated, and by far a fine fellow and the aspect of hypocrates.

When I looked back a few weeks after, I felt I ought to have seen and understood far more with any sudden happening or hint from outside that'd been making progress in the insurance. But that didn't become a junior partner in Abercrombie & Co. It was too easy, but there was no arguing with Michael and his father. They told me what was wrong—My two underwriters were risking their business through Abercrombie—

and also that brokers who had a claim settled by me for a man named another claim came along. I knew it had been glad to have made the grade.

A few days after my meeting with Sarah a new claim cropped up over the illness of the film star in a new production, and I put it on. There were certain peculiarities, one body of one of the doctors asked to know what was the matter with the film star, and, as he had rather set me off in the middle of production, I tried to check up on some movements shortly before his collapse. He led me to Bill Crotch.

Bill was an American attached to the studio. He and Highbury had been keen chums of each other the last few weeks. He was a pleasant enough chap in his shirt, well dressed and quick-spoken. He told me Highbury had had a very violent squabble with his wife, and that his wife had walked off on him—perhaps enough to justify a theatrical actor's taking to his bed, but in my opinion, so many thousands of kinds depended on it.

It wasn't till I got up to go that I saw the film. It was a water color of Lewis Manor. A rear of the house was in the left background, and the foreground was taken up by a willow and a wood.

Admiring my water color?" He'd folded my eyes and broken off what he was saying, "... I know the house."

"Do you? I'm very proud of it because I own anything like a genuine Birket tumbler. It's called 'The Mill and Span.' Where did you say it was located?"

I'm not certain. I may be mistaken. Is it near Oxford Street?"

Oh, surely. You see it there in the corner. A dealer in Bond Street told me there were a good many fakes about, so I was specially careful."

"You bought it from him?"

"No. I got it through a dealer in Chelsea. I put it in touch with a young woman who was acting for the owners. They were short of cash, wanted to realize on it without publicity. Of course I didn't fancy parting with fifteen hundred dollars for a fake, so I got it verified before I paid the money."

He looked at me sharply, "Don't tell me the thing was stolen."

"Oh, no. At least, not as far as I know."

"I swallowed something. What was the woman like?"

"What woman?" He looked at me. "Oh, the one who sold me the picture."

"About twenty-five or sixty. Quite a looker."

"She was tall and dark, slight but not thin, curly dark hair, with a touch of bronze, and a very clear fine skin?"

"That's the girl. She smiled. 'So you know her. She seemed pretty much of a lady, don't tell me she's a crook.'"

I forced out some sort of smiling face. "No. You're safe enough. The story she told you was more than half true."

I drove back to the garage and parked the car. Then, instead of going home, I walked through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. I got in about eleven.

I went into the kitchen and fished out a bottle of whisky. I didn't drink whisky often, because I don't like the taste, but I picked off the top and stopped a good lot in a glass. One had taste and another.

I thought, 'Take it quietly; there are degrees of intimacy, aren't there? Insurance companies are just game, and they know it. Is that all it is?'

I sat for a long time, until Bag Bin sounded faintly on somebody's radio nearby. Then I got up and pulled back the coverlet of the divan, and lay down, and got into bed. Suspicion is a queer thing. So long as your mind is full proof against it, you don't feel it at all. But let the smallest puncture be made—About three I got up again and lit the fire and sat by it in my pajamas chain-smoking.

After a bit I must have dozed off, because when I woke it was coming light and there was the first murmur outside of the morning traffic.

Because of the fire claim, I knew who the brokers were through whom Tracey insured his property. A man called Fred McDonald was their claims manager. As it happened, I'd been rather at loggerheads with him once or twice, and I think he disliked me, but I made an excuse to him about a fire claim on a Southampton wharf.

As I was leaving, I said, "Oh, I suppose you still handle Tracey Morton's business, do you? D'you know if he's increased the insurance on Lewis Manor recently?"

McDonald rubbed his second chin with a fat thumb. "Morton? Oh, I remember. There was a small claim on it, wasn't there, a year or so ago. I think he has. Why do you ask?"

"When I saw him a few months ago I told him I thought he wasn't covered on present policies."

McDonald pressed a bell. "Yes... when the policies came up for renewal—about last October. I'm not sure of the exact terms. Can soon let you know."

When his typist came up with the file he said, "Contents covered increased from forty-five thousand pounds to thirty thousand pounds. I suggested that he increase the cover on the house, but he didn't seem to think that necessary."

With a feeling of sudden relief I said, "What is it? I don't remember offend."

"Twenty thousand pounds," he told me. "I've never been down, but it's quite a gem, I suppose.""'

"Yes... if I see him again, I'll suggest that he bring it up by fifty percent..."

"All right. Good-by, Branwell."

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Tastiest popcorn you ever made! Pure, uniform Morton Salt seasons each fluffy morsel evenly—spreads just the right saltiness all through the bowl. Notice how Morton's brings out all the delicate flavor of fresh popped corn—and adds delicate flavor of its own.

**Perfect Popcorn, Morton Style**

1. Pour 3 tablespoons mild salad oil into 9-in. or 10-in. skillet (with cover). Heat until a drop of water sizzles in oil.
2. Add ½ cup of popcorn. Cover and shake skillet gently over heat until corn starts to pop. Reduce heat; continue shaking as long as corn pops.
3. Salt with Morton's to taste.

**Peppy Popcorn:** Mix 1 teaspoon Morton Salt, 1 teaspoon paprika and ½ teaspoon curry powder. Sprinkle over hot popped corn and mix.

**T.V. Popcorn:** Sprinkle 1 teaspoon Morton Salt and 3 teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese over hot popped corn. Mix well.

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**Morton Salt**

America's Largest Selling Table Salt

[(Image of Morton Salt packaging)]
Adjustable Automatic

Flavor regulator makes coffee to suit your taste—jewel signal glows when coffee is ready while coffee is automatically kept hot. Beautiful design—and so inexpensive for a quality 9-cup coffee maker.

I went out of the office into the shadow and sun of Gracechurch Street. So suspicion had got out of hand. It wasn't as bad as the bogyes of the early hours had whispered.

"I went to Abercorn's with her," the typist said. "Mr. Lawrence, of Haskell's, has been phoning. He wanted to know what the latest information was on the Highbury case. I've also put some papers from Berkeley Reckitt on your desk."

I went in and read the papers and picked up the phone to get Haskell's, at Lloyds. Then I put it back. My mind wouldn't run to sick film stars.

I picked up the phone again and asked the girl to get me Shad 35.

Sarah answered. When she knew who it was her voice seemed to change. Perhaps it was just my fancy. "I thought I'd ring," I said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you," she said.

"And Tracey?"

"Not awfully well." I started at the telephone. "I'd like to see you again sometime pretty soon. I... want to see you both. Would it be convenient if I came down tomorrow?"

There was a pause. "We're just getting ready to go away. We leave Saturday morning, you know."

"Oh—I'd forgotten. What about tomorrow evening?"

"There was sound of a muffled conversation. "We're only going for a week," she said. "Is it urgent?"

"Was it urgent? "No," I said. "I suppose not. Will you phone me as soon as you get back?"

"Of course," her voice was very guarded.

I knew I had to do something about the flat there, so I went and had a talk with Highbury. When it was over I felt relieved because now I could forget it and concentrate on the one subject that mattered. I felt as if I should never have a minute's peace until this thing was resolved one way or another.

So my next call was on Wenny Dane. Apart from the Abercorns, and a young underwriter called Charles Robinson, Henry Dune was the best friend I'd made in the insurance world. He was a solicitor who specialized in insurance business and had made a terrific name for himself as an investigator.

I told him what I knew and what I suspected. I gave no names, so that he couldn't have any idea whom I was really talking of. I ended by saying, "It seems to me to be an insurance fraud, but I'm not real proof of it yet, and so far it's a very modest one."

Dane had sitting on the window sill and filling his pipe. "Man in any sort of financial trouble?"

I'd found out. He was badly hit by death duties a few years ago.

"Can you lay your hands on this first picture?"

"Yes. But I've asked about the artist, and I don't think it would be possible to prove he didn't paint two pictures of the same scene. I'm told it was done sometimes."

Dane rubbed his forefinger along his furrowed cheek and assessed the damage after the fire."

"Yes."

"And you think they're planning to do the same sort of thing again?"

"I'm pretty certain of it."

"And that they've made a friend of yours window seat and stepped into the room was as easy as that."

I ficked my torch about for a second. The room was unfamiliar in dust. The fine Chippendale table—which might be also be only an imitation—had somehow ended up. I went into the hall.

I didn't want to use my torch much at front of the house and when I opened door it was full of dust. The decor was left two pairs of stepladders in the ruffle of the floor with a plank between. Some odd pieces of Doulton were grouped, a cane-seated stool. Inside you realized it was the shop of a man who never said it was a reasonable proposition.

A tall chap with a stoop came out behind a Jacobean bookcase."

"Mr. Lewison?"

He didn't answer for a minute, but turned back for his glasses. When he'd got them he stared at me in the bifocal pair."

"Mr. Henry Dane, the solicitor, sent me an insurance investigator. It's some value for two pictures that I want—but might be able to detect whether they genuine."

"What are the pictures?"

"Oil paintings. A Constable and Lippi."

"Lippi never painted in oils. Where the pictures are?"

"I can't produce them. It's some good. I want to be prepared for your opinion. He frowned and then stopped off be the bookcase again. The odd man came in with a woman hurriedly wiping her arm. Lewison said, "There has to be some look after the shop. Now we can go inside."

I started about eight. There was no peace getting there before dusk; and although Tracey and Sarah would probably have in the morning, the lights might go out and I'd have about for hours afterward. As the I began to safe I saw that there was a thirdquarter moon rising, and the clouds, could feel the wind more out here; it was cold, and all the warmth and summer had been blown away by it.

About a couple of miles away from house I stopped for a smoke. In spite of clouds, it wasn't dark. I wasn't too bad about the gatehouse sàn was empty; normally they let it, but man had died and the new people had come in yet. But that was some time ago didn't want to spend the night in jail. I threw the cigarette end out of the and started up. I was still able to drive side lights, and I knew the gatehouse, was in darkness. I parked a couple of dusty yards beyond, under some switched off the lights. There was light. I hinned over the wall into Tracey's pretty. Lewisi Manor was unlit, but then one obvious thing to do as a precaution.

I walked straight up to the front door and pulled the bell. If Elliott was still here some caretaker, it would be easy to falsify this picture."

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I walked straight up to the front door and pulled the bell. If Elliott was still here some caretaker, it would be easy to falsify
The moon went behind a cloud, and then suddenly swam through one. The wind was blowing against the house, and I thought a minute I heard a footstep on the stairs, peeped up through the darkness, but there was nothing there. A noise, though: tap... tap... tap-tap-tap somewhere upstairs. I'm not a house of this age to be so suspicious. But pictures. That was what I'd come to the house. It was a fairly quiet walk, and the old man was not only once as I went up. Then, I thought, that the pictures were not there.

I came down the stairs again, I thought. I saw a promising shape covered with a sheet beside the door, and when I crossed in I found it, in fact, the two I wanted.

They were bigger, heavier than I thought. I had Lewisin said. Wooden panel, and with glue size. All sorts of details that didn't follow — yok of egg and green earth — leaned the Lippen over its face and led my hand, I struck the blade of the back of the panel. It went in. I put knife away and picked up the pictures, in each hand.

The moon was still behind the clouds, but yes were getting used to the dark, and it was reasonably possible to move about without bumping into things. I made for the living-room, and it was almost at the door when I opened on something. It was like a thick sheet of rubber at first. I studied it, but it didn't go far. I put one picture down, took my torch and followed it. On the thing stepped on was a man's foot, I jerked the torch, and it caught the edge of the picture frame dropped out of my hand. I hit the floor it went.

I course the hand was attached—the rest the man was there, where about two feet away from me. I leaned the pictures shakily on a table.

I turned to the switch and fumbled with it and hit it. Nothing. The electricity had turned off the main board when the moon came out brilliantly, and the light behind me I could see it all—a white peak of the furniture, the piled sheets, the ladders, and the lamps and the row of the man, lying on his side with one thing out. There were bits of wood on the floor around him. I picked up the torch, the bulb had smashed. After a minute I ran the man over. It was Tracey Moreton. He had not stood up. Someone had made me look up; then I saw that the molded balustrade of the gallery just above was broken. That was when the wood had come from.

The wind gustied against the house again, the thing upstairs went tap... tap... tap. There was a funny smell somewhere. My face was still warm in its and started, but seemed to be a good idea to get a better break of the Broken balustrade. As I passed the hole at the bottom of the stairs, I had to take a lottery. The thing isn't a dust sheet—it was something like a good lace curtain.

The top of the stair was darker, and beside it I got to the broken balustrade the moon hidden by the clouds again. The break was almost opposite the door of Tracey's room, and through the door I could just see the gray oblong of the windows, another curtain on the floor. Perhaps it'd been a store. But why the curtains—unless first suspicion was actually true? Somehow, by mischance, he had leaned against the balustrade and it had broken. After all those preparations, before he'd been able to destroy it, the house had destroyed him. Then my thought came, what could have happened. There'd been a lull in wind for two or three minutes, as I tightened up I heard Tracey breathing beside me.

The moon brightened and quickened, and then died again. I couldn't move, I gripped the broken balustrade and slowly forced my head round, stared into the darkness.

"Tracey?"

No answer. I swallowed a dry lump and walked into the bedroom. There were blankets on the floor and the curtains were crooked at the window. The smell of Tracey's herbal cigarettes was strong.

And then I heard it again—or thought I heard it again—out in the passage. I wheeled and ran out.

"Tracey!"

The clouds were heavy and I couldn't see if the body was still there. The sound had seemed to come from farther along where the passage branched toward the back of the house. I blundered along it to the next turn, another corner and two steps up. I went on. This part of the house, I knew well. Not far away now was the tap... tap... tap... tap... tap.

Stop and take a grip. I'd come out on another landing beside the servant's staircase. That queer smell again. Five doors here, and the moon squinted through an open fan light. The wind leaned against the house, and the old wood creased. After the wind had gone the tat-tat tat sounded behind the nearest door, I went in.

A box room of some sort. There was nobody in it; but on a table was a small glass bowl paraffin lamp. I got out a box of matches. Three broke before I could hold one to the wick. Then a slow warm yellow light squinted out the moon.

Comforting. It would show me all I wanted to see. I went back into the passage and stared and listened. There was nothing now—no breathing, no cigarette smell. Only an other smell. It was too thick for dust. It was smoke.

I ran down the servants' staircase to the ground floor. Came out in a passage with doors, pushed through one, found myself in the butler's pantry. Wrong. Back into the passage and try the end door. A maid's sitting room or something. Beyond that was a room with bulbs spread on trays. More smoke here: I took the volcano of most it was coming from—and found myself again in the butler's pantry.

I coughed and waved away the smoke. Smoke was thicker now, and so as I got into the next room I saw where I had gone wrong. A green-baize door. I pushed through and into the central kitchen. Smoke in a wave—up, and for the first time. Coughing, I pushed through the door into the stillroom. Less smoke here. Another door led to yet another passage and a door that obviously opened on cellar steps.

When it came open the heat struck in my face. No need for the lamp. I shoved it on a ledge and went down three or four steps. I'd seen the results of a good many fires, but I'd never seen them at one stage before.

They were big cellars, and this one was supported by two groups of wooden pillars. It looked as if two great fires had been built, one within each group of four pillars, but one only was ablaze. You could guess what materials had been used to create this furnace of white flames by seeing the other small light in the candle guttering to its last inch amid a mass of shavings and a big pile of plywood boxes and flimsy furnishings, reaching to the floor boards above.

I put a handkerchief over my eyes and reached forward into the middle of the second fire and snuffed the candle out. That wouldn't help much because the whole pile would catch alarm any minute from the other. I grabbed an iron rod to smash it out of harm's way, but something slipped in the first fire and a great mass of loose flame scattered over the ceiling. This was no one-man job, if it could be got under as...
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It wasn’t quite so easy as that. The clamor of the bell had already caught people’s attention; as I was going down into the kitchen I saw two figures running in the direction of Lois Farm. When they saw the fire engine, they scrambled over the wall, pushed the gate open, and ran into the house. One passed me within a yard.

I kept in the shadow as much as I could, until I came to the car. Just as I was getting in I saw someone coming along the road toward me.

I shut the door quickly and shoved in the ignition. As he came up I switched on the side lights.

He stopped, stared in the car. "Something wrong, sir — he fell right in my lap, red-faced chap with a bright red neckcloth.

It’s a good job the Moretons were away, I said. “The servants were all right?”

“Oh, you knew that, did you?” I said. “Well, I’m afraid I did. Mr. Moreton had caught the servants flat. They found their bodies.... I’m sorry because I know the particular friends of yours, I think it’s a more serious go than I thought.

I stared at the receiver. “And Moreton?”

“I believe he was in Yorkshire or somewhere,” Michael said. “Anyway, there’s no one else in the house. It’s probably too hot to go this morning.”

“I can’t,” I said. “I kick my ankle. I haven’t slept all night.”

There was a pause. “I suppose that I must go. Do you get there?” I told him.

“Is this thing likely to go up long time? And how are they not going to put you out to dinner on Friday?”

I said, “Will you ring me when you come back from Lois? I’ll be very anxious to see you.”

“All right, Oliver,” Michael agreed, do that.

Well, it was a good act in one way, a pretty cheap act in another. But what could I do?

What I hadn’t counted on was Misc calling to see me on the way home. It was after one when the bell rang. I dragged across for my foot, slid the air, and covered my foot with a towel.

“Come in! The door isn’t locked.”

“Michael calling,” I said. “Oh, you are up. Do you feel—”

“Could be worse? Well?”

“Is the place a ruin? They saved the part, that stone-built hall with the roof. Otherwise it’s gone.”

“And Moreton? He sat down and shrugged. “Appar he was caught in the house and fell trying for the water. That was the whole occasion of his going to Yorkshire in the morning and he’d follow later in the day. She had just got her address from the one when she phoned the police station to say they knew where her husband was.”

“Your wife?”

She was at the local pub with brother-in-law. She was pretty up to the point. Asked where you were. The beat visited him. He phoned. He’d just be in and identified the body. I said, “Was Mrs. Moreton the Tracey’s mother, I mean.”

“I think she just arrived as I was. There’s no way of telling how the fire started. I imagine it must have begun in the center of the hall and the firemen were there in a few minutes. The firemen were still there in a day or two. One instant doesn’t think of short circuits in a timbered hall. I just know you if you know Moreton was burned.”

“Oh, I don’t really know. He’s burned to death anyway. If I’d the case I’d certainly prefer to jump myself.”

All Monday I stayed in. The news made as much of it as their space would allow. Some ran pictures of Louis and a number included photographs of Tracey, Sadie, and farm workers.

The inquest was Tuesday. I kept it for a phone call, some word from her. I didn’t count on it.

An hour before I knew he was due to machine-long and said, “I’ve just seen what a doctor, and he’s been terrible to me and when I called for you called for me I could come along at all pretty. It was the inquest while you were over the ground.”

“Glad,” I said, “I’d be where.”

I went out and bought myself a still when he came. I was ready with a bottle and a glass.

He dropped me off at the village a room about ten minutes before the
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—ends all tiresome retucking
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(Continued from Page 132)

was due to open. There were a few sight-seers and I squeezed in among them on the back bench.

After a bit the officials drifted in and a policeman or two, and then Victor Moreton. I wasn't sure whether he saw me, but if so he made no sign. After a minute he got out again and came back with his mother. She looked pretty well all in. Then Clive Fisher came in with his sister, and following them was Sarah with an elderly thin-faced chap. It wasn't until they had sat down that I realized the man with her was probably her father.

Then the coroner came in and things began.

Victor Moreton was giving evidence of identification.

After Victor, a fireman described the call coming through and told how they broke in the window of the hall and put in hose pipes and how they saw the body of Mr. Moreton lying among the flames. A police sergeant said much the same thing in different words, and then the pathologist from the local hospital was called. He said he had examined the body and gave it as a coroner's case Sunday morning, and he estimated that the deceased had been dead three or four hours. There were extensive burns, but these had occurred after death. Cause of death was a raged split in the scalp two to three inches long.

The pathologist went, and then I saw Sarah get up and go into the witness box. You could see how tall she was; but there was no great beauty about her.

She said in a low but perfectly clear voice, "My husband had been an ascetic since the war and was very susceptible to dust. The reporters that were being done made a lot of dust and we decided to go away while they were finished. I left for Yorkshire Saturday morning, and my husband said he would follow by car later in the day. When he didn't come I began to get worried and tried to telephone. There was no reply, so after waiting some time I phoned the police station, and they told me—"

The coroner said, "What was the purpose of your going on before on the Saturday?"

She hesitated for the first time. "He thought he was partly healed, having injections from a specialist in Harley Street—and he thought if he could get an extra one that afternoon it might put him right for the week's holdi—"

"Can you think of any reason why in fact he didn't go up to London but stayed on in the house?"

"I'm afraid I can't—he unless he was ill. We were expecting him in Scarborough about midday."

"Nice. Thank you very much. I think that will be all, Mrs. Moreton."

As she came down from the stand I knew from other stories about the family that she had been. I knew it as if she'd shouted it. I thought I heard the next witness, the foreman of the firm of builders. But I remember saying that part of the handrail had been removed the previous Thursday. It had been intended to renew the whole of that side. There was some sort of conflict between him and the coroner on the possibility that the fire had been started by a careless workman. Then he got more called, but he didn't have much to contribute.

Anyway, I didn't want to hear more.

It was raining when we drove back.

Michael said, "The loss isn't so quite as total as it would be tonight. The old house—began except for the roof, it was entirely of stone; the stables were a long to the wind.

"And the gatehouse?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"It was occupied."

"No, they were just changing tenants. The new people were due last week, but young Mrs. Moreton put them off until they came back from their holidays."

"What about the contents of the house?"

I asked.

"Everything of value is gone. A few stacks of furniture, nothing more. I think in your report you should say—"

"Look, Michael, I'd like this to be your report. You've done the work so far. And I've been friendly with them and I wouldn't want anyone to think the report was unduly favorable."

"It doesn't matter two pines who draws it up. I was going to say was—" He went into some matter of insurance policy that I didn't listen to.

I said, "I wonder what they'll do now."

"Who? The Mrs. Moretons? Pay through the nose for a villa in Tunbridge Wells. I suppose. I imagine they'd be a good deal better off for the chance, if it was only the house they lost.

"I suppose it all goes to his wife," I said.

Michael frowned at a motorcar which was misbehaving itself in front. "So, in this case the house was entailed—by the father. He left it to Tracey in trust for his children; failing issue, to his younger son, Victor. The insurance will go to the trustees, who will invest it and pay the interest to Victor."

"You mean Tracey couldn't have sold the house if he'd wanted to?"

"No. Of course the insurance on the contents will be the wife's, in this case the larger part of the settlement.

"Yes," I agreed quietly. "Much the larger part. . . . Who would pay the premium on the insurance of the building?"

"Oh, the occupier has to."

We drove on without speaking. After a long time Michael said, "Anyway, I shouldn't think young Mrs. Moreton will stay a while in London for long. Unless she chooses to, I mean. I don't know if Moreton was a wealthy man, but he must have been comfortably off. Why didn't he tell anyone?"

"Yes, I expect you're right," I agreed, turning the knife.

That evening I wrote a letter to Tracey's mother. I wrote to her because I could do it honestly. Everything I said and meant. A couple of days later the reply came thanking me.
How to get more turkey for your money

**Butter Roasting**

cuts down oven loss saves up to \( \frac{1}{3} \) of your turkey's weight

That fine, plump turkey you select at the store will shrink surprisingly in your oven unless you use a few simple methods for protecting it. In fact, your turkey can lose as much as \( \frac{1}{3} \) of its weight in the oven.

A 16-lb. dressed turkey may even shrink to 11\( \frac{1}{2} \) lbs. between the time you place it in the oven and the time you serve it. To protect against such loss, here are two simple secrets:

Always roast your turkey at low temperature—never higher than 325° F.
Always Butter-Roast your turkey.

Roasting at low temperature conserves juice, minimizes drying out. Butter-Roasting imparts unmatchless flavor, seals in juices, protects from ven-evaporation, adds tempting butter-golden brownness.

To get the most eating poundage out of every pound of turkey you buy, be sure to spread the nitre outside of turkey with butter before roasting.

When roasting turkey lay BUTTER-saturated cheesecloth over turkey and drape down the sides. See directions under pictures.

So remember, please . . . when you buy your turkey, buy BUTTER. Butter-Roasting, buttermaking, protects against shrinkage, gives you MORE turkey to eat . . . and the juiciest, finest-flavored golden-brown turkey that ever graced a table. BUTTER ROASTS TURKEY TO PERFECTION.

**WHEN BUYING TURKEY**, allow at least one pound per person to be served—ready-to-cook weight, which may be as much as 5 lbs. under store weight. Allow for this difference when figuring the size to buy. And be sure to buy TWO POUNDS OF BUTTER. You will need one pound of BUTTER for roasting and basting the turkey and a second pound for the BUTTER STUFFING.

**HAVE a handsome turkey**! Run skewers or stuffing nails through flesh on both sides of opening, lace with strong, clean cord. Close neck opening by pulling neck skin to back and fastening to backbone with skewer. Pull legs high, bind together. Bring cord down around sides to keep wings close to body.

**BUTTER IT!** Sofen BUTTER. Spread over entire turkey, especially on top of drumsticks, breast and wings. This gives a protective coating of butterfat from the start, prevents drying out or juice loss in early stages of roasting, imparts buttery-fine flavor. Place turkey on rack in shallow pan, breast up.

**DIP** cheesecloth in melted BUTTER, and drape so it covers entire bird. The BUTTER on cheesecloth bastes turkey, protects it from drying out. A pound of butter used in buttering turkey and in saturating cheesecloth protector may help save several pounds of turkey shrinkage in your oven. Butter-roasting gives you more for your money.

**BRUSH** with melted BUTTER throughout baking time. Do not cover pan. Do not add water. Do not spear turkey with fork to see if it is done. This loses juice. Baste through cloth so as to keep it moist. Brush cloth with melted BUTTER every 30 minutes. Roast at constant temperature, never higher than 325° F.

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<tr>
<th>Weight of Stuffed Turkey</th>
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<td>6-10 pounds</td>
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BUTTER-ROASTED TURKEY WITH BUTTER STUFFING—see the preceding page for complete instructions.

BUTTER-CANDIED SWEET POTATOES—Use canned peeled sweet potatoes or yams. Cut in half. Place on buttered sheet. Pour over glaze as follows: Combine 1 cup solid packed brown sugar with 1/3 cup strained orange juice and 1 tablespoon butter. Cook five minutes or until clear. Pour glaze over potatoes. Bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven, basting several times with glaze. Serve as soon as tender.

EASY HOLLANDAISE SAUCE—NEVER-FAIL—Cut 1/2 lb. butter into 4 or 5 pieces. Put in top of double boiler with 3 egg yolks, 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Let stand at room temperature 1/2 hour or more. Just before serving, heat over gently boiling water 1 1/2 minutes, stirring briskly with wooden spoon. Serve at once on asparagus or broccoli. Delicious!

BUTTERY ESCALLOPED OYSTERS—Drain 1 pint oysters. Save liquor and combine with 6 tablespoons cream. Mix 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs with 1 cup cracker crumbs. Pour over crumbs 1/2 cup melted BUTTER. BUTTER baking dish. Cover with layer of crumbs then with layer of oysters. Dot with BUTTER. Season. Repeat. Top with crumbs. Dot with BUTTER. Pour combined oyster liquor and cream over all. Bake 20 minutes in 400° F. oven until topping is delicately browned.

BUTTERY HARD SAUCE—Just sift 1 cup powdered sugar. Beat until soft 5 tablespoons BUTTER. Add sugar gradually. Beat until well blended. Then add: 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. If desired, beat in 1/4 cup cream also. Sauce has a natural creamy color, or it can be colored. Chill before serving.

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"I'll not listen!"
"You've no choice... Will you deny that you sold the Foster to an American called Croft—pretended it had been lost in the fire?"
"Deny?" she said. "Of course I deny it! I've never heard of a man called Croft. Our Foster was burned! And as for this—this later story, if you think you've been withholding something for my sake, please don't withhold it any longer. Go to the police. Do what you like to search Tracey's memory. It's good enough to stand a few cheap screams!"
She pushed past me and out. There was a patter of footsteps and then they were gone. The slam of a car door, the rev of an engine; then I chased down the stairs after her. By the time I came out the car was turning into Baker Street.

About half past four I drove up to Monk's Court, N.W.8. A pleasant-looking young woman opened the door and I asked if Mr. Croft was in.
She smiled. "I'm expecting him any minute. Would you care to wait?"
I went in. Mrs. Croft excused herself, and I sat and read the New York for seventeen minutes and never smiled once. I was flipping the pages backward and forward when William Croft came in.
He said, "Oh, yes, of course I remember. You called about Charles Highbury."
We went into the big living room and the Myles Birket Foster looked across at me enigmatically. Croft followed my glance. "Is it something about the picture? I thought, that first time you came, it kind of upset you."

"It's not about the picture, but about the person who sold you the picture. You told me that she was in her twenties, tallish and dark and pretty... a—a quick-moving, vital sort of person."
He looked at me quizzically. "Yes, I guess you might say that's fairly accurate."
"I don't mean fairly accurate. I fumbled in my pocket and took out a clipping from the Daily Sketch. "Was she like this?"
He took it and frowned, then handed it back. "No. She'd got more prominent cheekbones, the girl I met. Different shape of face. But I'll grant you she's rather like her."

A short-haired fellow in a dark suit opened the door, and I asked if Mrs. Moreton was in.
He said he'd see. I thought he walked like an old soldier. He came back to say she wasn't.
"When do you expect her?"
"Couldn't say, sir."
I went down the steps and sat in the car. I looked up at the house, but there was no sign of life about it. I drove off the road, then reversed into another side street and came back.

At a quarter to eight I rang the door bell again. The cockney said, "Sorry, Mrs. Moreton's phoned to say she won't be home tonight."
I said, "Forget it," and put my foot in the door.
"Ere," he said. "What the blazes do you think—"
I was stronger than he was, or perhaps it was just the feelings behind it. He tried to grab me, but I got to the stairs and went up there three at a time. There were three stories and the extreme right one led into a bedroom. Sarah was sitting at a dressing table brushing her hair.
She dropped the brush and stood up, pulling her yellow housecoat round her. "Matthews--"
I put my foot against the door. "I must talk to you, Sarah."
She said furiously, "Get out of my room! How dare you force your way into here?"
I said, "I've been to see Croft. I took along a photo of you out of one of the papers. The girl who sold him the Foster wasn't you—although she was like you... There's nothing you can say had enough, nothing I won't want to add to..."
Somebody knocked on the door and tried the handle.
"He's in here, Matthews!"

Matthews threw his weight against the door. It creaked and gave at the top, but my foot held firm. "Listen, Sarah," I said desperately, "I've made one terrible mistake. But they can't all be mistakes, all the things that prove the fraud. Croft's picture is the genuine Foster. He's had it verified twice. The thing that was burned was a fake. So was the Lippi. I don't know if the first fire was a put-up job, but the second was. I saw, Sarah... Tracey never jumped to save himself from the fire. He was dead before it got going. I found him in the hall. He didn't phone the police. I phoned the police after I'd tried to put out the fire. When the fire brigade came I slipped away, because I thought you were playing along with him... the fire started the way I'd told you of only the week before." I stopped for breath.

She was listening to me at last. She sent Matthews away, went slowly to the dressing table and sat down. Her hair was loose and she pushed it up with her hand. "Tell me again," she said. "Everything that happened.
Standing there, I began trying to tell her. It was hard now—it had come easier with the anger. I said, "Is there somewhere else we can talk?"
She put the brush down. "No... Go on with what you were saying. I—before I do anything—I've got to hear..."
I tried to go on. I groped through the rest of it, ashamed for the wrong reasons.
When I finished she didn't speak for a bit. Then she said, "Oh, this is awful. To think about it makes one... I've got to have time. Oliver. Time to work round it, see if there isn't some other... I'm supposed to be going out tonight. I... don't feel..."
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"Put it off. Come out with me. We can eat somewhere—talk about it quietly."
She looked at me doubtfully. "Give me a few minutes, will you? I'll change and come down. Let you know then."
"All right," I said, and left her.

She said, "I knew, of course, about some of the furniture. There was a Sherraton desk, I remember. It was never discussed between us but... we were short of money; they were our own possessions. The thought of insurance never entered my head because I never thought we should claim."
We were sitting in one of those little restaurants that abound in London. "Eat your dinner," I said gently.
Even now it isn't really the problems you have. Perhaps you haven't told me them all. What were the other things you had against me?"
"Forget it. If you ever can."
"No. I want to know."

Well, there was the way the fire was prepared. I'd explained that to you only the other day."
"Oh, but I knew about that before you told me. It was in a memorandum about those fires before the war. Tracey probably read it too."
"But when I told you about it, why didn't you say you knew?"
"I'd been trying to get you to talk about yourself. It was always hard. You started telling me of your work. If I'd interrupted—"
The waiter came and served us with slivers of slate miner. I said, "At the inquest you said you left that morning for Yorkshire by yourself because Tracey wanted another injection."
Knowing about the injections, I didn't believe it."
"Well, I had to say something. I couldn't very well tell them what had really happened... It was very unusual for us to quarrel. But we did that morning. I left Lewis not quite knowing—"caring what Tracey intended to do. I was boiling; but when I got up to Yorkshire I all cooled off and I tried to phone him. When he didn't reply I thought he'd left. I didn't want to explain that at the inquest."
I nodded but didn't speak."
"But didn't you say there were things I'd said and done? other things?"
"There was the gatehouse—you put the new tenants off for a week or two."
"That was Tracey's idea. I didn't see the point of it at the time. He was insistent. But he paid me the compliment of keeping his intentions to himself."
Silence fell for a while. I said, "Do you see much of Clive Fisher these days?"
"Not a lot."
"I heard that you were engaged to him," I told her.
Her lips moved. "No."
On the way home we stopped for a few minutes on the Embankment, watching the dark river. She said, "Yes, it's been a shock, but it's some of the peculiar aspects that chiefly hurt. I didn't want ever to remember Tracey as... It isn't really the fact of the fraud. I'm not sure if he hasn't got excuses for that; they weren't good enough, but they were better than most people's. You see, he felt that both he and his father had been crippled fighting for their country, and all his country had done was rob him of the means to live. It wasn't just a grudge—it was part of his illness. It was really the personal... partly true..."
I told her. "On you in one way, if that really was your reason. On me in another. On the whole, I should be less upset if I'd been in the fraud all through."
"Except that you never would have been," I told her.
"I never would have been in any fraud on you. But for the rest... If you cared for someone, wouldn't you rather help them to cheat than yourself be cheated?"
I didn't answer, and a while she shivered. I started up the engine and drove her slowly home. I said, "I wonder how it got about that you might be going to marry Clive."
"He asked me."
"I was about to say, 'When?'"
"About a month ago. I haven't seen him since."
We stopped outside her house, and there was a light in the front.
She said suddenly, "What can I do with this money? I can't touch it now."
"I have you spent much of it?"
"No. It's only just come to me. Tracey left about four thousand in cash. Then there were a few small investments. Can the insurance be paid back?"
I imagine so. Berkeley Reckitt were the underwriters. If you'd like me to..." We put in to see if it can be done without publicity. There's no point in blackening Tracey's name unnecessarily."
"If it can possibly be avoided I wouldn't want to, Oliver. He was—Besides, there's his mother. It would kill her if it ever came out," She passed, "But what will happen to the insurance on the house? That isn't mine to return."

Life, there was a fair settlement. In any case, that money legally belongs to the trustees, and no insurance company could claim it back. The trustees didn't fire the place."
She fumbled with the door handle, and got it opened and it for her."
"Do you think you can overlook all the shady suspicions that have been festering inside me for four months?"
"Oh, are they shabby? I can't judge. If I'd been in your position..."
When will you meet me tomorrow evening, then?"
"She stood a minute on the pavement, looking up at the stars. 'Yes,' she said.

Next morning I phoned Henry Dane to make a date to talk the thing over. He said he was leaving town and wouldn't be back until Saturday, so I fixed to see him the following Monday.

In the evening I called for Sarah; and on Tuesday it was the same; and on Wednesday, Life suddenly began to have no recognisable identity with what it had been a week ago. Wednesday we had dinner at one of the big hotels and danced afterward. She'd been reluctant to come because she still had a feeling of not wanting to be seen out and about in quite this way by her friends. We sat and talked, as usual, and then danced.
She said, "I thought you didn't spend your youth socially."
"What? Oh, this came later, such as it is, I haven't done much of it."
"Nor have I—for seven years. I used to like it...
"Used to?"
"Yes. Don't encourage me."
"But I want to...
"I know. Dangerous."
"Who for?"
"It could get out of hand, Sublimation of my old love for ballet...
"Good. Let's help each other."

"Here?"
"Well... sublimation of my old love for Sarah."

She didn't answer that. When we got back to the table she said, "Why do you say sometimes that you can't express yourself as you want to? Because it isn't true, is it?"

"But you think I am...
"Aren't you?"
"Yes. That's what I mean." She smiled quickly at me and then away.
"It doesn't convince me of anything."
"That's the other half of the trouble. A..."

I didn't speak.
"What's the matter with you, Oliver?" she asked quietly. "Did all your dreams fail?"

"I only ever had one—a grown-up one, I mean. The chief thing wrong these last few years is that I've been in love with a woman who is—and always has been—out of my reach."

There was silence for a bit.

She said, "You think that's the chief thing wrong?" she looked at me and smiled a bit doubtfully.

I added, "But of course I don't ask you to believe it."

"Perhaps you ought to. Perhaps it would be a worse thing if I was lacking in faith too."

My pulses began to beat. I said, "Darling Sarah, I don't know what you mean by that, but it seems an amusing sort of remark."

She struck a match from the box in the middle of the table and watched the flame. "Does it?"

The match went out. She looked up and met my look. And I knew then that she wasn't out of my reach any more.

We'd come by taxi, and the commissionaire got one for us. As soon as he'd shut the door, before the driver had flicked down his flag, I said, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Any time you like."

I didn't try to touch her. After a bit I said, "Saturday?"

"What—in three days?"

"Could you face it? Before anyone has time for wise advice or—or good intentions. Won't it, seriously, have to be at once, almost before they know, or not for twelve months?"

There wasn't anything more said until the taxi driver drew up at her door. I got out and began to pay him. Sarah looked at me but didn't say anything. As we went up the steps and she took out her key I said, "I must meet your father tonight—try to explain to him."

"It's half past one. He'll have been in bed two hours. Come round tomorrow. I'll phone you in the morning."

Somehow we were inside the house. I said, "When I come, can I bring the air tickets for Saturday?"

She said, "Sometimes you frighten me, Oliver. There's no letup, is there? There's been no letup since Sunday afternoon."

"Did you want there to be?"

"No... Some ways we're much alike. Headlong. Isn't that a risk? I'm trying to think for two."

When she got her mouth free I spoke just ahead of her. "Saturday?"

She said, "Oh, darling, don't," in such a drowning sort of voice that I stopped.

We clung to each other then in the darkness for a minute or two while I waited for her decision.

She said, "There's that money that doesn't belong to me..."

"It won't hurt for a week or two."

"There's Tracey's memory..."

"My hands slackened. "I can't fight that..."

After a pause she said, "But since Sunday I've had to revalue everything. Do I owe him a lot or very little? I don't know. That's still a new thought."

I suppose it was asking for trouble rushing my fences like that. At any rate, I got trouble. But when you've wanted something for ten or eleven years, at first subconsciously, but then very consciously, and for all except four days of that time—

I knew that she'd really cared for Tracey more than anyone, feared that I was catching her on the rebound. There was such a difference between us, between him and me."

She had her first impulse fail.

So among all the other sensations as the plane taxied along the runway and then took off was one of relief. Whatever happened now, the thing was done."

I glanced at her sitting beside me. She had asked herself something that she hadn't asked herself. Whatever was done, there was a lot we should have to talk of, but at present that...
Tips on Gifts for your man
by McGregor

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November

Next Month

"The bar is frozen across from shore to shore. I am truly alone now...and I must remain alone. My baby will be born in February. I need help: I cannot wait until February..."

She believed her husband was gone, that she was alone in the asbestos wilderness, injured in the hand, the mind, the spirit, the body. She tried to guess what he might have done. She was afraid he might have killed himself. She was afraid he might have killed others. She was afraid she might have killed herself.

"I don’t think she had it. Obviously she didn’t know, didn’t want to know. Why didn’t she want to know?"

"I only wondered. I thought one of the salvages men perhaps..."

Fortunately the excuse seemed to satisfy her. She got up and walked away. She said she’d have to go back to town to find a hooker and queue for a place to eat. She begged me to tell her of the chance to tell the story of the coming winter.

Read this amazing true story
I WILL LIVE AND HAVE MY BABY

By Martha Martin

Complete in the December Journal
Condensed from the book soon to be published by the Macmillan Co.

After a while she said somberly, "That row Tracy and I had on Saturday morning, it was about you. Did I tell you that?"

"He may have picked the quarrel deliberately to get me out of the house—as he did so many things deliberately that I didn’t realize. After we’d both said a good many hot-tempered things, he said he was going to consult you next time you came about taking out things that belonged to me.

"That’s just about as nasty as—" I was going to say as nasty as sending a signet ring, but stopped in time.

"Of course the result was what he expected."

I smiled rather tenderly at her profile.

"Yes, I imagine so.

That other question that I’d wanted to ask kept pushing itself to the front—yet I didn’t see him, to put it in a casual way. At last it came out.

"Did Victor say—did he mention if Tracy was badly burned?"

After a minute she said solemnly, "That row Tracy and I had on Saturday morning, it was about you. Did I tell you that?"

"That’s very interesting.

He went and stood by the fireplace, "been a bit worried about one or two jokes I’ve had about you since I’ve been away. No, I’m not... Sarah?"

This too was queer, this hedging, being nobody was usually more keen to keep things from me than Sarah.

He had an appointment for lunch, went to a pub that specialized in breakfast food—there was no three square meal. Charles Robinson was in the room, and we wandered in a friendly way; but he didn’t opposite as he went out.

"Sarah was waiting for me in the foyer of the hotel. She’d found a flat. It was in..."

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"Did Victor say—did he mention if Tracy was badly burned?"
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**RICH, FUDGE-Y FROSTING—SUCCESSFUL EVERY TIME!**
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**IDEA!**

**Wonderful combination!** Make *Betty Crocker's One-Egg Cake* and ice it with "Junket" Quick Fudge and Frosting Mix.

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"Junket" QUICK FUDGE & FROSTING MIX

3 DELICIOUS FLAVORS: CHOCOLATE, PECANUTS, COCONUT

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"Junket" QUICK FUDGE & FROSTING MIX

(Continued from Page 143) sufficient presumptive evidence for people in the insurance world to take notice of it. That’s really all that counts.”

The next morning I went into Michael’s office and said, “I’ve been thinking around this business. There’s not a lot I can do unless I hear this story repeated myself.”

He chewed the end of his pencil. “I think it’ll blow over. What you should try to do is keep out of people’s way as much as possible for the next few weeks. And when you do meet them, however they behave, act just as if nothing was the matter. The only thing you told me of people—if they hear it at all—will say, ‘What? Branwell? Oh, nonsense; he’s far too straightforward and decent a fellow for that.’”

I said, “Your father doesn’t know about this?”

“He doesn’t think so. I certainly haven’t told him.”

“Then keep it from him if you can, will you? I shouldn’t want to be the cause of a lot of unnecessary worry.”

I left then and went out on a job in Hammersmith. Of course it wasn’t entirely that I wanted to save the old man the worry. I wanted to be saved the unpleasant job of lying to another man whom I respected.

The job in Hammersmith had to do with some far robberies, and I plunged into it trying to forget all the rest. I soon suspected that there was an attempt being made by the farrier, Collandi, to get more compensation for his furs than he was entitled to, and I spent most of the day on it. There was some trouble over the books, which he first said had been stolen and then said were at his accountant’s. He promised to produce them the following day.

Next day no books were forthcoming, but an assessor called Abl had been engaged by Collandi to act for him. Abel was a type I didn’t like, as sharp as a needle and a good deal tougher. But by now I was armed with the knowledge that Collandi’s reputation was about as shaky as it could be and I said I wasn’t recommending any settlement until the books were produced. There was a good deal of ringing threats of legal action, but it didn’t cut any ice and I left them with the plain issue before them. Once again the undergarment was Rockefeller, and a deadly Mr. Reckitt would have been able to overcome his repugnance at the sight of my signature and appreciate that I wasn’t giving him my money easily.

I was a bit late home that night, and Sarah wasn’t in the fairy as she had been before, but I found her upstairs.

Her face always changed, lit up when she saw me. Perhaps it did that for everyone she liked and not especially for me—but it was already becoming the best moment of my day. Tonight, although the same thing happened, I could tell as soon as I kissed her that there was something wrong.

“You’re late,” she said. “Anything new?”

“No. I’ve never been seen, Michael, and the other people I’ve had dealings with behaved normally enough. Hello, old girl”—I bent to return Trixie’s welcome. “Is she settling down?”

“Grudgingly yes. She’s country bred, and doesn’t approve of the town.”

At first I thought, “Was she really your dog, or was she Tric’s?”

“Mine. Trixie gave her to me as a birthday present. But I always used to feel in a way that first allegiance was to her.”

As she spoke, Sarah had gone to a cupboard and taken out a couple of bottles. I watched her carefully. I said, “I can’t help feeling that Trixie isn’t the worst thing on your mind.”
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“babying” shampoo gets in and out of hair quickly, washes
out completely. Leaves hair just right for obedient hair-do’s.
Pure. Safe. Conti cannot cause drying of hair or scalp,
never been contesting. And worked up a good show of indignation when I pointed this out to him; but I felt at my most mulish and left him there no nearer settlement than before.

I got back to the hotel about five. I didn't really expect Sarah to be in—she'd said she would take the car and move some of her personal belongings to the new flat—and sure enough the room key was on its hook.

All the same it was the first time, and a feeling of flatness joined all the others as I walked toward the lift. I'd just pressed the button when a man came up and said, "Mr. Branswell?"

He was thin and gray-haired and wore rimless glasses that clipped on his nose. He looked like a retired bank cashier.

"Yes," I said.

"I wonder if a word or two— I don't know if your wife has mentioned me. My name is Jerome."

I said, "You're a solicitor, Mr. Jerome?"

"That is so."

"On or off the rolls?"

"Off. A gross miscarriage of justice in March, 1931."

You remember your dates, but not your appointments."

He smiled. "I never keep appointments, Mr. Branswell. I see my clients when the impulse takes me."

"You mean your victims?"

"Well... there isn't a much difference as you'd think." He buttoned his coat, and the buttonhole needed stitching. "Now, having answered your questions—"

"Not all. Who sent you?"

Mr. Jerome said, "If I told you that, there'd be no point in my coming. But you can negotiate with me in good faith. I have full power."

"Full power of blackmail?"

It was too long used to the wickedness of men, Mr. Branswell. Blackmail, arson, fraud, murder. People commit them whether one likes it or not... and we have to consider the consequences. One doesn't necessarily condemn."

"No. One makes a living."

"Precisely," he said with sudden energy. "I'm glad your wife has told you. We were anxious to save her embarrassment. But of course one—"

I said, "And now that she's told me I suppose you feel... quite safe and among friends."

He tightened his lips disappointingly. "What I feel is a little beside the point."

"And what is the point?"

"Fourteen thousand pounds."

"You don't know what you take us for, Mr. Jerome; you come here with some cock-and-bull story of an insurance fraud and, without any sort of proof either that there was such a fraud or that we were in it, you expect my wife to hand over this money. When was the last time it was easy as that?"

He took off his glasses, put them back and refrocused, knowing well that my eyes hadn't moved off him.

He said, "My client has ample proof of the fraud. Details of how each of the payments was disposed of and whose hands they passed through. He also has details of how the fire was prepared. Tracey Morton was a common swindler. And his wife. You—at the very least—are an accessory after the fact."

"Tell your client to come round himself," I told him.

"By Tuesday put a note in the Personal Column of the Daily Telegraph. Just—Accept, O. B. We shall want the money in cash, but I communicate with you later about that."

"And if I don't play?"

"If you don't. Well... your wife would go to prison for the longer term."

"And if we paid—how long before your next visit?"

"There'll be no other demand. We are not greedy... but if I may say so, you're not in a position to bargain. I should certainly settle and have done with it."

"You would?"

"Yes, I certainly would."
I watched him go. His striped trousers were too narrow and a bit too long. As he reached the outer door of the hotel I followed him.

Dusk was just falling. He walked briskly in the direction of Piccadilly, and when he reached it crossed to the south side and turned in the Princess Arcade. At Jermy Street he went east to Lower Regent Street, and when he reached it passed a hand through his hair and walked down Whitehall.

At Whitehall he bought an evening paper and crossed Westminster Bridge. Rain was coming on and halfway across he stopped to open his umbrella. I slowed but didn't stop, because it was better to be nearer in the dark.

At the other side he continued along Westminster Bridge Road and then turned to the right. The streets were now poor, the way they are when you get off the main route, and the rain was trickling off my hair.

We came to a blinded area where there was nothing but the street going between rubble, and weeds and a hoarding or two. I put on a spurt and caught up with him and took him arm.

"This isn't your line," I said. "Why didn't you stick to keyholes?"

He weight — not above medium in free. "You've no good by following me like this!" He glared at me, his face red and his pince-nez shaking.

"Tell me who you're working for..."

Luckily it was raining and I heard the run of his steps on the pavement behind me. I must have ducked at just the right moment, because the blackjack followed my head down and I got a stinging thump on the back of the neck that made me see stars. I turned and dashed out with my fist and caught somebody in the face. It was the hardest crack I'd ever given anyone, and he disappeared somewhere among the rubble. Then I took to my heels after Jerome.

I caught him under a lamp. By now I'd given up caring whether there was anyone else about, and I gave him a shovet that sent him on his knees. Then I propped him up against the wall and took him by the collar and squeezed.

"Now — the name of the man." "Casual," he got out. "My heart! Dibetic!"

"Come on! Tell me," I said.

He suddenly went limp and let me shump. His face was the color of the wall and I thought I'd gone too far. If he was dead I'd better go, and quickly.

Then a police whistle sounded, I got up, and at the same moment Jerome stood. I knelt down again and grabbed him by the throat and shook him.

"The name of the man." There were people in a knot under the farthest lamp where the buildings began again. One was a policeman, and he came along the blighted street staring about him. "I swear to God," I said, "that if you don't tell me the name of the man, I'll kill you now before help comes."

He said something that sounded like "D-lish!"

"What?"

"Fish," he said. "That's the name."

"Telling you... Fish, Fisher?"

"Clive Fisher?"

He nodded. "I let him drop. I took a deep breath and stood up. The policeman saw me. I turned and ran. He shouted and came after me.

I ran through the rubbish and the rubble as he blew his whistle. I was nearly garotted on a clothesline, and I twisted among the shacks. At the back of them was a nine-foot wall. I found a lower place and got over. I plowed up a steep incline and then fell flat, as a train came roaring along the rails. As soon as it had gone I ducked across the rails. I slid down the other side. Then I began to run along the edge of the embankment.

Afte after about five minutes I stopped to catch my breath and the shouts were a long way off. I climbed a wire fence into a cul-de-sac street. Two or three minutes later I caught a progresing taxi and directed it back to the hotel.

When I got back to the hotel I was relieved to see our car parked outside, and I went in and inquired for Sarah. They said she had left with a hand through her hair and went straight in.

I must have looked a sight because the headwaiter raised his bald eyebrows and Sarah half got up when she saw me.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm all right," I dumped down in my seat. "Where do you live, Clive Fisher?"

I asked her.

"In Kent. About five miles from London."

"We're going down to see him," I said.

In between the little I ate I told her. The only thing I didn't say was the questions I'd asked Victor Morton earlier. Listening, she forgot to eat herself.

After a minute she said, "If you described Ambrose Fisher, who would he sound like?"

"I didn't think of that."

Sarah stared at a corner of the table. "I'd no idea Clive would mix himself up in Blackmail. I've always thought him a light fool and a few dishonorable real pounds, perhaps—but this — it's in another class."

"Well," I said, "we'll find out tonight."

She drove because she knew the way. The path they had taken me over was the one she had driven me through the dark. And the thought was comforting, because in the middle of all this mess she was beside me, and somehow it was connected in his way to his death.

We didn't talk much. It wasn't half past nine when she drew up near a big house sort of center.

"You stay here. I'll go along and have a chat."

"Oh, no," she opened her door. "I'll come with you."

There was no doubting what she felt, so I didn't argue. We walked through the dizzying rain up to the door and I lifted the knocker once or twice.

Then there were footsteps. The door came open and a woman with untidy gray had looked out.

Sarah said, "Good evening, Mrs. Payne is Mr. Fisher's mother."

The woman stared at her. "Oh, it's young Mrs. Moreton. Good evening, madam. I'm sorry, Mr. Fisher's gone abroad."

"Abroad? When did he go?"

"About a week ago. I think it was Friday, but I can't be sure. He didn't leave an address."

Sarah glanced at me. "And Miss Fisher?"

She asked.

"She's in Scotland, ma'am, staying with the lady in Jermyn Street."

I said, "Surely if Mr. Fisher was going away for some time he'd leave you were going to Scotland, and the lady in Jermyn Street."

Mrs. Payne looked at me. "Mr. Fisher does what he pleases. I only the house keeper, and I'm not for me to tell him what should do."

"Where do you forward his letters?"

"They're all here. She made a wretched mistake with her handwriting. I can help you."

The door was beginning to close. I stopped it. "May we come in?"

"Here! What's the idea? Reality — Mrs. Moreton, I never thought —"

We went in.

Sarah said, "His studio's at the back of those stairs."

The woman came up to me. "Get out of this house at once! Do you hear me? Get out!"

I looked over her head at Sarah. "Is there anywhere Mr. Fisher and I'll scram it place down," Mrs. Payne said, backing away.
The minute I laid a hand on her arm she slid and slipped me hard in the face and out the most piercing scream I've ever heard. I dragged her, kicking at my shin, to a classroom and showed her in Sarah shut the door quietly and locked it.

The studio was a big new room with a kneeling. A half-finished painting on the easel was unrecognizable. There were sketches in a corner and a few modelings of human life in bronze. I put my finger on a table and it was away dusty. I said, "Will anybody hear her? It sounds as if we're killing pigs."

There's another cottage down the road. I'd better not go there.

There didn't seem to be anything in the room that was going to help, but I went to a stacked canvases and looked through them. The only thing of any significance was a trailer of photographs of paintings, and among them was a photograph, exact size, the small Wren that had hung in the room at Lowis. I detached it from the frame. I said, "Where's his bedroom?"

"Round the corner. I'll show you.

I went to the door, and I was following when I caught sight of something in an arm on the table. I slipped the thing into pocket and followed. The arm was striped yellow wallpaper and moon silk curtains. It didn't look as if it had been for a week or so, and it's lat to feel that sense of uncounnecy.

The woman began again. "We'll be cut it and go. I'll want another brush with the police."

I went back into the room. "You're not going to leave her locked in?"

"No. You go to the car and I'll start it. When I lock the engine I'll turn the key it comes.

"Right," she said, and

Mrs. Payne stopped as if she'd begun.

"I thought of trying to ask her about this thing that I had found, but I knew it was no good. I was glad when the hum of the car went and I could unlock the door and go.

The thing I had found made me feel rather sick. It was a half-smoked herbal cigarette.

I didn't go to the office on Saturday. I asked Sarah to bring my belongings from the flat and I brought my things from the flat to George Street.

Sunday we spent mostly and at Abercorn's and in the afternoon with old man for me. He was quite cordial, and we talked over the Collard and then, after two or three hours he went away. By the way, I believe there was some sort of a truce between you and Fred McDonald Friday.

"Yes, I knocked him down."

"It's more than unfortunate, McDonald's one of my best business friends."

I'm very sorry. He made an unpleasant remark to me, and I lost my temper.

I got up and went to the win- dow and polished his spectacles, but he didn't talk. I said, "I suppose you'll have heard that that's going round."

"I've heard something, yes."

I hold McDonald responsible for start- ing it. He's been seriously whispering to me that I should like to resign from the firm."

He didn't look up. "Don't be absurd, old man. A malicious rumor, a hasty quarrel. I'll be allowed to ruin a man's career. I'm going to see McDonald tomorrow. The first thing is to get him to withdraw this absurd charge."

"Charge?"

"Why... Haven't you seen Michael? Oh, don't. I thought that was what you were talking about. McDonald has complained of your conduct to the council of the Fire Loss Adjusters."

"What does that amount to? What's the complaint?"

"That you used insulting language and knocked him down. As I expect you know, a subcommittee exists to consider breaches of the rules by members of the association; but of course it is not really to consider this sort of complaint at all. I shall see McDonald and if necessary his general manager and make him see sense."

"Thank you," I said, feeling about as uncomfortable as I'd ever done in my life, and went out.

I didn't do any more work that afternoon. About five I went home and found Sarah looking rather troubled.

"Any luck?"

"No," she said. "I went to his tank but they couldn't or wouldn't tell me anything. Then I went to the shop in Grafton Street where sometimes he has a picture on show, but they hadn't seen him for two months... Since I got home I've been looking for Trice."

"Trice? Didn't you take her with you?"

"No, I wanted to get around quickly and --"

There was a minute's silence. "Where did you leave her?"

"In here—as usual."

"You locked her in?"

"I thought I had, but when I came back I found the catch hadn't clicked properly," she told me. "At least, that was the way I found it, and I see now it doesn't stick if you're not careful."

She was watching me, and I tried not to show how I felt.

"I expect the door is open and she wandered out. She'll be in one of the other flats."

Sarah said, "The porter's been round to them all."

I felt suddenly as if I couldn't stand any more. "Look, Sarah, don't look me a meal for tonight. I'm going to see Henry Dane."

"To tell him everything?"

"Yes... At least I think so. It's getting completely out of my depth."

Dane was in. He opened the door himself and said in his dry voice, "Hallo, Oliver. How do you know I was back? Come in."

I looked at my watch. "You can give me half an hour?"

"Of course," he replied. "All evening if you want it."

I said, "I've made two appointments with you and stopped both. This is the result."

The smile faded as his eyes went over my face. "How big a mess?"

So I told him. He hadn't an easy face to read. He didn't interrupt me but stood there, leaning on one arm on the mantelpiece, smoking and staring across the room. I thought once I saw his expression harden, but it may have been just the way his jaw set on the pipe. It took me a good time, and when at last I dried up he bent and knocked out his pipe and started refilling it. The light flickered over his deeply furrowed face, and I realized that I didn't know him very well after all. I hadn't an idea which way the cat was going to jump.

He said, "I suppose you realize that if this gets out—and you say it's getting out—you might as well take up gardening right away. First you commit burglary. Then you fail to report death and arson. Then you compound a felony. And finally you commit a misdemeanor. There's only one thing to do. Go straight to the police and tell them everything you've told me."

"(Continued on Page 151)"
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"I was afraid you might say something like that. Perhaps I'm some sort of leftover from your youth—so I just can’t see myself going to them and palling all the time.

He began to walk about the room. "You see, man, you bring this to me, but it's far out of my reach already. These two very different people, possible, for instance, if Tracy Moreton is alive, it's very much a police matter. If he’s not, it's still a police matter because of the other suspicions that exist."

I said, "I'm too much in the dark yet. You see I'm not only risking my own skin; there's Sarah to consider.

"And if you think you’re making her any safer by sitting on this thing until it blows up?"

"No. That's why I came to you," I told him.

"For advice? But you don't like my advice?"

"I don't like it. I might take it.

We talked for a bit. I still didn’t know what his feelings were. After a time he said, When can I see you again?"

"Almost any time. Make a date and I'll fix it.

"No, give me your phone number. I'm not sure how things will work out for me this week."

When I left he stood at the door watching me till I got in my car and started the engine.

I felt disappointed, but I couldn’t exactly care why. Perhaps it was that he’d not made an offer of personal help. Nor had he given me any crumb of comfort.

Trixie didn’t turn up. I could see it was worrying Sarah more than she would own, and it wasn’t merely the loss of the dog. She couldn’t rate the police, and for the time being we had to let it rest there.

On Wednesday just before lunch the old man came to see me. He said, "Well, I have some news for you. I saw McDonald and he’s agreed to withdraw the complaint he made to the council of the F. L. A."

"Oh," I said in surprise. "Well, I’m very glad. You . . . must have a lot of influence with him."

"But it’s just that it’s the only way of setting the matter. He’s agreed that there should be a meeting between us—to discuss our living differences. I thought if I was there, and McDonald’s boss, Rawson, we might be able to see the thing through in a friendly way."

"I certainly can’t say no to that. When is it to be and where?"

"Saturday morning. Mr. Reckitt has suggested that we meet to settle the arrangements. "Reckitt knows about it, hasn’t he? Will he be there?"

It may be. There is another thing. In the view of the fact that McDonald had already made his complaint to the F. L. A., I felt it my duty to invite a member of the council to come along. There’s a Mr. Spencer, from Birmingham, who happens to be in Town this week. He’s a past president of the association and a very reasonable man. It’s to everybody’s benefit that this unfortunate affair should be brought to an end—it would be to nobody’s benefit to give the impression that we had anything to conceal."

About an hour later Dane rang me up. "I’ve seen your wife," he said. "We had a long talk and she’s just gone."

"Satisfied?"

"Quite reasonably. Are you free for lunch tomorrow?"

"Free enough. I haven’t taken your advice.

"No. She said not. Well, we can discuss that over the Red Boar at one?"

"Thanks."

Thursday morning I was busy and I didn’t stay away until nearly one. It was about twenty past when I got into the Red Boar and saw Henry Dane in his usual corner. He said, "Sorry. I'm late," as I sat down at the table.

He put down the Times and said, "I hear you've got a date with McDonald and others Saturday morning. I asked you along today because I wanted to know what line you intended to take when you met him."

"I haven't decided yet."

The waitress came up and we ordered. Dane began to fill his pipe. "Your wife’s told you about the talk yesterday?"

"She did." I said curtly.

"You did well for yourself when you married her. What a man you are for prickets," he said.

"No wonder McDonald got in your hair. You know, you’ve only yourself to blame for this mess. You’re too hasty, Oliver. In everything. You jump to the conclusion that a woman like your wife would connive in arson and fraud. Then when you find out that there’s only your charm and trick her into marriage. You knock down a broker and merely murder a blackmail; and where does it get you? Why, one of the flags and you’d charge baldheaded at me this morning."

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"I think it explains the visit from your friend Barnes. It’s highly probable you’ll get another after Saturday’s meeting. I shouldn’t be surprised if everything that happens there gets to Barnes’s ears. His mind might have been made up by the time you’re going to say on Saturday. I suggest you don’t leave this pub until you have."

Friday began quietly, and I thought it was going to be the calm day before the storm—just the storm itself. Without a forewarning, Sarah’s manner should have warned me.

I left the flat about nine-thirty and got to the office just before ten. At lunch I saw Charles Robinson, and he said, "Might I come along in the morning?"

I said, "Of course I’ve no objection. Thanks."

In the afternoon things were slack, and I spent the rest of the day doing nothing. Forty-five minutes before eight I got home here. Sarah wasn’t there, and I went into our bedroom because sometimes she left a note to say what time she’d be back. The note was there all right:

Dearest Oliver: I am going off on my own to see if I can get things straightened out, for your sake and for mine—and for everyone’s. Darling, don’t worry if I’m not back for a night or two, and please don’t try to follow me. This is something I’ve got to do alone.

Your,

Sarah.

I read the note twice and turned it over and examined the back and then read it twice more. I went in and washed my face and put cold water round the back of my neck. Then I came out with the towel in my hands and went to the telephone.

I rang up Victor Moreton at his chambers. His man said he’d got it to tell me. I ran over to him at home in twenty minutes. I rang Henry Dane and said, "What did you tell Sarah the other day about Tracey’s death?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

But from your questions, could she have got a pretty good guess."

"Oh, a pause. "Yes. Possibly that."

"Have you seen Sarah since?"

"No. What’s the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Rang off.

I rang Victor’s flat but there was no reply, so I fetched my car and went round instead. I got there as he was going up the steps. I thought he looked a bit peculiar when he saw me, a bit on the defensive:

"Have you seen Sarah today?"

"No."

"Or heard from her?"

"No, I haven’t, in a while."

He let himself in, and I followed him.

"She called round at my chambers yesterday afternoon."

"What did she want?"

"She . . . wished to discuss certain problems with me."

"Victor, this has gone beyond a joke. She’s my wife. She’s gone off like this, leaving just a note. I’ve no more idea than—where she knows."

He met my stare. "I can’t help it. I’m sorry, but I’ve given her my word, Oliver . . . And even if I hadn’t I wouldn’t tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because I’ve not heard more from her—or even then. I don’t think it’s a thing that ought to be told."

I didn’t leave it at that, of course. I stayed and argued with him. The only thing I got out of it was that he promised to ring me if he heard from Sarah again.

Going back to our flat it wasn’t out of the way to turn up Preston Street. I might as well see if there was any sign of life from Vere Litchen. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a light in the house. Almost before I’d let the knocker go the door opened and a small red-faced, fair-
Libby’s Fruit Cocktail

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Sparkling away in the crystal bowl up above is a very popular quintet of luscious fruits. Here's their flavor harmony. Here is your happy mingling of tart and sweet, lively and subtle, mellow and bright! Yes, Libby's (some say) is the perfect fruit combination that Nature must have had in mind but didn't get around to. Libby’s Fruit Cocktail—put it high on your shopping list!

Libby, McNell & Libby, Chicago 9, II.

They led him straight over to my corner, and half the people evidently knew him, because he had to talk and joke on the way. So he was nearly at the table before he saw me. I suppose that was the moment when he could have dissolved me and got me turned out. But he'd been in too many shady deals to be able to assume innocence without a second thought. And while he hesitated the attendant moved away.

He said in his high nasal voice, "What a coincidence, I was thinking of you the other day." I said, "I've been thinking of you a lot. Join me at a meal!" He hesitated and then sat down uneasily. "How's Sarah? Suppose you're settling down now?" "Not as quickly as we hoped. Have you been out to your cottage since last week?" "No. Why?" "We called there last Friday." "Oh." He glanced at me sulkily as the waiter came up.

I said, "You order. I'll pay." And when he'd done so: "We went straight along there after Mr. Jerome called." "I don't know what you're talking about." "You should. He told me you sent him. What made you send him? It was a pretty bad mistake, wasn't it?" Clive picked up a roll and buttered it and ate it. He said vindictively, "Jerome's still in hospital. You'll be lucky to get away with that."

"So will you. You must have been pretty hard up to show your hand this way," "What? What are you going to do about it?"

"That depends on you." He hesitated. You could see the indecision crawling across his face. "Well, why should I have done out of my share?" he said suddenly. "I'm not ashamed of anything I did. We live as we must. Before you throw stones at me think about yourself and Sarah. It's perfectly obvious now...."

"What's perfectly obvious?"

Again he didn't answer. I said, "When you set fire to the place, why didn't you clear out at once?"

"Oh, no, you don't get that dog to bark. I was in London."

"Any poli—"

"You bet."

"And what went wrong?"

"You're the insurance hound. You told me."

I said, "I suppose you know I was there that night."

"Probably a ticket to Madeira—if you can get there with the police catch up with you."

His hand fumbled on his knife. His fingers were long and flat with the nails cut close.

"Don't talk to me about the police. Any minute I like I can put you on the run, Brian. I think you'd pay quite a lot to keep Sarah out of prison."

I said, "It's about time you stop telling yourself that fairy tale? The police know all about Sarah. And they know about me. I'd spoken to them before Jerome turned up."

I said, "What happened to the original of the paintings you copied for Tracey?"

I don't think Clive had enjoyed his meal, and he had stuck in his chest.

"They're far away—where you can't reach them."

"One isn't."

He looked up at me. "The Foster?"

"It was a mistake to sell it in England wasn't it?"

He said, "I don't believe you were real there that night. I don't see how you can have been—"

"Yes, I was there. So don't you think it about time you told me the rest?"

(Continued on Page 154)
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Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Cook onion and celery slowly in butter until transparent but not browned. Combine cornbread and bread crumbs and pour butter-vegetable mixture over them, tossing to blend. Stir in salt, sage, pepper and olives. Sprinkle giblet stock over mixture and mix lightly. Makes stuffing for 8-pound turkey. Double for large bird.

Add Ripesp

The Island Heart
By Jean Aucourt

No matter who, no matter what they say,
The heart's home is a clouded island home,
Shining gray and silver as shifting dews are grey,
Silent and watchful in the slipping shadows.

Held beneath huge sky-shaped imaginings,
Itsarks imprisoned fly, and have no home.
Silent as swans upon their whistling wings,
Bright music looked within each tilted throat.
Oh, but how precious sweet and few are
Are moments when the clouds an instant part
And the sun builds its frail gold towers through
The rifts, upon the waiting shadowed heart.
How sweet to watch the lark's swift singling flight
Toward the far sky, sun, stars and circling night.

The old woman said, "You're just in time.
It was Mrs. Moreton."
I said, "Where's your wife?"
Mrs. Moreton said, "Your . . . wife has been here two hours insisting, dictating a telephone message.

Sarah said gently, "Oh, my dear, you mustn't say that. I knew in the end you would see it as I see it. Loyalty isn't something only within a family."

It was Mrs. Moreton breathing like that, stared at her and then stared at Sarah. I noted Sarah's answer was so drawn.

"Loyalty," said Mrs. Moreton, "coughed, and took a minute to snatch a breath. "Ever since you met this man—your—your allegiance was divided. You trace your down when he most needed it, Oh, I know there was no misconduct. But the betrayal of the good woman . . ."

If he'd had it from you—wholeheartedly, the worst calamity,” said Mrs. Moreton.

Sarah asked, "Who was his before Oliver came to the house?" You woke and discovered the first fire, quarrel with him about it, lied to me about it, quarrel. That was before I ever saw Oliver."

And I said, "I hoped it would stop there. He was my son. Sarah. Mrs. Moreton got slowly to her feet.
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

November, 1947

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The young man had come round the other side of the car and swung himself up onto the top. After a minute he said, "It's the bastard—here he comes down. But I think I can manage it. I'll nip home for a crowbar."
"I said, 'Get a doctor.'"
"'Don't worry, I've sent my brother to that.'"

I was twenty minutes late for the meeting. They were all there waiting for me. Reckitt had turned up, and Rawson, McDonald's son, and the two Abercrombies, and Charles Johnson and Spencer, the F. L. A. A. man from Birmingham. Michael came straight up, me, and asked if I was all right. I said yes, I was all right.

I don't remember much about the way the meeting began because other thoughts were in my head. Spencer was the only one of the four who was saying something about family squabbles and no excuse for rather solemn meetings of this kind; but he understood the case raised more important. Then there was a disturbance and Henry Dane came in.

They started talking about the brawl. McDonald was saying, "If Brannwell thinks I've come so that I can grind or else score to pay off, he's mistaken." Then he began to speak about the way he had felt and what he had done.

...When the ambulance came they deduced the easiest way to get Sarah out was to put the car on its four wheels again. They did it as gently as they knew how, six of them altogether. As they lifted her out she said, "Our proof's gone, ding. What we wanted most much..."

Spencer had asked me nothing. "I'm sorry," he said.

"As I mentioned when began, Mr. Brannwell, the only purpose of this meeting is to try to clear these points as they are said. Could your help us by putting us an eye on the thing?"
"Everybody was waiting, and I felt sick at heart. I avoided Henry Dane's stare.

"My view on them... McDonald's got facts right but his inferences wrong."

Spencer shut his eyes. "D'you mean you didn't deny that you were on the scene of the that night?"
"No. I don't deny it... " Then abruptly, went on to the theme, respectively, as it came into view, head. I got through it somehow but stopped out at last night. I wanted to keep Mrs. Moreton out of it.

When I finished out a cigarette and it snapped the lighter shut and stared the glowing end.

I heard Spencer say, "Well, you've only given us a lot to think about, Mr. Russell..."

Reckitt coughed dryly. "On your own admission—and accepting this story at its face value—you stumbled upon the fraud, were actually at the scene of it, and yet did nothing about it for four months. Your own firm presented us—dealt with the claim—yet I didn't raise a finger to prevent the pay-out of a large sum of money. Then—four months later—after marrying the widow of Henry Moreton, and laying your hands on sixty-eight thousand pounds fraudulently and—ask us to believe that you intended to pay this money back, even though I've so far made no attempt to do so."

I don't ask you to believe it. It happens be the truth..."

LAWSON, McDonald's boss, fiddled with glasses and said, "I'm still no other clear about this. Mr. Brannwell admits to be failed in his duty to the insurance firm. But there was surely a... wider duty, as citizen, to tell the police of his finding the body of Moreton. How does Brannwell explain failure to do so?"

"I put the cigarette down. My hands were not quite steady. It may look as if I care two passes, but there was only then. I thought Moreton's wife was involved in the fraud and I wasn't ready to de...

nounce her... . . . But I'm not here this morning to excuse myself, I'm here to explain. My... that's not much, but of course... and I think someone's got to see me."

Spencer said, "Yes, I made the statement to him. He didn't say a lot of, course, but he seemed satisfied."

Spencer coughed. "Have you had something to do with this case before today, Mr. Dane?"
"Yes, of course I have," Dane told him.

"That's why I was advising you not to jump to conclusions."

Brannwell came to me a couple of days before the fire—about the time he called on you, McDonald—and told me about his suspicions. I told him where to get advice on detecting fake pictures and furniture. He put it as a hypothetical case, of course. I'd no reason to connect what he said with Mrs. Moreton—rather then or later. Nor had I any reason to suppose he contemplated anything as silly as housebreaking. After the fire... well, after the fire he didn't talk as much as I have, but during the four months that followed we had various conversations, and I gave him advice which I later saw was to the contrary..."

"You blame him for not immediately telling the police of his discovery of the dead body and that the fire was planned. Well, so do I, but it isn't such an open-and-shut issue as you seem to think. When he discovered the fire—if you accept his word for it—he did all he could. Then... when the brigade came at his call, he'd to...

(Continued on Page 159)
Stock up Now... and SAVE!

From coast to coast in 35 states, and throughout Canada, 7,700 RED & WHITE Food Stores are now offering a wide variety of superb quality RED & WHITE brand new pack canned foods at substantial savings. Extra savings when you buy in three, six, and larger lots.

RED & WHITE, the world’s oldest and largest voluntary group of individually-owned stores, is passing along to you the low prices earned by its trainload buying power. Our buyers report: “In the 31 years of our experience, quality has never been better!” Shop at your nearest RED & WHITE Store during this exciting money-saving event. The Time... NOW.

Every Red & White product is guaranteed to please you or your money will be refunded.
Ask any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

WE HEAR, the croquet set has been stored in the attic for another reason than a child's health. In my memories is the youngest's observation, after a summer of never winning a game, "I could win in eighteen shots if I were in my own way." This is the time of year to be wary of orangefart promises.

From an eighth-graded composition: A look of indigestion passed over his face.

In my husband's opinion, the sympathetic face must have a quick eye for the tender pot in a sock.

Nineteen-year-old disdainfully to nineteen-year-old: "I like to talk to adults of my own age."

Our second daughter, discussing an ardent follower with her father, quite raised him off his chair by saying, "I hate to lead him on when I know his intentions are honorable.

When daughter dressed in half the time I took her mother, the feat was accomplished through study of patterns given through a minimum of garments.

First mother: "The reason Bill didn't go was because he grew so tall.

Second mother: "We have one that's short and he didn't study either."

My grandmother always declared there was no way of getting along peacefully and happily with a man without the aid of love.
"We’re polls apart..." in politics only

They argue over candidates—and have a harmony ticket at home! Meet the Banks Upshaws, of Dallas, Texas. By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

WHEN anyone in the Banks Upshaw family needs a car these days he—or she—can choose between a gray Plymouth with an "I LIKE IKE" sign across the rear window and a red Kaiser with a plastic placard which says, "GLADLY FOR ADLAI." This dual arrangement is no milk-and-water attempt to stay neutral in the current presidential campaign. The Upshaws, like most Texans, take their politics seriously, and express their opinions with freedom and force. But they simply cannot agree among themselves as to who is the better candidate.

"The Adlai car," as it is known in the household, is the one Banks, Sr., usually drives to his office in downtown Dallas. Politicians are always proclaiming the virtues of the "small businessman," and Banks Upshaw is a hardy specimen. Twenty-three years ago Banks married his boss' daughter. But instead of following the well-known pattern he promptly quit his boss' firm in New York City—where the road for his advancement was wide open—and went back to Texas to start a textbook-publishing business of his own. The competition was keen and the depression of the 1930's almost wiped him out. But today Banks Upshaw & Co. is a thriving little concern.

Banks will tell you: "As a Unitarian, I'm a liberal. But in politics I'm a conservative and a Democrat—all the way."

"We need a change in administration. Eisenhower's honesty and ability make him the man for the job."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE DI PIETRO
Now! You can “Easy-Mix” flakier pie crust with Mazola as the Liquid Shortening!

No “cutting in” shortening...just mix with fork

"Easy-Mix" pie crust in ½ the time

Yes, you can make this marvelous new "Easy-Mix" Pie Crust in one-half the usual time. Using Mazola® Oil as liquid shortening you'll turn out the tenderest, flakiest pie crust ever! So easy! No "cutting in" solid shortening. No parking into measuring cup. No guesswork. Just pour Mazola Oil to exact measurements.

No flour on board or pin to toughen crust. Dough rolls out easily between wax paper. A schoolgirl can do it. You can do it. Today, for instance...

FOR 2-CRUST 8 OR 9-INCH "EASY-MIX" PIE

Sift together... 2 cups sifted All-Purpose Flour 1 teaspoon salt
Five tablespoons ice water or cold milk. Beat with fork until creamy. Immediately pour all at once over flour mixture. Toss and mix with fork. Form into ball.

Divide dough in half. Shape each with hands into smooth, flat round. Roll between two 11-inch squares of wax paper to outer edges. (Paper will not slip if table is wiped with damp cloth.)

Remove top sheet, invert dough over pan; peel off other sheet. Fit pastry into pan. Roll top crust. Cut gashes for escape of steam.

Fold top crust under bottom crust. Flute edges.

Bake at temperature required for filling used.

FOR ONE PAstry SHELL: Make 1/2 recipe as directed above. Prick entire crust with fork. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

MAZOLA makes so many good things...better!
"Marriage is more fun if you don't always agree. More stimulating: a half-formed opinion is your worst enemy!"

Catherine contributes several days a week to work at the local Eisenhower campaign headquarters. A member for fifteen years of the League of Women Voters, she resigned as officer of the League (a nonpartisan organization) in order to do party work.

Sentiment ran high for Russell at the Dallas County Democratic Convention, but Banks, chairman of his delegation and a good Democrat, will go along with Stevenson. For past eight years chairman of his precinct, Banks has never missed a meeting.

Catherine literally "fell" for Banks when they met; she tripped on a chair rocker. They were married in 1929, the same year Banks established his own textbook-publishing company.

Clothing costs for the Upshaws run low, about $1200 a year. "That's because the girls hold me down," Catherine laughs. "They're forever saying, 'But, mother, I don't need that!'"

All the Upshaws are active Unitarians. Banks, Jr., is an ex-president of the AUY, the church young-people's group. Nancy taught at church camp outside Dallas this summer.

(Continued from Page 160) which sells books as far away as Siam and South America, pays 10-per-cent dividends on its stock and a salary of $10,200 a year to Banks, who is president, treasurer, sales manager, promotion manager and "general flunkey" around the place. (There are only seven other employees.)

Banks is voting for Stevenson because (1) he himself is a loyal Democrat and (2) he thinks the Illinois governor has the kind of experience that is most needed in Washington.

"I'm on a bit of a spot—I'm for the party in power but also the Administration," he says. "Stevenson seems like the man who can clean up things in Washington and get the Democratic Party back to what it always stood for—states' rights, low tariffs and an interest in the common man without being so darned socialistic about it. I'm not worried so much by mink coats and five-per-centers as I am by the way the Government has been taking over everything and trying to give people their security on a silver platter. Stevenson says he wants to stop the centralization of power in Washington and that's just what I want."

Banks was bitterly disappointed when Governor Stevenson announced that he favored Federal control of the oil-bearing tidelands. "Those tidelands belong to Texas," he says. "Harry Truman and the Supreme Court committed larceny when they took them away. But I've learned you can't be a purist in politics. You have to weigh what each side has to offer and take the one that offers the most."

Banks' wife Catherine agrees with much of what he says, but has long since reached an opposite conclusion. "There can't be a real change until we change parties," she argues. "I was for Ike before the Chicago convention, not just because I like him personally, but because he knows the foreign situation and can do the most about solving it. When

(Continued on Page 164)
Got the notion? Why don’t you bake one of these terrific cakes?

Just add milk. You do it in minutes. You get something momentous.

Milk is all you add

No eggs, flavoring or extras of any kind required.
These are complete mixes.

Pillsbury Cake Mixes

WHITE • CHOCOLATE FUDGE • GOLDEN YELLOW
Politics yields—temporarily—to dinnertime beaux, clothes and campus-life talk. (Jean is newly disinterested in beau—she's been a bride for two months.) Observes Catie: "Being an Upshaw... it's interesting!"

"Teach your child to think for himself—
and you've helped him win half his battle."

(Continued from Page 162) the Republicans nominated him over Taft they showed they were not going isolationist, and not going back to the Old Guard way of running things either."

Catherine was born and raised in the North, but has always been something of a rebel. She was a Democrat in Republican Westchester County, New York; since moving to Texas she has often—though not always—voted Republican. Right now she is "sick and tired of the whole mess in Washington," and puts a good deal of blame on the Administration for her soaring grocery bills. "The big battle in this country is against inflation," she says, "The Democrats can't win it because they are all bogged down in their own extravagance and bureaucracy."

The family cleavage runs straight down through the four Upshaw children. Jean, aged 22, and Nancy, 21, are both voting for Stevenson, "I like the Democratic Party because it's more for the individual." Nancy explains, "People generally are more prosperous now than they were under the Republicans." But Banks, Jr., is for Eisenhower, though he is too young (18) to vote this year. "I like Ike," he says flatly, "I like Stevenson, too, but not as much. I'm due to be drafted next year and I figure Ike can keep things under control in Europe if anybody can. I'm mostly a Democrat but I believe in voting for men and not for parties."

Catie, aged 10, is another Eisenhower fan, though for a different reason than anyone else. "I like Ike because I like to play army," she says.

The political complications of the Upshaws don't stop there, however. Jean, the eldest daughter, is a graduate of Rice Institute, where she majored in physics and mathematics, and is now working as an "associate analyst" on a secret Government project in Wyoming. In September she came home to be married to a young Texas scientist named William Brooks who is employed on the same project. "Of course," she says, "I had to pick a husband who is voting for Ike!" That left the balance of power in the hands of Willie Mae Cox, the Upshaws' long-time maid, who is sending the family to the polls in a 3 to 3 tie by voting for Eisenhower.

Willie Mae, who is 47, never voted at all until after World War II. Then her son Fred, who was a U.S. Army corporal in Germany, came home and told her it was "right" for her to vote. "You have to pay taxes" (Continued on Page 172)
GETS THE "MURDER-GRIT"!

New test shows how Hoover Triple-Action saves your rugs by breaking loose the deep down rug-destroying dirt and grit that plain suction cleaning leaves imbedded in the pile.

See how the Hoover Cleaner gently vibrates your rugs? That's what shakes loose the rug-wearing grit that even the most powerful suction—alone—can't bring to the surface.

Of all cleaners, only Hoover "vibra-cleans." That's why women say, about the ten million Hoovers sold, "no other cleaner in the world cleans your rugs—and saves your rugs—like the Hoover does."

And today a beautiful new Hoover (you can buy it for a small down payment—on budget-fitting monthly terms) is as easy to own as it is to use. See it at leading stores in your community. See the handy plug-in tools for easier above-the-floor cleaning. See the new Hoover Aero-Dyne tank-type cleaner, too. THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Perivale, England.

You'll be happier with a Hoover.
Roast your holiday bird in a flavor-sealing jacket of sturdy, pliable REYNOLDS WRAP—and be free to enjoy your guests while it roasts to juicy tenderness... no basting, no watching, no drying out or burning! Thrifty REYNOLDS WRAP reduces wasteful oven shrinkage up to 10%, even in old-style ovens—makes carving easier too. Stock up now...at grocery, drug, department stores.

More Meat, Better Flavor, Freedom from Oven Tending

For the Most Bountiful Holiday Bird...

Perhaps the reason my girls have always helped around the kitchen is that mamma didn’t know much about it. I had to learn to cook the hard way. As a bride, my first meal for my Texas husband—lamb chops, baked potatoes and black-eyed peas—took me two days to prepare! I started by cutting the black spots off the black-eyed peas. My girls won’t have such problems.

Help always turns up at mealtime. Nancy is 'specially good at making salads, and she has a knack for seasoning foods. Our youngest, Catie, likes best to make birthday cakes, cookies and candies—usually with the help of a mix.

I make good chili—not meaning to boast. To make our version of Texas Chilli, I boil 6 to 8 of the large, fat dry red chili peppers in 1 quart of water for 1 hour until the water is black; strain off the liquid and add it to the browned meat. You can use chili powder if you can’t get chili peppers.

**Texas Chili:**
- 1 1/2 cups ground beef
- 1 onion, minced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 3 tablespoons chili powder
- 2 cups water
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- Salt
- Paprika

Cover and simmer 1 1/2 hours until meat is very tender. Thicken with a paste made with 2 tablespoons flour and 1/2 cup water. Serve over baked red kidney beans. Serves 4-6.

**Texas Cole Slaw:**
- 1/2 head cabbage
- 1/2 small onion
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup salt
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Serve with shredded red cabbage and shredded white cabbage. Serve with shredded red cabbage and shredded white cabbage. Serves 4-6.

One of our favorite ways to use up the end of a ham is in Cheese-Ham Puffs. When the ham is salty, it is better to use old-fashioned unsalted soda crackers, otherwise use saltines. If candy-cook Catie has been making pralines, we nibble them for dessert. They aren’t true pralines—they’re the soft variety, but we like them best.

**Cheese-Ham Puffs**
- 1 1/2 cups grated cheese
- 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups diced ham
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1/4 cup grated cheese
- 1/4 cup chopped green peppers
- Salt
- Black pepper

Combine 2 cups each shredded red cabbage and shredded white cabbage. Add 2 carrots, grated, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Mix well. Roll up in 1/2 teaspoon water and 1/2 cup water. Serve over baked red kidney beans. Serves 2-6.

**Cheese-Ham Puffs**
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup diced ham
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped green peppers
- Salt
- Black pepper

Combine 2 cups each shredded red cabbage and grated cheese. Add 1/2 cup warm water to vegetables. Mix well. Roll up in 1/2 teaspoon water and 1/2 cup water. Serve over baked red kidney beans. Serves 2-6.

**Cheese-Ham Puffs**
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup diced ham
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped green peppers
- Salt
- Black pepper

Combine 2 cups each shredded red cabbage and grated cheese. Add 1/2 cup warm water to vegetables. Mix well. Roll up in 1/2 teaspoon water and 1/2 cup water. Serve over baked red kidney beans. Serves 2-6.
Shrimp-Okra Gumbo in the making.

**CHEESE-JAM PUDDING**

Grind together 1/2 pound cooked ham, 1/2 pound sharp Cheddar cheese and 1/2 green pepper. Soak 10 saltines in 1 cup milk. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Blend in ground-meat mixture. Pour into greased custard cups; set cups in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F, for 35 minutes. Turn out on slices of toasted pineapple. Serve 5.

**PRALINES**

Place 2 cups dark brown sugar, 1/2 cup evaporated milk and a pinch of salt in a heavy saucepan; bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Then cook without stirring until a drop forms a soft ball in cold water, or to 235° to 240° F., if you use a thermometer. Let cool. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and 1 teaspoon vanilla; let stand until cool enough to touch with your finger. Beat until it is thick and starts to lose its shine. Add 1 cup whole pecans. Drop on wax paper by spoonfuls. Cool until firm. Makes 1 1/2 dozen.

Soups are my long point. In the winter we have soup once a week. My soups get most of the leftovers. In one pot I put all the cooked meat scraps and bones to cook with some onion, parsley and water. In another pot I put fresh meat or soup bones to cook with water and seasonings, adding later what fresh vegetables I happen to have. When vegetables are done, I add the strained meat broth from the first pot, season, and add any leftover vegetables. On soup nights, we have a special dessert. I often make young Banks' favorite Butterscotch Bread-Pudding Soufflé:

Homemade Soup Toast Tossed Green Salad Butterscotch Bread-Pudding Soufflé

**BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD-PUDDING SOUFFLÉ**

Sauté 3 cups milk; add 1/2 cups stale bread cubes; let stand 10 minutes.

Melt together 1/2 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; cook and stir until bubbly. Add sugar mixture, 1 well-beaten egg yolk, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon baking soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 1/2 teaspoon vanilla to bread-and-meat mixture. Last, fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into a 2 1/2-quart baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F, for 45 minutes. Serve hot while it's puffy. Serve 6.

Jean, our oldest, wrote from Wyoming that she gets hungry for my Shrimp-Okra Gumbo. On her next visit, I will have to make it for her. It is a filling dish borrowed from our Louisiana neighbors. We like it quite thick. Jean likes it so much we had it one Thanksgiving when she brought friends home from school.

Shrimp-Okra Gumbo

**RICE**

**Orange-Grapefruit Salad**

**Crackers and Cheese**

**SHRIMP-O克拉 GUMBO**

Shell and devein 11/2 pounds raw shrimp. Brown 1/4 pound bacon, cut into pieces, in 1 tablespoon shortening in a large heavy pan; remove vein and save. Chop 1 peeled large Bermuda onion. Remove stem and slice 1 pound okra. If fresh okra is unavailable in your markets, use canned sliced okra, or you can often buy frozen sliced okra. Add 2 tablespoons more shortening to the pan and fry onion, okra and 1 clove garlic, minced; sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour. Then add 2 quarts boiling water, the browned vein, 1/4 pound ham, cut into pieces; 2 fresh tomatoes, chopped, or 1 cup canned tomatoes; 2 green onions, chopped; 1/2 teaspoon thyme and 1 tablespoon salt. Simmer, covered, 1 1/2 hours. Cook 1 cup rice in boiling salted water according to package directions. Add shrimp to the gumbo; cook, uncovered, 15 minutes more. Stir in 1 teaspoon gumbo file' powder (optional). Serve hot in soup dishes with a couple of spoonfuls of rice in the center of each. Makes 5 quarts. It is good reheated.

Since the Days of the Pilgrims...

**Cranberry Sauce**

**HAS BEEN SERVED FOR Thanksgiving**

**SINCE 1912**

Ocean Spray has made Your Cranberry Sauce Ready to Serve

**THE BRAND OF QUALITY**

A new book filled with the choicest of all cranberry dishes for every holiday in the year... from Thanksgiving to Father’s Day. Ideas for Thanksgiving relishes and salads ... Christmas desserts ... New Year’s Buffet. 24 pages of marvelously good cranberry dishes for the big feast days of the year. Send 10c and one Ocean Spray label for your New Book of Holiday Recipes!
The right choice of glass frames can spark up your appearance and personality as effectively as your prettiest hairdo or most becoming make-up. Here are some tips on all three. They might even prompt you to wear your glasses because you like them!

By Dawn Growell Norman
Beauty Editor of the Journal

Are you overly modest, uncomfortably shy? Do you feel you lack enough natural coloring? You can bring more character (and attention!) to your face by choosing imaginative glass frames. Try an upswept shape in jet black, or a vivid color such as bronze or gold to pick up the highlights in your hair. We know a girl who spent her accessory money on a pair of royal-blue frames to match her royal-blue coat. She wears her dark hair in a beautifully smooth chignon and, though usually looks as well turned out as any bonneted beauty. Pastel frames bring femininity to the woman who looks and feels discouragingly businesslike in tortoiseshell. Find the color that flatters your skin tones or makes your eyes seem bluer, greener, browner! If your glasses age you, try a new shape. Branch out to something more youthful and flattering. Shop for your glass frames carefully, critically. They can be dull necessities—or necessary, but gay, accessories. It's up to you!

Brushed and Brightened

Avoid bouncing bobs, sausage curls, fluffy bangs or skinned-back arrangements in favor of a haidero that is neatly shaped and softly groomed. If you like bangs but feel they are too much with your glasses, have them clipped to a shorter length as a winter break against your forebears. Round or square faces take to short bangs brushed up and away from the face. For simplicity without severity, try a straight part with hair waved back over the temples, ending in a loose page-boy, or turned ends or a chignon—whichever most becoming.

Try a bright lipstick to make the rosy of a pretty mouth. Clear reds and cherry reds will give your face a dash of color where you need it. Be careful with rouge. Glasses draw attention to checkbones, which means rouge should be artful blended, perhaps a little lower on your cheeks than you would normally wear. You can exaggerate your eye make-up with the assurance that your glasses will soften the effect. Brown or black mascara for daytime. For evening a color to match your eye shadow—green, blue, violet will give you a wide-eyed glow.

Look for simple accessories that will blend happily with your glasses rather than clutter up your appearance. Brills or small-brimmed bonnets should be chosen for their line and color rather than their "decorative" value. There is no rule against wearing any type of jewelry, provided you don't combine too many pieces at once. Try earrings without the choker finish or scarf pins without the earring.

Plaid frames (or stripes or check are an incentive, for children or children's wear, their glasses."

Blond Nancy Upshaw wears simple frames in a rosy-beige shade to blend with her fair skin.
The only tissue that meets you halfway

One-at-a-time ends waste—saves money!

Soft! Strong! Pops up!

Have you discovered the wonderful difference between soft, strong Kleenex* and all other tissues? Because of its special Serv-a-Tissue box, Kleenex (and only Kleenex) meets you halfway. You'll see, Kleenex serves you one at a time, not a handful. Ends waste, saves money. It's America's favorite tissue.
the squash in a casserole or double boiler. Cook frozen green beans until tender, season and add some canned sliced mushrooms. Heat creamed onions in a double boiler. While you are “dishing up,” heat the gravy and give it a vigorous stir. Place the pudding in the soil pan on a rack over boiling water; steam, covered, while eating dinner. To serve, I put a sprig of holly on the top. Serve the mince meat tarts warm. They are better this way. The pudding, the holly and the hidden treasures are a fitting climax to the Christmas dinner.

THANKFUL BE

(Continued from Page 67)

happened to be close to the place that I once lived in, in the county of Westchester, in the state of New York. And it is to Mount Vernon’s eternal glory that she found that place where she would be, and the persecution was over. I tell you these things because if you will look up you will find that a lot of things that are happening around here nowadays happened to Anne Hutchinson, and with just a little reason and for as little cause. That she was massacred by the Indians was a mere detail, because she had one whole year of peace and she became a woman of despair. On the spot where this terrible tragedy occurred, her achievements are immortal. On this spot was conceived the freedom of the press. On this spot this blow for liberty was struck. Freedom of religion became a living flame and the church that memorializes her still stands where it stood more than a century ago. She had no money. She lacked means and influence, but she had brains and imagination and vision, without which the people perished. I hope that you will get a book and read in these times the story of this simple woman, Anne Hutchinson. She is one reason why you may “thankful be.”

So it’s Thanksgiving again. I suppose the old traditions should not be lightly discarded, among them the well-known roast turkey which graces most tables at this season of the year. How well we all know the aftermath too. First there’s the cold turkey, that follows close on the heels of the Thanksgiving dinner. Then there’s the turkey hash and finally the noble bird finds itself dished up as soup and farther than that we cannot go. And we are lucky if we get that far. So wishing to be really radical this year, we have turned that turkey into two ducks. Duck is no relation to turkey, but this time it is going to take its place. And there are other things, too, that are going to be different. You see and see. There’s not a pumpkin in sight, not even a squash, but the cranberry will not be downed, and instead of boiled onions you get a salad. But let’s get on with this now, and we’ll start with

SEA FOOD COCKTAIL

Any combination of seafood may be used. This one is made of the meat from 2 boiled lobsters, 2 pounds shrimp, cooked, shelled and the shell taken out, and ½ pound canned or cooked fresh or frozen crab meat. Remove all the bits of bone. Arrange the sea food on a bed of greens in scallop shells, cocktail glasses or the little green pottery shells shown in the photograph. Serve with a spoonful of cocktail sauce made like this:

Cocktail Sauce: To 1 cup mayonnaise add ½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup India relish, 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine, 1 cup chili sauce, ½ teaspoon minced chives, ¼ green pepper, chopped, ½ pimiento, chopped, 1 tablespoon:

How to make a WOW of a cocktail!

Fill glass with iced cold tomato juice

Add pinch of salt and pepper

Add teaspoon of French’s Worcestershire Sauce

That’s all!
Ham Steak!

Grandfather's Shock Absorber

By Jane H. Merchant

Grandfather Robbins always treated others exactly as he wanted to be treated. He practiced his belief that men are brothers;

The poorest tramps and vagabonds were as promptly at his table as deacons;

And given all his help; yet when a pair of them made off with Grandma's cherished fur.

Neckpiece, Grandfather never turned a hair.

"Of course I realized they might be bad," he said with perfect equanimity.

"It's right to deal with men as if you had Unbounded faith in human decency; but you'll be in for quite a shock, less you keep some faith in human goodness."

Not in the old tradition.

I remember when a salad was considered something only the rich and snobbish served. It was not for ordinary folks. Now old fashioned folks began to look into it. After all, what was it but a few lettuce leaves and an old onion that had been kicked around all winter, some oil and vinegar and you were done.

Just what the society people were eating, and though you hated the sight of it, you ate it just the same. And then you began to add things to it. Humble beginnings became very elaborate and elegant achievements. Here is a salad that has both elegance and good taste, and if you think of anything to add to it, you won't make any mistake.

AVOCADO AND ONION SALAD

Arrange slices of peeled avocado and raw onions—red or yellow—on a bed of salad greens. Serve with mint dressing.

MINT DRESSING

Heat 4 tablespoons lime or lemon juice and 1 tablespoon vinegar to boiling. Remove from heat and add 2 tablespoons dry mint leaves. Let it steep 1 hour. Add 1/2 teaspoon sugar and 2 or 3 teaspoons table salt.
I'm in love with a wonderful buy!

Fels-Naptha makes my clothes so white
Fels-Naptha makes my dishes bright
Fels-Naptha makes linoleum gleam
And leaves my hands as smooth as cream!
A golden soap that's tried and true
Fels-Naptha cuts soap costs in two!

Talk about "miracle" soaps! You should try Fels-Naptha! It's almost magic how easily mild, golden soap and gentle naptha—working together—get clothes so beautifully and fragrantly clean.

And, for dishwashing! Nothing equals those rich, soft, nice-to-touch Fels-Naptha suds—and their kindness to the hands.

Your savings will thrill you, too. Fels-Naptha costs you only half as much as those high-priced "miracle" washing products.

Yes, try Fels-Naptha. Buy several bars and use them for everything. See what you save. Then enjoy the bonus you get in extra washing and cleaning help.

An honest soap—honestly priced

Fels-Naptha

Also available in Golden Chips

chili powder, 1/2 teaspoon garlic salt, 1/2 teaspoon onion salt, a little pepper, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 teaspoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lime or lemon rind and 1/2 cup salad oil.

Let stand overnight. Strain and serve on avocado-and-onion salad. Makes 1/2 cup. Maybe a little more. This dressing is delicious on citrus-fruit salads too.

And to go along with this meal—or any other meal— I give you

POPPY-SEED STICKS

Sift 1/2 cup package compressed or dry yeast in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Melt 1/2 cup—shortening in 6 tablespoons cold milk until it is cool to lukewarm. Stir in the dissolved yeast mixture. Sift together in a large bowl 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon sugar. Make a well in the center of dry ingredients. Add liquids all at once and beat until dough comes away from the sides of the bowl. Set in warm place to rise until double in bulk. Punch down. Punch off pieces of dough no bigger than a walnut. Roll between palms of your hands or on a board into pencil-thin strips 3/4" thick and 4" long. Place on ungreased baking sheet and let dry about 10 minutes. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake in moderately slow oven—350° F.—about 25 minutes until a light golden tan and very crisp. Makes 5 dozen.

No pumpkins, no plum pudding. There was a time when I would have said a Thanksgiving dinner without plum pudding might just as well be. I can remember so well at our house when we would have apple pie and hot mince pie—oh, I can smell those mince pies anymore, anybody could smell them all over the house. Spices and, well, ingredients that I need not name here, blended together in one invisible aroma that only comes out from such a pie.

Now we have a confetti refrigerator and the way thereto is here set forth.

CONFETTI REFRIGERATOR CAKE

Cover 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins with hot water and let stand 10 minutes thoroughly. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water and dissolve 1 cup hot water. Stir in 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup salt, 1 cup cream concentrated juice, thawed (straight from the can, unblinted). If you buy a 12-ounce can, there'll be enough for frosted cake and sauce over for breakfast juice too. Blend thoroughly. Chill until stiff. Whip 1 heavy cream. Fold into orange mixture. The raising and macarooned cake (the kind you buy for fruitcakes) and coarse chopped walnuts. Line an 8" form pan on bottom of cake with spiced fingers. Pour in the fruit mixture. Chill night or until firm. Unmold and serve. It makes 10 to 12, individual cakes in each, as before said.

As I said before, history repeats and we are now in the same spot, in ways, that the Puritans were in. It is a woman who inaugurated Thanksgiving, dreamed it up and put it over. That Aunt Lincoln helped her was an ideal reason for her mind. This woman lived a great many years after Anne Hutchinson. I wrote too, once. Her name was Sarah Josepha. I will not intend to pay tribute to this woman who could never have foreseen who would work to develop. Perhaps when she will be glad to be remembered. Happy Thanksgiving; this is my year for all my friends who read the LADIES' JOURNAL.

WE'VE POLLS APART....

(Continued from Page 14)

anyway," he told her. "You might as well have something to say." He went with her to the office where she paid her poll tax.

1948 she and Fred both voted for Truman; this year they are switching to Ike. "I like his speeches," says Willie Mae. "I listen to them all I can. It's a good idea to change." In presenting the Upshaws as a kind of miniature Gallup Poll there is danger that readers will see the wrong impression. What fascinates them interesting is not their individualism in politics but their individualism in everything. There was the time, for instance, when Carline was rather rashly invited to the hospital for the birth of Jean, her first baby. She had lived in Texas only a short time and had not pronounced what is in Texas women at Park. There was a whole groove of them.

"I made Banks slow down and drive around the park twice," she recalls. "I never saw anything prettier in my life. But it did make us a little late at the hospital."

There is also the story of Banks (the one who has no complexion, the nickname he has ever used pigeons to sell textbooks. Banks used to carry a crate of homing pigeons on his back to sell across the broad map of Texas and take them into schools where he hoped to get an order. With the permission of the science teacher he would give the class a little talk about pigeons, and then let one fly out the window. When it arrived home, after a few hours, Catherine would know he was all right. Later on there would be a chance for Banks to write back to the school and say the pigeon was fine, too, which was a pleasant way of following up his sales visit.

Unlike many Southern parents, the Upshaws christened their three daughters without any maiden names or whatever. "Middle names are so unnecessary for girls," says Catherine. "If they really want one, they can choose their own when they get older." The only one to take advantage of this is Nancy, who likes to call herself Susan, after her grandmother. Nancy Susan is a tall, blonde, who misses her natural stature with a light-hearted way of singing songs and strumming the piano. She is studying for her master's degree in music at the University of Oklahoma, and plans to become an architect. He says, "I don't want to be an architect who just draws for a fee. Architecture is a culture, like music and painting. Last spring she hitchhiked several hundreds of miles to hear a lecture by Prank..."
Weight, and came home full of ideas for fitting buildings into their natural setting." During the last summer he worked on construction jobs in Dallas, to learn some of the practical details, and also to pick up $2 an hour for his unskilled labor. In talking with the older workmen he developed some definite views on the labor question. "You won't see many union members voting Republican this year and I can't say I blame them," he says. "They've never had it as good as this year. I think they have a good argument against this Taft-Hartley law too. There's no doubt it was passed to hold the workingman down."

His father listens indulgently to this and remarks, "He's more radical than his old man."

Banks Upshaw, Sr., has been a Democrat since he was born on a Texas cotton farm, and an active party worker since he was 21. Today he has a position of some prominence as Democratic Chairman of Precinct 20 in Dallas County, which is the largest precinct in Texas. (It has 304 voters who have paid their poll tax and are eligible to cast a ballot for President.) On November 4, as he has for a number of years, Banks will serve as persuading officer at Precinct 70's picturesque polling place, an old red-brick church on Midway Road, founded by the Methodists in 1844. During the past two months he has been busy directing a staff of Democratic canvassers who have called on every home in the precinct, which includes some of the wealthiest families in Dallas, along with a great many average-income suburbanites.

While Banks has been beating the drums for Stevenson, Catherine has been zipping around the gravelly roads of North Dallas in "the Ike car," promoting votes for Eisenhowter. She and her husband have taken turns of fifteen thousand miles for their politicking, and share the same mummographed list of voters' names and addresses, which is sprinkled with comments in their respective handwriting. Some of their neighbors find this rivalry a bit confusing. But it seems perfectly natural to the Upshaws, whose marriage has fostered a healthy difference of opinion and temperament.

"Life is more fun when you don't always agree," says Catherine. "It's more stimulating for the children too. They know Banks and I have never tried to impose our thinking on them; we discuss local issues, I think we get closer than we would by just echoing each other's ideas."

Like her father, Catherine is an experienced hand at politics. She was an early member of the League of Women Voters in Dallas and helped organize the League's Voters Service Committee, which makes the rounds of all candidates for state and county office each year and gets their answers to a questionnaire. This nonpartisan activity caused some resentment among male politicians when Catherine and other women who could not vote asked what they had to say, "I think we get closer than we would by just echoing each other's ideas."

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It might seem from what has been said here that life among the Upshaws is one long political debate. But that is far from the fact. They probably have fewer real arguments—and more real deductions—than most families. And there are many things they agree on. On Friday the 13th, for example.

It was on the 13th of July, 1928, that a lucky young stockbroker salesman from Texas named Banks Upshaw took Catherine Butler into New York and introduced her to the famous Paul Robeson musical. That night when they got back to Yonkers the old German elevator man was waiting to take them to the top of the Rock Park Hill, where Catherine's parents lived. But they didn't go in the right house. The Upshaws walked around the block and talked and looked out over the Hudson River at the sparkling lights on the Jersey shore. They were married the next April, but they still celebrate July 13th as an extra anniversary. In 1934 they bought "The Ancestor," a very old and restless painting of a Chinese family in their living-room wall. In 1945 they saw Show Boat again, as a movie. Catherine's father was Horace Graham Butler, vice-president of the publishing firm.
A Good Man to Know

The Greyhound agent in your near-by town

of Henry Holt & Co. The first time he brought Banks home to dinner Catherine literally “fell” for him. She was sitting on a rocking chair on the porch, when she got up to meet the guest she tripped on a rocker and went down in a heap.

Banks was older and seemed more self-assured than the college boys Catherine had been running around with. “He was so tall—he sort of coaled and uncoiled,” she recalls.

“When we played bridge he slapped the cards down hard. He did things with a flourish.” She was touched, too, by his Texas gallantry. Once when they had to wait for a train at Grand Central Station he invited her to have an ice-cream soda. “We walked in a drugstore and were out the other door before I knew what was happening.” Catherine remembers. “Banks was walking so fast I couldn’t keep up with him.” Outside she asked him what was wrong. “I didn’t see any women in there—do they allow women in there?” asked Banks.

Catherine grew up in the secure suburban world of Evanston and Yonkers; because of a girlhood illness she entered Mount Holyoke College rather late, at 19. She remembers vividly the day her economics instructor took the class of girls to a labor meeting in the industrial town of Holyoke. There were signs on the wall that said, “Workers of the World, Unite!”, and men sitting around the room arguing and stamping out their cigarettes on the floor. It all seemed very exciting and alive to Catherine. She discovered that her barber was a big man in his union, so she got her hair cut every week and talked to him about labor problems. Those were the days of the flapper bob and the no-waist “flapper dress.”

After her graduation, in 1926, Catherine studied the want ads and came up with a job as a filing clerk. “It wasn’t that I needed the money,” she says. “But I wanted to show I could earn it. My father didn’t seem to think my diploma would be much help in that respect.” She took a special course in filing methods and helped install an automatic system for Kidder, Peabody & Co., the Wall Street bankers. There she got interested in the stock market and was planning a career as a lady bond salesman when Banks came along.

But his background was as different from hers as Texas is from Yonkers. When he was 5 his father died, leaving the family penniless. There were two other children older than Banks, and “Believe me, we scratched,” he says. They lived in a little frame cottage in San Antonio, and were Negro families behind them, and when Banks was about 8, a family from the North moved in across the street.

“I had been raised to think a Roman Catholic or a dam Yankee was not only undesirable but was an animal species,” Banks recalls. “Those kids across the street were Yankees and Irish Catholics too. They seemed perfectly human to me and we got to be friends; but it didn’t like.” Later on, when he was graduated from High School Technical, his class campaigned to get Tech in the Top Ten of Georgia. He was elected captain of the school with a bust of Abraham Lincoln.

“Maybe there was a good deal of self-righteousness about that,” says Banks. “We were in a very old and hallowed school, and I was a Baptist, and self-righteousness is a Baptist encumbrance at Palacios, Texas, and back. Banks and two other boys started out; the others quit in thirty miles, but Banks completed the trip after some incredible hardships. In those days practically all the roads were dirt, and the summer heat turned the mud-dirt roads to concrete, and the Navasota bottoms, between Houston and Dallas, Banks ran into a thunderstorm and had to push his bike a dozen miles along the ties of a railroad track. During the trip he visited five colleges and chose the recently endowed Rice Institute as the one he wanted to attend. He had two good reasons: 1—Tuition was free at Rice (but only to the best-qualified students), and 2—There was plenty of part-time work in Houston.

The Rotary Club in Dallas loaned him $50 toward his expenses, and invited him to subscribe to the San Antonio Evening Post and the Dallas Morning News, and helped start the first co-op bookstore at Rice. This brought him into contact with a textbook agent, and after graduation he went to work for him. There he also earned $150 a month for the student body and his grades were so good that he was invited to apply for a job at the university. After getting his diploma Banks went on to Columbia University in New York and registered for graduate work in political science. But his heart was fast in the big city, and he decided to get a job right away. After visiting a dozen publishers offices, and filling out countless application forms, he arrived at Henry Holt’s in a desperate mood.

“Young lady, don’t give me any blanks to fill out,” he told the startled receptionist. “I want to see the man who hires and fires.” This approach, coupled with Banks’ pleasant manner, drew Mr. Butler into a conversation. He was so much that he hired Banks on the spot, and sent him back to the Southwest as a Holt salesman.

On his wedding day Banks had $800 in the bank, and had decided to ride it all in his own business. He and Catherine were married by her uncle, the Rev. Courtlandt Butler, who had christened Catherine as a baby. She wore a white taffeta dress which was fitted at the waist from a long train—both real novelties in 1929. (It came up to her knees in front.) The manager of the Webster Hotel in New York, where Banks stayed when he went to the capital, had set aside a suite with a grand piano and two dozen long-stemmed American Beauty roses for their honeymoon. The next day they took a boat to Savannah, where Catherine got her first look at the South from a horse-drawn cab, and after the register, they went to New Orleans, where a reporter friend of Banks had an apartment in the heart of the Latin Quarter, and entertained them at par- ties which ranged high some of my fallacies.

“Banks” mother had a small sewing and dressmaking, and Banks added to the family income by mailing water from a well five blocks away. He got 10 cents a week for drawing away the black spots from the first pound or so, until she realized they belonged there. Then she began cooking them. She cooked for two years, and then the Depression was so bad that she and a friend worked as Negro “spooners” in a coffee house. Finally Banks’ mother came over and gave her some pointers on black-eyed peas.

Her first experience with a Texas summer was sheer misery. (In Dallas it is not unusual for the temperature to range from 100° to 107° for weeks at a time.) During the long afternoons Catherine would lie face down on the floor, panting for breath. Then, the first winter, it was so cold in the unequated
How the Upshaws Spend Their Money

The Upshaw system of household finance is unusual, and may be unique. They have no regular budget. Every month Banks gives Catherine half his pay check, and she gives him half of hers. Catherine pays for the food and household expenses; Banks takes care of clothing bills, auto costs, education and insurance. Catherine charges her gasoline to Banks' account, and he charges things at the drugstore to hers. She pays the doctor and veterinarian; he pays the dentist and oculist. The laundry is divided 50-50; Banks carries his own to a washwoman, and pays for it, and Catherine takes care of the rest. "What's in the clothesbasket," she says, "is my responsibility."

Their income now is larger than it has ever been—$1315 a month ($15,800 a year), including the return on investments. It is expended as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Monthly Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Food and milk</td>
<td>$120.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clothing</td>
<td>70.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real-estate taxes</td>
<td>150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Income taxes</td>
<td>250.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuel and light</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(This is an average figure; during the summer, because of air conditioning, their electric bill is $15 and $20 a month. Their heater uses natural gas.) Water</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life and fire insurance</td>
<td>75.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maintenance of health (including $1 a month to the veterinarian for Happy.)</td>
<td>37.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gasoline, auto maintenance and insurance</td>
<td>65.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This leaves around $300 a month for investment, "basic improvements" and new furniture for the house, all of which comes out of Banks' share.

The Cranbury Jewel Case—in exciting Venetian colors, its lid a symphony of gentle curves traced with gold embossing . . . $4.95

The Essex Jewel Case—tailored to a man's taste with a solid brass plaque for monogramming topping its domed lid. $4.95

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Fascinating booklet: "How to Make the Most of Your Jewelry," bright ideas on fashion tricks, jewelry care and the romantic history of birthstone gems. It's yours for 10c (coins only).

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Address ___________________________
City ____________________________ Zip Code _________
Catherine sends Catherine off to school—she doesn’t have to drive her as she did the three others—and plunges into a day’s round of errands, visits and shopping. The Upham home is eight miles from downtown Dallas, but bus transportation is slow and Catherine is always picking up somebody in her car, which travels around 150 miles a month. She prefers to do her own marketing, and her own delivering. Two afternoons a week she drives Catherine to piano or dancing lessons. She does all the cooking at night; since the older girls went to college Willie Mae comes only half a days a week to clean and do light laundry.

Besides these routine chores, and the little task of arranging the first family wedding—with bridesmaids’ dresses to buy and fit, corsages and flowers for the men to wear, and punch and cake for seventy guests at a home reception—Catherine this fall has been doing editorial work for the League of Women Voters, attending meetings of the “college club” (Association of University Women), serving as treasurer of the First Unitarian Church, in which she and Banks are among the most active members; and working five to ten days a month as head bookkeeper for Banks Upham & Co.

This last job is on a strictly business basis. Soon after Banks opened his office he found that his secretary (and only employee at the time) had an unfortunate tendency to shift figures from one column to another, even when she realized she was doing it. He called in Catherine to straighten out his books, and she did so well that she has stayed on for twenty-three years, though there have been several minor explosions when she quit, and once when she was fired (for one day only). She now draws a salary of $120 a month, in addition to what the company pays Banks.

Isn’t all this enough without campaigning for General Ike too? Catherine doesn’t think so. “Probably I try to do too much,” she says. “But one thing I can’t give up is my job as a citizen. I think I do a little better as a mother and housewife because I’m interested in things outside my own home. Besides, I have to admit I enjoy it. I couldn’t let this campaign go by without having my say. That’s one thing I want my children to learn along with me—that it’s fun to get out and take part in what is happening in the world.”

CONVERSATION PIECE

(Continued from Page 129)

dough. It isn’t puff paste but it’s mighty good. A big cooked vegetable salad with a special poppy-seed dressing will be perfect with the pie. There will be greens, cauliflower, carrots and string beans in the salad, and all we need to complete the meal is a brown-and-serv French bread spread with garlic butter.

For dessert we’ll make a bow toward Thanksgiving and have cranberry-cream sherbet. It’s light, tangy and refreshing, three highly desirable qualities for any dessert. Now recipes, and these will serve eight.

FRANSCHWEIGER & BACON BALLS

Braunschweiger and liverwurst are much alike, but Braunschweiger is more coarse-ground and has less fat. If you can’t get it, use liverwurst. A half pound will make about 12 bite-size balls. Mold it with your fingers, wrap each ball in ham and fasten with toothpicks. Put them on a cookie sheet. Bake 15 minutes shorter before serving time, put cooks sheet on rack near broiler and broil until brown is crisp. Transfer to paper towels to drain and keep hot on baking dish or in very low oven.

GREEN-PEPPER BOATS

Cut off tops, remove seeds and cut green peppers into boat-shaped strips and cover with ice water. To 6 ounces cream cheese add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated onion and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Cream together until thoroughly blended. Drain and

For only 9¢ a quart

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GRAND FOR DRINKING! MARVELOUS FOR COOKING!

A tall, cool glass of Starlac tastes mighty good with any meal! And Starlac’s so nutritious, too.

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3. ECONOMICAL!
Variety...Flavor...Nutrition
You'll find them all...
in Low Cost MAINE Sardines

Be careful not to overcook. Drain, cool and
store in refrigerator. I like the beans
Frenched, the cauliflower separated into
flowerets, and I find it easier to cook the
carrots whole and cut them into rounds later.

POPPY-SEED DRESSING

In a bowl put 1/4 cup salad oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1
tablespoon cup, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1
eel garlic, finely minced, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon
hash of sugar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon sa-
and several dashes Tabasco. Beat with
rotary beater 3 minutes, add 1 cup mayon-
naise and beat 3 minutes longer. Add 2 table-
spoons poppy seeds and beat until blended.
This dressing doesn't separate and I think
it's delicious with vegetables or fruit.
But a bed of ice, a drizzle of oil and
seasoning and a bit of cheese are usually
enough for me.

FRENCH BREAD

Get brown-and-serve French bread and bake it
according to directions. Mix 1 clove garlic,
finely minced, with some softened butter or
margarine. Cut bread in thick slices but do
cut not through bottom crust. Open slices far
enough to spread on both sides with garlic
butter, press back in loaf shape, put
brevity in a paper sack and
fasten end with paper
clip or string. This can
be done in advance and
the bread can be heated
in a low oven even

CRANBERRY-
CHERRY SHERBET

This sherbet can be
made with fresh
berries or canned
whole cranberry sauce. I'll give you the
recipe for both because this
is a wonderful hot
weather dessert when
fresh cranberries aren't
available. Cook 5 cups fresh
berries in 2 cups water until
thick and press through
a sieve and cool. Use
an electric blender, buzz them a little before
you press through sieve—much quicker. Add
2 cups sugar and the juice and grated rind of
1 lemon to bring to a boil. Remove from
heat and stir in 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
that has been softened 3 minutes in 1/2 cup
cold water. Cool mixture, put in freezing
tray and freeze to mushy stage in either a
freezer or the freezing compartment of
refrigerator. Whip 1 cup heavy cream and blend in
the cranberries. Return to freezer
for an hour and again stir well, scraping sides
and bottom of tray. When almost hard enough
to serve, stir once more. It's the frequent
habit of cranberries to separate into
crystals that will make refrigerator sherbet or
ice cream smooth. Freezing time is about 4 hours.

For sherbet made with canned cranberries,
use 2 one-pound cans of whole cranberry
sauce. Press through a sieve, add 1 cup
sugar, 1 cup water, the juice and grated rind of
1 lemon and bring to a boil. Add gelatin and

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casserole...the list goes on.

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current MAINE Sardine Recipe Book
with full color illustrations.

Scribbler. It seems to me I've said
enough. I have a fine
to go on and
other. While this is an

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MAINE SARDINES

THE LOW-COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD
Widowed in her fifties... two thousand miles
from her only daughter... forced to go back
to work once again, Ann Collier got busy, prepared to
meet the competition in looks as well as skills.

Beauty Editor
LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL
My dear Mrs. Norman: Because I have read the Journal for as long as I can remember, you and all the editors seem like old friends. Am sure I couldn’t do without the Journal.

Now to my problem. After working for some years, during which I reared a daughter by my first marriage, I married an old friend last fall and we came to Illinois to live. Dale and I both hoped to stay here until he reached retirement age—seven years. But in January he became ill with what was finally diagnosed as rheumatic heart. A sudden heart attack caused his death on May 6th. My daughter has asked me to live with her in California, but I am not ready to "retire" and spend my life loafing, nibbling and putting on weight! It will be necessary for me to go to work again, and I have a position in prospect which may require my going to New Haven for an interview soon.

Can you help me? I feel that my appearance in general could be vastly improved, but have never known just what to do. I am in my early fifties, in good health, of medium build and coloring; particularly need something done to my hair, which has become dry and needs styling. Am also sure that my wardrobe could stand suggestions for overhauling. Perhaps I am looking for a major miracle—but aren’t we all?

Thanks so much for a reply, and best wishes to all the JOURNAL family.
Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Ann Collier

Facing the world alone after fifty

By Dawn Crowell Norman
Beaut. Editor of the JOURNAL

DEEP in Mrs. Collier’s heart and forever a part of her is the sorrow of losing her husband whom she adored and with whom she had made lovely lighthearted plans for the future. "But," Mrs. Collier says, "even if I could afford to, I wouldn’t indulge in a life of helplessness and self-pity now. I don’t want to be a burden to my daughter and my friends, I know if I keep busy I won’t have time to worry and waste away. Dale would never have approved of that."

No doctor could have prescribed better treatment for Mrs. Collier’s emotional wounds. With the courage and resourcefulness one might expect from a woman half her age, Mrs. Collier has taken definite steps toward getting her appearance and wardrobe in the best possible shape and finding employment. These intelligent steps are sure to lead Mrs. Collier into a future which will reward her with the reassuring feeling of being wanted and needed.

First, she checked her health. A thorough medical examination and reassurance by her doctor that she was well and strong gave Mrs. Collier’s spirits a needed lift.

Next, her figure problem was solved in exactly four weeks by losing the seven pounds that stood between her and a perfect size fourteen dress. Mrs. Collier’s "diet" consisted of: switching from whole milk to buttermilk; having either a slice of bread and butter or a starchy vegetable at the same meal. Lean meat and salads were her mainstay. Cottage cheese with pineapple slices, peach or pear halves on lettuce became her favorite combination salad-dessert. Stewed or fresh tomatoes, peas, carrots, green beans and spinach in moderate portions gave her a wide selection of low-caloric vegetables to choose from. By eliminating rich desserts (she would have an occasional fruit gelatin or custard dish), and by avoiding fried foods, gravies and extras at the table and between meals Mrs. Collier managed to slide down the scales from 134 to 127 pounds. A healthier and prettier weight for a woman her height, 5’ 11½”! (Continued on Page 180)

Growing to face the world is an important step toward being able to do so! From her becoming hairdo to her trimly shod feet, Mrs. Collier is pretty prepared to meet the future.
Soothing! Smoothing! Softly fragrant! That's Frostilla. Use it for your hands—to smooth, soothe, soften! For your legs—to end those nasty nylon snags.

For elbow bumps, ankle chaps, all the ills soft flesh is heir to. Never sticky, never greasy, never gummy. Frostilla leaves your skin so fresh, so fragrant, oh, so smooth! Yes, pamper all of you—with fragrant Frostilla!

Yes, All of you—pamper all of you

FRAGRANT

ROSTILLA

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Shelton Stroller
the carefree fashion that keeps pace with the spirited life you lead.

PUZZLED about what to buy, what to wear?
Choose a Shelton Stroller—the dress that makes fashion history because it cheerfully keeps pace with your busiest schedule. The on-a-jiffy zipper front invites you to step into it easily. The smooth acetate jersey laundered easily, seldom needs the touch of an iron, sheds wrinkles to assure your appearance all day long. The slim line gracefully flatters...stylish push-up sleeves leave room for accessories to your arm’s content...side pockets flow gently in the soft, swirled skirt.

The exclusive prints: colorful rosebuds on Black, Navy, Charcoal grey, Teal. Sizes 12 to 20, 14½ to 22½
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Watch your newspaper for news of the arrival of Shelton Stroller in your city. Or mail your order to us today. It will be forwarded to store nearest you for prompt delivery.

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Look Young Too

With her doctor’s approval, Mrs. Collier practiced the following exercises:

Hold That Waistline! Lie on back, arm out at shoulders level, palms up. 1—Drop knees to right side. 2—Drop knees to right side, pull knees up to chest. 3—Drop knees to right side. 4—Repeat all movements on left side. Begin with 1 each day for the first week, gradually increasing to 10.

For Slimmer, Firmer Upper Arms. Lie on back, bend knees. Place finger tips on shoulders. Lift arms up and drop them on the floor (1) in close to the shoulder 25 times, (2) out at shoulder lever 25 times.

All-Over Stretch. Lie on back, knees bent. Arrows extended over head. Middle of back digging into the floor. Raise left leg and right arm to touch without bending knee. Return to starting position (with knees bent). Stretch arm back as far as possible. Repeat on other side. Start with 2 times each side. Increase to 15 times daily.

Hip “Walk-Away.” Sit up. Walk forward on buttocks, then walk backward on buttocks. Maintain as good posture as possible.

Final figure control was achieved with new foundation garments, which she had tried for comfort as well as beauty. Her bra gives a moderate and more youthful lift to her bust-line. Her combination one-piece girdle-waist cincher, which extends above her waist to meet her bra, is light in weight, firmly elasticized and snug throughout the hips and upper thighs.

Trimming, shaping and restoring turned a plain hairdo into a pretty, youthful coiffure!

From an exercise expert Mrs. Collier learns that lying-down exercises produce less strain on the heart...allow all the muscles to share the body’s action.

Mrs. Collier’s tidy roll at the back of the neck was replaced with shining, brushed-up curls. Her forehead was softened with a flattering half-bangs effect in front. With the dry ends of her old wave cut off completely, her hair was ready for a new permanent.

Her dry-hair condition has responded beautifully to regular brushing and massaging. Mrs. Collier follows each weekly oil shampoo by parting her hair in sections and applying a special tonic to her scalp. The tonic is massaged firmly but gently into the scalp, and can be used occasionally during the week since it is nonsticky and nonfat and won’t disrupt her hair arrangement.

A lubricating cream massaged gently over her face and neck and allowed to remain for fifteen minutes each night, has helped solve Mrs. Collier’s dry-skin problem. For daytime wear a cream-type make-up base, tinted a pinkly beige, goes lightly and evenly over her face and neck. A very little brown mascara and eyebrow pencil, a hint of pale blue eye shadow, soft clear red lipstick and a light dusting of powder add the final sparkle to her face.

Mrs. Collier’s “star” addition to her wardrobe was a slim black crepe dress, prettily softened with its own pink tulle gilet. The low square neckline lends itself to many pretty changes. Fresh linen dickies in white or pastels, pretty scarves, single flowers or strands of pearls become alternates. A half-blit of velvet and velting is becoming and shows off her new curls. Twin black pumps, a smart black bag with a fresh white handkerchief edging in lace, and creamy side buttons, add the final well-groomed look.

—YANA BOGAARD

Appraise Your Talents...
other people do!

Appealingly modest about her own ability as a prospective employee, Mrs. Collier actually possesses some personality-plus qualities that will be enviable to even her own and most active feminine competitors in the business world. Here they are. Do you have them too? Are you?

An adventurer at heart? Is it a stimulating experience for you to meet new people, new places, listen to new ideas? A new outlook will prevent you from becoming bored in your ways.

Up-to-date? In the last six months have you tried a new hairdo? Read a new book? Given a party? Joined a new club? The “news” in your life, the more interesting become.

Proud of your speaking voice? Is it fairly modulated, yet animated enough to add special interest to the things you have to say?

A good organizer? Does your daily schedule allow you to accomplish your work?

Relaxing after lubricating cream has been massaged well into your face and neck is a lovely way to smooth out taut nerves as well as fine wrinkles.

Everyone responds to a bright face and an engaging smile. Here Mrs. Collier learns how to accentuate her make-up to make the most of certain features.

Well-enough informed on a variety of topics (such as school and church affairs, politics, current trends in fashion and homes) to enable you to fit in comfortably with different groups of people...

November

[Image]
Autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

...let it bring a new and lovelier you

Says

WOOLWORTH'S

SUSAN SMDRT

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year... so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest. Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's; you'll find counter after counter brimming with stylishly advertised cosmetics and toilettries. Choose ours now, at friendly Woolworth's—and learn a new excitement this season can bring.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.
ARE YOU REALLY SURE OF YOUR PRESENT DEODORANT? TEST IT UNDER THIS ARM.

NOW TRY FRESH UNDER THIS ARM, SEE WHICH CHECKS PERSPIRATION, PREVENTS ODOR BETTER.

"Polonaise", lavish ball gown by Carrie Munn. Dependable deodorant protection by FRESH.

YOU CAN BE LOVELY TO LOVE Always and Always

Soft candlelight . . . sweet music in your heart and his . . . and his kisses are yours . . . always. For such precious moments . . . make sure you'll never offend. Trust FRESH Cream Deodorant . . . so many smart women do.

For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous and special protection in moments of emotion and exertion. Because the amazing "moisture control" formula in FRESH gives you that special protection you need in perspiration emergencies. No other deodorant has ever made you this promise.

It times surer than ordinary soap! Gentle FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap removes up to 95% of skin bacteria that cause perspiration odors! Delicate fragrance! Use daily to keep bath-fresh all day.

"Polonaise", lavish ball gown by Carrie Munn. Dependable deodorant protection by FRESH.
It seemed that Mayor Hague liked things the way they were and he was not the man to be shouting at or backing up his opposition in a public hearing. The likelihood of a successful campaign was low, but the public had to be convinced of the necessity of any change.

**Revision in New Jersey**

(Continued from Page 25)

Two days after the revision was heard, Mayor Hague said: "We have tried to do the best we can, but we are not going to New York." The public was not pleased, however, and many were disappointed that the revision was not adopted.

"I'd crawl a mile for Q-Tips!"

Your baby can feel the fineness of 'Q-Tips', their touch is so soft, so gentle and safe.

Downy-soft, superfine cotton at both ends—can't come loose in use, can't leave lint.

Sterilized right in the package by the best hospital method.

Easy-to-use, correctly shaped applicator for gentle care.

More doctors and more nurses have used 'Q-Tips' than any other prepared swabs!

Hollywood's favorite beauty aid

For the smooth make-ups you see in close-ups, thank 'Q-Tips', the screen's most constant grooming aid. When you apply cosmetics and hair tints for...
Are you willing to settle...?

Mr. Allan S. Woodle and Family—Harrison, New York

Americans have a long history of wanting the best. No matter whether your station in life is high, low or in-between, you want the best for whatever you can afford to spend. That is The American Standard — not paying more, but getting more for what you pay. Whatever you buy, you want it to serve well and last long.

And that's exactly why so many millions of Americans make sure they get genuine leather when they buy. For genuine leather lasts — and the longer it lasts, the better it gets. Genuine leather is best — and there is no second best.

All over America — right in the stores you shop — you see The American Standard coming back into its own. More and more of the better things on display. And when you find these better things, you find genuine leather. Truly, the things you live with, live longer in leather.

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, INC.
or Second Best?

buy LEATHER

ATHER IS QUALITY
NOW... EXCITING FASHION NEWS FOR YOU WHO ARE HARD OF HEARING...

SMARTLY TAILORED OR LOVELY JEWELLED

MAICO

Hear Rings

Imagine—you at a bright, gay party with few, if any, to ever dream you wear a hearing aid! Sounds wonderful! Of course. But now you can have that thrill. Smart Maico "Hear Rings"—help you hear clearly... distinctly... yet so inconspicuously you'll hardly believe it's true! For cleverly concealed in one "Hear Ring" is a tiny yet powerful electronic receiver... so light, so comfortable, so wonderfully easy to wear. Best of all, you can choose from 24 interchangeable designs... wear a different set with each costume. Extra pairs only $2.95 and $3.95 (plus tax). Visit your nearest Maico office or mail coupon today.

NOTICE TO ALL HEARING AID USERS

"Hear Rings," an exclusive Maico accessory now may be worn with your present hearing aid, regardless of make! Obtainable only through local Maico Consultants.

OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

FREE

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 183)

and two months later 81 delegates convened at New Brunswick to discuss the new constitution. Mayor Hague had just abdicated in favor of his nephew, Mayor Frank Hague Edger, and said he no longer opposed revision. But he made it plain that he believed he would have other suggestions at the convention, and this time the revisionists were prepared to play the game with him.

Among delegates were eight women who had worked for revision; four were League of New Voters members.

Intelligent, tactful Jane Barus was the only woman to serve on the committee for revision of the executive article. "I wasn't too sure how useful I could be when I looked around at the list of the committee—all public officials and they in turn looked at me with suspicion, thinking I would be a starry-eyed reformer who would cause a lot of trouble." However, when her job was through, and the executive article drafted, her fellow committee members commended her for her excellent work as secretary.

Gene Miller was barely out of the hospital with young Damen when the convention vote was called. She was in a quandary. There was nothing new, baby to care for. She had time to file as a delegate candidate, but how would she have time to serve? Rich helped her make up her mind. Given the choice of spending the summer with her mother at home or seeing her off daily for New Brunswick, she simply said, "But the constitution's got to be fixed." With such a mandate, Gene filed her candidacy, was elected as secretary on the Judiciary Committee, and rushed back and forth from Summit to New Brunswick every day of the convention, getting home in time to fix Damen's formula and to report the day's convention proceedings to Rich.

Then there was Mrs. Olive Sanford, veteran Essex County legislator who had served seven terms as an assemblywoman when she was elected a delegate and served on the Legislative Committee. Mrs. Marion Coonstein, of Passaic, served on the Rules Committee. Mrs. Ruth C. Streeter was former director of the U.S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve; Mrs. Mary H. Kamrath held the highest position of any woman in the convention, that of second vice-president; Mrs. Myra C. Hacker, of Bergen County, and Mrs. Pauline H. Peterson, of Salem County, were other woman delegates.

People from all over the state flocked to the convention. "It was just like a circus coming to town—or a disaster; everybody wanted to be on the scene," said Gene Miller. While many came to gawk, most came to help mold the constitution. Committee members testified before every committee, all the time. The Steoring Committee, literally moved to New Brunswick for the session, and the constitutional reform that was read into the convention report was due to them.

There was Evelyn Seufert, lawyer Englewood, who, with John Bobbitt, wrote an article, "The essential features of which were incorporated into the new constitution as the law state. Working till dawn of the day it was presented, the attractive lawyer, who had done valuable field and legal work for the convention, dashed off New Brunswick and presented the proposal to the committee without so much as a nap on the train.

Myra Blassee and Marguerite Carpenter of the Business and Professional Women's campaign successfully to have the "persons" substituted for "men," driving the opening wedge for rights for women. When the campaign ended, it was a part of the ten-year campaign really taught by the victory. All points of the constitution had been covered.

The Bill of Rights now included a forbidding discrimination because of race, color, sex, national origin. "Collective-bargaining for labor was guaranteed. The powers were increased for his term of service, and he now had the right to immediate re-election. The 92 executive departments were pared down to 20 and the lieutenant governor given power to appoint to his chief assistants. Terms of the legislature are lengthened and the confirming $600 salary up to $800. Ten court sessions are reduced to three. Major objectives were gained, but the promises had been kept. Even the improvements had approved the constitution, our sense of having all was in the north. We were now dead. The convention was defeated.

On November 4, 1947, voters went to the polls and accepted the new constiution. The vote was heavy in favor and showed a strong demand for a new constitution. The people of the state had, in fact, had an opportunity to vote on the new constitution. In the end, they voted for it—hard work is not enough. It was an easy win at the polls, but the groundwork is something of monumental importance. As Jane Barus summed it up: "It takes time."

"THERE IS A TIME"

(Continued from Page 1)

"But the young will make the mental reservation, without articulating it, being tacit in her, in the nature of things, are facing illusory. After all, people die."

That's odd too. I remember when afraid of developing some fell disease will happen to my family! Now I new at the end. Did you, of course, to fall down old tree, when my sap has run out, one grossweld, one lives more, as chair, one doesn't. One is not striving for a future and therefore not anticipating its possible achievements or probabilities. Whatever may befall we won't be able to do what we want to do. We can't draw out "our years" in a bed or a wheel chair. May we don't them out all? Who has ever been to the future to see what life is like? What is it like? Maybe I will go away then. Europe and the Middle East, Or I may never been in India. Yes, I will, will I? (With a limited number of lectures this win willing). But today I'm going to Is article.

And—thanks for listening, if any. As I started to say, there are advices growing old.

"He made every thing bend his time."

Maico's informative full-color fold-out "Hear Ring," (Mailed in plain envelope, of course.)
Yesterday's oversight... today's complaint!

All the regrets and all the complaining will never bring a shrunk-up dress back to size.

Please, pretty please, don't let this happen to you. Always look for "SANFORIZED" on the label. It is your never-failing sign that your cottons will never shrink out of fit...out of style. That's right, NEVER!

So insist upon, look for, demand to see that "SANFORIZED" label on every cotton you buy! Make even your favorite salesgirl show it to you.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.
Imagine my surprise when a fond friend phoned at 3 a.m. (just as I was about to phone him).

"My daughter is out with your son," he said. "Any idea where they are?"

"Why do you let her stay out so late?" I inquired.

When he phoned me at 3:15 that they'd been parked in his driveway for three hours I forgave him.

Our neighborhood maps held a juvenile dog show in our back yard. I didn't mind the commotion, because two collies won first and second prizes, as they'd have won 'em when I was a boy. Is this youth's answer to the adult dog-show fashion?*

We were arguing about the wonder drugs at the bridge table when somebody said our person in sixteen is painfully allergic to penicillin... Maybe Job ate something moldy out of the ground when he got those Biblical agonies?

Around the big table at the club we were comparing notes on hunting trips.

"Ever notice," said our champ duck hunter, "that our wives almost never try to veto a hunting expedition?"

We agreed that this is further proof that women have a strong streak of the primitive in 'em, and like wild game.

Only one woman in our little coterie has kept her feet warm at the state university's football game this fall; the one whose feet are so small that her husband's hunting boots fit inside her husband's hunting boots. He's got cold, but he thawed O.K. on the special train coming home.

Lately I've innocently eavesdropped at collegiate conversations about girls and "women." The more the collegians seem to know about the female of our species, the more authoritatively they talk, the more the girls seem to baffle 'em.

"My Peter is so eager to shock his in-laws," confides Betty Comfort, frowning at the accumulation of soda bottles on the back porch, "that he wants me to serve beer for Thanksgiving instead of turkey to the whole clan this year, and hang the cost!"

We've discovered an antidote to our young-est's needleling for amusement: When he demands movies, picnics, explorations, outings, we softly mention his chores—yard raking, car washing, driveway sweeping and any others we can remember. It keeps him from stampeding us.

I've quizzed our twelve-year-old about his teeth braces, and my cynical conclusion is that the only certainty about them is that the dentist gets $10 a month.

Since my Dream Woman became aware that good dinners cost almost as much as steak, she serves smaller cuts of steak, augmented with hot dogs. (But not before she'd seen such a combination pictured in a magazine!)

"I hear they're trying to limit phone conversations to five minutes in the next county," reports Peter Comfort, tightening a nut on his wheelbarrow. "Shucks, that hardly gives a girl time to maneuver around to what she's really got on her mind!"

When I raided the cupboard at midnight, I conclude there are only two kinds of breakfast foods: the kinds I don't like and the kinds we always out of.

My revulsion from our narrow "concrete cul-de-sacs" stimulates two opposite enthusiasms. I turned red in rolling about a divided-four-lane highway—and I sometimes (as a sham-piker) ask the highway map experts to route me on the back roads where the landscapes retain a tinge of 1910 serenity.

In my long race with penicillin allergy, I suffered fourteen hypodermic injections of four different chemicals, and swallowed thirteen different kinds of pills, including several wonder drugs. (I learned why they're called wonder drugs—you wonder what they'll do to you.)

Maybe the best trick my Dream Girl and I have discovered is to start a "fund" for anything that costs over $100. Then we know exactly when to buy it: when we have the money saved up. (And if we change our minds about buying it, we still have the money!)

Our youngest has splashed from our neighborhood drugstore five or six of the racks on which he displays those 25- and 33-cent paperbound books. To fill 'em up we've accumulated a library of several hundred two-bit volumes, and the covers are the liveliest decorative touch in the house.

While carving turkeys for twenty eager mouths at our Thanksgiving table, I'm tempted this year to create a new superstition: that the carver must fetch turkeys as he carves, to prophylact the Goddess of Plenty. Otherwise he himself may still be unfed when he begins to carve second helpings.

I detect signs that the craze among the younger teen-agers for "exclusive dating" is not so fashion-able as it was. In the date clinics around our phone it appears that some of the more adventurous young lovers are scattering their sunshine among five to ten eager and receptive squares.

At this season I have a problem convincing the family (with gestures) that, at 62° outdoors, with half a dozen doors and windows wide open, the furnace can't keep the house at 72° though it blaze day and night. (Thus I build a tidy reputation as an eccentric.)

Even as strong-minded a woman as my wife is amenable to the power of the press. The morning she read that ex-King Farouk had eaten ten boiled eggs for breakfast she made history by giving me three instead of two, and by eating two herself instead of her usual one.

When Junior loads and unloads all the luggage in the car on a cross-country trip... Or our daughter offers to save me enough of her red hair for a toupee... And our twelve-year-old rows three miles across a lake and back in heroic zigzags... Or my Lady Love suddenly releases me from the doghouse and begins to pamper me as if I were worth my salt... I stop drawing up imaginary lists of husbandly grievances and face the truth: I'd have been a wretched mist in a bachelor.

---

There's a man in the house

by HARLAN MILLER

I've noticed that when I go off on a duck-hunting trip my Dream Girl adopts a semi-neutral attitude, neither adverse nor enthusiastic. In fact, she doesn't commit herself until she sees how many ducks I bring home.

Our neighborhood dogs held a hike and trike parade around the block to celebrate the return of a pal luck after a year in California. It isn't quite clear whether they honored him as (1) a heroic survivor of the last earthquake or (2) merely as a Marco Polo returned from long exile.
No better time than Christmas to start her Gorham Sterling

*Inspired Christmas Gifts... anything from a starter place-setting to a complete Gorham Sterling service. You couldn't do better if you spent a lifetime searching! And remember: budget-payment Silver Club Plans are available at most Gorham dealers. To make your gift selection, ask to see all of Gorham's 17 timeless patterns. Their finer design and craftsmanship are things you can feel and see. Ask, too, about Gorham's new exclusive sterling seamless knife handle. It's dent-resistant and rattle-proof.

$29.75

for a six-piece place-setting (knife, fork, tea-spoon, salad fork, soup spoon, and butter spreader) in most Gorham® patterns shown here. Others to $110.00 incl. Federal Tax.
What woman doesn't make

a secret curtsy in her heart at the sight of

fine handmade Fostoria crystal?

Holly

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ALL FOSTORIA IS HANDMADE IN AMERICA. AVAILABLE IN OPEN STOCK.
extravagant, but Corot replied, "Give her the money and remember the worst kind of misery is the misery dressed in silk." Daumier, one of the giants among nineteenth-century artists, was poor and going blind. Corot bought a house and gave it to his old friend with the divesting explanation, "It is not for you I am doing this. It is merely to annoy your landlord." The morning of his death, when his servant brought his breakfast, he remarked, as though disclosing his plans for the day, "This afternoon le père Corot will lunch in the next world.

At their best, his paintings are just as severely unembroidered. Though in landscape Corot's production is uneven, in his rare portraits and figure pictures he almost never falters. The tranquillity of his nature seems to have enabled him to give these canvases a mood of benign objectivity. His models are gentle and kindly people. They are not those people who have become oblivious of the artist; they are bereaved and self-absorbed. Corot himself, however, was never bemused; his vision never failed in its quick alertness. With perfect co-ordination of hand and eye he knew the effect of his web of swift brush strokes. As a young man, he said he took so many steps backward and forward to see the effect of each touch that a canvas represented a walk of many kilometers. But later his virtuosity became so great that there was no necessity to move back from his easel. He once remarked jokingly that often he did not even look at his canvas from the spectator's point of view until the "picture was signed, framed and paid for."

The beauty of the Portrait of a Girl, painted in 1859, lies in this combination of technical skill and exactness of observation. All the modulations of tone, the amount of light falling on any part of the face, from the fully illuminated right cheek through the half tones of the opposite cheek into the shadow under the chin, are perfectly related. These delicate transitions from light to shade give the head its appearance of solid volume. But beyond this organization of values there is a uniform breadth of vision. No dress was ever woven with such broken, meandering lines. But imagine this passage painted more precisely, suppose the dress looked more like actual tartan, and you will realize at once that it would be out of key, that by comparison the face of the young girl would seem too sketchy, too lacking in detail. Few artists have been able to organize the facts of appearance with such consistency of vision. To find the peers of Corot, one must look to Velázquez in Spain and Vermeer in Holland.

—John Walker
Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art

OUR READERS WRITE US

Collect Girl Babies

The Nest
Kewego, Africa

Dear Editors: We are two girls, one French, the other American, in a lost part of the brush of Ivory Coast and we have already adopted four African babies—our oldest, a girl, is almost four years old now; and she was three months old when we took her; our youngest, we got her at birth, is fifteen days old—and we have opened a house to receive all the babies who need us. (The fate of the babies who have lost their mothers, in this area, is to be left in the brush and eaten by hyenas.) I agree that babies are sometimes far from being fun, but when you have to face the fact that any minute you might lose a child from disease or just because some of their old relatives in the villages think that girls—even only two years old—are not worth anything but to be sold to any man who wants them, then you think they are worth anything to you and life would lose a lot of its meaning for you without them. Look how you recover them by a pure miracle of God—even when you have to struggle all the time with them and you are so tired— you think children are worth it.

Sincerely,

MOTHER HEN

P.S. As you can see well-sit by my many mistakes I am the French girl. The other Mother Hen is still in America on furlough.

Built to Stay Put

Kittery, Maine

Ladies and Gentlemen: Here at Sparhawk Mansion Richard Pratt and I recently had quite a talk on modern vs.

Mother Hen's babies.

Master of Sparhawk.

colonial baroquest architecture. Pratt said that the difference between buildings in 1742 and 1952 is that then the builders built for 200 years, for an empire, for the future. While today builders don't care to look beyond a few years and an atom bomb. If that is true, won't it be inevitable by dis- pelling our own ends? So long as we have faith in the future can anything kick us? We haven't anywhere near the somber outlook of 1742. The currency was the only all shot. England didn't have strength enough to enforce her own laws. Canada under the French, glowed to the south. Indian uprisings were constantly feared. A French fleet could come into the harbor at Kittery Point and landed in the fort houses in four minutes.

Were the people afraid? No. They figured the French would not come, but if they did they'd be met with whatever rude people had handy. So the carpenters in homespuns, with their queer and awkward tools, carved patiently the glowing, knot- less wood, and saved carefully so the joints came together as if grown there.

Wouldn't it be a helpful thing to inject a little of this philosophy into the old-house descriptions?

HORACE MITCHELL

Quaker Lace Cloths

Inspired by heirloom embroidery

elegant... economical

Quaker recaptures the decorative beauty of old-world embroidery in these two-tone cloths. They make a new colorful background for today's colorful table settings. Use them with plain color earthenware for informal occasions or with your best china for parties; they change character so easily. They spot clean quickly. Wrinkles smooth out under a light touch. Washing is easy. Also, see the new Quaker Lace Tablecloths of Orlon and Quaker Fantasy Cloths in color at your favorite store.

QUAKER

LACE CLOTHS

Quaker Lace Company, Philadelphia 33, Pa.

Also makers of Quaker Curtains of Orlon®,
Quaker Nylon Hosiery and Quaker Colony Bedspreads.
and more drawers for linens and keepsakes and so leave us a great variety of originals from which to make our re-productions.

Modern Provincial furniture is at its best with today’s fresh flower-bright color schemes. There is a world of gay cottons, calicos, sprigged chintzes and rainbow dyes to choose for drapery and upholstery, and fresh, paint colors and wallpaper designs to suit all of them. Braided rugs no longer need be handmade, as commercial ones in wool and cotton come in any size and coloring, are reversible and moderate in cost.

Much of the charm of a Provincial room lies in its accessories. Acquiring them is a delightful hobby which takes you to country sales, secondhand shops and your own attic and cellar. An old tray for a coffee table, a big turret for flowers, a stone ware jar for a lamp all add personality to your room and the satisfying accent of authenticity.

In buying Provincial furniture, here are some quality tips to look for. Good pieces will be made of solid woods—birch, hard maple, and occasionally walnut or cherry. Table and chair boxing will be rigidly reinforced by corner blocks which are glued and screwed into place. Joinings are usually of the tenon type, and legs will be smoothly turned in one of several traditional designs. Drawers in tables or chest will be permanently aligned and fitted so that they work smoothly under all conditions. Upholstery, of course, is later innovation, but an important consideration when buying Provincial furniture. Many pieces have loose seat and back cushions which are spring-filled and reversible. Seat platforms with steel straps supported by springs and felt-padded are used in quality pieces.

Nowadays you can have your choice of finishes, for Provincial furniture comes creamy light, tawny or dark to suit your color scheme. The surfaces will be satiny rather than shiny, as if hand-rubbed.

**FABULOUS FANNY**

*(Continued from Page 53)*

On summer nights, Fanny and her audience would gather on her front stoop for an evening of singing. Within a few weeks she noticed that they were attracting more and more adults who would stand around the group listening to the songs. One night, Fanny counted the house, and the following evening, when her gang gathered, she led them seven or eight blocks away from St. Mark’s Avenue.

Stopping at last in the rear of a likely looking tenement, Fanny ordered the others to be still and broke into When You Know You’re Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can’t Forget. She picked the lyric with a generous portion of tears. She sang it loud and clear and mournfully. When she had finished, she stepped back, ran her sleeve over her eyes, and waited.

There was a brief, scattered shower of pennies, followed by a brief flurry of fistfuls with Fanny arbitrating immediately by electing herself treasurer of the choir.

With the pennies securely tied in her white handkerchief, Fanny led the choristers through an alley, across another block, and into another back yard. At the end of an hour, having infrequently allowed someone else to sing, Fanny called a halt to the evening’s concert, stopping below an arc light to open the handkerchief.

“Nobody ever got a short count from Fanny,” Low said. “She divided it even all the way around, keeping fifteen cents in a pile at the right. When she finished, one of the kids says, ‘What’s the fifteen cents for?’ ‘For a flash light, you dope,’ Fanny yells at him. ‘I heard more pennies fall than what we got here. Tomorrow night we’re not leaving any behind.’

“One night the kids show up around our street and everybody’s going to the Theater for the amateur night. Fanny and I
For Rosie, whose eight years alone in America had been spent boarding with one family after another in the field back rooms of a dozen lower East Side flats, the bartender with the black mustache was something more than love.

Pinchole Charlie, as he was called, was as real as the apartment of her own on Second Street, with its steam heat, which he promised her.

From a village near Budapest, Rosie's mother had sent her to America with the child's aunt, giving three feather beds in payment of passage from Hungary to Ellis Island. Her mother wanted something more for Rosie than her own hut with its leaking roof, dirt floors, and the cow in the kitchen. Later years, Rosie told her children that she had not wanted to leave her parents, her brothers and sisters, her familiar world for the new world. But her mother had said go and she had gone.

She lived first with an East Side family as cook, maid, and nurse for the infant of the house.

Following which she found a job in a dress factory where she earned enough to be able to share a room with the daughter of another family.

She moved again and again, and again in an unceasing search for warmer, cleaner, more private lodging, until at last she found a bedroom of her own in the home of Frank Grant and his wife, who was Pinchole Charlie's sister.

Rosie had known Seymour Cohen for almost a year then. He was a short sallow youth making $2 a week, which was almost enough for himself and the aged mother who lived with him.

He was thin, badly dressed and unshaven. He would walk the East Side with Rosie, buying her a bag of sunflower seeds, holding her hand in his.

Rosie waited and worked and walked the East Side with Seymour Cohen until the night Pinchole Charlie came to visit his sister and saw Rosie going out to meet her tailor.

Until then, Pinchole Charlie had been a sometime guest at the Grants'. Now he became as frequent a visitor as a bill collector.

There was a night when Rosie could no longer wait, when $2 every seven days was not enough for a youth and a girl and an old woman. She gave Seymour Cohen back his sunflower seeds that night and turned away from him on Houston Street.

When she came home, the Grants were in the kitchen, drinking beer with Pinchole Charlie.

Mrs. Grant insisted that Rosie join them.

After several minutes of silence, the two men went into another room, and Mrs. Grant said:

"He wants to marry you, Rosie."

"No."

"It's time you were married. He's a good man. He makes good money."

"No."

"Think about it," Mrs. Grant said before joining the men.

Rosie thought about it for a week. Pinchole Charlie came every night, sitting in the parlor with Frank Grant.

Pinchole never told anyone what happened during those seven days, but at the end of the week she agreed to marry Pinchole Charlie.

"We were all born on the East Side," said Caro.
"At last... our house is really home!"

You hear it in the crackling of the fire... see it reflected in the gleaming brass bowls... feel it in the moving presence of the clock. Yes—those magic touches—especially our friendly Seth Thomas® Clock, say... "We're settled... it's home now!"

Gracious beauty, Cathay! Seth Thomas' newest clock! Designed for the new Pacific Island modern-fresh... unashamed—spacious! Blends with traditional décor too. Mahogany or mahogany finished, hardwood, Electric; bell alarm, 5" tall. Plain dial, $8.95. Luminous dial, $9.95.

The Seth Thomas Fieldston... strikes hours and half-hours with rich, mellow chimes. Mahogany finish, modern cabinet—bordered with 10-k gold leaf. Silvery face. Raised brass numerals and hands. 7½" tall. Electric or 8-day keywind. $35.

For free folder illustrating other Seth Thomas Clocks, write Dept. F, Thomaston, Connecticut.

Gracious, you know... Seth Thomas® Clocks, all the advantages of a 1794 American clock, the advantages of a 1963 American clock, all the advantages of the American clock! Seth Thomas®, 115 years of craftsmanship. One of the oldest names in America. Seth Thomas® Clocks, Thomaston, Connecticut.
"Me?" Fanny asked. "Come on, kid, empty them," the detective ordered, and Fanny emptied.

Even the detective was amazed at the amount of his employer's merchandise which Fanny had been able to secrete about her person. "How'd you steal all this, kid?" the detective asked.

"I didn't steal anything." "Look, kid, don't get smart with me," the detective warned. "I didn't steal anything," Fanny insisted. "Now, listen——the detective began.

"She made me do it!" Fanny heard him and the detective heard him. "She made me do it!" Lew repeated. "I didn't want to, honest, I didn't want to!" It was her! Always thereafter, twenty and thirty and forty years later, Fanny would suddenly remember that day, and point the accusing finger at Lew. "You traitor! You sold me out!"

Fanny loved flowers. They were living in a rather dingy neighborhood in Newark, in one of three identical buildings, each with a janitor. Often Fanny led Lew into the outlying districts of the city where they could take their way into the private gardens behind fine homes to pick flowers. One summer day Fanny saw a music box on the back porch of a house. Within seconds the device was on the porch and the two were running as fast as they could. Since they could not ring the music box into their own home without submitting to questions for which Fanny had no answers, she showed it to thenisor of the building next door. Fanny sold to him for $8, watching as he carried it into the cellar. When he appeared without the music box and went into the building, Fanny reasoned that the janitor would hide it until she left for the day. Leading the trusting Lew, she made her way to a basement, where she found the instrument in the cold furnace.

Before ten minutes passed, Fanny had sold it to the janitor of the building beyond. Loitering near the stove, they saw the second purchaser take it into his cellar, waited until he was gone, and this time sold it to a music store for $10.

In those years Fanny didn't care whether the money could be made within or beyond the pale; all she wanted was a chance at it. She was ten years old when she learned, a few weeks before Christmas, that a Newark department store was hiring wrappers for the holiday season at $2.50 a week. Unable to recruit Lew, who suspected another stealing scheme and for once preferred fractions to five-fingerings. Fanny left school immediately and was hired the same day. Mom was busy in the saloon from morning to night, the children had to make do for themselves, and Fanny swore the others to secrecy.

Standing at the wrapping table, she began to imagine that she was very poor, that her mother was dead and her father blind, that the sole support of the family was her responsibility.

The fantasy continued with Fanny refinishing and reshaping the original ingredients: Carolyn was epileptic (Fanny had once seen someone in a seizure); Phil had to have a brace for his crippled leg; Pinnie Charlie was not only blind but needed a set of false teeth.

The other girls around the wrapping table soon noticed Fanny's sad face. When one asked if anything was troubling her, Fanny reluctantly shared her imaginary grief with the others, giving her recitation precisely the same shading and emphasis she was later to employ in the Ziegfeld Follies.

One of the girls stole away to report the incident to the section manager. He immediately asked Fanny to repeat the story, which she did with alacrity. The section head went from the wrapping table to the store's main office, where he quickly learned that Fanny's

(Continued on Page 197)
FOR BROTHER AND SISTER...

Watch 'em go for Hunt's Heavenly Peaches! Ummm—how they love these tender, golden beauties. Good for them, too. Serve Hunt's often!

RECIPE

Heavenly Broiled Peaches

Place 6 peach halves cup side up in shallow baking dish. Dot each with butter. Mix 2 tbsp. syrup from peaches and 2 tbsp. lemon juice; pour over peaches. Fill hollows with any of the following: mint jelly; currant jelly; shredded coconut; a mixture of chopped maraschino cherries and nuts. Place about 6 inches below broiler; heat and broil until peaches are lightly browned, basting occasionally. Serve for dessert, or with roasts.

For Mrs. and Mister.

Broiled Heavenly Peaches! What a wonderful treat for you and your guests. Grand as a dessert. Grand with roasts. And they're so easy to make! See recipe below picture.

Hunt's Heavenly Peaches

at down-to-earth prices

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.
The Children in Autumn
By Daniel Whitehead Hicks

They are unconsidered

With autumn now, the children
Blazing of the maples.

Autumn might just as well have come.

For all they notice,
To the far Pacific's islands
Or the boulevards of Naples.

I hear them playing loudly

Under the reddening myrtles
The games they played when April
Captured the whitening park.

The signals are all the same

And their laughing playmates even.

But they do not see the embers of leaves

That light the gathering dark.

Autumn is fast upon us,

But not for the eyes of the children.

It is for, us their elders.

When you and I are old, our talk,

What sensed it before the turning
Of a maple leaf or the sunbeam,
Before a scarlet cinder
Fell from the salvia's stalk.

Carolyn remembers that she and Fanny were on the stoop in front of the St. Mark's Avenue house one day, when Pinocchio Charlie came around the corner. She remembers that Fanny saw him first, giving a wild, ecstatic scream, as she hurled herself at Pinocchio Charlie.

He dropped the packages he carried to the sidewalk while Fanny held with both hands, her skinny arms around his middle.

Now Carolyn was upon him, the pair holding and kissing their father whom they had not seen for four months, until he straightened up laughing.

"I grew," Fanny announced.
"You are both very beautiful," Pinocchio Charlie told them. "You are my beautiful daughters.

"Yes, too," said Carolyn, "Don't you want to hear me sing, daddy?

Of course I want to hear you sing, I want to hear Carolyn sing. And I want you to show me your presents.

"Presents!" Fanny shrieked.

Where?" Carolyn demanded, as Pinocchio Charlie bent to pick up the packages on the sidewalk. He held the packages and led them to the stoop where he sat while the girls tore at the paper wrappings.

There was a doll for each.

Kathy's was a big, red-pointed, boom-boom-boom-booming drum which they pounded in front of the house while Fanny sang and walked with her doll and Carolyn sat happily beside her father until the sun had dropped behind the buildings and Pinocchio Charlie rose from the stool, brushing the dust from his trousers.

"Have we had fun?" he asked his children.

They nodded, watching him.

"You'll have to get ready for supper," he said.
"Your mother will be home soon.

"Aren't you hungry?" Fanny asked.

"I have already had my supper.

"You could watch the fire," said said, holding the doll by one patent-leather shoe.

"But I have to go now, Fanny."
"Why?"

"Nothing particular, she said, kneeling before his children.

Carolyn kissed him first. Carolyn and then Pinocchio and last Lewis.

But Fanny stood apart, holding her doll, Baby Annie, by its shoe until Pinocchio Charlie left, and then ran down the street. She walked slowly and then she quickened her steps. She walked quickly and then she began to run.

She ran to Vanderbilt Avenue where she stopped to look. She did not see him and ran for the trolley stop. She did not see him there, either, and ran down her street, looking in each salon, but could not find Pinocchio Charlie.

Nor could Rosie find Fanny. When she had returned from the day's business, and fed her children, and sent Phil to find his sister, and waited for his return without Fanny, Rosie ordered the children to the table where she had procured Baby Annie against the sugar bowl.

She didn't ask Fanny why she had been. She didn't ask why she had been away too late. She didn't order her daughter to wash her hands. She set food before Fanny and waited for her to eat and didn't insist that the child eat more.

For a time Fanny pecked at her food and then turned for Baby Annie and slid off her chair. "I'm going to sleep," Fanny said, holding her doll.

"All right," said Rosie.

Fanny was nearly from the kitchen when Rosie said, "Do you want to kiss me good night?"

Fanny turned. She walked to her mother and lifted her face. She let her mother kiss her cheeks. "Good night, darling," Rosie said.

"Good night," Fanny said.

"Good night," said Rosie.

"I'm going to sleep," Fanny said. Fanny nodded. She started for the door.

"Sleep well," Rosie said, as Fanny walked across the kitchen.

"Sleep well, darling," Rosie said, in the empty room, as she lifted Fanny's plate from the table.

She came back now and then. Carolyn said, "Pinocchio Charlie would come to see us always with presents and always during the day, when mom was away on business. That's when he'd come; handsome and tall and dressed like the King of Rumania. Oh, he was gallant. Pinocchio Charlie. We 'd beg him to stay home with us. All except Fanny. After the first time, when every time she would leave; she would disappear after a few minutes. I don't know why. She would get her present and take it in the house and go out the back door. Not Phil and Lew and me. We would just plead with him to stay, but he never did. He never came home to live.

When she had won every amateur night in Brooklyn, Fanny begged to go to the top of East River into Manhattan. She won contests as — another pie-baking hint from Marie Gifford, Armour's famous home economist.
far uptown as the Harlem Opera House on 125th Street. Three and four nights a week she was out winning contests and every night she was badgering her mother to move to New York.

To Rosie Borach, who had turned her back on love for Pinochio Charlie's $80 a week, Fanny's bring-home pay was a convincing argument. Soon she and her brood occupied an apartment in uptown New York.

Fanny was rapidly losing her amateur status, and wanted to break into real show business.

For a time she worked as pianist, ticket taker and sweater in a motion-picture theater at Third Avenue and 83rd Street. She had long ago promised John Brice, a hearty, Irish friend of the family, that she would one day take his name as hers. In applying for the job, she called herself Fanny Brice. She was done with Borach forever.

Rosie, who considered her separation from Pinochio Charlie a lifetime arrangement, followed suit, as did the other children.

For her varied chores at the movie house, Fanny received $8 a week. But for the gawky girl of fourteen it was only a way station. Carolyn recalls that Fanny considered her job at the nickelodeon as required training for the future.

One night Fanny read an advertisement in the theatrical section of one of the newspapers calling for chorus girls the following day. It bore the names of George M. Cohan and Sam Harris, whose names meant nothing to Fanny. Fanny didn't care who was in need of chorus girls; she just knew she wanted to be one.

"But I'm thinking to myself," she wrote in her notes, "If I don't get that job, I don't want to lose the job in the movie house. That night I tells Carolyn, 'You call the nickelodeon in the morning and tell 'em I'm sick.'"

"You're not sick," she says.

"I know I'm not sick, dope! Just tell 'em I'm sick."

"That a lie," she says.

"I know it's a lie," I told her. 'I don't want to lose my job in case I don't get hired at this other place.'"

"I won't do it," Carolyn says.

"So I told my mom to call. She did it. She had brains."

While Rosie called the nickelodeon the next morning to announce that her daughter was in bed with a high fever, Fanny was on her way to the offices of Cohan and Harris.

Taking her place at the end of the line, Fanny made her way slowly, pausing at last before a young man who looked at her casually and said, "Name?"

"Fanny Brice. Mr. Cohan, I can——"

"I'm not Mr. Cohan. Eighteen dollars a week," he said. "Leave your name and address with the girl," pointing at the far end of the room.

Fanny didn't move. "Mr. Harris, I can sing," she said.

"I'm not Mr. Harris. They'll hear you at rehearsal. Leave your name with the girl."

"Miss. I've got my music right here," Fanny said, offering the sheets.

The young man took her arm and firmly pulled Fanny across the room to his assistant, where he left her.

Fanny was told that she would hear from them and that night, reporting the day's glorious event to Carolyn, she could not understand why she had not been allowed to sing.

"I bet he would have given me twenty-five dollars if he'd heard me," Fanny said.

In the two weeks which followed, Fanny could not keep food on her stomach. She could not sleep the night through without waking at least once, sitting up in bed and staring for several minutes. She could not believe in the integrity of the United States postal service. One day she threw a chair at Lew when suggested that she might have thought up the Cohan and Harris story while sweeping out the theater.

But she could work at the nickelodeon. There was the $8 to consider and Fanny considered it.
"So he sends me to this other place and it's a salon on Broadway, across the street from the Winter Garden. In the back they have all the tables piled on each other. Rose Green, Mitzi Green's mother, is in charge.

When I compare what I see with the Amsterdam Roof, I think, 'Uh-uh, not me.'

"But I see the steps the dancers are doing and I think of the steps Cohan is rehearsing. I decide I'll learn something about dancing."

At that time, Hurtig & Seamon were to burlesque the House of Morgan was to banking. They were burlesque. Fanny planned a frontal attack on Joe Hurtig, and in a month she was shown into his office.

Reminding him that she had won an amateur-night contest at his Harlem Opera House, she gave him a rapid rundown on her theatrical past. It approximated the combined activities of Miss Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Eleanor Duse, and Miss Eva Tanguay. Joe Hurtig hired her for the chorus of his Transatlantic Burlesques, which was then in rehearsal preparing to take the road.

In those years burlesque was not very daring. In most cities the girls would not wear tights, and in all cities they wore stockings.

Again Fanny was plagued by her inability to dance. The director told Hurtig that either she left the chorus or he left the show. However, Hurtig had listened to Fanny sing. He gave her a song she was to render from a box seat while a blue light played on her.

While the director glared at her, she told Hurtig that she wasn't satisfied with his decision. She wanted to be seen on the stage, not in a box in the theater. As she argued, her anger mounted, and as her spleen rose, she looked about her for something to put into the director's face. Hurtig hurriedly ordered the director to shift Fanny to the back of the stage. She would be with the girls. Hurtig told Fanny, but in the last row. Taling her place in much the same spirit with which a relief pitcher occupies the bullpen. Fanny continued rehearsal.

That night before the Transatlantic Burlesques departed for its opening date in Birmingham, Alabama, Rosie packed her daughter's suitcase. Fanny stripped the closes.

For the girl who doesn't like a heavy make-up...
choose this delicate, greaseless base

If you feel that heavy make-ups give your complexion a coated, "obvious" look—you'll be especially happy with this sheerer, more natural powder base. It feels so wonderfully light on your skin. Gives such a fine-textured, "poreless" look to your face. Never streaks or discolors. Never cakes around nose or mouth. Before you powder, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Right away it disappears, leaving only an invisible, protective finish that holds your powder superbly...gives you the soft, fresh, unconscious-kind of make-up that you feel happiest in—look prettier in!

Remember 1-Minute Mask smooths away dulling dead skin particles!

Before your next important date—make your complexion tingle with new brightness! Cover your face—except eyes—in a deep, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens chapped, dried skin particles. Dissolves them off! Leave on one minute—then tissue off! Now—see what wonderful things have happened to your skin—in just 60 seconds! It looks lighter, even clearer! And perfectly smoothed for a flattering, lasting make-up.

SEK—on your hands—the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream! Chapping, rough cuticle dissolves off. Hands look silky—white!

REMARKABLE 1-MINUTE MASK
smoothes away dulling dead skin particles!

By Victoria Harris

Perfect lighting doesn't come with many houses. If you live in the midst of those old-fashioned fixtures that have clusters of bare bulbs, the new mushroom-shaped lamp which directs about two thirds of the glare up to the ceiling gives a soft indirect lighting. Screw-in fixtures—which you can put in yourself as if you were

"Mushroom" bulbs divert glare. screwing in a light bulb, can be used whenever you have a single glaring lamp bulb stuck out of the ceiling. Some have a series of louvers, some glass bowls to shield glaring bulbs. Wonderful in that antique bathroom.

The kitchen can be brighter on dark days if you use the new 150-watt bulbs that are not larger than the 100-watt and will fit the same fixture.

For cherished table lamps without diffusing bowls there are special bulbs shaped and coated to diffuse light. New harps to support shades fit around them.

the light touch

By Antonia Drexel Earle

"Several times a week I treat myself to a luxurious 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says the enchanting Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle. "Nothing makes my skin look so fresh and clear. I really look forward to the make-up effects of the mask."
3 generations
tell you why
Maytag is the Automatic for you.

"For three generations my family's clothes have been washed clean with Maytags," says young Mrs. Westley Ensign of Duluth, Minnesota. "My Maytag has so many features I just couldn't do without!" She particularly likes the big double-walled aluminum tub, Maytag Roller Water Remover, and famous Gyrafoam washing action.

"For three generations my family's clothes have been washed clean with Maytags," says young Mrs. Westley Ensign of Duluth, Minnesota. "My Maytag has so many features I just couldn't do without!" She particularly likes the big double-walled aluminum tub, Maytag Roller Water Remover, and famous Gyrafoam washing action.

"I wouldn't have believed an automatic could wash clothes so clean," says Grandmother, Mrs. William Lentz. Yes, only the Maytag Automatic has famous Gyrafoam washing action... the agitator action originated by Maytag. Gentle water currents wash out even the most stubborn dirt. Safety Lid... open it, washing action stops; close it, washing resumes. It's "children-proof." No bolting down... perfectly balanced. And Maytag's adjustable legs will fit the most uneven floors.

"My automatic leaves clothes so easy to iron," says Mother, Mrs. Floyd Ensign. The Maytag Automatic dries gently... clothes have no hard-to-iron wrinkles. You'll like the completely automatic operation... wash, rinse, and spin-dry, and Maytag even turns itself up-and-over rinse flushes dirt away from clothes through them. You can wash everything from nylons to blue jeans. Built by Maytag, and that means years of dependable performance and clean cloth.
Fanny gave the girl one each—Bloomsers, chemise, brassiere—as payment for a week's dancing lessons," says a Follies friend, Trixie Wilson. "After a couple of days, the girl had enough. Then Fanny gave the girl most of her salary for the week. The town was full of bananas, so Fanny had bananas for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"But she picked up some steps. When the first girl wouldn't teach her any more, Fanny picked another one. And she started to make up to the dance director, who traveled with the show, telling him she was the greatest thing since the electric light."

Chorus Girls’ Night all the while. That’s an added attraction once a week after the regular show. All the chorus girls do specialties for a ten-dollar prize, and Fanny wins the winner. She’s buying the director’s striped shirts and cigars the size of a baseball bat. Every time she sees him, Fanny gives him something, and when she’s lessing her companions with whoever is up for a chemise or a brassiere.

In St. Louis Fanny was moved forward into the second row. When the show reached Chicago, she was kicking in the first line. Although Fanny had exhausted her brassieres, she had only begun her campaign.

The soubrette, or leading lady, of the Transatlantic Burlesques was the stage manager’s wife, a kind of Pauline Bunyan, with legs like barrel staves. For weeks the string-bean Fanny had been ooh-ing and aa-ing over this Aramis, inundating her with compliments while carefully studying her role and secretly praying for a mysterious disease to strike her.

From Chicago they moved to Cincinnati, Joe Hurty’s home town. The producer was the city and had invited a great many of his friends to the opening-night show. Shortly before curtain time, the soubrette fainted in her husband’s arms backstage. Joe Hurty appeared, demanding to know why the show hadn’t started. Seeing him, Fanny bounced forward to announce that she knew the stricken soubrette’s part as well as she knew her name. By this time, Hurty would have let the Siamese Twins play the lead in order to get the curtain up. He ordered Fanny to get on with it, before returning to his guests.

As she rolled her eyes, she winked, she kicked, she sang loud enough to wake the whole state of Ohio. She was all over that stage. They brought her back for seven encore. She would have given seventy, but Hurty kept the curtain down and told the stage manager to fit Fanny with the leading lady’s costumes.

At the start of the following season, the want to get out of burlesque, Fanny appeared at the casting office of Max Spiegel, who was producing what he termed a musical comedy, called The College Girl.

Spiegel, who had heard her sing in Transatlantic Burlesques, asked Fanny if she did a specialty. Fanny assured him she had a specialty to end all specialties. When Spiegel asked her what salary she expected, she replied that with her specialty she would make $25 a week. Spiegel hired her immediately.

After a week of rehearsals, Spiegel called the cast together. “I want all of you specialty people to go on Friday night in a big benefit show in Arverne, Long Island. I’ll be there watching so I’ll know where to place you in the show.”

As she talked to Spiegel, Fanny became faint with fear. “Well, here goes my job,” she wrote long afterward. “I have no specialty. And I ran right into Irving Berlin. Oh, Fanny,” he said, grabbing him, “I’ve got a job in a show, and when Spiegel signed me up, he asked me if I did a specialty. I told him yes, thinking that was the way I could get the job. I never thought he really wanted me to do one. And I have to sing something because I’ve got to do this benefit in Arverne or I’m finished.” Irving took me in the back room and he played Sadie Salome and Grizzly Bear. The first song was a Jewish comic song, and the second was a ragtime song. Of course Irving sang Sadie Salome with a Jewish accent. I haven’t any idea of doing a song with a Jewish accent. I couldn’t even understand Jewish, couldn’t talk a word of it. But, I thought, if that’s the way they want it, I’ll sing it. and I learned them both in an hour.

“Of course,” Fanny continued, “I came home and told my mother all about it, and what was I going to wear? She said, ‘I better wash your white sailor suit.” It was lined. “I’ll put a little extra starch in it.”

“At Arverne, every big star of the Broadway way was there. Well, I came out, and Sadie Salome was no prize for the first time ever doing a Jewish accent. And that starchy sailor suit stinking me. And it’s gathering you know where, and I’m trying to squirm it away, and singing and smiling, and the audience is loving it. They think it’s an act. I’m not singing as long as they’re laughing, I keep it up. They start to throw roses at me. I did Grizzly Bear for them, and I’m still with that creeping sailor. More roses. I was a hit, I guess.”

The following day, Spiegel called Fanny into his office and offered her an eighteen-year contract. The seventeen-year-old comedienne listened as Spiegel promised her a $100 weekly raise each year, reminding Fanny that in the last two months of her contract with him she would be making $65 a week.

Spiegel told her to take the contract home and bring her mother to see it. “My mother can’t write,” Fanny said, thinking of the $65 each week, and worried about the raising of her eight-year-old daughter, Frank White, a barber. But she never lived with him. A few years later she got a divorce.

It seemed to Fanny that she had never worked so hard and, more to the point, to the Great Glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld, whose annual Folies were the best Broadway offered. Once a young woman—employed by a soap-peddling new firm—who met Helen Ziegfeld when she saw her perform, she sent a card backstage to Fanny.

On it was the name of the company and the words, “Please see me, Miss Ziegfeld.”

Fanny immediately wrote Mr. "over the "Miss," put her thumb over the company’s name, and showed it to her. She showed it to the theater, shouting, "Ziegfeld sent me a card? See? Ziegfeld? He wants to see me!"

Shortly afterward Ziegfeld did want to see Fanny. He had watched her in The College Girl at the Columbia Theater on Broadway, the first house built for burlesque on the Avenue of Ambition. Like everybody in show business, Ziegfeld knew that Max Spiegel had agreed to renew his annual contract, and had signed him to an eight-year contractual. Discussing Fanny with Bert Cooper, a successful agent of the time, Ziegfeld suggested trying Fanny for some specialties. The fact that Max Spiegel had tied her up, Cooper, who knew Fanny well, told Ziegfeld that she was only seventeen, a minor, when she signed the contract.

When Fanny got to the Columbia Theater the next day, the stage-door attendant handed her a telegram. It read, "Will you come to see me at your earliest convenience, Florenz Ziegfeld?"

Fanny was certain that somebody in the cast of The College Girl had sent her the telegram after listening to her story a few weeks earlier. She telephoned Ziegfeld’s office and asked his secretary, "Did Mr. Ziegfeld send me a telegram? This is Fanny Bland?"

"He certainly did," was the answer. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."

"... so much for his career at college. Then, of course, he’ll go on to medical school —"
I thought my best dress was hopelessly soiled... but my Sanitone Dry Cleaner saved it for me!

Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner's Special "Know-How" Puts New Life Into All Your Family's Clothes

That's because Sanitone is a special kind of Dry Cleaning that gets out all the dirt... even stubborn spots. That's why we know you, too, can profit from the experiences of thousands of women from coast to coast! Sanitone Dry Cleaning makes an amazing difference. Colors regain like-new sparkle, fabric texture and finish is restored, no tell-tale cleaning odor and a better lasting press. Yet it costs no more than ordinary dry cleaning. Try it... see for yourself what a difference there can be in dry cleaning.

SANITONE DRY CLEANING SERVICE
Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Manufacturers of Stearic, Ohio, their derivatives and Twitchell Textile Glue

Does Dry Skin Make People Guess Wrong About Your Age?

Do salespeople suggest matronly hats and toned-down colors instead of the sparkling, chic little samples on the mannequins? It's a painful experience. But you don't have to bear it! For often it's just dry skin that lines your face and adds the extra years.

For such skin, Woodbury has a marvelous Dry Skin Cream, with a wonder-working ingredient called Penolate. Penolate's special magic is that it penetrates deeper into the important corneum layer of the skin — and carries the rich benefits of lanolin and other special skin softeners deeper than ever before!

Spend five minutes a day with Woodbury Dry Skin Cream and see how little dry lines and rough looks seem to melt away! Watch your skin take on a lovely new softness. Others will notice it too! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

It was a warm autumn day, and the stage door was open. Fanny had called from a wall telephone just inside the door. She was almost nineteen years old, in perfect health, and possessed of a superb voice with remarkable hang power. Yet when Fanny finally reached her rendezvous, she immediately lost her voice completely. Having been ushered into Ziegfeld's office and greeted warmly, she could only stand staring at him while she bit her lip to keep from collapsing.

So Fanny remained: speechless, trembling, until Ziegfeld rose and walked around his desk, and sat her down gently in a chair. Leaning against the desk, smiling at Fanny, he said, "I watched your work. You are very talented, Miss Brice."

"Nobody had ever called her "Miss Brice" before. She locked her fingers and stared miserably at her hands, her feet together and her knees together, dressed in the white she always wore because, "I didn't want to look burlasquey."

"Would you like to work for me, Miss Brice?" Ziegfeld asked.

Fanny remembered later that she wanted to sneeze. To sneeze and to cry. To cry and to kiss him. To leap into the air. To tell Rosie. To tell Caroline. To tell Clara. Hendricks and her brother, Lew, and whomever she saw.

But she could only sit pulling her fingers.

"How old are you?" Ziegfeld asked.

Then, at last, she found voice. She could talk but she could not look up and she said, "I was seventeen when I signed with Max Spiegel. Is that what you mean, Mr. Ziegfeld?"

"Yes," he said. "Then your contract isn't legal. He asked Fanny why her mother hadn't signed it. She told him Rosie couldn't write.

"It's a good thing for both of us that she can't, isn't it?"

Ziegfeld produced a contract. It was, as Fanny later said, "on shick, shiny paper," and when she had signed the document which provided that she didn't receive $75 weekly that year and $100 weekly the following year, Ziegfeld presented her with a copy of it.

Fanny would not have exchanged it for the Magna Charta. She thanked Ziegfeld and left his office slowly, as befitted a lady who did not want to look burlasquey. As her secretary, she thanked her secretary and downstairs she thanked the doorman.

Then she set off for 47th Street and Broadwater and to a speed that would have shamed a fire horse. Reaching that corner, the barbershop across the road, she pulled up and caught her breath and waited.

As soon as she saw a familiar face, she would shout, "Hey, Ziegfeld signed me. A hundred dollars a week!"

She had already written the following year's salary. Scissoring the finger arm, she would begin to read the contract word for word, from top to bottom.

As Fanny remembers it, "I'd stand there every day. I never went back to College Girl. In about four or five days the contract was torn to pieces. I think I wore out eight before the Follies even went into rehearsal."

"Not only a hundred dollars, but Ziegfeld! I couldn't stay home. I used to stand on my head for it, waiting for anyone I knew to show up."

The 1910 Follies, Fanny's first, was Ziegfeld's fourth. When rehearsals began, Fanny was forgotten in the crush of stars, beautiful women, sketch writers, composers, set designers, costume designers, stage hands, all the hundreds of retainers who from Ziegfeld, the monarch, kept at his court.

Here and there during rehearsals Fanny would be pressed into service for a moment or two, but most of the time she sat forgotten and unnoticed. It became quite apparent to her that while she might have a contract for the Follies, it contained no clause which guaranteed her appearance in the Follies.

She appealed to Ziegfeld. "Are you going to let me sing?" she asked.

"Of course, Fanny. Of course," he said. "just talk to the music boys," he suggested, and was called away to another part of the theater.

Fanny looked over at Joe Jordan and Will Marion Cook, the two colored song writers. Around them were two dozen performers, each fighting for a song, a lyric, anything to help his own status in the show.

Fanny went to the telephone and called Rosie. Then she waited until almost every- one had left the theater, then going to Jordan and Cook, Fanny said, "How would you boys like a real, home-cooked meal? My mom is the best cook in New York."

Jordan lowered the lid of the piano and reached for his jacket. Cook was buttoning his, Fanny led the pair upstairs to Rosie's food.

She waited until they could eat no more. Then, leaning against the piano in the parlor, Jordan thought. Singing Rose to bring fresh oil and soap, he seized the trio at the piano. "Let's try together."

(Continued on Page 249)

Be Kind, O World!
Ruth Branin Molloy

Watch for this little traveler.
The road seems very long to her,
All time and space live in her eyes
That are not clock nor worldly wise,
Remember her, O engineer,
And mute your whistle to her fear;
Conductor, tell her "Here's your town,"
And help her lift her satchel down;
Hold out your arms, O world, to her.
Watch for this little traveler!

Watch for this little traveler,
From experience comes faith

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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November

(Continued from Page 202)

said the young woman who could not have rhymed sky with fly. "Let's work on it," she suggested.

At rehearsal the following day Fanny followed Ziegfeld around until, in desperation, he agreed to listen while she sang Lovey Joe. Jordan was waiting at the piano, and Ziegfeld took a seat nearby. Winking at Jordan, Fanny scrambled into the stage, found the exact center with the instincts of a homing pigeon, and burst into her song.

It's one thing to step to a show, it's quite another to wring applause from a cast in rehearseal. But the girl with the long legs did it. When she had finished, there was no polite hand clapping from her colleagues, but a genuine, spontaneous acknowledgment to a superior performer. Fanny had her song and a spot in "one," colorful -the stage before a lowered curtain) to sing it.

For this, the 1910 Follies, Ziegfeld had allowed Abe Erlanger, of the theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, to back the show.

Erlanger, a small man wearing a straw hat and a pink satin shirt which was immaculately tucked and pinned, was all set to introduce the new Fordian series as a sort of dress rehearsal as a sop to his status as backer. There he sat beside Ziegfeld, straw hat atop his head, nodding knowingly as the performance progressed. He found no fault with the gorgeous production which unfolded before his cash-register eyes, and when he saw the skinny young woman appear before the dropped curtain, he was a particularly pleased little man.

Then Fanny began to sing:

"Lovey Joe, that ever-loving man!
From way down south in Birmingham
He can do some lovin',
Any time of day or night.
And when he starts to love me
I'll be hollow for my soul.
"- Kathryn Coffey Glenden

At which point Erlanger was on his feet, waving his arms wildly to stop the music. "What's that? What did you say? What's that last line?" Fanny looked at Ziegfeld, who nodded. "I just heard for me," she repeated. "For two and a half a ticket you don't hear for me," Erlanger decided. "You're not in burlesque now, young woman. You heard for me. Men who, with his partner, they take a chance that had to be pushed hard to take a bow. But a bow was a must for that audience. They wanted more of Fanny, and they gave her an encore. They wanted another and she obliged them. They brought back twelve times fore they could do the show continue.

Standing there in the wings as the curtain came up on the next number, Fanny had eyes only for Erlanger.

And he took off straw hat. He smiled and he hit the head with the hat. "Good," he said, and hit her again. "Good, good, good," and bang, once more. Shapping it with hat, until the crown broke, and cried, "You owe me a hat, Fanny," lashing at his joke.

"You owe me an apology, kid," she said to the little man who in so many instances controlled more theaters in the United States than any ten theatrical firms in one country.

When the performance was over at last ending at three o'clock in the morning, all Ziegfeld's first-night Follies, Fanny went back to the hotel and asked the switchboard operator how much it would cost her to New York.

"Only that she would be charged cens for three minutes, Fanny sat on the in her room for two hours, unable to do anything, whether or not to phone and tell tell of great success.

The sun was rising over the ocean when last Fanny took the receiver off the hook sat in the operator's chair in her room. York. Rosie came down on the first available train.

Fanny, meanwhile, had made a quick complete tour of the hotel.

Meeting her mother at the station, took Rosie to the delivery entrance of the hotel and led her up the back stairs to room.

For the balance of their stay in Atlantic City, Rosie came and went through the rear of the hotel, sharing her dad's single bed. So delicately attuned were two on the same evening, the warm length. Rosie boasted about the deception for a year.

Opening night in New York was a reprise of what had happened in Atlantic City.

(Continued on Page 390)
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(Continued from Page 294)

City, except that as Fanny waited to go on, a bee stung her below the right ear. She carried the mark for the rest of her life, but that night the plague of locusts which stopped the Egyptians could not have held Fanny. A triumph before the vaudeville press on the New Jersey seashore was one thing; Tonight, two weeks later, to win the applause of the sophisticated audience which waited for her, was another matter.

Win them, however, she did. It was Fanny’s Follies’ bill night and you have to remember that the line-up of talent in a Ziegfeld review was several light years ahead of the cast of a current Broadway show.

They brought her back a dozen times, while the blotch behind her ear grew redder and redder. Fanny never knew whether the applause ended after her twelfth encore or whether she wanted to match the Atlantic City mark.

She did know what kept the audience clanging for more. At a time when the taste in women’s legs ran to gams resembling chopsticks, Fanny’s were as svate, as sharply as Grable’s or Dietrich’s. In any leg line-up during those years she was certain to finish last.

In her efforts to please the audience, Fanny lifted her skirts high as she began an imitation of the tacit. A touch of Fanny’s legs, the audience howled. Whereupon, Fanny, her dress high, looked down at her knees, put her hand to her head, and shrieked, "Oh, side and moaning, ‘Oy, oy,’ ever knew what the audience wanted, Fanny gave it to them. Always she maintained that between her and an audience there was a secret language clearly understood, and always audible to her.

Writing many years later, Fanny said, ‘I never worked out any business ahead of time. It would only happen when I hit that audience, because they speak so much louder than my mind. I could hear them much clearer. They would tell me what they wanted.’

‘You get your first laugh—boom! You’re going. You lose yourself. You become who you’re laughing at, but it isn’t you. Any time I ever did any kind of dance, don’t you think that’s in my heart, as I am making them laugh, that I don’t want them to say, ‘She’s really so grateful?’

‘Your audience gives you everything you need. They tell you. There is no director who can control you like that. You are free. You step out on the stage and you can feel it is a nervous audience. So you calm them down. I come out before an audience, and maybe my house burned down an hour ago, maybe my husband stayed out all night, but I stand there. I’m still. I don’t move. I wait for the introduction. Maybe I even touch myself. But before I do anything, I got them with me, right there in my hand and comfortable. That’s my trick. And maybe my house burned down, but it is portable, because if they wanted to be nervous they could have stayed home and added up their balls.

When Fanny left the stage that opening night of the 1940 Follies a star had been born. When actress George M. Cohan was on the press floor the next day, he exclaimed to W. C. Handy, ‘How do you like the kitchen you sent me to?’

She was introduced to Ethel Harmanoy, to Diamond Jim Brady, to Mrs. Harold Harriman, who was later to become minister to Norway.

She was hugged by women whose pictures she had seen in the society sections of the newspapers. Her hand was kissed by men whom she had heard spoken only with awe.

After a time, Diamond Jim Brady said, ‘I’m giving a party, a little party. Wouldn’t you like to come to my party?’

‘Sure,’ Fanny said.

Diamond Jim escorted her to a private room at Sherry’s where most of the girls immediately lifted their plates. Fanny lifted hers, saw a dollar bill, and wondered if it was for the waiter. She set the plate down and was watching the activities when the girl beside her said, ‘Did you get your hundred?’

‘Hundred what?’

‘Your hundred dollars. Look under your plate.’ Fanny lifted the plate once more.

And saw that she had multiplied with astonishing rapidity, for there, beside the crockery, was a bill whose four corners bore the figure 100.

This was too much for any waiter, Fanny decided, depositing the city in her bag while plates of food and money and a bottle of which she had never seen in her life, were set upon the table.

Fanny fell to with gusto, noticing that one of the chorus girls got up to offer a short dance for her host and his male companions.

When the girl finished, Diamond Jim passed her a hundred dollars, whereupon Fanny swallowed her food, cleared her throat, rose to her feet and burst into song, shuffling the nearest table as she sang until, finishing the tune, she bowed before the money man.

Fanny never performed her second hundred, Fanny returned to her chair. But she had scored her second hit of the evening, and the male guests clammed for more. She immediately obliged, the chorus girl, and she had continued singing until the following night.

Follies but for the venerable glances of her colleagues who waited more than a little impatiently to offer their specialties before Diamond Jim’s proviso.

When Diamond Jim told Fanny that he would take her home, she looked at the twenty spenders in his shirt, and said thank you. When he also told Vera Maxwell, the beautiful, that he would take her home, Fanny felt the familiar envy which always possessed her in the presence of ‘low lives’. When Diamond Jim dropped Miss Maxwell first, Fanny clutched her purse and pushed herself into a corner of the carriage. He wasn’t getting any money decided, but he wasn’t getting anything else either.

Arriving at Fanny’s flat, Diamond Jim boomed at Sherry’s. Fanny resumed eating, the purse she clutched to her bosom contained four $100 bills. She could not believe her eyes. Rosie and thrust the money at her mother. She was not certain at that moment whether Rosie would even believe her.

For Fanny had never seen $100. She had never heard of Diamond Jim Brady. She had never set foot inside Sherry’s. She had never been told of the table as she sat there, when, this evening, the tune, knowing he bowed to her hand, and thanked her for a delightful evening.

She only stared as he turned away and then she fled to wash her mother.

Once, talking of the early Follies, Fanny said, ‘The funny part about burlesque is that they were always paying off the mortgage on some little house in Long Island. City people the same way with the mumps. I never knew the difference when I got into the Follies.’

Ziegfeld meanwhile had a new star in the Follies firmament, and the master showman made the most of it. When he had exhausted the run-of-the-mill publicity concerning Fanny he informed the press that he had discovered a new young writer on a corner below the Broadway Bridge while she peddled her papers. Fanny who had done almost everything to earn money except sell newspapers, enthusiastically fell in with his deception, vying daily for the reporters and photographers as he told them of the bitters of bottles.

When, then, winter and summer, she had stood
low the bridge, trying to eke out enough money to keep life in her undernourished body.

"You know," says comedian Eddie Cantor, "all of us who were in the Follies, from the biggest star to the extra chorus girl, we brag about it: This is the high point of our lives. But I will say this: Of all his stars Fanny was really in everything with Ziegfeld. Take Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Billy Fields, any of them, when you say Fanny, you have to say Ziegfeld.

"Do you know how I felt to be in a show with Fanny Brice? She was not only the best comedian in her time, but I will say that Fanny was among the first three funny women of the world at any time.

"There I am at the beginning of the season, my first Follies, and Fanny Brice comes over to talk to me.

"Do you dance?" she asked.

"Of course I dance.

"We ought to get together," Fanny said.

"Fine." Eddie said. If she had told him to rob a bank with her, he would have gone out and bought a hammer and chisel.

During rehearsals Fanny said, "You can't dance a lick." But they kept at it until opening night.

"At last we came to our dance," Cantor says. "Remember, mister, it's my first opening and I'm knocking at the gates. Everything I was or hoped to be I was putting into that performance, and in the middle of it Fanny whispers to me, 'You dope, you still can't dance.'

"We had to hold each other up, we were laughing so hard. She did that, said what she said to help me. And she did help me, because I relaxed and lost my fright and my tenerness.

"Fanny was with the Follies until 1923. When the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic started on the Amsterdam Roof, Fanny was in that. She would play the regular Follies, then go upstairs with other selected members of the cast to do the Frolic. There was a radio program long ago: Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. Fanny was a star in that. They made The Great Ziegfield out here in Hollywood. Fanny was in it. They made the Ziegfeld Follies as a picture, and they called it Fanny. The Shuberts revived the Follies for two years after Ziegfeld died, Fanny."

"A few years ago Ziegfeld's daughter got married, and Billie Burke, her widow, asked Fanny to attend the wedding with her, because she wanted someone there close to Flo.

"Finally," Cantor says, "Fanny's ex-husband, Billy Rose, buys the Ziegfeld Theater.

"There was a Ziegfeld thread in Fanny's whole life," Cantor says. "He changed everything for her. One day she is a soubrette in a burlesque show and the next day she is the biggest star in New York.

"She had the acclaim of all America; here was a woman who was up in the money; there was a woman who had jewels, fine clothes, furs, beautiful homes, everything she could want. But there was one man around who broke her heart.

"Eddie Cantor says of Fanny's second husband, gambler and confidence man Nick Arnstein, "This is a true story.

"He was a far better actor than anyone Fanny had ever known. Nick gave her a wonderful performance, morning, noon and night. The curtain never fell. There was no intermission. He was the best-dressed man I ever saw. When he took his shoes off, he would put them on shoe trees that he had made from a cast of his feet. He knew about food and wines, and flowers, and furniture, and sterling silver, and cars. Nick was a fascinating guy, not only to women but to men. W. C. Fields used to follow him around. That language Fields used later in the movies, the high-flown talk, he heard Nick talking that way. Nick was very suave, gentlemanly. He was all the time the perfect gentleman. He was the kind of fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he tipped his hat."

(To be Continued)
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PUPPIES FOR SALE
(Continued from Page 18)

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door and began to whimper a little in her throat.

"It’s all right, Tinko," Hildy said. "I’ll take care of them."

She carried the long pan of warm milk into the laundry, with Tinko trotting anxiously behind her. Instantly, at sight of them, the four puppies watched her uncertainly to the side of the box and pressed their blunt noses against the wire, setting up a shrill insistent clatter. Hildy set the pan down inside the box and the puppies rushed frantically for places and buried their faces in the milk, lapping, sputtering and sneezing. One of them fell into the pan, and had to be hauled out by Hildy. When all the milk was gone, they licked each other’s dripping muzzles industriously, and then played briefly, nipping and cutting one another, sounding little baby croaks. Tinko, meanwhile, walked around and around the box, looking worried, until finally the full puppies got tired and went to sleep.

Hildy went outside to where Ward was leaning on the handle of the lawn mower, resting, his freckled face moist and pink. "I’m going to miss them something awful," she said.

"You don’t need to worry," he chuckled. "Nobody’s likely to buy them anyhow, when they see that crazy sign you’re going to make."

But Ward was wrong.

Hildy’s sign was a great success.

Mr. McCabe had gone past the Thatchers’ house in his patrol car before the wording on the sign nanled into the map on the floor to trick into his consciousness. Then he had to go back and read it again to make sure. The sign said:

FOR SALE
Four Nice,
Fresh Puppies
(Cocker Spaniels)

Hildy looked out the window at the sound of his brakes, and then came out of the house. "Hello, Mr. McCabe," she said. "Would you like to buy a puppy?"

"Well, I don’t know. You sure they’re fresh?"

"Oh, yes. They’re only six weeks old. They were born right in our house, so you could see them, if you want."

"Not right now, Hildy," he told her. "I’m on duty. Maybe I’ll come see them another time."

He drove off, chuckling. It was a long time since he had chuckled about anything, almost since Mary, his wife, had died eleven months ago. What with that terrible sorrow, and then all the trouble about the boy, there had not been much to make Mr. McCabe laugh.

His best took him past the junior high school, and he circled the block slowly, his sharp eyes and ears alert for signs of activity. It had happened just this same time a few weeks ago. He had heard a noise from inside the building, and he had gone in to investigate, tiptoeing along the corridors, his eyes on his feet for all his two hundred and six pounds that they had not heard him until he was in the doorway.

Three boys, all students at the school, were tearing up papers, spatting ink on the floor, scrawling over the blackboards, preparing to do no one knew how much more serious damage, had Mr. McCabe not caught them in time. Three boys, and among them Billy McCabe, his own son.

Since none of the boys had ever been in any kind of trouble before, Mr. McCabe could simply have reported them to the principal. But because of Billy he did not feel he could be so lenient. He did not want it on his conscience that another boy, maybe more severe had his own son not been involved. So he arrested them.

It didn’t take Mr. McCabe said to Billy afterward, “if the judge let you all off in the custody of your parents because you’re my son. Maybe. But next time that won’t save you.”

Billy had walked along with his head down, not answering, a tall, thin, blond boy.

He looked peacefully at the police officers, as though they were handling a child. Mr. McCabe did not understand it at all. He had always thought of his son as a good boy, a little on the quiet side, and never in any trouble. Here was a boy he did not know.

This is a funny thing,” he said. “Upholding the law as you’re doing it. I look at my son and wonder what would have happened if he would have done the same things as you boys. He never had a chance to hit with a kid.”

When they got to the three-roomed shed, he sent the boy into the bedroom and locked him in. Then he sat in the kitchen in the dark, and talked it over with Mary, the way he always talked everything over with her. He told her that he thought he had been as good a father to the boy as she would have wanted, never hitting him or speaking rough to him, and the only thing that his clothes were neat, taking him to church regular, just as she had done.

“I never even talked to him, when I was working. Mary, you know that. I’ve always stayed home with him and you. Ce be it my fault, then, Mary?” he asked her, speaking out loud in the dark little room. “And yet he was a good boy for you, at least, now, alone, with me, he is like this.”

He spoke of any answer, Mr. McCabe did not learn it.

BILLY had been in no more trouble since then—at least as far as his father knew—he stayed out when he should have been home, and when he was there he scammed about, and his grades in school were poor, but he didn’t do any more the way they had been once.

It was a hard thing for a man to lose his wife like Mr. McCabe, and have all the grief and worry and so heavy on him to have this worry atop his son.

Mr. McCabe, off duty now, drove home the way he had come. As he passed the Thatchers’, he saw Hildy’s sign again, a little more grizzled and cut out. Hildy was out, leaning, playing with four fat, wobbly-legg puppies.

Two of them had her handkerchief in their teeth and were playing in a game of war with making soft, fierce little noises at each other.
Ladies' Home Journal

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The phone was never going to ring. It started creeping on the table blank and silent, indifferently, and Donna hated it.

Of course he might have been delayed, some shifting that he couldn't get to home, or he might be sick, or hurt. He might have stopped. She knew she had all been over this two hours before. There was no use fiddling herself any more. He was just not going to call, that was all.

"I'll give you a ring early Sunday morning," he had said. "Before ten. If it's a nice day, we'll take a long drive out into the country, stop at a little place I know for lunch."

"I'll be there when her hands and smiled down into her eyes. "We'll have the whole day together, Donna.

His voice, his smile had promised that everything was going to be wonderful again, the way it had been once—that he had loved, that he really still loved her now.

"Do you still have the yellow dress?" he had asked her. "The one that makes you look like a buttercup? Will you wear it?"

She had gone home in a dream of happiness—she who had thought she would never be happy again—and washed and starched and pressed the yellow dress. She had spent almost the whole two days getting ready, grooming herself and her clothes as she had not done since he had left her.

She had told herself that it had perhaps all been her own fault. You could not judge anyone like Gary by ordinary standards. He was a man of a certain type, and of course, you could not hold him to all the foolish little punctilios that applied to other people.

"I don't know if they have you listed yet, but that was how she had lost him.

But now he was back. He had come walking in the street, calling her name, in a capering voice: "Donna! Donna! Where are you?"

As though it had been only yesterday, instead of four months since he had gone away. It seemed to start a new room, a new life. "I didn't know it would be like this without you."

It was typical that he assumed she was waiting for him, that no one else had come into her life while he was gone. He took her into his arms in the old way, murmuring the old endearments, and she was too happy to care that he did not speak of the reason for their separation, that he did not promise to be different when she told him that he did not want him to be different—that nothing mattered except that he was back.

"I've missed you, too," she said.

The words were meaningless, ridiculously inadequate for what she had suffered. She had walked a light in the dark through the days, she had been poor and trapped in the stench and eating and sleeping, coming to life only when she saw on the street or in a restaurant a broad back, a shabby dark head that might have been his, but never was.

"I've been lonely," she said.

How lonely, he would never know. She could not even bear to think of a day or an evening with any of her friends any more, because they were not Gary, and gradually the years went by, and she alone never raised her hands and was alone. She had not thought she would ever come back, and yet she had hoped all the time. And now he was back.

"I'll give you a ring Sunday," he had said. "Before ten. We'll have the whole day together.

She had smiled up at him, making a joke of it and yet making, unable to keep from asking, "You won't forget?"

"I own't forgotten then? How could I forget?"

But he could. He had, so far. An old friend who had been with him at Oklahoma would show up, or he would become absorbed in his painting or in some other of his many hobbies. Sometimes he telephoned hours later. Sometimes he did not call at all. And when he came to her house the next day, shouting her name, as though nothing had happened.

"I went on like that for a week, and then I finally, "I never know where I stand with you—" not even for an evening’s engagement. I can’t take the uncertainty any more."

"All right," he said. "If you'd be happier without me—"

"It isn’t that. It’s—oh, Gary, how can you love me and then go away the next time after forgetting me or forgetting for me something else?

"If you were bigger than this, Donna. I didn’t know you measured love by punctuality."

He had gone, and now he had come back, all the same as before. He did not really care.

"I can’t go through it all again, she thought, weeping and writhing and wondering if he ever will come, or tears that he loses me.

He was not worth all the suffering he had caused. If he could do this again right in each arm. One of them turned its nose toward Donna and gave a little baby bark, and they looked around apprehensively, and then saw where this fierce noise had come from.

"Wait a minute," Donna called. "I’ll have something for you, she said.

She left the front door open, so that if the phone rang she could hear it from across the street.

"She’s getting used to it," Ward said. "She’s never bawled over this one,"

"Well, you are. I can see it every day if I want to," Hildy said, she was on the kitchen floor, counting her monies, turning out the green bills on her lap.

"I’ll have enough change when I sell the last one.

"I’ll have enough for a bike." She looked a Tinker, sitting beside her, with shining eyes. "I think you'd better get one more basket to ride in, Tinker, and we’ll go all over places.

"You can’t go every day," Ward and "You’re too little,"

Hildy scrambled up, and thrust her face as close as possible to her brother’s. "I’m not too little! I am not!"

"Sure you are. You won’t be allowed to hardly any place, just maybe around the house."

"Children!
Thatcher came in from the back yard with a rake in his hand. He was not much like his mother taken that down, and Ward, you’d better go out on the porch and take a look at Dufly. She seems touched out after that run you gave him this morning. He’s old man, you know." Mr. Thatcher went back to where his wife was weeding. "The kids," he said, "are tormenting each other again, I separate them."

"What’s the matter with them?"

Mr. Thatcher came back from after another way the brother and sister should wonder if it’s something we’ve done wrong.

Billy McCabe came home late, walking with the swagger he had acquired in the past few months, smoking of cigarettes, his shirttails flapping around his back, and his father called to him from the kitchen.

Billy went to the door and stared at the youth beyond his father’s head. "Yeah?"

"Look here, Mr. McCabe said. "Look at the new member of the family."

A bright, sudden color leaped all the way up to the boy’s blone hair, and he took step forward and then stopped.

"I’m a good bowler, but I’m not a little boy, and I’m not a boy."

"It is—for me?"

Before Mr. McCabe could answer, a puppy pranced across the floor, took Billy showee in its teeth, and began pulling at shaking hands. "He’s a dark little brown, and I’m on small growling sounds. Billy went down to his knees and pushed the puppy away, his hand fairly rough, and instinctively the little dog recognized this boy-and-pup game, and pranced delightedly back to rough-ended hand.

"I’m not going to his father, "Did God get him for me?"

"I did," Mr. McCabe said.

"I didn’t think supposed to be with the pup After a while he said, "He’s gonna be me to train. You can tell he’s smart."

He picked up the dog up and held it against his chest.

"I’m gonna teach him to heel to and down and fetch. I’m gonna train him gox Mr. McCabe leaned forward in his chair. He had a good run for him in the yard, and he can be out while you’re in school and still safe."

"Yeah," Billy said. "Yeah, that’d be good.

Then he stared at the floor. "Mr. was scared of dogs. Maybe she wouldn’t want him to play.

Mr. McCabe straightened up and looked around the bright lighted kitchen who usually, at this hour, he sat talking in. Hildy was gone this season. She’s gone now," he said. "I guess and I better just go on together with her."

(Continued on Page 21)
I'd love to sing out this good news... about a miraculous "food" that doubles the life of your nylon and cutlery bill in half! It's called NYLAST... and not just a penn--ny, NYLAST washes, dries and beautifies even your own nylon. I know... I've proved it to you... use just a few swishes of hand and presto... it gently washes nylon flower-fresh, adding strength and beauty at the same time. I'm not exaggerating... each use with gently NYLAST not only costs against snags and runs, but prevents fading and adds a luxurious softness... as well as adds that nable dull finish we all admire. But words can't describe... so get a sample at your Favorite Store or on market today and see for yourself how it makes nylon last and love it!

Is the season i like best... that very special time between vacations and the holidays... when you're either planning on being entertained or being entertained... Western Union is such a great help... for only send invitations by Telegram, but I wire my "Thank you"s... too. Why? Because I really think it's the most thoughtful, gracious thing to do... and of course, it saves a lot of time and trouble. You can telephone your Telegrams to Western Union, and have them sent on your phone bill, you know. And now a wonderful pre-holiday gift idea... a book called "The Western Union Telegram..." monthly reminder calendar and spaces for names and uses... plus suggested sentiments for all occasions. Check OFFER n on coupon.

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Linda was lying awake in bed when her husband returned from a business conference. He came tiptoeing into the room in the dark and then stood still in the middle of the floor, listening to the steady, sad yelping sound that came from somewhere in the house.

"Roy," Linda said.

He whirled around. "I didn't know you were awake. What in thunder is that noise, like a puppy yelping?"

"It is a puppy yelping. It's crying for its mother, I guess, and I don't know what to do."

He stared at her through the darkness.

"Where is it?"

"In the bathroom. I didn't know where else to put it. I thought it this afternoon from a little girl on Maple Street."

She had a sign out saying, 'Nice, Fresh Puppies for Sale,' and I bought one." Linda got out of bed and put on her robe and then sat down on the bed again. "There are so many things I forgot to ask, though. I don't know anything about puppies."

"Why on earth did you buy it?"

"I don't know," she said.

Roy went in the direction of the yelping and opened the door. He picked up the shivering little fluffy pup, and instantly the noise stopped and the dog wriggled contentedly down into his arms. He turned the light and looked at it.

"He sure is cute," he said, and chuckled.

"Yes," Linda said. "It's a girl." She got up and stroke the puppy's head. "I've been trying to think of a name for her."

Roy looked at her. "Why did you buy the puppy?"

"I asked her again more gently."

She shook her head. "I guess because I was lonely. With the girls gone, and nobody—nothing—I don't know. She looked at as if she needed me. But I don't know anything about dogs."

He put his arm around her and gave her a little squeeze, something he had not done in years. "I do, though," he said. "I always had dogs when I was a kid." She thought he looked younger suddenly—almost boyish.

"I'll get a box up from the cellar and put an old blanket in it to keep her warm, and then I can even find a watch or a small clock with a loud tick to put in with her, that'll comfort her and keep her quiet." He paused, staring down at the contented little dog in his arms. "I didn't know you were lonely, Linda." he said. "I thought with all your community activities and card parties and everything you were—"

"I'm lonely too," she replied."

She put her hand on his sleeve. "Come on," she said. "I'll help you look for the box and things, and then we can think of a name for her for the kitchen and think of a name for the puppy."

Donna talked loud as she walked down the street. "I think I'll call you Captain Bligh," she said, "because you think you're so ferocious."

The puppy looked up from her arm and barked his toy bark.

"I'm ready, Donna," said the little girl.

"We've got to buy you some milk and cereal now, to keep you fat and healthy. Yes, I know it wouldn't hurt me to try a little myself, maybe I will, now that I'll have company with my meals."

She did not see Gladys Falk, who had once been her very good friend, but Gladys, walking by, hesitated a moment, and then came over to her.

"Hello, Donna," Gladys said. "I thought you were crazy, walking along the street, talking like that. I thought you were talking to yourself."

"No, I was discussing diets with Captain Bligh." She held up the puppy and smiled.

"Gladys. I'd like you to meet my friend, Captain Bligh, Bligh, Gladys."

The other girl laughed. "Oh, Donna, you always did have a wonderful sense of humor. I almost forgot." She as she picked the puppy up.

"That's the cutest thing I ever saw in my life. I wish you'd bring him over to the house and show him to Daddy sometime. He's crazy about dogs."

"I will," Donna said. "I'll bring him over tonight."

On the way back from the store, Donna was managing the wriggling puppy at the side of the street. Then Roy, who had a sign out saying, 'Nice, Fresh Puppies for Sale,' and I bought one."

She had a sign out saying, 'Nice, Fresh Puppies for Sale,' and I bought one."

"Yes," she looked at him. He had a friendly face, vaguely familiar. "I'm Don Landon," she said.

"My name's Rick," he said. "Dorothy. We've lived here about two months now! I've seen you every day, on your way to work, but you never noticed me."

He grinned again, so that his eyes were most closed. "I thought you were a sort of a so-and-so -\

Captain Bligh gave his little bark and jumped at the sound, and they both laughed so hard that they had to wipe their tears.

"I don't know," Donna said. "They're awful fakers. Like kids," he said. He heaved an arm in the air. "Aren't you the girls ever over at Two Puppies?"

"Yes," she looked at him. He had a friendly face, vaguely familiar. "I'm Don Landon," she said.

"My name's Rick," he said. "Dorothy. We've lived here about two months now! I've seen you every day, on your way to work, but you never noticed me."

They walked slowly, talking. It was Donna that they said a great deal about short distance from his house to hers. She stopped, she asked him in for a coffee.

"I wish I could," she said. "Will you eat a rain check? I've got to get my dog fed."

She looked up at him. "Aren't you silly!"

"Well, not if I can help it. I figure out waiting for me and depending and I don't like to disappoint him, so I said."

"You're a baby," she said. "On account, don't have Duffy any more."

She scowled at him. "What about the house?"

"I don't need it. They wouldn't be anyplace much on it anyhow till I'm not."

He looked down at the puppy and saw it softly behind its ears. "You're kid," he said. "I'll let you ride my bike whenever you want."

Hildy went back inside the house. Thatcher was standing in the door, smiling at her. That was sweet, Hildy, she said.

A few minutes later Ward came outside the house. "You want me to take the baby over?"

"It is not a silly old sign," Hildy. "You think you're so smart!" She looked at her mother. "He's a swell fellow, Mrs. Thatcher," he said. "Something, something, she said. Why did you him your last puppy?"

Hildy looked at her with round eyes his mother, she said.
November has a quiet beauty.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

The rain falls. It falls hard and heavy, and absolutely straight from a flat gray sky. Dodging out to the kennel, as if I were at the lower end of a fall, a cascade overwhelms me. The oaks of the maples shine dark as joy, the slender needles of the pines are laden with water, and pond brims and we hope the dam holds this time. If it doesn’t, we have to fix it back again, and by then there will be rain at all and the pond shrinks like a piece of cloth.

Here is never anything equal about climate; whatever we have, we have a lot of it. Now the rain falls all the better, and we will raise that mysterious called the water table. Having only face well, we often open the top of the house and peer down with a lantern to just where the water is. In August, it drops low enough for the old stones visible far down, we go on a wandering campaign. With the heavy fall, we wait for a chance to wash every-thing in the house—curtains, spreads, slip covers. It is a fine feeling to have every thing clean all at once, even though the rain means paw marks on covers again.

In a day of dark swift-falling rain, there are good many things not to do. Washing clothes is futile—they fog up instantly. Cleaning something is hopeless—the damp on the surfaces seem soapy. No use to plan doors, for Teddy and Tiki and Sater are in short, small earnest haven. The best occupation, we find, is cleaning floors. Nobody is going torade in, so everything can be spread all over the house, if it gives me a hopeful feeling to find the door key to the front door in with a box of sugar clips and my membership in the Obedience Club, the second possibility is to do the linen set, which is the only shyness section under steep roof. You bend almost double to get in, and there is not enough room to file a sort of order helps in sing beds with the right size of sheets.

It is easy to use colored sheets and match them to the room. We now know the aqua sheets must fit Jill’s bed, the stone-blue belong to Cicely, the pink are going to fit mine, and so on. This is well worth the slight cost of the colored sheets and pillowcases in our household. The new sheets come in the loveliest colors imaginable. But if you want to dye some white sheets they dye quite well in the washing machine if you follow the directions on the little dye boxes. We did some Indian copper ones for Don’s room some time ago, and after repeated washings they are still creamy color and very pleasant. And I have some soft gray ones which are lovely with blue blankets and spread.

Thanksgiving week end we like to have a party. Sliced cold turkey, delicate pink slices of ham, the chafing dish simmering with creamed oysters and mushrooms, a casserole keeping hot on a heated tray—sweet potatoes and pineapple for this, or curried rice with chopped ripe olives, or golden corn pudding. A mixed fresh green salad is good, and for dessert an easy one for tray pickups such as cheesecake and toasted breadcrumbs, thinly sliced spacecake, tiny nunce tarts. Pots of coffee. A bowl of purple raisin clusters, nuts, clean sharp mints. Nothing difficult to fix, everything easy to serve.

Thanksgiving is such a nice holiday festival, but it is also a religious celebration. It is peculiarly our own, and should rededicate us to the fine things our forefathers gave to us. For if, in the wether of settling a new land with great travail, in the political and personal battles which were waged, we still established a few ideals which have not weakened, that is a great triumph for our country.

Sometimes I think we bear so much about ideals and our country’s destiny to lead the world that the words are vague and dusty. It reminds me of long Sunday sermons in my childhood when the minister spoke on and on in long rolling phrases, and I made up little stories for myself about the Bible characters or held little secret conversations with Jesus.
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Who seemed such a friendly and quiet being. Perhaps if we put an embargo on all fine- sounding oratorical words for six months, the country's leaders might boil things down.

There is no doubt but that we have more to be thankful for than we probably deserve. That loud knock at the door is only the brush salesman or someone collecting for the Crippled Children's Fund. When the door is opened with no knock at all, we never dive for the cellar, we call out, "We're in the kitchen, come on!"

We still may read what we like and listen to any radio program. We may "attend the church of our choice," as our local paper advises. Our children may go to private or public school. If they are angry or rear half, their parents, they are not going to denounce them, for there is nobody to denounce them to. When we hear a sudden explosion, we stop stirring the soup and say, "George must be taking out another stump up in the pasture." Yes, much is ours.

Also, in my opinion, we have a responsibility, being so blessed above others, to serve the world. I venture nobody would sit at the laden Thanksgiving table and eat if a pallid stark face were pressed against the window watching. If a spindling small child in torn raggedly huddled on the steps, who is there who would not share? But often what we don't see with our own eyes is not real. Let America take care of itself and never mind the rest of the world, it isn't our business. This is poor thinking.

November is a very short month—probably because we know the next month means winter. When there is a warm hazy day, we drop everything and ride through the valley and up to New Milford. There is a place at the edge of the sky as you come up the long hill from which you see a whole sweet valley, spread far below, circled by fold after fold of headland hills. Deep in the valley heart is a farm with two great silos, silver in the sun, pearl-colored in moonlight. The farm house is doll-size from our height; the autumn fields roll around it, a farm wagon pulled by toy horses moves along an invisible roadway. The little parking place has a name like a very old poem. It is called Lillianah—or Lillianah. As you stand at sunset and look across the shadow valley, to the rhythm of the hills, the world seems like a fresh miracle. And the old lovely words come back to me, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The farm seems like a symbol of all the good things man has built, the fields evidence the richness of Nature, and the horizon enlarges one's own. The cool autumn air makes breathing an excitement.

Driving home again, our own road violet with evening. The voices of the dogs are a stirring music. Jonquil's high feminine keening. Jerry's robust woofing, the setter's excitable hysterical yell, Sister's small ardent bark—they are all wild with joy as we have been gone months. One of the nice things about dogs, I think, is that you are perpetually exciting to them. Even if you walk to the mailbox, the grand welcome is the same.

Teddy is man enough now to outbark an animal, and he bounces his plump golden so high in the air and bounces happily. If I doubt whether a wolfhound could produce a more massive noise. When he barks, he waves his tail madly until his sides are quite bouncing. Unlike most of our dogs, he is not sensitive about laughter, he rather likes to laugh at. Everything is a party to Teddy, and to Tiki too. As they race across the lawn the black-and-white and the golden one, they make a pattern of flying movement lovely to watch. They utter game noises: who, whoo—whoo; not a bark at all but a single tone. When they are worn out, they curl in a tangle of legs and ears.

Pots of ivy come in the house now after the ivy had a summer wandering at will on the border. If ivy leaves are sprayed once a week, they will be fine all winter. My Afric violets are ensconced in the front living room under the only window that has no radiator by it.

The African violet is a mysterious plant I tried to root some leaves last summer a month or so; then we left them for a week until final Jill said, "I may as well throw out the leaves, they are rotting away." The min she walked to the pots, a neat little plant was visible. If it had been hung in a pot up that very instant just as we gave up hope.

Then another thing: One winter I y have a hevy of pink and white, and purple and soft blue. Next winter I think, make a telephone pole bear hibiscus if she put her mind to it. I follow her directions faithfully. Her plants are burgundy with rich and delicate color. My white lies down and dies. Sailor Girl decide give me another chance, and I am off again. Yes, I do have confidence in my pets; advise, my violets simply have temperament.

The November nights are quiet, the en is still, waiting. The fire on the hearth gently. The cats doze, paws neatly folded. The old house breathes to itself, as old house does. And the season turns with turning earth.

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By ANN BATELDER

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FOR TRYING YOUR FIRST TUBE!

25¢
IN CASH

You get all the ingredients needed for effective mouth hygiene—in the wonderful new Ipana. Its two new cleansing, purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Laboratory tests prove brushing with new Ipana gets teeth cleaner, brighter.

It not only stops mouth odor instantly, but stops it longer—for hours in most cases. And every time you use the new Ipana, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be delighted with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming... delighted at how the youngsters love it. New Ipana Tooth Paste was voted far pleasanter to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer today. You'll discover the grandest tooth paste you ever used ... and get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.
MAYBE you know the house where Elizabeth Carver lives. It's over on Cedar Street—about halfway up the hill.

She lives there alone a good part of the time, because her two daughters are married now—one to a contractor up state and the other to a doctor in Ohio—and although the girls have often suggested that she pack up and move closer to one of them, she has never got around to it.

You get used to a place. And when that place has been home for as many years as it has been to Grandma Carver, the rooms become filled with memories that you hate to leave.

She sometimes visits her daughters in turn for short spells during the year. But always at Christmas time the girls come back home with their husbands and their children to spend the holiday with her.

They trim a big tree, put holly and fir around, and the house is filled with a mixture of never-to-be-forgotten fragrances. Hot mince pie and roasting turkey. Cranberry sauce and spice cake.

On Christmas morning they all go into the living room. There are always gifts galore for everyone—and there is always much laughter and excitement.

And there are always some very specially wrapped packages under the tree for Elizabeth and her children and her grandchildren. These packages are saved for last and opened very carefully.

The cards on these very special gifts all say, "From Santa Claus"—as the cards on packages such as these have said for over fifteen years.

And Elizabeth Carver and her daughters spend more time undoing these packages. Their fingers dwell a little longer at the ribbons, a little longer at the seals.

Because they know that even though Elizabeth Carver bought these gifts and wrapped them, she wrote the cards and placed them underneath the tree, the money came from a special fund Ph Carver left for this, this alone, some fifteen years ago.

For over and above the life insurance that would see his daughters through school and his wife take care of through the years, Phil Carver had achieved with his New York Life agent to have special separate check delivered to Elizabeth every year just before Christmas time.

The checks are not for very much, if you reckon in dollars. But who reckons in dollars when a tree is trimmed and the candles are aglow and the house is filled with memories?

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.
Journal of December 1932

Contents

Journals
If you hear that
Comer, Bill Lede-
er, USN, is Santa
 Claus in disguise, be-
ieve it. Everything
said about him is the
truth, or better, Some
of the things said
may be read in his
book, All the Ships at
Sea. He is at present
a member of Staff, Commander in Chief,
Pacific Fleet. His wife, Ethel, and their
three boys live in Pearl City, Oahu.
Operation Kid-Lift (Page 48), like the
commander, is the stuff of which legends
are made. A moving example of human
compassion, it may one day be known as the
most important story ever told about the
war in Korea.

Ballad for a Fish Fry (Page 36) was
composed by Viña Delmar, who reports
that she was born in New York (giving
the date). After seven years she moved to
California, where, after much wandering,
she is now. "My par-
ents were show people and I gave sev-
eral years to the belief I was too. I am
married to Eugene Delmar, we have a son,
Gray, and a daughter-in-law, Rowena. Eugene
and Gray like hunting and fishing. I don't. Having been raised in a
dressing room, I have a natural
suspicion of the great outdoors."

MARY VERDECHI (Miracle for Two,
Page 50) has a problem named Fred (see photo). She says, "This
typically spoiled and wonderful man's
favorite sport is jiggling the card table
on which I do my thinking. I wish—and
I know she does, too—that my mother
could have got me in the
Journal at such an age so early."

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Cover Photograph by Joseph Schneider

Height of Men's Fashion!
McGregor's Sizzle Sherwood
Knit Sport Shirt: Made of Red-manied 100% wool jersey, the smart
new Sizzle Sherwood is guaranteed
ever to shrink out of size,
is completely washable, in heather and
deep shades as well as
navy, $8.95

Tips on Gifts for Your Man
by McGregor Sportswear

Is your man a December man?
Was he born between November 21 and December 21? Make up to him now for a
lifetime of injuries! Ten to one his birth-
day has always played second fiddle to
Christmas, but you can change all that
with a little McGregor magic.
He's a Sagittarian, and that means he's
an outdoor man, so you're on safe ground
with any of McGregor's handsome 'Man-tested' Gifts!

Gift of the Month!
McGregor's Drizzle suede jacket
A masterpiece of supple, full-bodied suede...water repellent...spot and
stain resistant...tailored as impecc-
ably as fine tweed! And this extra-long
zip-front jacket boasts a unique
hammer pocket...waterproof, zipper-
closed, built right in! It's the gift of
a lifetime for a real sportsman! $35.00

THIS HE'LL LIKE... McGregor's
William Tell shirt of washable<branneled flannel is guaranteed
to shrink out of size<br Soft, fast-dry
washed feel...styled in a new spread
convertible color
on $9.95

Free! Your store now features
McGregor's exclusive greeting cards and patented "Gift
Flops!" Choose yours hear it
with your gift.

HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU GAVE HIM
McGregor

As his favorite men's shop or department store
David P. Donner & Co., 305 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
Like Christmas Presents

Huntsville, Texas

Dear Editors: There is absolutely nothing I enjoy more than having a baby. The only comparable thrill that is of Christmas when I was a little girl. The principle is the same. You wait and wait for such a long time wondering if it (Christmas or a baby) will ever actually come. Can anything so wonderful really happen? The preparations are made, everything is ready and at last the Eve is here in its sweet ecstasy. All you have to do is go to sleep (can anyone possibly sleep at a time like this?!) so Santa can come. Then you wake up, a wee bit anxious that perhaps Santa forgot you—but no, oh wondrous miracle, he didn't! That is what having a baby means to me and I am grateful that science enables me to approach childbirth not only unafraid but with boundless joy.

Sincerely,

MRS. J. D. SIBLEY

Journal Helping Lovers

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: I noticed how many say they love “by the Journal.” Well, our little family is different. We live “off the Journal.”

Two years ago we had nothing. Joe had just finished a year in college and I had completed my junior year in high school. We were desperately in love and wanted more than anything to be married.

But we were penniless. A fellow of Joe’s age (19) couldn’t get a job anywhere because of the draft. As a last resort he answered an ad for a magazine salesmen. We didn’t know him then, but this job was the answer to our prayers.

Four months later we had saved over a thousand dollars. We were married in October, 1938, in July, 1941, I gave birth to a beautiful baby boy and the following December we bought our own house.

I am now expecting another baby this December.

And we owe it all to the Journal, for practically every order he turns in is headed by your wonderful magazine. So we truly say that we live “off the Journal.”

Gratefully,

NANCY HUTTER

Everywhere, Christmas Tonight

Anchorage, New York

Dear Editors: With the approach of the holiday season, I thought this picture of our two-year-old Frankie might appeal to you. He’s studying the Christmas story with typical wonder and seeming reverence. As you’ll see, the front view is as cute as the back.

Sincerely,

MRS. FRANK LEHMAN

Pick-a-Pie

Annapolis, Maryland

Sir: A naval officer captured in the fall of Corregidor told me this incident.

On Christmas Day, 1943, the prison commandant permitted the prisoners a ten-day period for reading some pre-war issues of American magazines.

Everyone was heard, “Next on the ‘Ladies’ Home Journal’.” Many a long-repressed prisoner gazed at the Journal’s illustrated advertisements, rapture in his face. Some whispered, “Boy, how would you like to get next to that?” Without exception, they would be pop-eyed at colored pictures of box cakes, plates of steaming tomato soup, a baked tuna or a mince pie. Instead of pin-up girls, the American prisoners used pictures from the Journal’s ads. One man pinned up a picture of a marshmallow-topped cup of cocoa.

The undersigned is a naval historian.

COMDR. LOUIS J. GULLIVER

(USN Ret.)

Indian Boy Approves

Lowell, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: What a pleasant surprise it is to have such a true account of Young India.

In your article, the choice of two characters, Uma Narang, the college girl, and Abhilkar, the village girl, was perfect in that they represent the cross section of Indian girlhood. These days the Abhilkars are gradually becoming Narangs. As an Indian boy I sure love this change.

Very truly yours,

ANANTHA K. SETTY

One Code

Holland, New York

Dear Editors: I am a puzzled mother. After reading Lagerman’s Neither Bird nor Bee, I started wondering why all the advice on morals currently being printed in the best magazines deals almost entirely with girls.

I am the mother of three small boys and feel hopelessly inadequate. Where can I get suitable information for my sons?

Do not believe that the moral code in this country will be raised until parents make the attempt to educate their sons. Boys should be taught to respect the same moral code which society expects from girls.

Very truly yours,

MRS. HOWARD DRAPER

(Continued on Page 6)
Yes—try new dreft for gleaming dishes—lovely hands!

You get your wish! Now DREFT has all the grease-cutting power of best-known washday detergents—AND a new safety for your hands!

New, milder DREFT is a special dishwashing detergent with a new plus . . .

WONDERFUL SAFETY! When you use DREFT in your dishpan, you’re giving your hands much the same safe care you demand for your finest fabrics. DREFT is SAFER, by actual tests on dainty pastel washables, than any soap, any washday detergent. SAFER than the mildest soap flakes made!

DISHWASHING MAGIC! Yet with all its new SAFETY, no soap—no other detergent can get dishes cleaner! Rich, instant-sudsing DREFT cuts grease like a whiz, gets dishes shiny-bright—without wiping! No soapy scum, no film. No greasy dishpan ring. And your hands are so SAFE in DREFT’S gentle suds.

NO HARSH INGREDIENTS of any kind! That’s why DREFT is so safe.

GET BOTH BENEFITS! So, if you’ve been wishing for a miracle detergent that’s wonderfully efficient AND wonderfully safe, it’s here! Get new, milder DREFT today, and see for yourself.

DREFT...the dishwashing detergent that’s SAFE for hands!
"Best smelling dog on the block"
(thanks to odor-ending Ken-L-Meal)

"We tried a lot of different foods for our puppy, "Frigga," and she would nibble at them but never finish them. Now that we feed her Ken-L-Meal she likes it so well she practically knocks me over when she sees me fixing it. The chlorophyll in it sure stops her odors, too. She's the best smelling dog on the block now, and we let her have the run of the house."

Caroline Nakl
Evanston, Ill.

KEN-L-MEAL
Nourishes with real meat protein!
Deodorizes with chlorophyllin!

You get double value when you feed new Ken-L-Meal. Your dog gets the complete nourishment of meat protein, vitamins and minerals. And the chlorophyllin now in Ken-L-Meal ends offensive odors in all normal dogs! Ends odors in 7 days... or your money back. Costs only pennies a serving. In 2, 5, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

These foods end dog odors, too!
KEN-L-RATION
Packed with lean, red U. S. Gort, inspected horse meat. Added chlorophyllin ends offensive dog odors. Ready to serve. In regular can or new jumbo jar.

KEN-L-BISKIT
Contains real meat meal, baked right in. Has a meaty "niff appeal" dogs love... the hearty nourishment they need... plus chlorophyllin to end offensive odors. In 2, 4, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

Win beautiful
OIL PAINTING
of YOUR dog!
12 first prizes: A beautifully framed, 24" x 30", portrait of each winner's dog. Famous painter, Bob Siford, will come to winner's home and paint dog from life.
1500 second prizes: 1500 copies of "The Modern Dog Encyclopedia," 615 fact-packed pages of valuable information about 111 breeds of dogs. Retail value, $10.00 each. Get free entry blank and rules at your dealer's! Harry! Contest closes December 31, 1952.
The whole family wants this Perfect Gift!

They see it, touch it, feel its incredibly luxurious softness and resilience. Every member of the family, young or old ... or every relative and friend . . . senses instantly the wonderful promise of comfort, rest, sleep, offered only by the Dayton Koolfoam Pillow! What a truly marvelous Christmas gift!

There's no gift like it! Only Koolfoam is made by Dayton's exclusive mountain-water process. It's 100% pure foam latex—no substitutes! Only Koolfoam is softer, cooler, smoother, more resilient, cradling the head perfectly without punching or fluffing, always holding its shape. Only Koolfoam is so clean, sanitary, allergy-free!

Your favorite store has the gift you'll love to give ... a Dayton Koolfoam Pillow, ready for giving in its gay "Merry Christmas" package. See it . . . and learn what pleasure you'll have in giving it! You too will agree there is no substitute for Koolfoam quality.

Enjoy the Rest of your life!
NICEST THINGS
IN HER
STOCKING:

Pretty Slippers
by
DANIEL GREEN

Bonny (top) and
Lorlo (bottom) in black,
white, pink, wine, heaven
blue, scarlet and royal blue
viscose rayon satin. Each $6.00.
Powder Puff (center) in white,
black, pink and heaven blue
viscose rayon satin, $7.00.

DANIEL GREEN
COMFY SLIPPERS
MADE BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN SINCE 1882

DANIEL GREEN MAKES "AT HOME" SLIPPERS FOR "HIM" TOO!

(Continued from Page 6)
selling $11,000,000 worth of bonds. He gave
away 24,000 meals to facilitate their sale.
His motto was and still is, "Buy bonds as
if to stop the enemy were only thirty
miles from your home."
Sincerely,
LILY-B ROZAR

One-Dollar Investment
Durban, Natal, South Africa

Dear Editors: About two years ago I
wrote for Dr. Herman N. Bundesen's baby
booklets, enclosing a battered and war-
scarred dollar bill which my husband had
brought ashore from the U.S.S. California
in 1945. I duly received the booklets,
which I found most helpful. I also
duly received Junior! Here he is wrapping
himself round a chocolate biscuit (cookie to
you!).
Sincerely yours,
MRS. JOHN KENNETH WASSUNG
P.S. Photos by father.

Baby Takes the Cake

Anticipation . . .

Investigation . . .

Gratification . . .

Satiation.

New finer MUM stops odor longer!
NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARM AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Help your heart sing a happy song by giving your charm the best of care. Stay nice to be near. Guard against underarm perspiration odor with new finer MUM.

• Protects better, longer. New MUM now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

• Creamier The new MUM is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• Delicately fragrant new MUM is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new MUM today.

New MUM CREAM DEODORANT
A Product of Bristol-Meyers

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

 Canucks by Good Housekeeping

New MUM
Wonderful new gift idea!

Pacific's Contour Sheets — the newest in sheets!

Any homemaker you know will love the easy bedmaking this Pacific gift offers — the famous Bottom Contour and the newest of all new sheets, Pacific's exclusive Top Contour!

This Christmas, give Pacific — give complete Contour Sheet luxury!

Famous Bottom Contour — loved by millions!
Four boxed corners hold Bottom Contour smooth all night long! It can't wrinkle, can't pull out. Arrow shows point of greatest strain on corner. Tape on Contour prevents rips and tears. Pacific makes the strongest and longest-wearing type of corner in fitted sheets.

Nice touch: matching Pacific Pillowcases. They're Sanforized* to keep their fit.

Top Contour's Expansion Fold — exclusive with Pacific!
Held taut by two boxed corners so it can't pull off your feet, the Top Contour has a unique Expansion Fold that accords out for plenty of kick room. Drops flat for smooth bedmaking.
Top Contour is wide enough for generous lap over side of bed... long enough to turn back over blankets. Sides are free.

Best of all — Contours cost no more! New luxury Contours are in the same price range as conventional flat sheets! Pacific Combed Percale or Extra-Strength Muslin for standard double or twin beds. Sanforized* for lasting fit. Sizes adjust to slight variations in mattress thickness. At your favorite store or write for booklet and nearest store to Pacific Mills, Dept. 19D, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, Ivory makes richer lather... faster!
It's no effort... just a pleasure... to
lather up with Ivory! You barely touch
your washcloth to that husky cake... and presto!... you've got heaps of the
richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub!
For Ivory makes more lather, faster, than any
other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest,
most refreshing lather!
Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they
bath your skin so delightfully! Why, Ivory is the
most famous soap in the world for mildness—
more doctors advise it for skin care than any
other soap. And you'll find the clean, fresh smell
of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually
costs you less!
Would you ever guess that you pay less for pure,
mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than
any other leading bath soap.

99\frac{14}{100} \text{ pure... it Floats}

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

Americans Favorite Bath Soap!
"If I Give You All of Them?"

By BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM
of the Methodist Church

"We always spend our money upon ourselves at Christmas. Can't you suggest something for us to do for someone else?" This question was asked by the president of a class of young ladies.

I made a poor suggestion, but it was the best I could think of. "Why don't you gather a hundred little foreign children and give them the best Christmas they have ever had?"

It was in Los Angeles. Ten or a dozen automobiles went to the East Side, and were soon crowded with children. One little fellow turned and made a face at a traffic policeman. He was in a machine for the first time in his life, and perfectly safe.

We drove to a beautiful house in the Wilshire district. Up on the third floor, we told the story of Christmas and played games. Then we went down to the drawing room. At the far end stood a Christmas tree, and on it very simple presents—a baseball bat and a ball and a pair of stockings for each one of the boys, a doll and a pair of stockings for each one of the girls. The presents were given out; and the hostess finally stood alone in the library, deeply touched by the joy such simple gifts had brought the children.

One little fellow, a Mexican boy named Sebastian, came to her with the ball, the bat and the pair of stockings in his arms and shoved them at her. She said, "Ladie, what's the matter?" He couldn't answer; there were tears in his eyes. She put her hand down upon his head, and he knew that she loved him. He looked up, his English wasn't very good; but he said, "Oh, señora, if I give you all of them, this here bat and that ball and them stockin's, will you give me just one of them dolls to take home to my little sister who couldn't come?" Jesus said, "A new commandment give I unto you. That ye love one another." The Gospel teaches that it was because of love that God sent His Son that we might truly understand the Eternal. It was the Son Who found religion to lie in loving God and loving brother. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." God is love. This is the essence of religion.

Why should superior men run for public office?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

In the course of the presidential campaign, which has recently closed to the satisfaction of a majority of our citizens, several things stood out which suggest further thought.

The Democratic presidential candidate was accused, in his capacity as governor of Illinois, of supplementing the salaries of some of his officials from privately raised funds; and the Republican vice-presidential candidate was also accused of receiving, as a senator, funds from private sources to supplement his income and enable him to carry on work he and they, his friends, thought it proper and necessary to do.

Both admitted the facts while denying that there was anything improper involved or that the private contributors had been repaid by any special favors.

But it is not a good custom that salaried men in public service should receive supplementary income from private sources, however personally disinterested the contributors may be. Public representatives and administrators should not only be innocent of corruption; they should be even above suspicion of being influenced by financial holding strings. It would therefore be well to inquire into the background and reasons for these incidents.

The plain truth is that our elected officials, and many appointed ones, are wretchedly remunerated, even though for some elected officials, and for civil-service governmental workers, some provisions are made for their future security.

The United States Senate and House of Representatives are together, at present, the most august legislative body in the world. They make the laws of the
For the elected official has something else to contend with besides inadequate remuneration—the obloquy cast upon him by his political opponents. Some years ago I asked the late Sen. Arthur Vandenberg why more absolutely first-rate community leaders would not run for Congress. He replied, "Well, if a man leaves an established position, he cannot count on returning to it if he suffers a setback in politics. But even more important is the tendency to do the same thing again and again, unless he is subjected. Superior men have a high sense of personal honor; they don't know how to answer back absolutely unsupported charges. If they haven't the skins of elephants, their names become frayed and their judgments warped from the arrows to the subject."
This Christmas give her a gift as lasting as your love!

1847 ROGERS BROS. ROYAL GIFT CHEST

Complete 60-piece service for 8 in magnificent drawer chest...only $89.95.

Eight 6-piece settings... plus your choice of 8 butter spreaders, iced-drink spoons, or oyster forks... plus 4 important serving pieces...

For mother... wife... sweetheart or daughter... the gift she has always longed for!

Most every woman dreams of owning enough beautifully matched silverware to set her table graciously... every day... for any occasion.

This Christmas—make her dreams come true! Give her this exquisite new chest of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

Made to last a lifetime, 1847 Rogers Bros. has been America's most beloved silverware for many generations. See it at your silverware store today.

Choose from America's most popular, best-loved patterns.

Very Special Holiday Gift Set... only $18.47

What could be nicer for the lucky woman who already owns a set of 1847 Rogers Bros. than these 6 most-wanted serving pieces to match her very own pattern? Cold meat fork, Gravy ladle, Serving spoon, Hollow Handle Pie or Cake knife, Round server, Pickle fork in attractive gift box.
serve tasty MAIN SARDINES

WHETHER your guests prefer canasta or bridge, you'll enjoy a "grand slam" as a hostess with easy-to-prepare Maine Sardine sandwiches and canapes. Here are two tasty recipes that will hit the jackpot at your next card party:

Maine Sardine Pasties
Cut rich pie crust in triangles. Lay Maine Sardine in center, fold over, seal and bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot—and all the flavor of lobster pasties.

Maine Sardine Cheese Balls
1 can Maine Sardines
1 tsp. grated onion juice
2 (3 oz.) packages cream cheese
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 cup finely chopped salted nuts
Drain all from cans of sardines and mash with fork. Add cream cheese and continue to mix until smooth. Add prepared mustard, lemon juice, onion juice, salt, and pepper and mix in well. Chill. Form into small balls and roll in salted nuts. Makes about 20 balls.

Maine Sardines are delicious and nourishing in dishes such as casseroles, croquettes, omelets and loaves...with rice, cheese, eggs, macaroni and many vegetables. They're packed in purest vegetable salad oils, mustard and tomato sauces...in modern sanitary plants under rigid Government inspection.

FREE!

Remember the name—MAINE
For sardine value you won't forget!

Maine Sardine Recipe Book containing 62 easy-to-follow recipes with many full-color illustrations.

Maine Sardine Industry, Augusta, Maine
Please send me a free copy of the new Maine Sardine Recipe Book.

Name:

Street:

City:_ State:

THE LOW-COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD

MANHATTAN'S CHRISTMAS CENTERPIECE: the tree at Rockefeller Center.

CHRISTMAS in New York is very special. No other place and no other time compares with it, as the big city leaps over backward to be gracious. Bright stars shine from the steeples of her churches; Park Avenue glows as it stretches northward for miles, its trees slight in memory of the boys who won't have any more Christmases; and the huge tree in Rockefeller Center stands a good eighty feet, straight and tall, shining and gay, surrounded at one time or another by most of the city's 8,000,000 and their thousands of visitors.

The stores are jammed, the windows filled with glittering frivolities, and on the last day before Christmas excitement reaches its peak. Everybody who still has the strength for it is out on the streets, arms filled with beribboned packages, tides of people moving everywhere. One very happy woman (Continued on Page 16)

Fifty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. James Finnell, living on a 20,000-acre ranch on the Sacramento River, gave a Christmas dinner for twenty persons. At each guest's place was the following menu, handwritten and decorated with holly. (This was sent us by a JOURNAL reader.)

OYSTERS
"Even an oyster may be crossed in love!"
—Sheridan.

TOMATO BOUILLON
"I will eat these broths with spoons of amber."
—B. Jonson.

ASPARAGUS AND MUSHROOMS
"I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar!"
—Congreve.

TURKEY
"Appoint a meeting with this fat old fellow!"
—Shakespeare.
Nature's most refreshing flavor happens to a meat dish... **when you bring on Pineapple**

You can't miss on placin' when Pineapple comes to table!

In meat dishes, salads, bakings... as breakfast fruit or dinner dessert...

Pineapple gives your meal a lift with Nature's most refreshing flavor.

Canned 5 ways, as golden juice and varied fruit cuts, to be the good companion of America's good-eating. So many families like Pineapple so much that it is kept on hand in more home pantries than any other fruit.

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FULLY AUTOMATIC
FARBERWARE
Coffee Robot

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(Continued from Page 14)

POVAT
"Under the earth in fragrant glooms I dwell?"
—Aldrich.

MACARONI
"Some joy of Italy."—Shakespeare.

CRANBERRY SHERBET
"The cold that moderates heat."
—Cervantes.

WALDORF SALAD
"My salad days when I was green in judgment, cold in blood?"
—Shakespeare.

PLUM PUDDING
"Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire."
—Alexander Smith.

LALLA ROOKH
"I always thought cold virtual wise; my choice would be vanilla ice!"
—W. O. Holmes.

COFFEE
"And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink!"
—Flype.

"Now the battle's ended."—Shakespeare.

You will hardly be able to credit it, if your experience has been like ours,
but we now know a child of five who
last Christmas sent a thank-you for
every present she received, and had a
good time doing it! Out of a pile of old
magazines she found a picture of each
object that had been given her—a
sweater, a book, a doll, a balloon, a
dress—cut the picture out, pasted it
on a piece of paper and signed her
name in great big little-girl letters.
Her mother printed a "Thank you for —" at the top, and addressed
the envelope.

There's a Christmas story Tommy
Dorney tells of the days back in the
20's, when he was playing trombone in
Paul Whiteman's orchestra. He and an-
other member of the band exchanged
presents. The other fellow gave him a
trombone mute and he gave his friend a
SS pipe lighter inscribed "Good luck
from Tommy." He had good luck
all right. No longer known as Harry, the
other fellow was Bing Crosby.

Books make the best Christmas
gifts, we always say, but maybe we'll
be accused of having rested interest.
Anyway, here are a few suggestions:

For the musical family: MUSIC FOR
EARLY CHILDHOODS, New Music Hor-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How to measure
lard accurately
2 easy ways

— another pie-baking
hint from Marie Gifford,
Armour's famous
home economist

1. Simply cut along the dotted lines
on your carton of Armour Star Lard for ac-
curate portions of 1/2, 1/4, or 1/3 cup. Only
Armour Star Lard—the all-pure lard
has this handy self-measuring carton.

2. When recipes call for 1/2 or 1/3 cup, the
easiest way to measure lard is in water
in a standard measuring cup. For ex-
ample, to measure 1/2 cup of lard, fill
measuring cup with 1/2 cup of cold water.
Then add spoonfuls of lard until water
declines to the 1 cup line, being sure
lard is entirely covered with water. Mea-
sured this way, lard never sticks to the
cup.

The secret of a flaky, tender crust in
lard, and a crust made with Armour Star
Lard has a wonderfully delicious flavor,
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Only Armour Star Lard has Marie Giff-
ord's famous 5-minute pie crust recipe
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fail recipe next time you bake. It's exactly
the right recipe for this new-type lard
that needs no refrigeration. You mix all
ingredients at room temperature.

Got a pie-baking question? Just write
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are extra good with French's!

FRENCH'S GOURMET SAUCE
1/2 cup currant jelly
1/2 cup French's Prepared Mustard


HOT DAN SPREAD
1 cup ground ham
1 tablespoon horseradish or chopped pickle
1 tablespoon French's Prepared Mustard
1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Combine all ingredients. Mix together thoroughly using sufficient mayonnaise for a smooth consistency. Yield: approximately 1 cup.

LUNCHBOX SPECIAL
1/2 cup minced cooked ham
1/2 cup peanut butter
2 teaspoons French's Dill Seed
1/4 teaspoon French's Paprika
1 teaspoon French's Prepared Mustard
1 teaspoon mayonnaise

Combine ham, peanut butter, dill seed and paprika. Blend in mustard and mayonnaise. Allow to stand in refrigerator several hours. Yield: 1/2 cup. Use as canape or sandwich spread.

French's Mustard is a rich blend of the finest spices, mustard seed and vinegar, money can buy. Smoother, creamier French's blends better...flavors better, doesn't fade out in cooking.

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fold up a wave length and sit down with it beneath you on the grass."

For the game hunter, animal-story reader, adventure lover: Hunter, by J. A. Hunter, an account of forty years tracking elephants, lions, leopards, rhinos, in the vast plains of British East Africa, told by the No. 1 White Hunter of Kenya.

For children: Great Escapes, a collection of real experiences edited by Basil Darenow — Mohammed from Mecca, Casanova from the Doge's Palace, the Holy Family from Herod (a charming ballad), and any number of present-day prisoner-of-war escapes and modern jail breaks.

Especially for Christmas: The Christmas Book, by Francis X. Weiser, S. J., about Christmas customs and festivities down through the ages to our own day.


For gossip and nostalgia: The Last Resorts, by Cleveland Amory, the chatty story of Newport, Saratoga, Palm Beach, White Sulphur and all the others. For a Hollywood chow-up: Magic Lantern, a novel of romance with undertones, by Robert Carson.

For the literary connoisseur: Rose and Crown, the fifth volume in Sven O'Casey's memoirs, one of the great autobiographies of our day — haunting prose, brilliant portraiture, a daring, dark, deeply emotional personality.

Also for the discriminating, two first-rate English novels: Troy Chimneys, by Margaret Kennedy, fictitious letters of an eighteenth-century aesthete; and The Last September, republication of an earlier novel by Elizabeth Bowen, about an Irish county family in the 1930's.

For perplexed parents: Don't Be Afraid of Your Child, by Dr. Hilda Rose

"But dear, you know how the children look forward to your day off."

Reach, an excellent book of wise, serious, understanding advice.

For the daughter-in-law's stocking: Mother's Guide for Baby Sitters, by Lydia Mead, including check lists, fill-in charts, schedules, and what to do in emergencies. "Leave this book with your baby-sitter and enjoy yourself, " is the slogan.

For a good laugh: The Best Cartoons from Punch, edited by Marvin Rosenberg and William Cole. Or (Continued on Page 21)

"Mom's gonna get a KitchenAid!"

Food Preparer

Dad's secret is out! Mother is going to get a KitchenAid, and she'll be delighted with this thoughtful gift.

She knows how easily she can prepare all her favorite recipes with a KitchenAid food preparer... cakes, cookies, pies... all sorts of goodies. And Dad's pretty smart 'cause he figured this out, too! Mother knows she can be sure of true-to-recipe results with her KitchenAid and its "round the bowl" mixing action.

"Round the bowl" mixing is just what it says—the single beater travels around the inside surface of the stationary bowl, rotating as it travels, and completely mixing all ingredients. And KitchenAid has a convenient up-front mixing guide, a Pyrex brand mixing bowl, and a wide range of practical attachments, including meat grinder, vegetable slicer, and ice cream freezer.

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Milk is merry...

Milk and Christmas cookies — What would Christmas be without butter cookies—that go so good with a glass of milk? Sweet, fresh and satisfying, milk makes so many foods taste better! Try this for snack time: It's delicious—simply delicious!

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(Continued from Page 18)
(in case he's a young fellow from the city):
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, by Shepard

"Since I told the boss off, he's a different person. And I'm with a different company."

Mood. "A junior executive is any male in an office who sits down."

For the art lover: THE STORY OF ART, by E. H. Gombrich—just about the very best, with admirable text and 550 illustrations.

A list of educational books for children, classified by grades, can be obtained by writing to Young Scott Books, 8 W. 15th St., New York 11. For history books for young readers write for the Landmark Books list, Random House, 457 Madison Ave., New York 22. . . . In RECIPE FOR A MAGIC CHILDHOOD (a nice little Christmas gift itself), Mary Chase says that there is no substitute for books in the life of a child.

(Incidentally, in Vienna, fairy tales at bedtime are now told over the telephone. You dial A-0-60, and hear a tape recording of an Andersen or a Grimm fairy story, different each day.)

THE END

You Can Buy the Best

"Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass," wrote Walter Pater. Here are such great works of art—available for you at home, at little cost.

The Casals Festival
at Perpignan, France. Twelve records have been issued from this great musical event. Perhaps the most popular is the famous cellist, Pablo Casals, directing Mozart's Symphony No. 29 and his Eton Kleine Nachtmusik. Columbia Records. At all record stores, $5.45 each.

Dante's Divine Comedy
One of the immortal books now obtainable in a paper-backed Modern Library edition for only 65 cents. Many bookstores carry these special editions. If yours does not, write to Random House, 457 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

French Impressionists

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Lavish it on . . . you've never dreamed of such luxury! A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes—designed to keep your hands and body silken-soft, divinely fragrant. Never before a rich, creamy-blue lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you! 1.00* and 2.50* (In case he's a young fellow from the city):

They Need a Globe at HOME!

Revlon Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant
A truly modern anti-perspirant...

gentle as a face cream, yet doubly-effectual! 1.10.*
A message from Santa Claus to every husband who really loves his wife

If you can afford to give her a ten carat diamond — that's your gift! Or, if you can arrange to have a shiny new Cadillac out front Christmas morning — go to it!

But look! If you're still working on your first million — and if she's a real partner working right along with you — don't give her some knick knack she'd secretly like to return for credit.

Think, man! What's the one present she'll thank you for every day of the year? What's the one gift that'll make her load easier, give her some of the leisure she deserves?

If she won't tell you . . . we will! It's a gleaming new automatic washer.

And if you're not convinced that an automatic washer is the most wonderful present in the world, stay home some day and manhandle the wash yourself! Get an education, brother — see what you're doing to your bride!

No doubt about it, my friend, the modern automatic washer is the cleverest piece of time and wife-saving machinery since running water. Greatest boon to women since the discovery of kissing.

Go on down town and look over the new models. Every one's a mechanical marvel, brilliantly designed, wondrously built.

And no matter which one you choose (they're all good), be sure to take the man's advice and let him send along a supply of all — the wonderful detergent especially made for automatic washers. Practically every automatic washer maker says to use it . . . and who should know better?

Merry Christmas,
S. C.

All is the wonderful washing powder recommended by every top-flight automatic washing machine manufacturer.
Students and Religion

By MARGARET HICKEY

YouNk parents like Dorothy and Bill Hillard are helping build a church membership the largest in our history. Their children's need for religious training is a big reason. As one father pointed out, "When my little girl asked me to help her with her prayers I was ashamed I didn't remember any. That sent me back to church."

The current Yearbook of American Churches, published by the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., reports 88,673,005 members. This is 58 per cent of our present population—the highest percentage ever recorded on church rolls. Between 1940 and 1950, when the population increased only 15 per cent, church membership advanced 34 per cent. This does not take into account the Church of Christ, Scientist, which has a tremendous and ever-growing membership.

Nearly 1,000,000 new names have lengthened the church Sunday-school rolls annually since 1914, making a total of more than 30,000,000 children who regularly receive religious instruction. Furthermore, Sunday-school lessons are being worked out so that the whole family can learn together. Many parents now are sitting down with the youngsters to follow the Bible stories and scriptures. In towns everywhere, the old-fashioned church supper is being renewed as a strong community bond for parents, children and Sunday-school teachers.

This bond is reaching out to the young adults. When students leave home for college, the tie with the hometown church often is broken. Universities and colleges are helping students keep in touch with their church groups.

Students want religion, said Dr. James L. Stoner, director of the University Christian Mission, who has visited some 400 campuses during the past five years to lead and take part in discussion groups. They're asking profounder questions, such as "What is the meaning of life for me?... How does God reveal himself to us?" One sorority social chairman wondered, "How can we reconcile our religion with blackballing girls during rush week?" Above all, students want to discover the place of religion in world and personal affairs.

Each fall at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Henry E. Allen, co-ordinator of student religious activities, reports, students may fill out religious-census cards. These are sent to the campus church organizations. Seven denominations, plus the Y.M.C.A., the Hillel Foundation for Jewish students, and the Newman Foundation for Catholic students, have student centers along the edge of the campus. In a typical week, some 150 meetings, study groups and worship services are held for university students. An estimated 2500 to 3000 students—about one tenth of the student body—are active in programs sponsored by 24 campus religious organizations directed by a staff of 38 workers. At the denomination centers, meals are served at cost. But the students usually stay on for worship or for a talk session on religion.

Spring Valley Church

Bill Hillard flung open the back door of the neat little frame house. "Those fried cakes ready yet?" he called.

"Right on time and piping hot, too," Dorothy Hillard said.

Bill snatched up the kettle and ran out the door. He didn't want to keep those hungry men waiting. This was one of the men's regular work nights, and the group of volunteer builders had been busy all evening putting the finishing touches on the new Spring Valley Presbyterian Church near Huntington, West Virginia. The women's part in the building program had been to help keep the hungry men fed.

It was just a little more than a year ago that Bill and Dorothy Hillard as newcomers to town first set foot in the partially completed church. They noticed something different about it that very day, but never dreamed they'd soon be up to their ears in church work. Maj. Bill Hillard, with an assignment as ROTC instructor at Marshall College—and a new set of golf clubs and a good-looking suit—was all set to get into the swing of his new community life after ten years at Army posts. Bill expected Dorothy to get busy with volunteer work, or politics, perhaps. But church? They hadn't thought of that.

Like many other parents, though, the Hillards wanted their children to have some understanding of spiritual values, too. That was how they happened to go to church one Sunday—to take their son Billy to Sunday school and their two-year-old daughter Alan to be baptized. Bill and Dorothy themselves planned to go to church occasionally—only when they felt like it.

(Continued on Page 83)
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion Absorbs Like A Lotion... Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically-scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Non-Smear Lipstick! Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

OUR country world is wider now, with only dark branches between us and the horizon. The road at the top of the hill again is visible, and the postman’s car stopping by the mailbox is pleasant to see. Without the leafy screen of bushes, the swamp has a lovely open look, powdered with pearl in the early-morning light. I can see from my window the way the land itself folds down to the cranberry bog, and up again where the young Christmas trees stand so sturdy and bright.

At the feeding station the birds are as busy as Grand Central Station. Very early, when I let the cockers out, the blue jays flash their brilliance and invade the suet cage and the station. They are like those women who ram their way to the counter and scream at the tired clerks around Christmastime. (I always wonder whether Christmas can mean much to them.)

Later, we carry our breakfast trays to the window and watch the chickadees and the junco and the woodpeckers. The chickadee is the most cheerful small one; the junco, who are ground feeders, pop around below the great sugar maple, very neat and very important. The woodpeckers come and go, whacking away at the tree, eating suet, tearing off large chunks, rushing off, rushing back. The piliated woodpecker is gorgeous with his crested top, but the mamma downy is my favorite; she seems like a steady little woman who would always undertake unpleasant committee work.

This morning a blue jay tried to take the entire half pound of creamy suet from the cage. His wings staggered and he flew dizzyly with a chunk larger than he was; in the end, he lost it, and a waiting cocker whooped it down. I told him it was a good moral lesson: greediness seldom pays in the end.

There are dozens of birds we do not know, and we rush for the bird books and road and look at pictures, and Jill says: “Our birds just aren’t in anywhere.”

One of my Christmas presents I have had in advance—an album of bird songs which Cornell got out. We put on the first record and had to rush to take it off, for the record player was instantly mobbed by five cockers and one Irish. Daphne tried to get inside, then tried to wedge herself behind, then backed off and sniffed to catch the scent, then lunged at the top of the cabinet. The ruffed grouse was just too much! It isn’t likely I shall enjoy these records often, but they are certainly lifelike!

It is a little difficult to get the house ready for Christmas with a bevy of dogs bringing in slush and snow every few minutes. Little Sister is no problem—she prefers the hearth fire anyway—but Teddy and Tiki just have to adventure constantly, and they are very furry boys. They also like to help wrap presents and this is the reason so many of our packages have a wet nip at the corners. “Well,” says Jill, “you can’t eat your cake and have it too!” It’s a neat house, spotless tissues, and no dogs around, or else. We take the else.

Especially Me is as big as a horse now, and half his baby fuzz is gone. His color is now on the wild-clover-honey shade. And he seems to me as nearly perfect as one can be this side of the pearly gates. He is gay but tractable, vigorous but loving, easy to train on the leash, ebullent off. Jonquil, his mother, thinks he is too bouncy, but she is bouncy herself. After tearing the house to pieces playing hunting games, he lumbered his fat self onto my bed, lay his golden head on my pillow, scrabbles the spread up with a fuzzy paw, and is instantly deep asleep in the sleep of virtue.

Christmas isn’t exactly quiet at Still-meadow. With every body full at night and every dish in the house in the dishwasher three times a day, and the stove always full.

(Continued on Page 145)
"Take a tip from an old traveler... give Samsonite"

Want the most heart-felt “Thank you, dear” on Christmas morning? Give Samsonite, the world’s most famous luggage. For everybody wants Samsonite and there’s Samsonite for everybody!

Glamour pieces for the “girls”…with all the touches a woman loves. Smart costume colors. A better-than-leather finish that wipes clean with a damp cloth. Soft, exquisite linings.

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WOMEN’S LUGGAGE SHOWN IN NATURAL RAWHIDE FINISH
Also available in Saddle Tan, Colorado Brown, Admiral Blue and Bermuda Green.
A. Ladies’ O’Nite (regular) $19.50
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Below: SAMSONITE MAN-MADE LUGGAGE
Shown in Saddle Tan. Also available in Colorado Brown, Admiral Blue and Natural Rawhide Finish.
D. Two-Suit $25.00
E. Quick Tripper $19.50
F. Journer $27.50

Not Shown: Pullman $27.50
Hand Wardrobe $15.00

Wall prices subject to change.
Making Marriage Work

Is your physical relationship with your husband distasteful?

It’s a problem that can destroy your marriage if you let it . . . but you needn’t.

If You No Longer Find Your Husband Physically Attractive

“My husband and I were married three years ago. After a few weeks together, we seemed well adjusted to our marriage in every respect. But within a year I admitted I no longer found him physically attractive. What makes it worse is that I am friendly and outgoing, which often makes him jealous. He is a nice person and I think I still love him, but I can’t help shrinking from his advances. Why did my feelings change, when we’re been reasonably happy most ways?”

A wife’s loss of interest in the physical relationship with her husband is a definite danger signal. For whatever the reasons, it very often is the first symptom of something wrong in the marriage. It may mean that the sexual adjustment was never really satisfactory, or that the relationship is faltering in other respects.

In any event, she will do well to heed the warning if she wants her marriage to succeed. Otherwise her husband’s feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, combined with her own tension, will raise an emotional as well as a physical barrier between them. When the matter reaches this stage, any new strain—whether competition from another woman, or financial reverses—may destroy the marriage bonds entirely.

To avoid this problem—or relieve it if it already present—a wife may observe these suggestions:

- She protects his self-esteem. It is a brutal blow to a man’s pride to learn that the woman he still loves no longer finds him sexually attractive. Yet many wives tell their husbands, by words or deeds, that the physical relationship has become distasteful. To do so is to display a callousness and lack of understanding which suggest the difficulty may be within her.

- She accepts some share of responsibility for the situation. Even though her husband’s ignorance or lack of consideration may be largely to blame, rejection or evasion on her part will only aggravate the problem. But if she sincerely tries to develop tolerance, understanding and responsiveness, he will gradually reciprocate by adapting to her.

- She asks his help in modifying her attitude. She discusses the situation, not as her grievance or his fault, but as a mutual problem. This approach will foster the reciprocal relationship essential to a satisfactory adjustment.

- She widens her knowledge. Her information about the physical and psychological aspects of the sexual relationship may be inadequate. As her understanding increases, so will her ability to adjust.

- She seeks professional counsel if her own efforts fail to produce improvement. Many women are reluctant to discuss this intimate problem with an outsider. But for the very reason that it is intimate and personal, the objective viewpoint of a qualified outsider (doctor, psychiatrist or psychologist) can help the wife to see the situation in perspective.

Regardless of the specific measures adopted, the mere act of trying to adapt will produce some improvement. For both physical and spiritual unity between husband and wife depends on the willingness of each to submerge self in the needs of the other.

How to Make Husband and Friends Like You More, Not Less, When You Are Ill

“There must be thousands of wives like myself, disabled by accident or long illness. Painful as my condition is, my greatest worry is fear of losing my husband’s love. He speaks less and less time at home and shows his discontent in every way. Unless improvement comes soon, I’m afraid he’ll leave me and our marriage will be over. How can he be so heartless when I need him desperately?”

We all know at least one husband whose behavior toward his wife reflects a callous, selfish nature. Though it would be pleasant to believe otherwise, the crisis of his wife’s illness is not likely to transform his character overnight. Only time, patience and effort will result in improvement; and unfair as it may seem, the initiative and much of the effort must come from the wife, sick or well.

No wife ever improves her relationship with her husband by bewailing his shortcomings. And this hard fact applies with particular force in the crisis of physical misfortune. The victim herself must make a satisfactory adjustment to the situation before those around her can.

It would be unrealistic to attempt to welcome the idea of invalidism. Nevertheless, the emotional rather than the physical consequences determine its effect on your happiness. And the emotional damage can be minimized, even prevented. If misfortune comes, could you adopt a constructive approach?

The first step is to accept the situation as it is. It’s futile to ask yourself why this had to happen; the fact remains that it did. To live in the past is to destroy hope. You’ll be on the road to mental and emotional health when you start living in the present—and for the future.

Your doctor’s advice and your experience will soon establish your safe limits of activity. It’s foolish to exceed these limits, but it’s elevating yourself not to reach them. Accept them, then map out a program within your capacities.

Actually, your illness presents opportunities for learning, for appreciation, for cultivating neglected talents and interests. You’ve always wanted more time to read; now that you have it, use it to broaden your horizons, as well as for recreation. Read not one, but several books in the field of art, ancient history or any appealing subject. If gardening has been your hobby, you can transfer your skill to house plants. If you miss competitive sports, try your hand at chess.

Being confined to your room, or to bed, need not mean being cut off from life. You can bring the world to you through reading, radio and television. If you like company, try to make callers want to return, not from pity but because they had fun.

By the same token, though spending time with you may be your husband’s duty, you want him to look forward to it for his own satisfaction. If you are cheerful, attentive and appreciative, he will also wish to bring you their news, their problems and themselves. Your room can still be the center of your home and family life.

Admittedly a long-drawn-out illness creates practical problems. But it need not weaken the bonds holding the family together. Neither husband nor wife can solve the problem alone. But if they approach it with intelligence, insight and determination, their relationship can gain new depth and richness.

Do You Agree?

My husband dreads Christmas because of the extra expense. How can I change his attitude?

Budgeting expenses and saving ahead for them will help. So will emphasizing the Christmas spirit, and proving it by thoughtful, but inexpensive gifts.
Beautiful Hair

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Breck Hairdress keeps hair soft and manageable. It gives the hair natural lustre without leaving an oily appearance. Breck Hairdress also conditions hair. It is especially helpful when the hair has become dry or damaged from permanent wavy, bleaching or hair coloring. Diluted, Breck Hairdress makes an excellent cream rinse for use after your shampoo. Breck Hairdress will help improve the condition of your hair and will keep it soft and easy to arrange.

Breck Hairdress is available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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Soothing! Smoothing! Softly fragrant! That's Frostilla. Use it for your hands—to smooth, soothe, soften! For your legs—to end those nasty nylon snags. For elbow bumps, ankle chaps, all the ills soft flesh is heir to. Never sticky, never greasy, never gummy. Frostilla leaves your skin so fresh, so fragrant, oh, so smooth! Yes, pamper all of you— with fragrant Frostilla!
Love

When you say, "If you loved me (as much as I love you) you'd —" spend more time after school with me than you do with Space Cannon (to a boy or girl friend) . . . press my dress (to your mother or sister) — the price tag of your love is showing! And if you "hang around a boy" or slip him notes in class . . . instead of showing him that you're fond of him by reading his favorite book; if you kiss the folks and rush out without telling them your plans . . . instead of naming the place, and the time you expect to return — your love isn't wrapped as a gift should be; in thoughtfulness.

Time

When you "shut up" for ten minutes while Pete tells the gang about the funny part of the movie (and mentally rehearse a story of your own) ; or when you listen to Peggy's tale of woe (and mentally wonder how anybody could be fool enough to fall for that line of Bruce's)—you're not being generous with your listening time. It's more than just a question of being quiet when you spend time listening to somebody. If you listen with your head and heart, you can decode the message your ears are taking in. (Boys are always complaining about the shortage of good listeners.)

A Gift

It's a good idea . . . to keep your ears open for sentences that begin "I wish . . ." or "Gee, that's neat . . ." or "Can I borrow your . . ." because they'll tip you off to hidden and not-so-hidden wishes and whims.

. . . to select something different for each one of your friends instead of giving them all the same thing (six compacts), so that each of them will feel especially remembered. You could also make your gifts or give something that belongs to you which a friend has admired.

. . . to avoid giving items of wearing apparel—even to girl friends—because something which doesn't fit, or is wrong color or style, is never welcome.

Hospitality

When you give a party or invite some friends to come home with you, you're an angel if you don't try to do everything yourself! You'll help your guests to feel at ease if you share your party problems with them. Two or three close girl friends can help you swing a new game or stunt—if you've worked out the details with them beforehand. Boys have other talents besides moving chairs; ask the "show-off" in the crowd to show off, and the shy boy to pass the score sheets. Enlist a volunteer clean-up squad, and your party—honestly—will end in an absolute blaze of him.

Thanks

When you keep someone waiting a long time to tell her how much you enjoyed her thoughtfulness (no matter how graciously you do so eventually), you take the edge off her enjoyment. There's a certain charming breathlessness about telephoning or writing immediately, "I just opened your . . . . and . . . ."—besides providing that always-difficult opening sentence! A thank-you (for a gift or a good time) is always more vivid if you're brief but specific. More effective than a long line of "very's" is "Because I . . . . I've been wanting to own (or see or read or do).

Shopping for the Boys

is simple —
if you follow their suggestions:

Bob Southall, top student and Student Council representative at Custer County H.S., Miles City, Montana, would like a tie clasp or cuff links. "Accessories have lasting value and are both useful and personal. You feel that your girls has picked them out especially for you." Other top students suggest: a wallet, color film, a magazine subscription.

Tommy, one of the best with a uke, has had poetry published in The Saturday Evening Post, now is at Duke University, Durham, N.C. "Handmade argyle socks are tops—and we appreciate the mistakes too! If she's a real pro at knitting, a sweater would be ideal." Other musicians, writers and artists recommend: a book, record, or pen-and-pencil set.

"I'd like initialed handkerchiefs. 'They're not too expensive and just personal enough," says Ray Doran, class treasurer, and member of the Boys' Student League of Warren G. Harding H.S., Bridgeport, Connecticut. Other activities men prefer: handmade socks or mittens, a tie, scrapbook or photograph album, an identification bracelet.
Beautiful Christmas Cards

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No matter what type of card you're looking for, you'll find it here -- cute, scenic, dignified, decorative or truly religious.

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most truly express your sentiments

BOSTON • TORONTO
Tell me, Doctor

"You make it sound as though I were a criminal... I wish something could be done to that doctor."

By HENRY R. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE woman advanced hesitatingly and seated herself in the chair which a slight gesture had indicated. "And what is the problem that is perplexing you, young lady?" the doctor inquired pleasantly.

"Why, how did you know I had a problem?"

"The mere fact that you are here to consult me predicates that. Besides, it is written all over your face."

The young woman blushed slightly. "Well, Doctor, I want to find out why I'm not menstruating."

"I have a stock question in reply for any woman who asks me that," was the quick response. "Why do you think you're not menstruating?"

"I don't know."

"How many months have you missed?"

"Five. I'll be six soon."

"Did it ever happen before?"

"Never, except when I was pregnant. I have always been regular."

The doctor leaned back in his swivel chair. "When a healthy young woman who has had a normal, regular menstrual life, suddenly ceases to menstruate, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand there is one reason for it."

"You mean pregnancy?"

"Emphatically."

"But that isn't be, Doctor."

The doctor permitted himself the suggestion of a smile. "Of course yours could be the thousandth case. I would have to find proof of that, to be convinced."

"But it couldn't be—I was pregnant, but I can't be now."

"Ah!"

"No. I can't. You see, I had an operation."

"You mean you had an abortion?"

"I guess you would have to call it that."

The doctor frowned. "Aren't you married? Your eyes say so."

"Of course. I'm married!"

"When you got married, didn't you expect to have children?"

"Of course. That's the trouble. I have two now."

"And you took the chance of leaving those two helpless young ones without a mother!"

"I don't see why that follows."

"Don't you?"

"Thoughtfully the doctor removed his glasses and used them as an instrument with which to emphasize his next remark: "It has always been a mystery to me how women will abuse the marvelous bodies which the good Lord gave them. I can understand the mental processes of an unmarried girl in a predicament from which, to her immature mind, there appears no escape. But a happily married woman with the responsibility of a family—that is something quite different."

"If I could take you into the wards of a hospital and show you the wrecks of women struggling to convalesce from the results of just what you've put yourself through, you'd never let an abortionist touch you again with a ten-foot pole. Did your husband approve?"

"He didn't know."

"That makes it all the worse, if anything can. Well, I'm not here to read you a sermon, but I feel so strongly on this matter that I had to rid myself of some remarks. Anyhow, the damage is already done, I imagine. What was the problem you wished to take up with me?"

"Shouldn't I have menstruated before now? It's more than three months since I had it done."

"Indeed—yes—that is, if you haven't entirely ruined your reproductive system."

"Oh, I see. Oh, yes, it could. In fact, it very likely is. We shall find out within the next few minutes, I imagine. Go with the nurse, please."

Within a quarter hour the patient was back, and the expression she presently turned on the doctor evidenced as much surprise as curiosity.

"Why, it didn't take you more than two or three minutes, Doctor," was her comment. "I guess there can't be much the matter with me, after all."

"There isn't."

"And the cause of my difficulty?"

"You're pregnant."

"But I can't be—I had an abortion."

"I assure you that you're pregnant—I didn't have to make an internal examination to find that out. Or even use a stethoscope—only my ear."

"You mean I've got pregnant again, after all I paid to get rid of the last one?"

"I doubt it's another pregnancy. You simply didn't get rid of this one."

"But the doctor told me that was all there was to it."

"Naturally."

"Wouldn't she be?"

"I'm not so sure of that. I'm afraid you can expect little of a professional abortionist. I don't want to carp, but this abortion business is a sore spot with me. I've seen so much misery result."

(Continued on Page 150)
Sleep like an Heiress...**YOUR BUDGET WON'T MIND A BIT!**

Yes, it's true! Luxurious, silken-smooth Bibb Combed Percales cost only pennies more than heavy muslins. Heiress luxury—budget prices!

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WITH THAT HEAVENLY FEELING
Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN December, 1902, Henry Ford caused a sensation by driving his car a mile a minute at the Grosse Point race track. European railroads were still faster than ours. The Twentieth Century to Chicago made 49 mph. Everyone was discussing George Horace Lorimer's book, Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, one of the first "go-getter" books for businessmen.

The December, 1902, JOURNAL suggests for "an old-fashioned Christmas".

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Gossip about people you know.
Editors you like.
and what goes on in New York

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Though June is the most pop-nouth for weddings in the on a whole, December is favored des of the deep South.

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"I WILL Live and
Condensed from the book:

O Rugged Land of Gold
by Martha Martin

This is the true story of a woman cut off by a violent storm from all contact with the world and left alone in a wilderness cabin to heal her hurts, to bear a child, to fight, singlehanded, against an Alaskan winter for their two lives.

Editors' Note: The author has lived for years in Alaska, where, with her husband, she prospected and mined for gold in many places. This account of her winter alone, a condensed version of the book soon to be published by The Macmillan Co., is her first appearance in print.

I CAN hardly write, but I must. For two reasons. First, I am afraid I may never live to tell my story, and second, I must do something to keep my sanity.

I must order my mind, make myself think clearly. How can I better do this than by recording all that has happened, and all that develops until I am released—one way or another?

This strange writing comes from my left hand. My right arm is broken, both bones of the forearm broken about three inches above the wrist. The ache in my head is the worst of all. I do wish my head would stop hurting. My body is stretched beyond anything I thought I could endure, but I have to endure it and I will, and I will write too.

I will do my best to write down everything just as it happened, yet I am sure I won't get it exactly right because my mind is still so confused. Maybe writing about the things I am sure of will help me to reason out the things I don't know yet.

Sam went away with Mat Logan last Friday. Don and I stayed on in the upper cabin to do odd chores—get more wood, pick up tools, store things away and close the place up for winter.

When Lloyd left for school we promised him a fine buck to share with friends and neighbors, but summer weather had lasted all fall and we kept waiting for snow to come and drive the deer to lower levels. Here it was at the end of hunting season, and still we hadn't sent our son the promised buck.

We went up to finish the chores, close the upper cabin, and take mine samples.

"We ought to have a lot more samples," Don said.

Don gets very enthusiastic over ore, rich ore. I do too. We looked at the walls of the tunnel; at the dike and the gouge; and at our splendid ledge of gold-bearing quartz.

We hunted for pieces of rich rock—picture rock, Don calls it—washed bits of quartz in the tunnel water and watched for the gleam of gold. Don found a beautiful specimen, almost as grand as the prize rock out of the first surface blast. Don said I should have this specimen, and he said, "Don't lose it." (Continued on Page 87)

"—deep fiords and tide flats, glaciers, great snowy peaks—"

On a rugged Alaskan shore like this, she faced her darkest hour.
She was only a swamp girl... but she didn't need Hollywood to improve her technique.

Suddenly I knew that River Ashburne didn't come back to visit her ma to eat hushpuppies. She had come back because of this young giant.

Ballad:

By VIÑA DELMAR
This story is about River Ashburne, the most beautiful girl you never saw. If things had worked out differently you would have seen her. Now you never will, and I'll tell you why.

I have a job with a big movie outfit and my name is Ginny Kingman. I'm a worry queller. I'm supposed to make life flow smoothly for the people in whom the studio has a stake. It's my job to keep these people good-humored and happy so that the studio gets its money's worth out of them.

I'll give you a "for instance" or two. There was the case of the Broadway star who looked like a shark when she smiled. What I had to do was talk her into swapping all her own front teeth for a brand-new custom-made assortment. The trick was that I had to make her like the idea. Then there was the time I was sent to Paris to prevail upon a star's estranged husband to let me fly their baby to its mother in Hollywood. The hardest part of that deal was giving the baby up to the star when we landed. I'd got fond of the little fellow. I do sneaky things too. Once I substituted a live black poodle for a deceased one. The hysterical lady in whom the studio had invested a million dollars never knew the difference. Well, that's about the story on my job. You can see the sort of thing it is.

I want to explain that I do not come naturally to the hot glitter of the Hollywood scene. The hallyhoo, the limelight, the colossal première were all phenomena of another world, a world in which I was not interested. My father is a psychology professor and I wanted to be a botanist, but there was a fellow named Mike Martin. Mike lived next door to me when we were kids. He lived there till the day he went away to war.

After that there were fudge and knitted scarves from me and small, odd souvenirs from Mike. When the war ended he went to New York. There were a few letters, and after that, silence.

Then one day an enormous, shining convertible drove up to our little bungalow and out popped Mike Martin. My father and I were not given to reading movie news, so we didn't know what every fan in the country knew—that Mr. Michael Martin was Hollywood's latest young genius, the fellow who really knew what the public wanted.

"I've come to get you," he said. "Will you work for me? I need you."

When I was eight years old he had asked me if I would mind his white mice while he was away at camp. I had felt that nothing was too much trouble if it was being done for Mike. That's how it happened that I'm not a botanist. And it brings me to the day when I first heard of River Ashburne.

Mike had sent for me and when I walked into his office he was playing a record. He didn't speak as I entered. He just smiled a greeting and indicated that I was to listen.

I listened because I had never before heard anything like that voice. It didn't belong in Mike's quietly elegant office, I can tell you. It was almost shocking to find it there, because Mike's office had oak paneling and a very prim portrait of his mother. The voice was all drumbeat and racing blood and you thought of swamp flowers and a woman who would be half girl, half witch lying in wait in the moonlight.

I looked at Mike. He was listening with deadly earnestness. The voice (Continued on Page 16)
Even when pennies
must go for food, the heart warmed by love
will find a way to give
The time was drawing near for a very important thing. This was to make somebody very happy. I wanted to make Grandma Beverley the happiest woman in the world. There was a big reason. She had been the best person to me I had ever known. She had given me a home. I loved my Grandma Beverley more than anybody I had ever known. If there was any way in this world to get her a Christmas present, I was going to do it.

I had been thinking about this present since November. One of the things I thought about getting for Grandma was a dress. But I didn’t know how to choose one. Because my grandmother wore long black calico dresses that she made herself. She didn’t dress like the younger women who lived in The Valley. She always wore dresses with a high collar and sleeves that came below her elbows. The skirts were always full because Grandma was a tall woman and took big steps when she walked.

There was another reason why I didn’t buy Grandma a dress. We were having a hard time making a living. Grandma had about three hundred chickens, a cow and a pig. That was when I went to live with her and a new life began for me. I started feeding the chickens and gathering baskets of white and golden eggs. Hens hid their nests out and I’d find the nests and bring the eggs in and Grandma would smile and pat me on the back and say she couldn’t do without me. She said she didn’t know how she had managed to get along the two years she had lived alone.

“Hester, you beat all the boys I’ve ever known,” she said. “You’re the master of this place. I wish your Grandpa Beverley was alive and knew what a fine young man I have to help me.” Her words made me feel good. This was the first place I had ever been where I was wanted. I knew that Grandma loved me from the start.

But I want to tell you how I took over for Grandma when I was nine years old. I fed the chickens the little we were able to feed them. We kept our feed for the time when snow was on the ground. In the spring, summer and fall, we let our chickens dig for themselves. “Let them dig for themselves like we have to dig,” Grandma told me. “Keep the feed for the setting hens and the little chickens.”

I even learned to milk the cow. Grandma taught me how to do this. And believe me, I loved to milk our Daisy and so did Grandma. So we worked it this way. I milked early in the morning while Grandma washed the breakfast dishes. Grandma milked in the late afternoon while I fed the pig. I always liked to watch him eat. When I fed the pig

(Continued on Page 51)
Dumbarton grew up with the White House a few miles away. And I am sure Jefferson enjoyed stopping by at this handsome new house whenever during his two terms in Washington he would ride his horse out Georgetown way. For Dumbarton reflected then as now the classic simplicity the great architect-statesman felt to be so fitting to the fine homes of our fresh young republic. This house, in which the Early Federal style he did so much to form has been kept beautifully alive.

Dumbarton is one of the best houses to see in the nation's capital.

A kind of musical elegance graces Dumbarton’s Early Federal effect. The drawing-room chandelier is eighteenth-century Russian.
by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, was known to Jefferson as Bellevue. The White House, too, received its present name following Jefferson's departure, when in 1817 its tawny sandstone exterior was painted white to hide the smoke stains of the burning it got three years before by the British. A hundred years later, Dumbarton was taken apart and put together again not more than fifty yards away. These lovely old houses do manage to live through a lot!

An early occupant of Dumbarton's best bedroom was Commodore Rodgers, famous in the Barbary-pirate war.

The parlor is colorfully pure in the taste of the brothers Adam, a good setting for the decorative Dolly Madisons of the day.

The dining-room mantelpiece is delectable Adam.
IT was one of those mornings when the whole world
glows. Jean spooned cereal into Ducky and listened
to the campus chimes warning that it was time to be on
your way, if you had an eight-o’clock class to teach. She
lifted her face to Andy’s good-by kiss. She put her arms
around his waist and hugged him hard.

"I still can’t believe it," she said. "Imagine having
mother here for three whole blessed days."

Andy smiled. He was tall, lanky and good-looking in a
shy, serious way. When he wore his Phi Beta Kappa key
and his preoccupied expression he looked the part of a
brilliant young man working toward an advanced degree
on a teaching fellowship in a famous college. Put him
into old slacks and a plaid shirt and he looked young
enough, with his blond stubby crew cut, to be one of the
undergraduates hurrying across the campus. Which
he had been, two years ago.

"Have you figured out where we’re going to put her
yet?" he asked.

"On the couch in Ducky’s room," Jean said. "It makes
a perfectly comfortable bed. And you just take that wor-
ried expression off your face right now, Andrew Lang!"

Andy put his hand in front of his face and wiped off
the worried expression. "There. That better? You’re
pretty excited about seeing her again, aren’t you, hon?"

Jean nodded. "It’s funny. In a way. You grow up and
you become—oh, emancipated. You’re married and you
have your own baby and—well, most of the time you’re
so busy and happy you don’t really miss your mother at
all. And then . . . just the sound of her voice over the
telephone last night, Andy. All of a sudden I felt like a
little girl again. And when she said daddy was giving her
this plane trip to see me as a present, while he had to be
away at that conference, I—I was so happy and excited
I wanted to bawl." She lifted Ducky from the high chair
and hugged her. "Just think, you’re going to see your
grandma tonight! For the first time since you were two
weeks old. Your doting grandma is going to be knocked
for such a loop when she sees you that she won’t have
eyes for anything else, her whole visit."

Andy paused, his overcoat half on, half off. "Well,
let’s hope so anyway."

"If you’re referring to this place, it’s perfectly darling
and you know it," Jean said. "When I think of some of
the places we lived in, before we found this one!" She
sighed, from sheer happiness.

Andy bent and rubbed his cheek against her face. "I
love you," he said. His voice was unexpectedly husky.

"Silly," Jean said. And after a moment, "But nice."
She pushed him toward the door. "How do you expect
to nab that instructor’s job for next year if you show up
late to teach your class?"

She was still smiling after he left. Imagine poor Andy
stewing about how this place would seem to mother.
Ducky in her arms, Jean surveyed their domain. All two
rooms of it. Or one and a half rooms, depending on how
you looked at it. Because Ducky’s room was hardly more
than a foyer off the entrance. Until Ducky’s arrival
they’d used it as a study for Andy, so the walls were
lined with bookshelves. And they’d left some of their
nicest prints on the walls because Ducky might as well
look at the best, from the beginning. Even now, crowded
with Ducky’s crib and the rest of a baby’s necessities, it
still gave a pleasant entrancy feeling when you came in
the door. Or would, as soon as she’d straightened it up for
the day. And the main room, which served as living room,
dining room, kitchen and bedroom for herself and Andy,
was really charming. Maybe

(Continued on Page 152)
"Oh, my sweetheart, my little precious," grandma breathed, bending toward her.

Do parents know the time when their children have grown up?
How could Fanny Brice, with fame and fortune, go on loving a swindler who broke her heart and went to prison? Yet she did—and waited.

By NORMAN KATKOY

Fanny Brice, Ziegfeld Follies star and radio's Baby Snooks, started singing for pennies in back yards of Brooklyn slums. By accident she won an amateur contest. After winning every other contest in sight, she wangled a job in burlesque and promptly traded lingerie to more experienced chorus girls for dancing lessons. Hard work, and much persistence, won her Broadway stardom at eighteen. Ziegfeld asked her to join him, and she achieved national acclaim. Then into her life came a "perfect gentleman." He was Nick Arnstein, a fellow who wouldn't hit a lady until he had tipped his hat.

Mother's singing lips intrigue daughter Frances. Fanny was happy at having a baby, but Nick sometimes seemed almost embarrassed at being a father.

Fanny holds baby Bill (in her lap) and Frances. Three weeks after Bill's birth Fanny was rehearsing for the Folies—"somebody had to pay the rent."

"A model couple" was the description of this happy-looking seaside photo of Nick, holding Frances, and Fanny, with Bill, as printed in the newspapers. But Fanny wasn't as happy as she looked. Nick was charged with heading a plot to steal $5,000,000 worth of bonds in Wall Street. Fanny raised bail from a gangster and hired crack lawyers to defend him. Yet Nick's eyes strayed. He often stayed away from home. Fanny raged and accused him bitterly, but most scenes ended in each other's arms.
"The first time I saw Fanny," Nick Arnstein said, "was in my suite at the Canon Hotel in Baltimore. She came in with another woman. I had a friend sharing my suite. He brought them. I paid no attention to either Fanny or her companion. They were just show people, and I was there racing my stable of horses."

In Fanny's account of their first meeting she said, "We went up to their suite for supper. After all, it was a free meal. We always ordered a club sandwich or chicken à la king after the show. That was real elegance for us. So we go up there. I'm sitting and talking to them. We had our supper and after we finished, I said, 'Where's the ladies' room?' Nick said, 'Use mine,' pointing at his bedroom. There was a sitting room in the middle and the two bedrooms. I've been upstairs an hour, eating and talking, and I didn't notice him or anything. So I go to his bathroom and I look, and I see he's got seven toothbrushes. Seven? I see gold-backed brushes. I see everything in leather cases. I see a big, wooden bowl and it has soap in it. England, it says on the bowl. 'I look at the back of the door. There is a Scotch-plaid robe hanging up and also his pajamas with a monogram that small on the pocket. Gee, class, because the monogram was small. I see (Continued on Page 64)"

"Fanny, in a more formal pose with Frances and Bill, said she wanted her children to know her as she was. "I could always talk to my kids," she said, "and say things I wanted to say. I've told them all about... me. Everything."

Fanny was the social set's favorite. New York's 400 were always represented in her home. Her parties began after the Follies, lasted until guests couldn't stay awake.

"Nick shaved off his mustache as a disguise while avoiding arrest. He fought, using every legal ruse and tactic to stay out of prison. But he was convicted and sent to the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth."

Ziegfeld publicized Fanny every possible way and often sent out glamour poses like this. Yet millions loved her for her comic songs, mimicry, shouts of "Oy, oy."

Fanny was no beauty—and even her svelte legs went unappreciated except to bring laughter. Underneath the fun, Fanny hoped audiences would think she was graceful.
The lanai, or airy, open-sided patio, came to us from the Pacific—from Hawaii, where the lanai is the most relaxing, lived-in part of the house; going farther south to Gauguin's beloved islands, where spacious rooms are open to gardens flaming with hibiscus. But the "lanai look" is not limited to its Pacific origins. Most people in any part of the country, with a house adjoining a small garden, or pocket-sized terrace, can have a room reflecting the subtle influence of indoor-outdoor living. The living-dining room above, born and brought up in New York City, opens onto a leafy patio, about 10' x 16' in size. The walls of the room are covered in a rosy-beige, rough-textured grasscloth. Light from the patio is screened by wall-to-wall curtains of raw silk. The sofa is upholstered in a black, brown and white Polynesian print similar in design to the tapa, or South Seas bark cloth. Here the coloring, especially, is identified with Nature—the pink-clay tones of the grasscloth walls, the sea-blue leather of the two officer's chairs, the hot hibiscus red of the easy chair and bamboo ottoman. Another trick borrowed from the Pacific—the low-scaled pieces of furniture, which have a tendency to enhance the spacious quality of any room. Special note: the natural redwood three-panel bookcase-screen at the far left suggests a separation between the dining and the living ends of the room, and is a perfect answer to the problem of where to find room for bookcases these days when so many houses have window walls and limited wall space.
The coffee table has a polished slate top, 3' square, which wet glasses and cigarettes can't hurt. Practical textured carpet, in black, beige and white mixture, is easy to care for & doesn't show marks. $7.95 per square yard.

Bleached-walnut dining table in corner is 6' long (and shaped like a surfboard). A good buy at $135.00. Dining chairs are $29.90 each; the hanging lantern, $30.00.
Editors' Note: Commander Lederer, who is assigned to Staff, Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet, wrote this article for us after returning from temporary duty in Korea. In a heavy snowstorm his plane made an emergency landing at Marine Air Group 12 at Kangnung. Wondering about the problems of supplying a base so near enemy lines, he asked the commanding officer, "How many mouths do you feed here?" Colonel Moore said, "Over a thousand marines and two hundred children." "Children?" asked the incredulous Commander, reaching for his notebook. This is the story he heard.

"These kids belong to the marines."

It was Christmas, and

Operation Kid-Lift

by Commander William J. Lederer, USN,
and Nelle Keys Perry
"The Americans will eat you," communist soldiers had told the children. Tense and scared, they huddle aboard the plane bringing them to the orphanage at Kangnung.

One month later, these fat, happy little girls have evidently captured Lt. Lynch and Sgt. Arrigona, as well as their hats.

Major Phillips' guest is sleepy, but she politely suppresses an after-dinner yawn.

Waiting marines vie to help children from the plane and carry them to food and warmth and kindness—the first some of them have known.

Sgt. Parent is one of many marines who made money by ingenious schemes.

Clothes, food and toys from America help to brighten lives of these innocent victims of war.

"Better than a USO show"—children entertain their "American fathers" with pantomimes and Korean songs.

"The Americans were thinking of home—but these kids were homeless. "... as ye have done it unto the least of these...""
Miracle

She found herself looking into enormous eyes belonging to a small, solemn boy sitting in a wheel chair. "Why, hello, there," she said. "Are your visitors late?"

Meg had said she disliked children. Yet here she was, leaving her Christmas party, all for a scrawny kid she scarcely knew.

by Mary Verdich
I t began on a raw, blustery day a week or so before Christmas. Meg Carpenter had just finished tying the last silver ball on the tree and was standing before her living-room window, thinking to herself, I really should get busy and wrap the rest of those presents, but I'm not going to. I'm not going to do another blessed thing this whole afternoon but lie before the fire and read. Or maybe—she smiled luxuriously, surveying the chilling bleakness of the day—maybe I won't even read. Maybe I'll just lie before the fire and fall asleep.

And then the telephone rang. Ten minutes later her sister-in-law, Ellen, was still talking. "Well, honestly, Meg, I realize that you simply detest children, but it does seem to me—"

"You're wrong, darling," Meg laughed, but there was a slight edge to her voice. "I don't detest them. I just don't enjoy them much until they reach the age of reasoning—around twenty-one or so."

"Please, Meg! All I'm asking you to do is go to see Suzy for me. Maybe she isn't really sick any more, but you know perfectly well that if someone doesn't show up by three o'clock the poor baby will be on the verge of hysterics."

She's always on the verge of something, Meg thought, but she gave in, knowing when she was beaten.

"Oh, all right," she said ungraciously and couldn't resist adding, "And have fun this afternoon, darling."

"What? Oh, thanks, Meg. As a matter of fact, since I couldn't leave the house anyway, I asked some of the girls in, Sally and Emily Rader and——"

Meg quietly hung up the phone.

An hour later when the elevator jerked to a stop on the pediatrics floor of the hospital, Meg, her eyes still stinging from the wind, was the only person aboard who did not rush eagerly up the corridor. Meg walked. She hated hospitals. She hated their smells and their sounds and their air of brisk efficiency. And the things they do to you, she suddenly thought, feeling a half-forgotten twinge of pain.

She followed a plump young nurse down the hall to Susan's room.

Susan took one look at her and instantly started to wail. "Where's my mommy? Where's my mommy? Where is she, Aunt Meg?"

"Your mommy couldn't come today, dear," Meg said brightly. "She twisted her ankle and so she asked me to come to see you instead."

"But I want her. I want her, not you. I want my mommy."

"I know you do," Meg smiled, thinking. You're not the only one, sweetheart. "I brought you a storybook, Suzy," she said, drawing up a chair. "Now what would you like me to read first? The Sleeping Beauty? Or Jack and the Beanstalk, maybe?"

(Continued on page 135)
Family discord arises in a mild way even when we choose a Christmas tree. My wife wants a tall graceful one to touch the ceiling; I prefer a short full-foliated one, easy to trim and which won't dwarf the living room. . . . See those three marks on the ceiling?

Where's that youthful zest and ambition which goaded me one winter to sweep deep snows off the tennis court and play thirty times between December 1 and April 1? Gone with those same snows of yesteryear!

If our skating pond (which always reminds me of a Breughel painting) freezes early enough I'll teach our youngest to skate in time for our New Year's Day wintie roast. If I can teach, that is, from a recumbent position.

Our neighbors in the oversize Cape Cod salt box called us over to view something "cute" in their daughter's closet while she's away on her honeymoon: her blue jeans and her wedding gown hanging side by side in her bedroom closet.

That holiday spirit really begins to race through your blood like penicillin allergy when you lure the family outdoors at night to see how the Tree looks through your front window, and you discover the colors reflected in the snow.

"What America really needs," says Peter Com- fort, testing his outdoor electric socket with his electric razor, "is a sedative pill to lessen us for the explosion of our home-coming young during the holidays."

Our town's Ernest Hemingway cult is up in arms again and it's hard to finish a rubber of bridge. Every time he writes a story as good as a Forester story you'd think, to hear them tell it, that he'd written it with his elbow dipped in blood.

You'll attribute this mistakenly to my local pride: I'll wager all my cigarette money for January that there are at least three girls in our block who are prettier than the latest Miss America, if her pictures do her justice. But they no more want to be Miss America than they want to be a maharaja's bride.

My neighbor around the corner claims that he has relatives who can smell a roast of beef three to five miles away and who always drop in just ten minutes before the moment when you must eat it or let it dry to ruin in the oven.

At a party, I ran into the pretty wife of a doctor at the Mayo Clinic, the most sanitary woman I've ever met. If anybody takes a puff from her cigarette, she makes him keep it: if somebody sips from her glass, the glass is his. And she makes her kids wash their hands eight times a day minimum.

I'm happy to report to my Lady Love that romance isn't dead in New York. I saw more people holding hands than you see on a Western cord campus, and they weren't tourists or honeymooners, either.

Unless the winners in the election promptly deport the losers in January, or sequester 'em on a remote desert island, I won't believe anything they said about each other during the campaign.

"Once upon a time," confides Betty Comfort, hiding some packages in the upper pantry shelves. "Junior saw a picture of a family carrying home the Noel tree; he always wants to carry it home from the sweat-dot tree bazaar on his shoulder. Our youngest demands a hitch for it on his sled behind the convertible."

A fellow in the next block told me proudly on our way to the bus that his daughters must come home from all dates by midnight, . . . I envied him secretly, but warned him that he may be condemning 'em to spinsterhood. (That upset him slightly.)

One of the more fanciful matrons in our crowd thinks the key to hold on to her husband is to keep him jealous by encouraging other men to flutter around her. It may not work, but I suspect she has a lot of fun trying out her theory, and with the soundest of alibis: It's all for the kiddies.

"Mother," inquired our youngest casually one evening when we were eating dinner at the airport dining room, "were you conscious when I was born?" "Not entirely," she replied, gulping and choking slightly, "and please be gentle with such questions when I'm eating an oyst er?"

My quest for a comfortable modern rocking chair is faltering. The modern ones seem to lack stability, and my Dream Girl won't allow one of the older models to clutter our living room, no matter how much it relaxes me.

"We've passed luxurious house trailers on the highways this year so fantastically long that I suspect they must be housing both mothers-in-law, with a room for each at the opposite ends. (Maybe that's an explanation for the longer "ranch" houses too?)"

My high point in 1952: When they invited me to serve as a linesman at the Forest Hills tennis matches, I almost called a foot-fault on Louise Brough too. But a careful study of her strong chin made me conclude I was probably mistaken and that it wasn't a foot-fault at all.

If your youngest astounds you by bringing breakfast to your bedroom on your day of rest . . .

Or your daughter vows she can cook more and better in an electric roaster than her great-grandmother did in a mammoth fireplace . . .

Or Junior has the first heavy snowfall cleared off the driveway while you're still hunting your galoshes . . .

And your Dream Girl tells you you 'look distinguished' in your new blue suit . . .

You sneak a quick look at yourself in the mirror and sorta pinch yourself and are grateful you haven't been found out yet as a rascal who doesn't deserve all this.
ARTISTS can learn a great deal from a study of Renoir's life. Though his education began conventionally, with his attendance at the usual art school, he was fortunate enough to meet there four young men of genius, Claude Monet, Alfred Sisley, Frederic Bazille and Camille Pissarro. These painters were to revolutionize style and establish Impressionism. It was a moment when revolution was necessary. "Painting," as Renoir said, "had fallen into the worst banality. Everyone was copying everyone else, and Nature was lost in the shuffle."

There is a striking similarity between the situation in Renoir's time and that of today. A (Continued on Page 151)
A pattern-diagram to make each dress on this page can be ordered from Journal Reference Library, and will make two sizes—Small (12-14) or Medium (16-18). Blue plaid is No. 2607, 25¢; Pink tweed, No. 2608, 25¢. Write also to ask where to buy the fashions on the opposite page.

Calypso-pink tweed box-pleated skirt, jeweled bodice and matching fringed tweed stole, by Polly Hornburg.
If you can sew at all, the most glamorous of at-home clothes like the two at the left can be yours for the making. These jeweled tweeds lead off the glitter fashions. If you don’t sew, the four on the right are yours to buy—beautiful jerseys, velvet trousers for holiday wear.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

Wool-jersey at-home dress with elasticized belt. Claire McCardell.

Multicolor jeweled sweater by Lilly Dache, with velvet slacks by Tina Leser, jersey shirt by Merle Beetle, jeweled felt slippers.

White jersey skirt, with ribbon-trimmed sweater top, by Patric.

Tapered velveteen slacks with hand-painted silk blouse. Polly Hornburg.
The palest blue satin accented with a bright green taffeta bustle. The pattern includes a jacket. Vogue Design No. 679. The bustle (add a lovely pink rose), No. 7840.


Other Views on Page 102.
© Vogue
Nothing is lovelier, nothing more flattering than a beautiful evening dress. Elegant satins, lovely laces, silk shantung organza, bright velveteens and crisp taffetas... all, never more beautiful, are yours to choose from. The length, too, is for you to choose. It may be long or the newer ten-inches-from-the-floor length.

By Nora O'Leary, Pattern Editor of the Journal

Acetate faille taffeta fashions this lovely dress with tiered skirt, made for unbelievably low cost of about $10. Vogue Design No. 719.

Pure silk warp-printed taffeta makes this four-gore skirt in the prettiest colors, is just as pretty in the short version. Black sweater top. Skirt, "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7467.

Velveteen designed with great simplicity. A mink neckband, bow. Vogue Design No. 7809.

Young, gay velveteen for dancing. Inset band of shirring. Junior Vogue Design No. 3499.

Pale yellow silk taffeta with attached overskirt in matching lace. The lovely border accents hemline. "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 7831.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn. in Canada from 191 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (Conn. residents please add sales tax.)
Right: One large pink rose in silk and chiffon joins a simple, brushed-back hairdo and fastens close to the cheek with bobby pins and a rhinestone clip.

Decorate a candy cane (real or make-believe). Ours has a rhinestone hair clip, flower, lipstick, cream sachet, perfume for purse.

HOLIDAY HIGHLIGHTS...

Paris inspired, glitter headdresses in ribbons, feathers, flowers add a gala touch to the way you look for festive evenings.

By Dawn Crowell Norman
Beauty Editor of the Journal

A bicycle clip is worn in back to fit over a chignon or cluster of curls. Sally Victor decorates hers with bright orange feathers and a flat green velvet ribbon bow.

Glitter and gold for holiday evenings, in a cap of heavy mesh veiling and braid. Wide bracelets and gold earrings brighten feminine holidays.
Tiny artificial flower petals tacked in clusters on both sides of a 24" length of tulle, which goes over the head, ties with tulle "ribbons." By Mr. John.

Elegant and useful: filigreed dressing-table accessory is 5" tall, holds perfume bottles, powder scoop and funnel.

A round ball of soap is wrapped in glitter paper to tie and hang on the Christmas tree.

A pair of opaque cologne bottles are decorated with flower prints and placed in a bracket. Hang on wall.

Star-shaped earrings have opening in back for cotton to be scented. Have matching perfume vial.

Velvet case (used later for handkerchiefs) holds puffy scented sachets, each inscribed with charming sentimental verse.

Fun reminder for girl who resolves to diet, come 1953—a colorful calorie handkerchief for 50 cents!

Let your own artwork (or decalcomanias) decorate a white tile. Add appropriate sentiment!

Satin-covered buckram shaped to the head dramatizes a gleaming hairdo; 3/4 yard satin does the trick. By Elly-Jean.

Back from Paris with Lilly Dache comes this veiling headdress brilliantly sewn with little gold leaves and tiny opalescent balls. Muff by Maximilian.
Christmas with the Editors

By Ann Batchelder

CHRISTMAS-EVE SUPPER
Gladys Tabor
Seafood Stillmeadow
Curry Rice
Lime Cottage-Cheese Ring
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Currant Jelly
Fruit Compote
Sugar Cookies—Lebkuchen
Coffee
(Planned for 6-8)

HOLIDAY BUFFET
Mary Bass
Corn Chowder
Lobster Salad
Tomato-and-Avocado Aspic
Toasted French Bread
Relishes
Steamed Orange-Marmalade Pudding
Golden Sauce
Demitasse
(Planned for 12)
NOT that these are all the "JOURNAL" editors. There are several others. The Goulds are conspicuous by their absence. That is too bad, as I believe they have a Christmas to end all Christmases. But this year, for some reason, they withdrew into anonymity, and so you won't find out whether it's turkey or goose or the great roast of old England at their house. But that it will be tops goes without any guesswork of mine.

I have pried into the Christmas celebrations of a select few of our editors, and they graciously came across. And so I pass along to you the secrets they passed on to me who am one of them, as you know. I eat turkey, stuffing, turnips and onions and mashed potatoes, and plum pudding and mince pie and ice cream and some nuts—and, oh, I forgot, scalloped oysters—and I've been eating these things all my life. I wanted you to know, for I am not included in the few whom I shall take up in this piece about editorial Christmas doings.

Mary Bass, our Executive Editor, has an eye to her figure. It's wonderful, and she's for keeping it. But (Continued on Page 135)
Greetings, my dear friends, old and new. And greetings again. Everyone needs some children on their list—and I have three (not my own, only borrowed). And Amos, my white Persian, is old enough to understand. At least he can swallow twins and ribbon and open packages and sit under the tree. And now to our more than greetings. Let’s to work.

Eggs must be broken before they are scrambled. Even grandma says so. Get a little surprise in the scramble by adding some cooked shell-shaped macaroons, and oh! top grater a grater of Parmesan cheese.

There are dozens of fillings for stuffed peppers. Turkey stuffing is one, and rice, tomato and sardines is another. Parboil the halved peppers. Look to the seed problem.

One of the best of the canape family—which is a large tribe and growing every day—is the cracker covered with peanut butter mixed with crisp bacon, with bacon on top and whole salted peanuts too. You can eat and eat, and then some.

Deserts and desserts. There is no end. Never will be. Toast some slices of spongecake and spread with jam. Cover with meringue, brown till light and airy. Nuuf said?

For the holiday sweetmeat tray: Steam large prunes five minutes, drain well and remove pits. Fill with whole or chopped Brazil nuts. Roll in granulated sugar.

Fried salt pork with cream gravy, along with red-flavored or vegetable hash and broiled bacon, is for sure one of the best of the suppers for cold nights. Not for dinner. It’s for supper. There’s a difference.

Cream gravy is a far cry from so-called “white sauce.” This, as I usually find it, in public and private, is, I regret to say, little more than flour paste with pepper in it. It may hold wallpaper up, but it has no business as an edible.

Rub that leg of lamb with a little dry rosemary along with the garlic before roasting. You’ll like the flavor.

Boil potatoes in their jackets, then peel, and roll in melted butter or margarine until each potato is golden. Then sprinkle with caraway seeds. Lifts a plain boiled potato up and into the gourmet class.

Pears haven’t all the flavor in the world, but there are things to be done with them. Halved pears, fresh or canned, filled with currant jelly or Bar-de-Duc, dressed with mayonnaise, garnished with something green, make a lovely salad for that bridge luncheon. Serve them in lettuce cups. And little hot cheese biscuits and coffee go right along with the salad.

Answer to query: “Why, Penelope, I’m horrified. After all those years and letters and you ask what a canape really is? I’ll only say that it is not an awning. You can’t eat an awning—or can you? Don’t be so silly, Annie.”

Luxury note. We all need one once in a dog’s age. Get yourself a bottle of marrons (preserved chestnuts) put up in one of several flavors. Melt them and make a parie. Stuff little squab chicken or use as a garnish with guinea-hen breasts. There now. Down to earth again.

Chicken in aspic is a dish for a buffet that is something to make with the style. Chicken aspic is best. Tomato? Not for this stylist. Don’t fear gelatin. It won’t bate you.

Galantine of ham and chicken, or chicken and ham, is sliced thin, set on artichoke bottoms (they come in jars or cans), and served on the cold platter for a cold supper or buffet. Little pickles, stuffed orange slices and black olives are the garnishes. May

I’ll lay off baba rhums after I answer all the questions right here. Don’t fret. Buy them in cans or jars. Serve as they come, with whipped cream. Two to a serving. And I’m through—and that’s that.


Little Lima beans, frozen or fresh (little late, in Vermont anyway, for the fresh). But whatever you decide, cook them with a good lump of butter or margarine, and a teaspoon of minced onions. You’ll never do different.

Fried chicken, the old, familiar, so-often-raised delicacy, done right and by served in a rich mushroom sauce, is a stand-by for Sunday dinner.

For the mushroom sauce, there’s canned mushroom soup. With peeled, chopped, sautéed fresh ones to sprinkle on top. Whew! Serve buttered asparagus on toast with this, and olives and currant jelly. Your reactions will please me!

Thanksgiving is over and Christmas is coming up. Bought everything yet? Or are you related to my methods—wait till the last shopping days are upon you and the last aunt has said she was starting, and then shop. And apron? I won’t describe my wrapping again. But last year some of it hung together until I got it to the post office. Never mind. I’m learning. And a merry Christmas again from your old faithful Annie.

By Ann Batsholder
How to find time at CHRISTMAS

Just plan quick, easy meals with brimming bowls of good hot soup

BY Anne Marshall

Here comes that happy, breathless season again! Probably you’re saying, “Oh, for more shopping-wrapping time!” And besides, you still have meals to get—good, hearty meals for good, healthy appetites.

But cheer up! You’ll find help... and time... and grand good eating—all three! Just choose a favorite soup from your Soup Shelf. Add a platter of eggs, or quick-broil some sausages, or heat a casserole of beans—and there’s your meal. And how welcome on winter days—meals that include heart-warming bowls of good hot soup.

On this page are some lunch and supper suggestions—with help from your Soup Shelf. So, as we enter another Holiday Season, here’s more Merry Christmas time to you!

Plan these good meals around tomato soup

Ham and Potato Cakes
Pork and Beans, Salad
Frizzled Beef, Toast
Codfish Cakes, Slaw

With green pea soup you might serve

Franks and Relishes
Chili, Green Salad
Chicken Hash, Muffins
Creamed Tuna, Fruit

Beef noodle soup goes well with

Macaroni and Cheese
Hot Potato Salad
Waffle and Syrup
Stuffed Peppers, Salad
Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.
Not a tint! Not a dye!

The pajamas are twill silk, it’s like a serge, but it’s silk. And not shaggy silk; this is dull finish.

“I came out of that bathroom full of personality! Honey! Boy, I was all over the place. I really got stuck on him in there. Well, had him dying, he laughed so much. We were up five or six times. He didn’t go anywhere, he stayed in Baltimore.

“It always left a question in my mind. What did I get stuck on, the toothbrushes or, Nick?”

At thirty-nine, Nick Arnstein was as handsome a man as Fanny had ever seen.

When did she fall in love with Nick?

There is the way Fanny said she fell in love: in a moment, in the man’s suite, having come for a midnight supper to kill a few hours and save the price of a club sandwich, and, as she said, “I never left him until the day I divorced him.”

For Nick Arnstein had no horses which he raised in Baltimore. The only silks he owned were the pajamas in the bathroom.

When Fanny went back to New York and the Albany Apartments, Nick went with her. There he promptly objected to the decor. He thought it tasteless, vulgar and depressing. He went to Gimbel’s, where he ordered $10,000 worth of furnishings.

As the clerk wrote the order, Nick asked that everything be sent C.O.D. When he got home and told Fanny what he had done, she paled and said she had nothing like that amount of money. Nick only shook his head. He told her when the furnishings were delivered Fanny was to explain that she wanted to pay in monthly installments. That way, Nick told her, she would save the extra cost for credit which he said they would have added to the price of the furniture.

With the coming of spring Nick began to get the itch. Foot. Through the months of April and May, Fanny pleaded with him to remain at the Albany, but Nick, faced with Rosie’s disapproving eyes, professed a longing for the shores of England. He seemed preoccupied and Fanny found him cool and distant.

There was an evening when he was silent throughout dinner. When Fanny prepared to leave for the theater, Nick said, “Have you any plans for tonight, my dear?”

“Nothing. I can’t get out of, Nick. Why, Nick? Do you want me to go somewhere?”

“I thought perhaps we could have supper together after the show, Fanny.”

“Support!” she shouted. “Oh, Nick, that’s great! That’s wonderful, Nick! Where should I meet you?”

“I’ll pick you up at the theater, my dear, if that meets with your approval.”

“Will you come up to the dressing room, Nick?” Fanny asked.

“I’ll be there, old girl,” he promised. “Now run along.”

When Fanny was gone, Nick sat with his brandy for a time before leaving the dinner table. In his bedroom he shaved carefully, trimming his mustache with skill and patience. He dressed with as much attention to detail as though he were being presented at court: boiled shirt, black tie, dinner jacket, diamond studs, and soft-brimmed black hat.

He arrived backstage at the Folies a few minutes after the performance had ended.

He knocked and waited. Fanny opened the door and Fanny kissed him, there in the corridor.

“Can we leave soon, my dear?”

“Right now, Nick?”

“Fanny,” he said gently, “I have some things to tell you and I’d like to get out of here.”

“Where do you want to eat, Nick?”

“Oh, I don’t care, Fanny. I . . . would you mind walking with me?”

“That’s just what I wanted to do, honey, Fanny said.

They started up Broadway: the tall, handsome gambler and the tall, striking Folies star. They walked slowly, perhaps even wistful.

“I want a divorce but she won’t give me a divorce.”

Fanny held his arm. She smiled at someone she knew and a moment later Nick nodded to an acquaintance.

Walking, Fanny turned on her ankle, as Nick’s arm tensed as he held her.

“She has a daughter by a previous husband,” Nick said. “I adopted that daughter when we were married. I don’t love my wife, Fanny.”

“I love you, Fanny,” said Nick, and that was the first thing she said.

“She’s sanded me across the length and breadth of this country, Fanny. Nick continues to have no argument with her demands for support. But she wants me to return and I don’t want to. Nobody can tell Nick Arnstein what to do, or where to live.”

They passed the Albany

Fanny saw the doorman at the entrance who raised his cap in greeting, and reached for the door, but she turned her head and Nick arm and walked past the building.

“I wanted you to know that, my dear Fanny,” Nick said. “I should have told you sooner, as would any gentleman of honor but ... somehow . . . I didn’t have the courage. My wife knows I am living in your apartment. She’s had detectives watching me. I’ve got to leave the country, you see.”

“I’ve been waiting all day, Nick,” he continued, “I have many important deals waiting on the Continent.”

They had reached Central Park and Nick paused, turning to Fanny. “I wanted you to know something about me, my dear,” he said, looking at her.

“I know about you,” she said, “that was the second thing you said.”

“Well, old girl,” he said. “We’ve had enough, haven’t we? It’s been a lot of fun, Fanny, and I think you’re a swell pal. I always think so.”

“Come on home,” she said, and that was the third thing she said.

And walking with the apartment, Fanny led Nick to the kitchen and sat him down.

“I’m going to make you a Welsh rarebit, like you never ate,” she said happily. “Do you hungry, honey?”

“Why, I could stand a little food, my dear.”

“Forget it, Fanny,” she ordered, “and when you get back, I’ll tell you a supper you couldn’t get anywhere. I’ll make the best cook in this town.”

Fanny learned, through her own sources that Nick’s wife was Carrie Greenhalgh Arnstein.
Almost every woman after 25 (and some even before!) knows that dismayng little shock of finding dry skin signs—flaky dry patches, tiny criss-cross lines.

At about the age of 25, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this precious skin oil.

You can offset this loss of natural softening oil. You can use the special replacer known and loved by so many women for its really remarkable help. You can use Pond’s Dry Skin Cream. Three features make it extra-effective for dry skin: It is very rich in lanolin—most like the skin’s own oil. It is homogenized—to soak in better. And it has a special emulsifier for extra softening.

Smooth away dryness—this way
Soften by night. Cleanse skin thoroughly. Then work in plenty of Pond’s Dry Skin Cream over face, and throat. Give extra strokes where skin is dryest. Leave cream on a few minutes—then tissue off lightly, leaving a thin veil of cream to coddle your skin while you sleep.

Protect and soften by day. Smooth in a softening touch of Pond’s Dry Skin Cream before you make-up. This rich cream guards your skin from parching winds, dehydrating dry air...keeps your skin extra soft and smooth-looking.

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3 features make it extra effective for dry skin
1. Rich in lanolin
2. Homogenized to soak in better
3. Special emulsifier for extra softening

Dry Skin starts to show first in the places pictured below. See how best to help correct it!
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The Amazing New Slant-needle SINGER

Here's some of the most exciting sewing news in a hundred Christmases!

The first home sewing machine with a needle that slants toward you instead of being straight up and down. Makes it easier to see where you're going; easier to "feed" all types of fabric.

First machine that's a cabinet and portable all in one. A machine that has both knee and foot control—instant starting—new-type speed regulator that makes it easier to sew slower (or faster) than on any other machine.

It's the exclusive, patented new slant-needle SINGER® Sewing Machine! Designed for eye-ease—in lovely soft beige or traditional black.

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For the finest straight-needle and swing-needle (zigzag) machines...
you couldn't ask for anything better than these famous SINGER leaders

**Hint for...**

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### Familiar "straight-needle" SINGER.
Smoothest-stitching machine of its type. Dependable as only a SINGER can be. Available in Queen Anne cabinet (above) and many other lovely styles—in a range of prices to suit any Santa.

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Clothes and manners do not make the man; but when he is made, they greatly improve his appearance.

—Henry Ward Beecher

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You look your loveliest and know it, in a Life Bra by Formfit! Your bustline is naturally rounded and Hugh, your clothing fits smoother. You feel fabulously comfy and free, too. So you're radiant with new poise, new confidence that dramatizes your charm! The reason is in the way a Life Bra fits you for degree of separation as well as size and cup. Only Life Bras by Formfit are "Triple Fitted" to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) your separation—wide, medium or narrow! So regardless of previous bra disappointments, be "Triple Fitted" to perfection in a Life Bra. You'll know then why more women demand Formfit than any other make.

Life Bra from $1.25

(Continued from Page 61)

ian, whom he had married on May 9, 1900, in Jersey City. He said nothing of this to him. She learned that her apartment, her savings and goings as well as Nick's were under constant surveillance, but she said nothing. Long afterward she remembered that Nick's wife tried to see her, but Fanny could not dignify the manoeuvring marriage with a meeting.

One day after Nick had left the apartment, Rosie burst into Fanny's room. "Your Nick is married and announced," Fanny was brushing her hair.

He has a wife and a daughter," Rosie declared.

"It's not his daughter," Fanny said.

"Whose?" Rosie asked.

"Young asp," Fanny's wife? And whose wife? Emperor Franz Joseph's?"

"We won't give him a divorce," Fanny said.

"He hasn't lived with her for three years,"

"Maybe she hasn't got champagne for the gentleman," Rosie said, but stopped as Fanny began to talk at her.

In the days that followed, Fanny tried unsuccessfully to persuade Nick that Asbury Park was as safe from his wife's private eyes as London, but he was adamant. Soon afterward Nick booked passage for England and was relieved to hear Fanny's stolid acceptance, when he announced he was sailing. She bought him a matched set of luggage, helped him pack, and explained that she would not see him off because of a previous engagement. Leaving Nick, Fanny carried some celery to a pauper, who waited until Nick had left the apartment before he returned. Her face was pale several times as she told her that a girl friend had asked Fanny to spend the summer at the family's mountain retreat. But Fanny must leave immediately, she explained, and slammed the door to her bedroom. Fanny pulled her packed suitcases out of the closet, lifted the mattress to extract an envelope, and examined her ticket to be certain for the hundredth time that she was in the same deck as Nick.

Nick unpacked as soon as he came aboard ship. Later he wriggled up on the promenade deck for a preliminary survey of the passengers, cataloguing those he believed might not be as correct. He spotted a fellow at a gentleman's name of poler. He went into the saloon for a brandy and soda, toasting the Statue of Liberty as the ship passed her, after which he settled himself comfortably in a deck chair. He pulled the blanket up to his chest, pulled his cap down over his eyes, and was very nearly asleep when Fanny threw herself down on his chair, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly.

Nick disengaged himself, pushed his cap back, held Fanny's arm, and said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

For Fanny, the voyage was "wonderful and heavenly and enchanting and I was never happier in my life. I didn't know what the word 'happy' meant until I saw Nick in her deck chair."

She listened to Nick's plans for making money when they got to England, and wanted only to help him. Her salary for the past season had been $200 weekly, but show business was another world.

While he talked, Fanny would only look absentmindedly at him. "All my life," she said to me, "I was afraid I was going to get stuck in some little guy who played the piano in a jum filled with smoke. That's what I thought. And if he ever got up and sang. Melancholy Baby, I would have been a duper. But when I met this tall handsome guy with the big hands and thin ankles, I said, 'This is the guy. I want to have children with this man.'"

"When I'm married," the continued, "you make pictures in your head, you have ideas. You pick the type guy you want. But if I went to a party, and there was one no-
For him . . . for her . . . handsome billfolds made the stitchless live-longer way originated by Buxton. Lady Buxton Convertible*, removable photo case, Saddle, six colors, $5. Six-loop Key-Tainer in Saddle Cowhide, six colors, $3.25. Men's 3-Way, separate innerfold, Black, Brown Morocco Grain Goat, $5. Men's Convertible with new Flickbar, in beautiful Buffalo Calfskin, Mahogany, Oak, $10. All plus tax. See them at your favorite store.

Buxton BILLFOLDS and KEY-TAINERS*
It was all Fanny needed to hear from Nick. On June 28, 1915, when he was sentenced to two years and ten months to three years in Sing Sing, Fanny knew that she must do everything she could to make his stay in Ossining easier. She sent weekly food packages. She made weekly and semiweekly journeys to the prison in upstate New York. In their short visits together she made him laugh, and she made the guards laugh. She went away from those brief interludes knowing that she was his only love, for hadn't he told her so?

But he didn't tell her that he also enjoyed visits from his wife.

Nick served two years in Sing Sing, and all through her life Fanny remembered nothing of that time. Not of his Sing Sing days, nor of the more than $20,000 which she received for her jewels and gave to Nick: nor of the friends who tried desperately to break her love for Nick; nor of the reputation for loyalty and integrity and utter honesty that she was to enjoy through all her years in the courts at Armstein's side.

And in that time, too, Fanny remembered nothing of Nick's divorce. But his wife finally did agree to give him a divorce. Even her marriage to Nick was difficult for Fanny to recall. Two friends of Nick's accompanied them to Brooklyn. For Fanny, the ceremony was only a legal rite to a relationship she had considered sacred for more than six years. Therefore when the witnesses began to talk of an elaborate wedding dinner at a Manhattan cafe, Fanny cut them short. "We'll eat at home," she decided. "I bought the most beautiful black bass this morning and I'll broil it for us."

Within three months they had to cross the Hudson River and stand together for another wedding ceremony when Fanny learned that Nick's divorce had not been final. As a newly married man, Nick felt that their home on West 58th Street was too small. Soon he found a ten-room apartment on Central Park West and 53rd Street, for which Fanny obligingly paid the rent. She had for a long time felt ashamed of her ignorance of furnishings. She had become one of the best-dressed women in New York through a combination of inherent taste and unbounded determination. Now she set about learning the fundamentals of interior decoration by attending every auction on Manhattan Island.

**I can't tell what is coming to the girls nowadays. I never was allowed to read such books; I have never talked of such things; why, my mother would have fainted if I had ever heard of such gossip as the girls discuss nowadays.

**A MOTHER'S LETTER, 1915**

When I started out," she said once, "I'd buy anything that was carved, because I figured that all the work that had gone into it made it valuable. The biggest thing would come up, all carved, and I'd get it for $20. Then up would come a very wonderful table, say, a plain, simple Pembroke deep leaf, and that would go for maybe $350. I'd look at the person and think, 'They're crazy. Didn't they just see what I got all carved, and for only 50 bucks? What kind of jerks come here?' Once a big Moorish bedroom set came up. The biggest bed you ever saw and a chest of drawers big as a swimming pool. I had an extra guest room and I thought it would be nice to put this set there. I got the whole set for $175. Ten or fifteen pieces. About a week later the auction-room owner calls me up. He wanted to know when I'm taking the set out. I wanted to leave it there while the apartment was being remodeled. He said they needed the space. So I get some storage people to look at it and now they tell me I have to pay $100 a month to store it. Oh, no, that's no good. A hundred bucks a month and I'm no: even using it yet. Next I get a lawyer and he looks it over, looks at my apartment. 'We'll have to take it apart and put it together inside your house,' he tells me. All the time I'm beginning to hate that set. One day I had lunch with a friend of mine, a playwright. I asked him if he ever thought of doing a Moorish play.
I've got a wonderful set for you," I told him.

He didn't want to do a Moorish play. Well, I finally had to pay a guy $40 to take it. It was a gift, but the 40 hours went for moving it.

"So now it's costing me money. I think, 'If you're going to do it right, then you better learn it right.' So the next thing, I'm going to antique shops. I tell them, 'I don't know a thing about any of this, but I want to learn.' That's all they have to hear. I'm refreshing, they tell me.

Fanny was probably the happiest woman in the Western Hemisphere when she learned that she was to have Nick's child. Nick could not bring himself to share her enthusiasm for the coming blessed event.

"He hated to see me big," Fanny said. "I'd get out of bed and he'd go like a shot for my robe to cover me up. He didn't like anything that wasn't nice to look at. And that made me sad, because I'd had so long to have his baby. I wanted him to say, 'Let me feel it,' or, 'It's jumping, honey,' or anything to make me feel he wanted the baby too. Every morning I was sick as a dog. It was murder.

Fanny worked until she was seven months pregnant. When she left the show, Ziegfeld sent her the following telegram:

YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR YOUR CONTRACT THAN TO ALLOW YOURSELF TO GET IN A POSITION WHERE YOU ARE FORCED TO QUIT ANY TIME YOU SEE FIT.

"My baby was born in Huntington, Long Island," Fanny says. "I had a house down there. That was the one thing Nick ever bought. He made some money gambling and he paid $1,000 for it. And I paid $25,000 to have it remodeled. Nick had a house down there for his horses. So he lines the stables with mahogany. "If we can't have it good, we won't have it at all." He tells me. Well, he builds the mahogany stables, and I never saw a horse in them."

Fanny's first child, Frances Brice Arnstein, was born on August 12, 1919. Fanny said the infant was the ugliest baby she ever saw, "all wrinkled up and old, like a rabbi who just lost his synagogue. I was going to name her Hope. All I could do was hope. But at six months, she was beautiful."

Nick seemed embarrassed at being a father. Once Fanny walked into the nursery as Nick was bending over Frances' crib. Fanny saw him talking to the child, and touching its face tenderly above the crib and at its perfection. He took his daughter's tiny hand in his and touched it with his lips. Fanny stood behind him, watching this scene for which she had waited so long, and felt the love and tenderness that Nick felt.

"Nick, darling," putting out her hand to touch him, but he avoided her, "I don't know how to handle this." Then she asked him to put the baby down with her, and he leaned the baby against her side and then put it in the crib and started to leave the room. Fanny remained beside her daughter as the sun slowly left the nursery and the shadows filled the room. Once the baby cried out suddenly and Fanny rocked the crib, humming a song out of her own childhood.

That day, when Nick turned his back on wife and daughter, was an unhappy one for Fanny.

Fanny herself, talking of her children, said, "Before they were born, I made up my mind to one thing: when I had children, they were going to know me as I was. If I wanted to swear, I would swear in front of them. I could always talk to my kids and say the things I wanted to say. I've told them all about the things that happened to me. Everything. I always wanted my kids to like me, not to love me as a mother. You have to love your mother. I never expected that. One time the nurse said, 'Kiss your mother,' and I said, "The nurse, 'If you ever say that again, you'll be looking for a job.'

"You know, that has a bad effect on the child, if you tell the child he must love his mother. When that child gets to a certain age, he says, 'Why must I love my mother? I like to be with this person better than I like to be with her. Does that mean I don't love her as much?'"

While Fanny has no intention of forsaking the theater for the joys of motherhood, she turned a deaf ear to Ziegfeld's persistent pleas that she rejoin the Follies. She might have taken a sabbatical leave from the stage during the first year of Nick's life, had it not been necessary that she earn money to maintain her household. She compromised with Ziegfeld by appearing in a star role again in his Midnight Frolic on the Amsterdam Road. Here, in a digression version of the Follies being presented in the theater below, she appeared once nightly together with Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, Will Rogers, and W. C. Fields.

She saw little of Nick during those first months after Frances was born. When she woke in midmorning from the apartment, occupied with one deal or another, sometimes it would return during the late afternoon to change clothes and go out again. Nick would have dinner with Fanny in the apartment. Some times he would occupy a table at the Mitzi night club, with a party of male friends, signing the check for their liquor and food, which was deducted from Fanny's salary. Sometimes he would escort Fanny home after her performance. But more often she would take a cab back to the apartment because Nick had appropriated her big green foreign limousine and her chauffeur. Sometimes Nick would be sleeping when she returned from the night's work, and then on the following day at packing time he had let herself into the apartment quietly, a usual, not to waken Frances. She had taken off her shoes in the foyer, as usual, and walked noiselessly to sit beside the baby's crib for a moment. She had leaned over to kiss the child, as usual, before going to her bedroom. She saw a glow of lights and Nick in shirt sleeves put ting clothes in a suitcase, which was not at a usual.

She said, "Where are you going?"

"Were you followed?" Nick asked.

"Followed where?"

"Did anyone follow you?" Nick asked.

"Who?" she said as she came to his side.

"Who's supposed to follow me? What are you talking about? Nick, what's the matter? What did you do?"

"I have to get out of town for a few days."

"What days? Nick, what do you mean, a few days? she asked, and sat down on her bed, her coat draping on the floor, her hair in her lap, and her purse open, the contents spilling and scattering like marbles from a broken bag. Long afterward she remembered that her feet were cold, and that a run in her stockings and looked at it for a long time, until she was able to take her eyes from it, as Nick got into bed and his hands..."

"You're lying," Fanny said. She noticed then that the coat was an old coat which I had not worn for years; that the hat wasn't chapeau she had bought him in England at which he had never liked. Nick turned from the mirror and reached for the suitcase.

"I'll keep in touch with you, Fanny," she said.

"Yes." She looked up at him. She could not get up. She held one hand in the other hand.

"I didn't do anything, Fanny."

"No," she said.

"You must believe me. I'm innocent of this, and when the time comes I'll prove it."

"Yes, Nick." She had no idea what he was talking about.

"I'll keep in touch with you, dear," I said.

"All right." He leaned over to brush her lips with his lips. "Don't worry, old girl," he said. "Tell me how," Fanny said. She heard I quick steps. "Hefy said, don't worry Nick? How?" she said, louder still. "How?" she asked, but the door had sh behind him then.

For nine days Fanny knew no more about Nick's disappearance than did six months of Frances. Then, on February 21, 1920, T
Next Month

CHLOE was eight years old when Taw first saw her, and already the small, perfectly molded face had learned to hide pain. Taw at twenty had known mountain poverty, but he had been free—always free. In the Heywards’ house he saw riches he had never dreamed of—and he saw Chloe a prisoner. Mrs. Heyward’s ambition kept friends—and laughter—away from her perfect child. Taw wondered...what strange future waited for this small closed face—the child who had already begun her search for warmth and love?

TAW JAMESON
by May Davies Marriott
A new serial, beginning in the January JOURNAL

...and the night that followed, Fanny lost 30 pounds, until, at 110, she was gaunt and drawn. She could keep nothing on her stomach except liquids. She slept now only with the help of pills. She was greeted daily by the morning newspapers, which she read carefully, and by Frances’ nurse, who brought the baby to her bedroom. One morning as Fanny held the child the nurse said, “Such a pack of reporters and photographers outside, ma’am, as you wouldn’t imagine. I hope you won’t think I’m complaining, but going past them every day is getting to be more and more difficult.”

“Yeah?” Fanny said.

“When I take the child to the park, they ask me so many questions as to drive me daffy.”

“You take Frances and get her ready,” she told the nurse. “I’m taking her to the park.”

“But you can’t. You do need your rest, ma’am.”

“Don’t worry so much about my rest,” Fanny told her. “I’ll get my rest. How long do you keep Frances out every day?”

Two hours, ma’am. But you shouldn’t.”

In a moment Rosie hurried into the bedroom.

“Fanny, all those reporters,” she began.

“Fanny, please, for your own sake don’t do it.”

“Mom, don’t start with me,” Fanny warned. “If those bums think I’m ducking them, they’re crazy. Now don’t tell me what to do.”

Within thirty minutes Fanny emerged from the building pushing the baby carriage. The custom of the newspapers followed her into the park where the photographers, walking back and forth, began to adjust their cameras, preparing to take their pictures on the move. “Just a minute,” Fanny said. She stopped, raised the hood of the buggy so they could see Frances, and stood beside the carriage. Standing there, she looked at all of them and each of them until they had taken their pictures and dispersed. Then she pushed down the hood of the buggy and resumed her walk.

She would accept no aid. She wanted no arms to help her and no shoulders to lean on. There was an evening when she returned to her bedroom after feeding Frances, and lay down on the chaise longue, hoping to rest for a time before dressing for the Midnight Frolic. Fanny’s maid found her there, lying on her side, unable to get up.

Alarmed, the maid telephoned Rose, who appeared quickly with an osteopath in tow. While Rosie paced the room, first threatening, then pleading to be allowed to call Ziegfeld and cancel Fanny’s performance, the osteopath massaged and pounded. After working on Fanny for some time, she told her to get up. She rose, felt her body as though

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HERBERT TAREYTON

MRS. J. K. MCKENZIE PRINGLE, stunning young New York socialite, Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Pringle says: “Cotton of Herbert Tareyton makes such wonderful gifts in their special Christmas wrapping.”
The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!

Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating makes your mouth feel cleaner longer—gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests have proved in 7 out of 10 cases that Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. And no other toothpaste cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

Colgate Dental Cream makes YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

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And the Colgate Way helps stop decay!

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It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

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was awaiting in Washington for the Supreme Court's decision, and staying in the Willard Hotel, and perhaps for a large number of the District of Columbia's female population, he could not have raised the price of a bottle of celery tonic.

After several weeks the Supreme Court ordered the United States District Court in New York to issue the writ of habeas corpus. The case had won, but he was not satisfied. He reopened the contempt conviction before the nine black-robed men, and won again when the tribunal ruled that no questions answer my question which he felt would incriminate him.

A few days later Fallon produced Nick in New York's General Sessions Court where he counseled announced that their client was ready to stand trial and prove his innocence. Fallon asked that bail be set and the judge set $75,000 as the price for Nick's temporary freedom.

A newspaper man who covered the court that day remembers Fanny rushing to Nick at the judge left the bench:

"I'll be back here this afternoon, darling," he promised Nick.

"Don't worry about me, my dear." "Eat a small lunch, Nick, and we'll have a big dinner tonight." "All right, my dear." "What do you want for dinner, Nick?" he asked, with the small held, and the attendant stood by, and the reporters for once, his one time, waited. "I'll make it myself. I'll give you a dinner you won't forget."

"I think we ought to worry about the boy first, Fanny," Nick said.

"You'll get the bail," she said, and turned to Fallon. "Bill, I want to talk with you." And to the courtroom attendant. "All right, kids, you can have him for an hour or two."

When Nick was gone, she said, "Where can I find Arnold Rothstein?"

"I have a number, Fanny, but I warn you, Rothstein is not an easy man to find."

"I'll find him," Fanny said. "Give me that number."

When she wrote it on a newspaper he was carrying, they parted and Fanny hurried to a phone booth. When there was no answer, she left the building and directed her chauffeur to take her uptown, naming a gambling house to which Nick had once taken her.

A man looked through a hole in the front door and said the place was closed.

"I'm Fanny Brice. Rothstein sent me here. Do you want me to let in, or do you want me to get Rothstein?" she asked.

The door opened and Fanny hurried to the cardroom, where she accosted a man in shirt sleeves. "I'm Fanny Brice," she repeated. "I want Arnold Rothstein. You get him for me, or get some who will get him for me. Tell him I'm waiting here for him."

The jacketless man disappeared and Fanny leaned back against the card table surveying the empty room. In a moment a door opened, another man stared at her, and the door closed.

Within five minutes the shirt-sleeved man returned. Forty-fifth Street, he said, "Northwest corner. Thirty minutes."

"Thanks, kid," she said, and hurried out.

She told the chauffeur to drop her at the appointed intersection and had just reached the curb when a taxi drew up behind her limousine. "Miss Brice?" someone said in the cab, as the door opened.

Fanny got in beside a young, fair-haired man who looked at her through he was down from Yale on a holiday. "Mr. Rothstein is waiting, Miss Brice," he said, as the cab left the curb.

Fanny studied him. "What's a nice-looking kid like you doing with these girls?"

"They're a sucker, kid," she said, as the cab sped west toward the Hudson River. It stopped behind a huge black car, a block from the water front.

"Mr. Rothstein is in there," the man said, nodding at the car.

He opened the door for her and Fanny walked the few feet to the other vehicle. As she approached, the door opened, and in a moment she was sitting beside Rothstein.

"Fanny, this is a distinct honor and a great privilege," Rothstein said, removing his hat.

"Yeah, sure," Fanny said. "Listen, Arnold, you said that you Rothstein had an envelope in his hand.

"It's $75,000, I believe," he said.

"Gee, Arnold, Gee, thanks," she said, thinking of dinner, as she reached for the door handle.

"Count it, Fanny," he said quietly. "I'll never forget you for this, Arnold," she said, pressing down on the handle, but Rothstein pulled the door shut.

"Fanny," he said. "Fanny," he repeated, waiting for her complete attention. "Count it, Fanny. We couldn't want you to be short."

Fanny opened the envelope and counted $75,000 in Liberty Bonds, counting slowly, and then Rothstein nodded.

"Give Nick my love, very, very," she said.

"I will, Arnold, I will," she said, reaching for the handle again, but Rothstein was already out of the door on the side of the car. He stood beside the car, his hat in his hand, smiling at Fanny, until he turned to the chauffeur. "Take Miss Brice downtown," he ordered, and waited until the limousine had pulled away.

She got Nick home for dinner that night, and for months afterward, while Fallon stalled, waiting for the case to lose its front-page importance. But Joseph Clark and his brother Irving, who had also been arrested in the case, turned State's evidence on Nicholas Rothstein and named Nick as the ringleader of the bonds in Boston and Washington, D.C.

Knowing that Nick faced up to twenty-five years in prison, Fallon succeeded in having Nick tried there. When Fanny went to Rothstein for another receipt, Nick, as bail in Washington, the gambler asked her why she stuck with Nick.

"Because I love him," Fanny replied.

"But how can you love a man like that?" Rothstein asked.

"With my heart," Fanny answered.

The "Master Mind" was in Washington waiting for his second trial when his son was born. Remembering that morning, Fanny said that her doctor had been calling on another patient in the same building, and decided to have a cup of coffee with her. "After breakfast," Fanny said, "he figures he might as well examine me while he's there."

"Come on," he says, "you're going to the hospital."


"I don't care how you feel, the doctor says. "You're in labor."

"Will you let me get dressed?" I ask him.

"He throws a coat over my robe. "For what you're going to be doing, you won't need clothes," he said, and hustles me downstairs to his car and drives me up to the hospital. Now the nurse puts me in bed, and he goes away to make some arrangements. The next thing I know he looks at me, and I feel nothing. Absolutely nothing. Now, Lillian Lorraine [a Folies girl] is in the hospital, so I get out of bed, and take a walk while I'm visiting with her. So I'm in Lillie's room with her, eating some of her candy, and the phone rings. The doc says to come right down. I'm going to have a baby. I says to Lillie, 'You know that guy is nuts. Do I look like I'm going to have a baby?'"
Meat gives you a great deal more than the pleasure of eating it. Pork, for instance, whether it be chops or spareribs or sausage, is one of our richest natural sources of vitamin B₁. And, like all other meats, pork is rich in protein—so essential for building blood and muscle...nourishing nerves and tissues...building and maintaining resistance to infection. Meat (any kind of meat) is universally recognized as “a yardstick of protein foods”.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.
Now's the time to
Make the most of
PORK

The chart shows you why

These ideas show you how

Planning ahead can help you keep ahead of your budget. Take the three good main dishes below, for example. Each one is deliciously different from the others, yet you get all three from one half of a pork loin or one whole Boston butt. When you buy it, just ask your meat-man to slice off a few chops or steaks and you are all set to use these recipes—suggested by the American Meat Institute to help you make the most of meat.

BARBECUED PORK CHOPS
with peaches

4 pork chops or steaks
1/2 cup chili sauce
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 1/2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon grated mustard
1 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup water
4 canned cling peach halves
8 whole cloves

Brown chops or steaks in a large (10-inch) skillet or Dutch oven. Combine next eight ingredients and pour over meat. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for one hour; turn once during cooking. Stick each peach with 2 cloves and place around meat. Spoon some of the sauce over peaches. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Spoon off fat and serve meat and peaches topped with sauce.

SAVORY PORK in NOODLE RING

A tasty way to use up leftover pork and that rich brown gravy.

2 cups diced leftover pork
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 cup thinly sliced celery
2 cups leftover gravy
1 1/2 teaspoons grated nutmeg
Dashes of salt and pepper

(If you do not have enough leftover gravy, make up the amount with thickened bouillon, white sauce or tomato sauce.) In a little hot fat, cook onion until soft. Add rest of ingredients and cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper; serve in noodle ring or on bed of hot noodles or boiled rice.

ROAST PORK with VARIATIONS

Roast the rest of your popular pork loin or thrifty, easy-to-carve Boston butt.

Good roast pork is almost as easy as putting it in the oven—taking it out when done. Here's how it's done:

1. Season roast with salt and pepper.
2. Place fat side up on rack in roasting pan.
3. Roast, uncovered, in a 325°F. oven. Allow 35 minutes per pound for a pork loin roast, 45 minutes per pound for a shoulder butt.

Variations:
1. Baste roast with barbecue sauce every 30 minutes. Cover roast last hour to allow flavor of sauce to permeate meat.
2. Rub roast with cut clove of garlic or with powdered sage before roasting.
3. Crusty coating: Before roasting, spread over pork a mixture of 1/2 cup brown sugar, a dash of cloves and a tablespoon of vinegar.

PEAK OF THE SEASON SUPPLY MEANS PEAK OF THE SEASON VALUES

The normal seasonal variation in pork supplies means less pork, higher prices in some months—more pork, lower prices in other months. Since this is the time of year when the most pork comes to market, it's a good idea to watch your meat-man's ads and his display for more good buys in pork.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.
Every Kernel Pops—or your money back!

The Poppin'est Pop Corn You Ever Popped!

JOLLY TIME IS A special kind of pop corn . . . specially grown and specially processed for perfect home popping! Positively no other pop corn like it! Every kernel bursts into fluffy morsels of good eating or your money back! Just follow the easy directions on the can.

Heaping bowls in a jiffy! Every bite is a treat. No hulls. No hard centers. Tender, tasty eating for young and old alike!

Always Good 'N Fresh!
Never a popping failure! Every can filled and sealed air-tight when JOLLY TIME is at the peak of popping perfection. Can't dry out!

Try Both Kinds!
JOLLY TIME WHITE for extra-tender, snowy-white pop corn . . . JOLLY TIME GIANT YELLOW for big, fluffy flakes. Both hullless. Both delicious. Pop some today!

Saw it? Saw it?—Says Nicky of Fanny's Song.
Merry Christmas to all
FROM
The All-Family Drink!
So pure...so good...so wholesome for everyone...including the tiniest tots!

Buy it by the CASE or in the
new and handy
7-UP FAMILY PACK
of 24 bottles!
Easy-lift center handle! Space saving! Family supply!
take your pick

spring-driven or electric
by Westclox

BIG BEN Spring-Driven Alarm. World-famous! A tick you can hear and a deep, intermittent “fire alarm” gong. $5.55. With luminous dial, he’s $6.60.

TRAVALARM Spring-Driven. You can take it with you. Close it like a clam. Flip it open; it’s on duty and on time. Non-breakable crystal. Luminous. $7.60.

MOONBEAM Electric Alarm. Calls you silently. First call is blinking light; later called by audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

MELODY Electric Wall Clock. Fits any room, any color scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord concealed. Wide color choice. $6.95.

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL
December, 1932

Le Chat Noir

By Patricia Martin

Weaving about these nylon stones... a purr that would shatter Alcatraz you call me darrling darrling... ardent as lover. G arching pet, O bright black charmer, you please, you please without deceiving

You’d leave me flat for much, much... younger— cat.

"Who’d you expect?" Fanny answered.

"Why, I’ve been waiting for you, my dear,“ Nick said, as he came into their room.

"And I’ve been waiting for you, my dear," Fanny said, walking away from him.

"I didn’t want to wake you, darling," Nick said, as he reached for his spool. "I would have called, but it was quite late."

He explained that he had been talking to a poker game far out on Long Island. He had been a heavy winner and didn’t want to quit while the going was good. He would return in a few minutes. He bought his ticket and then that second night there was a fire in the hotel. I woke up, I smelled smoke. ‘Nick, the joint’s burning,’ I yelled, and I have my robe on by then. ‘Hurry, Nick!’ I yelled."

"Plenty of time, my dear," he says, and he’s sitting on the bed, fixing his garters.

"No hurry, Fanny," he says. Now he’s standing in front of the mirror. He’s got his shoes and stockings on, his short on, and he’s knotting his tie.

"I grab his robe and throw it around him but he shakes it off. ‘We’ll make it, old girl, he tells me. I look at him, and I think he’s telling lies, but I don’t give him a chance. He’s pulling his belt through his pants, and I think, ‘I got kids who need me,’ and I make for the door.

"He walks out on the lawn, everybody rubes and pajamas, and the smoke is pouring out of the windows already. The former she’s back here and is going to the hotel, and all of a sudden there is Nick."

"He walks out on the door like he’s going for his morning walk. He’s not only dressing like a boy, he’s dressing like a girl."

To combat the straying of his eyes, Fanny persuaded Nick to accompany her on the tour that afternoon. He went along with her, and Fanny once more became systematic again. There was only one room on the entire floor of the hotel, and the next door to Nick was an empty room that was used for the scene of their scenes or, strictly speaking, of Fanny’s scenes, for though Nick may have had the cause, it was only dressing that she had.

Fanny’s indignation got a rest, however, when Nick’s efforts to keep out of pride came to an end. Miss Fanny had been sitting beside him, Nick surrendered to Washington, D.C., authorities, and was put in jail to await transfer to a Federal penitentiary.

While he remained in the Washington jail, Fanny stayed in the capital. Nick asked her to arrange that he be sent to Atlantia, where the fashion of the country was quite different from that of the capital. Fanny scoured the city, hiring more lawyers, seeing more officials, asking help from those who had before done wonders for themselves or for the men on Capitol Hill. Had Woodrow Wilson.
Wonderful gift ideas shown here: Gorham Sterling serving pieces, only $4.75 to $16.75 each.

Inspired way to give gifts this Christmas with a grand gesture...at prices that are down to earth! Choose serving pieces from Gorham's collection of exclusive designs, to match an already-begun set...to keynote the pattern selection of a future Gorham Sterling set.

Illustrated: GORHAM'S (A) "Melrose"* tablespoon, $12.50... (B) "Chantilly"* gravy ladle, $11.75... (C, D) "King Edward"* salad serving fork, salad serving spoon, $16.75 each... (E) "Buttercup"* olive fork, $4.75... (F) "Nocturne"* flat server, $14.75... (G) "Greenbrier"* cheese server, $6.00... (H) "Rondo"* sugar spoon, $5.75... (I) "Camellia"* butter knife, $8.00... (J) "Lily of the Valley"* jelly server, $6.25... (K) "Strasbourg"* bonbon spoon, $5.25.

All prices include Federal Tax.
Lavenesque

a new fragrance that speaks for the secret and reckless heart. An exotic counterpoint to Lavender's world-famous scent! Wildly different—created of course by YARDLEY
CHRISTMAS IN THE VALLEY

(Continued from Page 39)

I had to stand by until he finished to eat the chicken away. We had to make a feed count if we were to have milk, but, pork, eggs and chicken to eat. I knew we had to pick Grandmam to make a living for us. And by knowing this, and because Grandma had said I was her man around the house, I worked more than ever. I always plenty of food. And this was the first time my life I had ever had enough to do. In the spring Grandma hired Ben Blieves, farmer in The Valley, to do the plowing. I did most of the planting. And in the fall and summer Grandma worked with long-handled goose neck hoe. We raised the rye for ourselves and corn for the pig, and chickens. I planted sunflowers, too, around the garden. Grandma told me they were pretty in summer and they also of plenty of seeds for the chickens. I mixed sunflower seeds with shelled corn. Grandma sewed so many things. After I once planted sunflowers around the garden palings I saw their beautiful golden heads turned to Jesus, I loved them. And next year, Grandma didn’t tell me to plant sunflowers. I knew to do. wanted to see their big golden eyes looking up at the sun and I wanted to see the buzz of white honeybees in their blossoms.

The twenty acres of Grandmam owned was 150 acres, besides all the land in The Valley, was my land. For I brought home a rap sash some hunters had left in the woods. I died of mange. Grandma cried and I did too. We got an old hunter and lover of dogs, Oliver Tussie, to help kill this range. Oliver dug wild roots and boiled them and we put it on Orphan and he soon stopped digging skin with his paw. It healed over the hair grew back and he lived another twenty years and the healthiest of the hogs. Oliver Tussie left me take care of him and I was the only one that the prettiest picture of all, the prettiest picture I ever got. I thought about some things that took place there I didn’t understand then. Blake always called me a little brat. And my mother let him call me that. What Blake said was law in our coal-mine shack. When Blake went away with another woman, my mother went away with another man. And I left West Virginia. I hummed rick back to the land of my mother’s people.

When I got back to Kentucky, I was so hungry I tried to catch a minnow in The Valley stream to eat raw. I couldn’t catch it so I came to a house where there wasn’t any body at home I found a window I could raise. I went in and found food and ate. And I found a boy’s pretty cowboy boots and I pulled off my shoes and put these on. There was a fit. I left my old shoes, took some bread and a lantern from the house. And that night, when I was sleeping on this hill, I was awakened by baying hounds. “He’s there,” a voice shouted. “Come out with your hands up!”

I didn’t go out and a man came back with a flashlight in one hand, a pistol in the other. He wore a silver badge on his coat and he had another pistol in a holster on his hip. A man came beside him with two big dogs fastened to a chain. They tried to get me to tell them where my hands and screws. “You broke in a house, didn’t you?” said the man, putting his pistol back in the

(To be Continued)
empty holster on the other hip. "Just a child! What do you know about that!"

The sheriff looked at me while the tall man scolded his dogs to keep quiet.

"What's your name, sonny?" asked the sheriff.

"Hester Mullins," I said.

"Never mind that; name around here, Bill," he said, speaking to the big man with the bands.

"You got any kinfolks around here?" Bill asked.

"My grandmother," I said. "Cynthia Beverley."

Then Bill whispered something to the sheriff. Though the bloodhound was still snarling and charging against his chains, he spoke loud enough so the sheriff could hear and I heard him say "that large boy," I started crying and wanted to go to Grand- ma's. But the sheriff put a pair of handcuffs on me.

"You're the smallest one I ever handled," he said. "I don't know how to do this. But you're not getting away."

They took me to Blakesburg and put me in jail for that night. When Jailer Jeff Jones took me from the jail the next morning he led me by the hand. He took me before Judge Watt Burgess and there was an old lady standing in Judge's office and nine napping black dress with a white lace collar. I didn't know who she was and what she was doing there.

"This is the boy that broke in Ban Tuttles' house," he said. "The cowboy boots he's got on, I stole from Bin's barn."

"He's my grandson," said the old lady, getting up. "He's not a criminal. He'll have one now if you let me have him. I'll get him back to the shoes and he can leave the cowboy boots with you. I'll pay for the labor he does and the food he ate."

Then Sheriff Adams looked at Jailer Jones and Judge Burgess. Then they looked at me as my grandmother came over and put her arms around me. She held me close and kissed me.

"Hester, you're gonna' home with me," she said.

"He's too young to send the reform school," one said Jailer Jones.

And the sheriff, jailer and judge agreed to let my grandmother take me home with her. I didn't want to go away with this old lady. I didn't think she would like me if she had kissed me not. But I thought it was better to go with her than go back to jail.

As I walked over the snow carrying two buckets of milk for Mrs. Ouville Byrd, I thought of what the Grandmother said. I walked two cows night and morning for Mrs. Byrd. I got fifty cents a day for doing this. I gave this money to Grandmother. Prices had gone down but with my hands and my hungry dog, Orphan, to feed, it took more money - for Grandmam and me. The only extra money I made when I was at the pets I sold a cow gave this money to Grandmama. I bought clothes for myself. I thought, as I walked along, and the December snow crunched beneath my feet and the winter wind sang lonesome songs without words in the leafless apple-trees looked over my head, that I ought to dress for Grandmama. I couldn't get a water bucket. We had one. I couldn't get dishes. I didn't know where to get the groceries like I had seen in Mrs. Byrd's dining room. I'd been in her dining room twice. Once she invited me in her house out of a storm. Once she called me in and told me where to do with the milk when she had and Mrs. Byrd were going away for the week end.

When I took the milk to the cellar on this cold winter evening Mrs. Byrd opened the kitchen door and said, "Come in, Hester, after you've finished with the milk. I want you to come before you leave." I put the milk in the separator. And I almost raised a sweat in the warm cellar as

I turned the separator by hand. Then I poured the cream in one can, the skimmed milk in another, as I had always done. I washed the separator and then I went in to see what Mrs. Byrd wanted.

"Here's a little Christmas present, Hester," she said. "You've been a good worker for us. Best we've ever had to milk our cows and take care of the milk." Mrs. Byrd gave me a two-dollar bill.

"Oh, thank you," I said.

Mrs. Byrd was sitting before her kitchen fireplace. She had a piece of cloth on her lap. It was cloth that looked familiar to me. As she talked to me, she had never stopped raveling threads. She was working on a big cloth, going round and round the square, raveling threads and tying them. A little round table near her there were nine little square pieces of the old wine-bottle design that was in the big square she was working on.

"Mrs. Byrd, I don't want to ask you a silly question," I said. "But I've seen that square there before."

"You certainly have," she said, laughing. "You saw it down at the barn. It's a feed sack."

"What are you makin'?

"I asked.

"A tablecloth and napkins," she replied. "I just two feed sacks of the same color and I'll have a tablecloth and napkins."

"Oh, they're beautiful," I said so quickly Mrs. Byrd looked up at me, "I would like to know how to make them."

"Pull up a chair and I'll show you," she said. She was pleased that I was interested.

"See, Hester, the sack is sewed up," she said, picking up a sack at her feet. "First you make the hole."

"Woudn't you wash it first," I asked.

"If you do it won't fringe as easily," she said. "Turn it wrong side out," she said, turning the sack. "Start unraveling at this corner." She unraveled the sack and showed me.

"That's simple," I said, "I can do that."

Sure you can," she smiled. I watched her closely.

The sack has two selvage sides, see," she said. "Tear them off so the sack will unravel."

Then she showed me how to ravel the sacks and tie the fringes. She showed me how to take one back, divide the two pieces.

"Will you sell me two of the those sacks down at the barn?" I asked.

"Go hunt yourself two of the prettiest sacks down there," she answered. "I'll give you to you.

"Thank you, Mrs. Byrd," I said. I knew we didn't have any sacks at our house. I knew we weren't seen feed the cows. And I found two sacks of the prettiest color I'd ever seen. They were the autumn-leaf color. I knew these were the best for Grandmama always liked the October days when the leaves turned and the busy autumn winds swirled them down."

That night after Grandmama went to bed, I sat up and worked on my tablecloth and napkins. I got the tablecloth finished. On the second night, I sat in under the lamp and went to bed and made six of my napkins. I worked until midnight. Grandma was fast asleep and never knew when I went to bed.

On the third night, I finished the last three napkins. Talk about something pretty. I took it in the kitchen and spread it over the table. Talk about something pretty!

The next morning when I went to milk for Grandma, I took my tablecloth and napkins. After I milked and separated the milk I showed them to Mrs. Byrd.
"Hester, this is the prettiest tablecloth and napkins I've ever seen," she said. "You've good taste. You selected sacks I have overlooked. How perfectly beautiful!" "When I told her what I was going to do with them, Mrs. Byrd wept. "You won't have to wash and iron them after she goes to bed," Mrs. Byrd told me. I'll wash and iron them for you. I'll put them in a nice box and wrap them too."

That evening after I milked for Mrs. Byrd, I knocked on the door. Mrs. Byrd gave me the box, wrapped in Christmas manners. I took the box home and slipped up to my room while Grandma was in the kitchen. And as was as happy as I had ever been in my life. I knew one of my socks would have an ice, two bananas and stripped sticks of peppermint candy. And the other sock would be filled with mixed nuts.

Christmas Eve was as cold as we'd ever had. In The Valley the snow was a foot deep and the wind had drifted small white ridges snow against the fences.

"Reckon Santa Claus will find us tonight, eser?" Grandma said with a smile on her face. "This will surely be a cold night for Santa?"

"I doubt that he will," I said. "I'll mend fire so we'll have fire all night." When Grandma went to bed, I pretended to be asleep. But I went upstairs to our room and waited until I was sure she was asleep. Then I slipped into her room, found a shoe under the side of her bed, I put the box on top of her shoes.

The next morning I was up and rekindled fire from the living embers. The blisters of cold winds roared round our house and nased our sates. It meant through the mashes of the leafless sasafassas that stood side the well in our back yard. Santa had taken to our house all right, for he had left fruit, bananas and stripped candy, this time in paper sacks. He didn't bother to fill the socks. He had forgotten the mixed nuts. These were the things he'd brought me the five years I had known there was a Christmas.

After I made a fire in the kitchen stove, I went out to feed the chickens and cow. This was Christmas morning and I was feeling early. I wanted to give Grandma time to be up and dress.

When I came in from feeding, my face numbed by the raw winter wind, Grandma was up and dressed and sitting before the fire. She had the tablecloth and napkins on her lap.

"Hester, look," Grandma said softly, tears coming from her eyes and rolling down her wrinkled face. "First time Santa Claus has come to see me since my grandfather died! I wonder where he got this nice tablecloth and napkins." "Made them from feed sacks," I said. "The prettiest things I ever saw in my life," she said. "Who in the world would have ever thought of making a tablecloth and napkins out of feed sacks?"

Grandma fondled the tablecloth and napkins like a little girl fondles her dolls on Christmas morning.

"I'm so proud to have a son like you," she said. "I'm the proudest I've ever been in my life. You have brought me joy and happiness I have never known before." Then Grandma got up and walked over to me.

"Bend down," she said, "so I can hug and kiss you. You've grown so tall. You're the finest young man that ever grew up in The Valley."

And there was a new light in Grandma's eyes and there must have been in mine, too, as we looked at each other on this white Christmas morning.

**SPRING VALLEY CHURCH**

(Continued from Page 23)

The Hillards soon discovered they felt like often. They discovered they liked a lot of things about the church, besides Dun Church, the energetic young minister who sang the choir and taught the young adults' Sunday school. Friendly and informal—that is as it. Children romping in the front yard, people chatting on the church steps. Why, there were even a couple of ladders left leaning against the wall during the service.

That day Dorothy and Bill Hillard found out what made the church different from their churches they had attended so casually. They never before had guessed that the handsome Colonial red-brick church had been built by the unskilled but determined residents of Spring Valley, which wanted a church of their own and were willing to work even years to create the church literally piece by piece. Yet today it is valued at more than $300,000. And as much as the congregation put it in actual money—and the church debt is less than $2,000.

How did all this come about? Like many other outlying residential districts after the war, Spring Valley had grown by leaps and bounds. More and more families came there to live, drawn by its pleasant location, well-landed residential streets, new school. But there wasn't a church. You had to drive over eight miles to the big churches of Huntington on Sunday.

A handful of Spring Valley citizens decided back in 1945 to change this. They didn't want to be lost in the city churches with plenty of members already. They wanted a church where they could meet their neighbors, give their children Christian training, worship God without too much formality. For the first years they had been meeting in an old mansion used as a community center—without a pulpit and sitting on straight-backed chairs. Every Sunday morning, the workers arrived early before the service to clean and straighten up the dimly room that had been used for meetings and social functions during the week.

Then on V-J Day in August, while bells all over Huntington were ringing out, thirty charter members of the Spring Valley congregation met with Dr. T. Henry Patterson, minister of the Second Presbyterian Church in Huntington, to launch the building program. "We can't put a lot of money into this," a young father told him, "but we can give our spare time, and we're willing to do the work ourselves."

With $900 from the Home Missions Committee as a starter, they purchased a lot. Doctor Patterson proved to be more than just an adviser. He was a worker too. He operated the scraper for a whole week during the ground breaking, Bill Ellis, drove the mate team, called him "the workiest preacher I ever saw."

There were few professionals in the building crew. The volunteer committee, headed by an engineer, a man in the contracting business and another who called himself "half a carpenter," set up a working schedule three nights a week, week ends and holidays.

The workers ranged from a doctor to a cellist. And a salesman. They operated both cars and winch trucks, set steel girders, drove piles, put on roofs, laid floors, painted, plastered, and helped with wiring and window trim.

Practically every member of the Spring Valley congregation could today some particular work of his own in the church building. W. H. Patton, a grandfather and lifelong churchgoer, built unassisted the graceful wrought-iron balcony at the rear of the sanctuary. He is chief of vocational education for the Veterans Administration in this area. Another loyal worker is John Hamilton, who ran the meat department in a local grocery. In addition to superintending the Sunday School, John hamilton installed all the shrubs around the church and is proud of his landscaping artistry. The hardwood floor of the chapel was the work of the young minister.

**Here's to FIRST AID for Colds**

- Here's fast, effective relief from the headache, feverish feeling, the aches and pains of a cold

Gentle ALKA-SELTZER is a soothing gargle too. For cold discomforts, try sparkling ALKA-SELTZER... and feel better while you are getting better.

(C)ontinued on Page 85)
Happy Holiday Baking Easier with Wesson Oil

Gift-baking's in the air! For delicious results and baking short cuts, try Wesson Oil as your liquid shortening...

Don't "fuss" with solid shortening! Wesson Oil pours out...no digging! No packing into your measuring cup. No time consuming creaming or cutting in shortening. Wesson Oil stirs in and blends smoothly!

No mess in pie-making! Wesson's pastry rolls out neat as a pin between waxed papers. Bakes picture pretty and really flaky!

And why does your baking taste more delicate? Because pure mild Wesson is perfected by our exclusive process from finest vegetable oil...finer than oils used in best known solid shortenings. Long the favorite salad oil, Wesson is now your liquid shortening for exciting new baking success.

Cut fruitcake loaf into thirds; wrap as gifts. Delicious way to show you care!

Cut crepe paper into frills. Tape around pie plate.

These are liquid shortening recipes. Their success depends on Wesson Oil.

Wesson's De Luxe Fruit Cake
This cherished recipe now varied 3 ways.
Bake it dark, medium or light—whichever you prefer!

DARK DELUXE (basic recipe):
Preheat oven to 375° (slow). Mix together...

1 cup Wesson Oil
1 1/2 cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
* 4 eggs

Beat vigorously with spoon or electric mixer for 2 minutes.

Sift together...

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour,
such as Gold Medal
* 1 teaspoon double-action baking powder
* 2 teaspoons salt
* 2 teaspoons cinnamon
* 2 teaspoons allspice
1 teaspoon cloves

Stir into oil mixture alternately with...

** 1 cup pineapple, apple or orange juice

Pour batter over fruit, mixing thoroughly.

Line with brown paper 2 greased loaf pans.
8 1/2 x 4 1/2 x 2 1/2-in. Pour batter into the pans.
Place a pan of water on lower oven rack.
Bake cakes 2 1/2 to 3 hours in slow oven (275°). After baking, let cakes stand 15 minutes before removing from pans. Cool thoroughly on racks without removing paper. When cool, remove paper.
Store by wrapping tightly in aluminum foil, then put in covered jar in a cool place to ripen.

When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour:
(1) Omit baking powder and salt.
(2) Have fruit juice boiling hot when adding. (3) Do not add eggs until the mixture has cooled to lukewarm (about 1 1/2 hour).

*Do not use orange juice in Elegant White Cake because of color.

SPICY OLD-FASHIONED:
Follow basic recipe but, use only 1 1/2 cups white sugar instead of brown and add 1/2 cup molasses. Instead of allspice and cloves, substitute 1 teaspoon nutmeg. In place of fruits and nuts, use: 2% cups seedless raisins (15-oz. pkg.), 2 cups cut-up dates (1 lb.), 2 cups mixed candied fruit (1 lb.), 1 cup nuts in large pieces.

ELEGANT WHITE:
Follow basic recipe, but use white sugar instead of brown sugar. Omit spices. In place of dates and nuts, use: 1 cup thinly sliced citrus, 1/2 cup thinly sliced candied lemon peel, 1 cup candied pineapple (1-in. pieces), 1/2 cups whole candied cherries, 3 cups seedless white raisins (1 lb.), 2 cups nuts in large pieces.

Stir-N-Roll Mince Pie
From Betty Crocker's Staff at General Mills

Preheat oven to 425° Mix together...

2 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour
* 1 1/2 tsp. salt
Pour into one measuring cup (but don't stir)
1/4 cup Wesson Oil

1/4 cup cold whole milk

Then pour all at once into flour.

Stir until mixed. Press with hands into smooth ball. Cut in halves, flatten halves slightly.

Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper (12 in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. (Waxed paper will not slip while rolling pastry if table top is slightly damp.) Peel off top paper. If dough tears, mend without moistening by pressing edges together, or press a scrap over tear.

Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently ease and fit pastry into pan. Add None Such Mincemeat Filling; follow package instructions. Trim crust even with rim.

TOP CRUST: Roll as above and place over filling. Trim to rim. Seal by pressing gently with fork or by fluting edge. Snip 3 or 4 small slits near center. Bake about 40 min. in hot oven (425°) until golden brown.

*If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour, omit salt. Bake about 50 minutes at 375°.
(Continued From Page 81)

Dan Churton, who never before laid a floor in his life,

A key to the side door of the church hangs behind the screen on the porch of the Randall Nelson home next door. Mr. Nelson, a frequent worker at the church in his blue-and-white-striped coveralls, was recruited to keep an unofficial watchful eye on church property. He is a fireman from town, and mowing the flowers and hedges and dashin' into and out of the church. His wife Hattie kept her eye on the whirlygig, getting ready for meetings, making sure the outer toilet was turned off at night, seeing that coffee makers were put away neat.

"I never figured so many people would be interested," Mr. Patton said, "people who didn't even go to our church." Mr. Patton wasn't one to let an opportunity slip by, and so he busied and made the acquaintance of some of the "outside superintendents" watching the construction work and invited them to help. They did. And they came to church, too: Methodists, Episcopalian, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Baptists, making it a real community church. There was Charley Saunders, who came over and built a badly needed tool shed. Willis Callon went to work and turned the family in the front of the church into a lawn and has kept it mowed ever since. After a church radio broadcast, Mrs. Frank Works, a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Huntington, called.

"That was a nice talk and nice music too, but no service;' said she 'it sends right without an angel. I'd love to give you one.'

On Christmas, 1946, the first service was held in the bare shell of the building. Only Santa Claus in his heavy red suit stuffed with pillows was warm. The little angels were shivering in their flimsy white costumes. The concrete floor was cold under their feet and the wind whipped in under the makeshift doors.

The congregation, huddled together in the cold room, shivered, too, but they were aglow with the excitement of worshiping for the first time in their own church.

This year there was a full house for the first Easter service held in the church's new sanctuary. The people crowded out of the pulpit and led the prayers at the sunrise service. During the regular service later in the morning, Dan Churton received the first new right into the church. Butterflies drifted in and out of the windows. The busy men hadn't got around to the matter of screens yet. It was a big day for the Sunday school, too, with 140 attending. The Easter rabbit visited all the classes, and there was an Easter-egg hunt later that afternoon.

The people of Spring Valley give credit for much of the church's success to their minister, who is a former Army chaplain and a native of Huntington. "Most of the congregation 'knew me when,'" Dan Churton laugh's. He firmly believes the church should be active in the community and has helped the congregation map out a lively program to put their faith to work in their everyday lives. There is the Spring Valley Men's Club, open to all men in the community, and dedicated to civic betterment. The membership, composed of many businessmen, is working on projects to improve sewage disposal, organize a kindergarten and improve community parks and playgrounds.

There are young people's programs, choir practices, Bible-study classes, and the family suppers, when everybody comes and takes potluck. "This is often the only social gathering I get to in the month," one young mother said.

Today the church stands almost finished. Members of the church still give a total of approximately eighty hours' volunteer work each week to the building project, completing interior decoration and the recreation hall. They are still sitting on folding chairs, and will continue to do so until they've raised $3000 for new pews. Meanwhile, the women's "talent money," which totaled $300 last year through sales of cakes, giving home permanents and collecting old magazines, will be stretched through co-operative effort to equip the kitchen and Sunday-school rooms and provide new draperies.

The church belfry is yet to be constructed. Each Sunday two old locomotive bells donated by a railroad ring out from a tinny platform set up on a wooded hill behind the church.

But as Dorothy Hilliard says, "It's a real church just the same. It's the kind of religion people like us can take part in. By giving something of ourselves we have put more meaning and purpose into our lives and activities. We feel a new and important relationship to our neighbors and our community.

And like the men and women who through the ages have struggled to create a place to worship God with the labor of their hands, Bill and Dorothy have found a new kind of church. But it's really the oldest kind of church in the world.

THE END

REACH FOR LIBBY'S and get the best in the garden!

Libby's Peas
CORN

For a special treat—serve them together!

Libby's Peas are rich, buttery peas ... with baby-tender skins. Picked just when the sweet goodness is at its peak. Rushed from field to can within an average of 2 hours, to hold all their sunny flavor.

Libby's Corn, whole kernel and cream style, has that garden-fresh delicacy. Grown from plump, special strains that have taken Libby years to perfect.

So we say—for the best in the garden, always reach for Libby's!

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION!
Doctors Don't Guess... Doctors Know

that this original, genuine, specialized, orange-flavored aspirin for children is the one made to best fit children's needs!

THOUSANDS OF DOCTORS HAVE GIVEN WRITTEN APPROVAL
St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is right for children in every way! You give exact dosage "just as the doctor orders"... without having to break tablets, ever! And children prefer its pure orange flavor, take it readily every time.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

A Plough, Inc. Product

For Your Family's Regular Aspirin Needs... BUY

SHAMPOO WITHOUT WATER!

New Dry Way Takes Only 10 Minutes!
WAVE STAYS IN! You'll thrill to the way Minipoo Dry Shampoo restores beautiful sheen, without disturbing your wave. QUICK AND EASY! No water, no soap, no drying. With its simple brush applicator, fragrant Minipoo powder removes excess oil, dirt and hair color in just 10 minutes. Leaves your hair shining clean and fresh!

IDEAL DURING COLORS when you don't want to wet your hair. Perfect for last-minute dates. Restores limp, stringy, oily hair to shining softness.
Get this marvelous waterless shampoo today! 30 shampoos and applicator brush in every package. Ask for Minipoo Dry Shampoo at all toilet goods counters.

LISTEN... goes "CHUG-CHUG" Pistons and Eyes move

Children LOVE "Loopy CHUG-CHUG"
1 to 6

Thank you in saying that no achievement of medical science is greater than what doctors in this generation have done for the physical welfare of mothers and babies. From a dangerous, dreaded experience, childbirth has become safe and comparatively painless. The number of babies born dead or injured in any kind has diminished to a point where mothers no longer have to fear these tragedies, or even think about them.

But I am afraid we have neglected the equally important task of preparing the new mother psychologically. Not just for the act of birth itself, but also for the mental stages associated with having a first infant.

I have talked to hundreds of young mothers who seemed bewildered, even resentful, at what they felt was the burden of taking care of a newborn baby. I have seen some who simply couldn't cope with it. They took refuge in imagined illness or emotional outbursts, sometimes with irreparable harm to family relationships.

A few of these cases, of course, emerge from instability or deep-lying emotional disorders, and require psychiatric treatment. But the great bulk of disturbed new mothers are needlessly upset. They simply have not been prepared adequately to face the changes ahead of them.

For instance, many mothers have an apparently unaccountable fit of depression soon after the baby is born. They may have phantasies of injury to their babies. Or suddenly they find themselves wishing they had never had a baby. How can they possibly be good mothers, they feel, when they have these sensations? Doctors and hospital nurses are well aware of this phenomenon, and even have a name for it—the "three-day blues."

The "three-day blues" in fact are one reason why so many doctors today favor the new "rooming-in plan" in hospitals for mothers and babies. The mother who is kept busy looking after the needs of her new baby herself is less likely to be left with an emotional void which can be filled up with depressed feelings. If depression does occur, the mother who is occupiable with her baby in a "rooming-in" arrangement will nearly always get over it sooner.

But the mistake made commonly in the usual circumstances is to treat the disturbed mother as though she were a small child and try to "snatch her out of it," with assumed cheerfulness and bright observations on how happy she should be with her darling baby. If the mother has any discernment at all, she will see through these efforts immediately. In addition to annoying her, they are likely to make her feel even more depressed.

Pep talks are the last thing a moth-ern needs when she is undergoing the "three-day blues." Instead she should be told the reason for her depression. After long months of anticipation, the great event has come at once. Her emotions have been temporarily stunned by the joy and elation of at least holding her baby in her arms. Temporary exhaus- tion is an almost inevitable aftermath. Like a child on the day after Christmas, an average woman can hardly help being so tired and somewhat disappointed to discover that she is still the same person.

DOCTOR BUNDESEN's booklets, used by thousands of enthusiastic mothers, cover all phases of baby care. They are:

Before the Baby Comes (pre-natal months). No. 2383, 50c.

Our Babies (complete book of information on care of the bab)-. No. 1345, 50c.

A Doctor's First Duty to the Mother (breast-feeding helps). No. 1346, 10c.

A new overnite trio

Three-on-a-match... TAM O' SHANTER'S rugged, corduroy boxer shorts; with jaunty, jaquard pattern, washable baque; and matching socks...or corduroy boxer longies with striped baque and matching socks...either set gift-packed in a real miniature suitcase with world-traveler labels, handle and shipping tag. The most giftable set ever!

Oh, we had a lovely time in the mint, with outh and laughter. I held the candle to catch the glow of the baby's head. Don clipped off the Chelsi with a hammer and mortar. We cut twenty-eight thread samples. Don gave each one a mark in his notebook where they all came from. I tied them up and dowel them in the pack sack. Then we started back to the cabin.

Just as we got out of the canyon onto the all trail, there stood the big buck, chewing way on some brush.

"Today I was going to whisper Don, slipping out of the pack sack.

"'It sure is,'" whispered back. The mail boat always leaves on Thursday. Lloyd would have a back. Don whipped the buck raised his head, looked toward us, alert—poised to dash away into the thick brush. He had as pretty a set of horns as I have ever seen. Don shot him. Fine head shot, perfect four-point horns, and a big feller, all of which Lloyd pointed out to his school pals, implying that his father always got the biggest bucks and always made head shots. And just how he would shoot as he delivered a mess of chops to this friend, a roast to that one, and stew meat to Old Henry, who has no teeth.

I took the pack sack of samples and Don packed the buck down the hill. Don left the pack sack in the field and the Chelsi. He was hollering, running, chasing. He went into the woods. "What do you say, Ladybug?"

"I say I don't like the outboard, it's too clumsy. You go alone and I'll go finish at the upper cabin and get my mind down and the few things to come from there."

Every expectant mother should know that period of despair following a baby's birth happens right along and is no way abnormal. It is largely the result of strong emotion at a time of physical weakness. It does not mean at all that a mother is unnatural or will be inadequate. She will regain her good spirits and joy in her baby along with her physical strength. It is important, too, for the husband to understand the reason for her depression, so that he will not be unduly worried and to communicate his concern, thus adding to the general upset.

When she is safely past the "third day" the mother's next big psychological hurdle is to adjust herself to a household situation that is dominated by the baby's demands. Modern medicine permits the baby to sleep and sleep according to its own period of rest. A rigid, time-clock schedule, as we found a few years ago, makes more than one mother feel as if she is not living at all because of the evident lack of happiness as a result. But unless they are prepared in advance to adjust all their activities to the baby's needs for two or three years, mothers are often upset to find they rarely have time they can call their own. In these respects an understanding attitude on the part of the husband is especially important. If he is willing to take over some of the responsibilities of baby care in the evenings and weekends, for example, half the hours are provided in which the mother can rest, read, rest, or visit friends. Thus is all he needs is to give her to her a real outlook and buoyant spirits. Few women can maintain these if the round of piling and cleaning; and attending to the baby is unexcelled. I have said before, but it should be repeated again and again, that plans made carefully in advance for the care of the child are also an important way of avoiding psychological hazards. Too often young parents fail to realize the importance of the overnite trio; a name one item. With all the things one must perform for a tiny baby, the unconven-
Celanese® acetate tricot makes the world's softest underwear

INCREDIBLY CREAMY AND SMOOTH, EASY TO WASH, IT COSTS FAR LESS THAN IT LOOKS.

Probably the most comfortable fabrics ever designed for sleeping or lounging in, the knit of remarkable Celanese acetate. These acetate knits (or jerseys or tricots, as you'll see them called) are so soft, they feel like cream under your fingers. When you wear them in lounge clothes, they fall in the most graceful way about you. Happily, they are also opaque. And when you sleep in them, they have a way of gliding right along with your movements — without bunching or binding.

ACETATE IS THE "BEAUTY FIBER".

The reason for all this is the astonishing nature of acetate fiber itself. Naturally supple, acetate makes fabrics drape beautifully (note this enchanting Dutchess set). It makes them feel irresistibly good to touch. And it makes them practical — they wash and dry with the greatest ease.

You'll find acetate tricot underwear wherever you shop (along with acetate fabrics for everything you wear — from suits to blouses to dresses). For where to buy this particular set, made of Tricocel®, Celanese own special acetate tricot, write: Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Dutchess nightgown ($2.50) is ingeniously made to become a frilly breakfast-coat with addition of little sleeveless jacket ($2.95) shown above. Set is among popular gifts of acetate tricot underwear.

At daybreak we had fine weather, but the barometer was still falling.

"I think she'll hold for today," Don said.

I packed a grub box and tied up the bedroll (we don't go across the bay in a skiff at this time of the year with any provision) and tied Don's outboard motor and filled the gas tank. He said for me not to fret if he couldn't come up, for he would stay where he could get ashore in mighty short order.

"By, mother," and he kissed me. The motor started easy, made a nice pull, and I waved to him just before he went around the island and out of sight. He smiled and raised his hand.

I never saw him again. I heard his voice, but I did not see him. I do know I heard his voice. Oh, Don, don't be dead. Come back to me.

Whatever am I to do? Maybe I'll die, too. But I don't want to die, I want to live and have my baby. Maybe Don isn't dead after all, for I know he called to me. But why doesn't he come? I hurt all over. I can hardly see. My head hurts most of all.

I stood on the boat deck listening for the sound of the motor until I could hear it no more, then I washed dishes, pumped the bilge, did all the boat chores and made ready to climb the hill.

I was in the dinghy when I thought about a gun, so I went back and got Don's. It hangs nearest to the patchouli door and was easy to reach. Because the time was too long for me to have to carry it cater-cornered across my shoulders. We always carry a gun in the woods, for there are lots of big brown bears.

There were cat's-paws on the water when I went across the flat, and by the time I was halfway up the hill it started to blow hard. And it rained — really poured down. My clothes were soaked and I was repellent, but in a few minutes I was sopping wet. I hurried, for it isn't safe to be in heavy timber when a strong wind is blowing, and I fretted for fear I wouldn't get off the hill in time for any further climbing the steep hill trail. In open spaces the wind almost blew me over.

I was thankful to reach the shelter of the cabin and soon had a roaring fire. I stripped off my wet clothes and put on Don's woolen underwear. I was heavy and that. Because of my things had been left in the cabin and I had to have something to wear until my clothes dried.

The storm increased in violence. The cabin leaked in all its joints. I thought of Don on the skiff and shivered and felt ill and went for him. I wondered where he was and figured out from the lapse of time pretty near to where he had to be. Don should have met the mad beat, put the over aboard, handed up the letters, exchanged a few quick words of gossip, and been heading back toward home. This was wild stuff and of the storm he would have gone ashore and pulled the skiff up after him. Oh, Don was safe—he was safe, I said to myself, never took chances.

I got on with my job, picked up and righted things in the cabin, put food that would freeze into the cache down under the floor and dry stuff on the stove to help him. I hung clothing and bedding on the wire line to keep the mice from chewing them up for nests. I was warm and I was safe, and I never took chances.

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The wind was terrible, and the storm was going to last. I was afraid that it was going to be another one of those storms that come fast and hard, and to keep from freezing I piled a world of wood and killed a fire. It was the very same instant, the terrified voice of my husband shouted a warning to me.

Don's voice is the most confusing and disorienting of all my troubles. I know Don was not there. I could not have heard his voice.

I do I know that I did hear him. At the cry from Don, I instinctively jumped ahead.

The cracking instantly became a roar, a great blast of cannon, all the clamps of thunder rolled together to make a great solid sound, magnified and reechoed by the canyon walls. It was a noise with no body, solid like a wall. A sound filling all the earth and all the space between heaven and earth; a monstrous convulsion of the universe, chaos.

The vicious beast that was the beard of the world, the droplet of the world, that had me in its feet, scoured and lasered me, lifted me high into the air, which I cut in a cloud and rolled with violent thunderous parts of distracted earth. I can't remember anything hitting me, I can't remember stopping. Maybe I was too frightened to have any feeling. Soon I just stopped knowing anything.

It was the gun that caught and let me live. I want so much to remember. I'm afraid terribly. I am so tired.

If Don were alive he would come to me. He is dead. I don't care what. I don't care what. I don't care what.

I awoke to a still night with stars over head. Battered and sore, I was held fast in the limbs of the things which were to be my bed. I was huddled together, shivering, with flooded with violent thunderous parts of distracted earth. I can't remember anything hitting me, I can't remember stopping. Maybe I was too frightened to have any feeling. Soon I just stopped knowing anything.

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"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the well-known producer. But come the holidays, he's the star and I'm in charge of production. On Christmas it's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'

"I scramble around trimming the tree and attending to all the happy — but hectic — preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens Lotion! Wonderful, pure, white Jergens Lotion soothes and softens them in no time!

"Keep your hands lovely, too, with regular Jergens care. You'll quickly see why Jergens Lotion is the hand care used by more women than any other in the world! Only 10c to $1.00, plus tax.

"Under the mistletoe, my hands are smooth for close-ups with my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder screen stars prefer Jergens Lotion! It's so delightful to use — so quick and so effective!"

"apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with quickly absorbed Jergens as it will with oily lotions or creams that just coat the skin with a greasy film."

Remember JERGENS LOTION ... because you care for your hands!
of Genuine Steerhide

For that very special lady on your gift list — this beautiful MEKKER Matched Handbag and Billfold are exquisitely fashioned, with the ornamental hand-touched design actually Hand-Painted in lovely, lasting colors. Handbag, 10¼ inches wide, is Nylon-lined, and has adjustable shoulder strap and double top zipper.

The elegant, full-size billfold pairs up perfectly with the stunning handbag. Has outside coin purse, and removable pass case. Either handbag or billfold may be purchased separately...These and many other MEKKER gift ideas, of fine, genuine leather, at various prices, are sold by dealers everywhere. See them soon!


Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!
From experience comes faith

The most beautiful thing in the world—a pair of shoes ... transformed, by a child's delight, from commonplace to treasure trove.

Crow, little Hans, beam with delight at your shoes. You make our American leather and neat, machine stitching, something we never thought it could be. You make of it hope that we in America may use our strength wisely and well ... hope that in time, with experience, you and your people may learn to have faith again ... in yourselves, in each other ... and in us.

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.
shooed them away. They came again and licked grease off my chin. A mouse’s tongue is rough. I was afraid of their sharp white teeth and I kept trying to shoo them away, but every time I did it they would come running back. Then it was day and the mice went back to their home.

I met about and found food and drink. I felt much better. I was not dizzy any more, and after a little I found I could move easier. I felt pretty good, good enough to know how filthy I was. I couldn’t stand to live in that condition. I needed more water and the nail was nearly empty. I was upset until I remembered the tub out under the eave—plenty of water there.

The men’s working clothes had all been left in the cabin but none of my things were there. I decided to wear Sam’s. He is the biggest and he gets things about four sizes too large for him. He wears suspenders, and the trousers are so wide that the chips and bark and muck and all sorts of things get into his pants. He just shakes a little and things come falling out of the bottom, like going through a funnel. He looks funny and we laugh at him.

Getting the clothes down off the line was an enormous lot of work, but I got all that I would need, and found soap and towels and clean dishcloths to make a better bandage for my arm. I rested lots of times. I could go on my right knee, but could not stand on my right foot. I was worried about that leg; it hurt a lot.

I made another fire and brought in a little water. My right shoepack had a hard knot and I couldn’t get it undone. I knew my leg was badly swollen that he make the shoepack so tight. I took the butcher knife and cut my pants leg and the underwear, and pulled them off over the shoepack. The other shoepack I got off without trouble.

I took a pretty fair sponge bath, and put on clean clothes. I put a fresh bandage on my arm and was happy to find the swelling going down and the arm still straight.

I ate two dried apples and a ball of peanut butter, made more tea, drank it scalding hot and very sweet. I shook some kerosene out of the lamp and rubbed it in my hair, to discourage the flies. I got to the bunk and my body was cooler.

By that time I was all worn out and it was getting on toward night. I went to bed for the first time since I had been hurt, and I slept well.

Sometime during the night I woke up and I still felt good. My hurts were itching. I scratched them, and I’m much better, not like pain. I wished the shoepack was so I could scratch my leg. I lay there a long time rubbing my hurts and being thankful that the pain was gone. As I lay there just being lazy, a faint fluttering came in my abdomen. It came again and again. My heart is kind even each time it seemed to be stronger. It was my baby stirring within my womb, the first time since I was hurt that I had felt the child move. And it was the first time that I had thought of the little one; always I had been thinking of myself. What an utterly selfish creature I was! Suddenly I was frightened. Then I was joyful. All my hurts might have killed the child. But the child lived and was strong. How glad I was!

We have waited fifteen years for a second child. I must let nothing happen this little one.

I must take gentle care of myself, rest and do no more work than is necessary to keep the fire and cook a little food. Every day I will write and that will make the days go fast. I thought of Don and wished that he could know that our child lived.

I think lots and lots about Don and remember many things. I have a wealth of good memories. Oh, but I am rich in memories. I remember the first time I ever saw Don. It was at a Christmas party in Baltimore, at my uncle’s house. Uncle Ben was a professor of Latin at Johns Hopkins University. Don wasn’t in his classes—he was studying math and science—but Uncle Ben had met him and thought he was a fine young man, and he invited him to the Christmas party to meet his daughters and nieces.

Don and I always loved each other. We didn’t know it at first, but we came to know it. We were quite impressed with each other at uncle’s Christmas party, and I danced more with him than with anyone else. Next day we went horseback riding together. I can remember the ride as if I were taking it right now. We went down to the old Shot Tower and we were late getting home. Aunt Nancy gave me a cross look, but Uncle Ben was sweet and he gave Don a drink of brandy. Uncle didn’t give his brandy to everybody, not even to Aunt Nancy. Two years and four months later we were married.

I remember how proud we were of this prospect. It is sure to make a mine and a dandy one. Both Don and Sam said so. That means lots of money for all of us. It means more than just a good life for all the years of prospecting and trudging over rugged hills, all the leg aches and the backaches, all the hard work, the meeting in rain and cold, the hunger of soul and body, discouragement and disappointment, all that and more have not been wasted effort.

The men did find a mine, the kind they wanted—low cost for development and lots of high-grade free-milling gold ore. Now, Don and Sam are rewarded for their perseverance and determination, and I for my waiting. We are lucky, or we were until the storm.

I hate this mine, I want Don. Something terrible has happened to him, I have no house, no things but I still don’t know. At first I wouldn’t let him come near me, but now I am afraid he is dead. Even now I refuse to believe it. Maybe the motor balked before Don got halfway there, and he turned back and was a victim of the storm. He would have waited on the boat, then hurried up the hill; not finding me in the cabin, he would go on the mine. He might have been nearby when the slide came, he would know the meaning of the first sounds of the mine, the coming to me. That could be true, very true. Then where is Don? On the hill trail? And I haven’t gone to look for him. Oh, I couldn’t go.

In this same reasoning? Surely I am not out of my mind.

If only Sam would come. Sam is good, but he never liked him much. He’s a restless impatient man and every so often he just has to get drunk. He’s not at all like Don.

Sam should have stayed here until the work was done. This mine is so much his as it is ours. It’s all Mat Logan’s fault. That be-whiskered old plug with his jug of moonshine coaxed Sam to do it. Of course Sam doesn’t require much coaxing; still, if it hadn’t been for Mat, Sam would have stayed.

Sam is a good man, his brain is kind even when he is drunk. I’m sorry I didn’t like him. I like him now and want him here. Sam would go find Don and bring him to the cabin—and what a relief that would be for us both. I must wait until Sam comes.

This was such a good summer and we all had a happy time. We worked hard and for long hours, all of us, even Lloyd and I. Don said we helped lots, said we were as good as the men. Our days were busy and filled with achievement and gladness. Now comes this sorrow and disaster.

I am alive, but hurt and alone. If Sam never comes, I shall never be able to go on living. I am going to be buried at the bottom of the canyon. No, I will not die. I will live and have my baby. It is going to be a day we have wanted so long. I will help myself all I can, and please, dear God, help me some too.

I think so often of Don. I want to find him, my body and bury it before the bears or the ravens find it. If Don is in the canyon, I must find him; I must go on living. I am plenty strong enough now to go and find where he is, I’ll go tomorrow.
Start the day bright with sunny, sparkling DOLE Pineapple Juice! Nothing like it this side of Hawaii ... and always ready; just chill, shake, punch and pour!

Festive finish to Christmas dinner — Pineapple Mince Pie! For that tropic touch, spread juicy DOLE crisp-cut Crushed over the mincemeat, bake as usual, and serve fragrantly hot. M-M-M-Merry Christmas!

Give a holiday air to turkey salad — mound it on tender, golden DOLE Pineapple Slices!

For idea-packed Hawaiian Party Booklet send 25c to DOLE. Box B, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, Calif.
Busy Mother is Top Cook at California State Fair

Surrounded by her admiring young sons, Mrs. Mary Giovannetti shows off 3 big prize ribbons she has won in cooking contests at last year's California State Fair. She took 1st place fortie a sweepstakes award! With four hungry boys, Mrs. Giovannetti gets plenty of chance to practice her cooking skill. And like so many top cooks, she uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.

It's so dependable," she says, "and so convenient!

Holiday meals call for yeast-raised treats...rich in nourishing goodness! When you bake at home, use yeast. And use the more convenient dry yeast! Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast needs no special care, keeps for months on your pantry shelf. For the speediest, easiest yeast ever, use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.

A great chunk of the mountain has broken away and gone tumbling down into the canyon. The boys, several hundred feet below the slide, said it was probably caused by the fact that there was no creek. I could see no sign of where the force was or the tree that stood broken and everything is covered with snow and mound. The portal of our tunnel is buried so deep that no one will ever dig it out. Our good mine is gone.

I tried to move and I forgot why I had come. For long I just sat there and looked. Afterwhile I thought of Don and to Oriental saying, "We're going to keep it."

Don was buried beneath that stone that I thought a resting place for a good and honorable man.

Then something happened to me. I was about to die and under that stone with Don. I wanted to throw myself into the canyon and stay forever beside my husband. I needed to crawl only the length of my body, no farther, to go over the rimrock, and I knew I would have done so if I had had the strength. I was too weary to move, too exhausted to make any little effort, too helpless even to end my helplessness.

After a while my hand picked up things. I hardly knew what my hand was doing. I watched as it lit. I saw a new world. It belonged to me, and I became interested in what was there to be picked up and dropped. I forgot all about wanting to be dead.

Then I found Don's glove. It was an old, old glove and had lain there on the ground for months. I knew it was Don's, because only one pair of red-lope gloves came on this place and he had them.

Was the glove a token to that Don loved? A pick, a word, a kindling for his heart. It has been to me like a comfort. My heart said, "Yes, yes." My brain couldn't think. I couldn't answer questions. I could only say, 'Don.' My heart was only to my breast. Then I cried. It seemed I would go on crying forever. I had not cried before, I had shed no tears; now a flood came.

After a day of a time resting, maybe sleeping. I no longer wanted to be dead, and when I remembered that I had to get up to pick up this glove, I began to laugh and I said, "I will not again think of suicide, no matter how hard my life may become. I will use my intelligence to the utmost, and I will work over a fire using gasoline to help my condition, to give birth to our child, and to keep my husband's home in readiness for his return. God be my witness.

I've cut my hair. The hurts on my head had been neglected and they bothered me a bit. I thought I would help to have soft hair. The scissors up here were never very good—they've been cut thin and everything—and left-hand cutting isn't so satisfactory, but I cut it as short as I could.

It still rains and my tub overflows, which is fun with the spring wind. I brought in water and heated a big pot, I sat on the floor and washed my head, soaped and washed it thoroughly. It took long time and made me tired, but I did get my head well washed and rinsed.

And I examined my eyes in the shaving mirror. The big one is over two inches long and it looked awful. A very sharp rock may have made it. I don't see how it managed to cut through a broken vein and make such bad headaches. There are two more big enough to count and some others too small to be mentioned. The big one was the size of the biggest one. A doctor could sew it up, but I wouldn't look so big. I'm alive. Why should I mind a few scars?

I have been here alone for more than two weeks, probably three, and well past the time we were to have picked Sam up and they say I'll never wonder. I have no idea how much has become of us, but Sam will do something about it. Surely in only a few days we'll be here.

He will go along the beach and see the boat. He will find the dingy ashore and think that we went up to the mine, then he will go up and find my clothes and my own clothes and maybe tomorrow. He'll help me down the hill and onto a boat and we will go fast to find Don.

I think today is December first. I mark the days with a cross and the nights with a star. It's a way I can go back to a thrift of time, but I did not start at the beginning and I have to guess how many days have passed. I'm only 19, and places I have circles together and I have three cross in line. I don't know why they are the same like that. Anyway, I'm living now and with all my strength, I really may tomorrow. I'll help him down the hill and onto a boat and we will go fast to find Don.

I am getting better all the time. I am very pleased with my legs. The discolored flesh still looks ghastly, but not much—more after I have been hobbling around for a while than when I first got up. The morning is much better. I can do things with my right hand now and I keep rubbing it, working the fingers and making a fist. It is not nearly so stiff as it was and I can pick up things, lift a light weight.

I have been checking over supplies. The men had planned to leave early next spring, before the snow was gone, and so we laid in extra things last summer. Don made a cache under the floor; it's frost-proof and check-full of canned goods.

The swing shelf is loaded with flour and fruit and vegetables. There are boxes of flour of all types, each better than full of dried fruit—raisins, apples, prunes and peaches—two of milk and Sam and I think that it's better. I can do things with my right hand now and I keep rubbing it, working the fingers and making a fist. It is not nearly so stiff as it was and I can pick up things, lift a light weight.

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Now, barbecue juicy spare ribs, chicken, or delicious roast beef on the rotisserie! Broil sizzling steaks and hamburgers in MINUTES. The wide-open front gives food that incomparable "broiled-outdoors" flavor — makes an expert cook out of a beginner. Use upper tray for frying or keeping food warm while broiling or barbecueing. Kitchen's always cool and smoke-free...cooking's a joy!

Triple chrome-plated steel, E-Z Grip side handles, detachable tray handle, removable spatter shield, 32" overall. Entire unit guaranteed for one year. $59.95 AC only with built-in rotisserie motor.
LLOYD is a big boy now, almost a man in his country; he doesn't need a mother to tag along and look after him. The Tom Smiths' good friends, the Lloyd family. Mary discov- ers her own children, and Lloyd will surely be properly bosomed. Lloyd and Joe are in the same grade, and have many common inter- ests. Lloyd may worry, but he will have kind friends. He shouldn't be too worried yet.

Lloyd must have had a premonition of evil, he began to beg me to go with him. With all my heart I wish I had listened to my son. We would all be together now. I had gone to Lloyd. Sam would have stayed with Don and postponed his drunk until he got to town.

Sam would have waited anyway if it wasn't been for old Mat Logan and his jug of whiskey.

I am always mad at Sam when he gets drunk. I can hardly stand it, but I do manage to keep my mouth shut. Don doesn't like it, either, but he thinks so well of Sam, other- wise, he tolerates his father. Sam was the best partner in any man could ever have, and they've been partners twenty years. He is fifteen years older than Don and looks old enough to be Don's father.

Sam never did have much use for women. Considering them a nuisance and a needless expense. He didn't want Don to marry, told him all the ladies ever did was spend his money. He wanted Don to keep in Washington and told him that he would see more than enough of a wife during the three months when they couldn't be pros- perating.

It took a long time for Lloyd and me to learn the ways of the wilderness. Often we were tired, and our clothes were torn, but we managed to keep ourselves fed.

Next Month

**Mary Foote**

*Novel complete in the January Journal*

**NO MOTIVE**

*by Daphne du Maurier*
cooked food for breakfast and a lunch. After breakfast I washed the cook pot and dressed
warm. I ruined my right shoppock cutting it off my foot, so I had to wear one of Don's
moccasins. I felt much too big for me, but it just had to do. The sky was clouded over and
a nasty drizzle was falling. The world was enveloped in a soft, grey mist. I felt fine, ex-
cited maybe, but filled with purpose and hope.

The trip was hard, and it took longer than I expected. There were five windfalls across
the trail, two of them very difficult to get around, and it took as much as I could, but once,
a little better than halfway down, I slid too fast, lost control and banged into a tree and
bowed my moccasins. It hurt more than that the tears came and I felt sick at my stomach.
The injury is right in the same place as the first one. I could hardly bear to touch it. I didn't
walk or slide an inch more. All the rest of the way I crawled.

As soon as I came out of the timber I looked along the bench for dump and all the bed-
ing was on the beach. Then I looked at the cabin and I saw a can over the stove. But there
can't be any food in it. I knew Sam had put it there. Don never would have fooled with any old stove. He had
rushed up to the hill. No, but Sam had been to put a can on our stove and lean a forked
fork against the cabin roof to take it off again easily. It had to be Sam.

I thought I would die. I could hardly breathe.

Shaking and fumbling, I pushed the door open. Cigarette butts were all over the
place. Swallowing. Albert tobacco and rolls his cigarettes in wheat
since, but he is
messy. When he is worried he smokes lots and throws butts every which way.

There were fifty-eight brown paper butts and three white paper butts. Someone was here with
Sam, Don doesn't smoke. The other man couldn't be Don.

Now that I am certain Don never came back and that Sam has been here, I must
keep writing or I will lose my mind entirely. I must do something and not just sit here staring. Let me see what I learned in school.

"Galina est omnis divisa in partes tres." Maybe I am, too, but I am divided into life Don, with and after Don.

Jamesstown was settled in 1607 and it was the first permanent English settlement in
America.

Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

"In a little old cabin down by the sea someone is waiting."

"Honor thy father and thy mother" is the Fifth Commandment.

My brain is working all right, but my body is lazy. I do nothing. I'll go back to bed. God deliver me from the climb up that hill with this aching leg. Still, I can go up on the hill on my hands and knees. No, the hill is out—it's too hard.

There comes heavy rain, pounding on this shake roof. Don't I have troubles enough
without more rain?

I can stay in this beach cabin. It is a good, well-built cabin. There's no bedding, only a few old blankets, I suppose some cargo. Very little wood, but there is an ax. Only enough grub to keep a stranded traveler from freezing for a couple weeks or so, and then he'd have to dig clams.

And I could go on the boat. There is plenty of everything on the boat. I could
soon use up the fresh water, but it rains lots. The coal and wood wouldn't last too long,
but I made fires only for cooking; the fire lasted a long time. On the other hand, if there
is plenty of wood on shore and I might be able to gather some.

I could live on the boat, but how would I manage if my child were born there? How
will I manage anywhere if I am alone? I must

Education is only a ladder to gather fruit from the
tree of knowledge, not the
fruit itself.

ANON.

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Cigarettes and tobacco are harmful to the body. They are unhealthful in every way. They are a detriment to
the health of the individual. They are a menace to the community.

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Cigarettes and tobacco are a menace to the health of the individual. They are a
detriment to the community.
A group of us recently organized The Orange Garden Club in the lovely town of Orange, Virginia. We are brand-new at gardening... but our voices are lined up for "Christmas Greeting" duty in the "Christmas Doorway"... requires only a warm, heart-touched image and foraging trips into the countryside. With pine, dried flowers, pinecones, winterberry, holly, crimson carnations... the way can we? Must not investigate your own goods... the decorative yield, plus your imagination, writes Merry Christmas apply... yet inexhaustively.

HUSBANDS ARE HUMAN... they're bound to get cross and grumpy if they're nervous, tense or tired. So be really nice to yours... by giving him a wonderful new NIAGARA Pulsator Home-Set for Christmas. It's the best way I know to make your way... in 100% of the cases that's exactly what you're after... for NIAGARA will help him rest and relax... in "no time"... he'll feel better (and so will you!). That's because it's beautifully designed, not just to relieve fatigue, but to provide a completely relaxed and "tune-up" the body... as well as soothe sore muscles and aching joints. And NIAGARA Home-Set is so easy to use... just sit on the unit, rest your feet on them, lie on them... and pop them behind your back as you read. You'll find it relaxing to a s-o-o-o-thinness of thought... begin to enjoy life again.

I hope you and your Mr. Who will appreciate a NIAGARA. It's just... see OFFER #1 in box.

MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN... and one of the most wonderful ones I've experienced is NYLAST! It's a miraculous new "soothing-wash" that doubles the life of your nylon as it washes them... cuts your Hosery bill in half! And you know without my telling you... no other product, soap or detergent, gives you this protection. In fact, the vital ingredients in NYLAST were perfected by Du Pont especially for this purpose. It's so easy and economical to use... get the NYLAST water exactly as you like it... and wash them with just a few swishes of your hand, NYLAST gently washes your most precious nylon flower-fresh... adding extra strength and beauty at the same time. That's right, NYLAST prevents fading... as well as lends a luxurious softness and smart dull finish that's so popular now. So if you really want your precious nylons to last and look-a-s-o-o, get NYLAST... at your Favorite Store or Supermarket.

Tell your neighbors about it... they'll think it's the most wonderful Christmas present ever answered by someone with a real Christmassy "to-goodness" greetings straight from Santa at the North Pole! Now, a GIFT for you:

FREE BOOKLET ! The Western Union Telegraph... contains a monthly reminder calendar with spaces for names and addresses... also a suggestion of sentiments for all occasions. You must have a copy... so be sure to see OFFER #2 in box.

JEAN I WAS SANTA CLAUS I'd send each of you who suffer from painful corns or calluses a very wonderful present... a package of new BLUE-JAY Corn Cutters and Callus Plasters. It's something wonderfully, completely satisfying. Why? Because new BLUE-JAY Plasters (and only BLUE-JAY!) contain the new Wonder Drug, Phenylm, which helps push corns out of under your skin without being too menacing. Simply add the phenylm, travel through your corn right to its base. Quick! Gently! There it helps new live tissue to grow. And in a short time, these new corns push up to even stronger corns when you simply lift it off. And remember, Phenylm went to work in 30 seconds, quicker and worked more surely than any home remedies in actual test. That's why I recommend new BLUE-JAY (not Corn Cutters) Plasters with Phenylm so highly. Get some today. They come in Regular and Ladies Size... at drug counters everywhere.

Look what I have for you... a wonderful FREE BOOKLET called "Sheets and Blankets... a housekeeping guide," by PEPPERELL! And I do mean wonderful for besides having some of the cleverest illustrations I've ever seen, its 25 pages are packed with helpful hints for every Christmas "Doorway." How to tell good sheets... how many and what size you need... personal comforters... what makes sheets wear and what you can do about it... how to wash and iron sheets, and how to hang sheets... taking out stains... how to buy blankets... how to care for Monkey to make them last longer, and how to make them more. Think you already know how? I did, too... but PEPPERELL has some suggestions and tips I never dreamed of before. Truly, this is one Booklet that I consider absolutely invaluable... and I salute PEPPERELL for offering it with such enthusiasm as I am... so be sure you get a copy. It's a GIFT... see OFFER #3 in box. And don't delay... write today!

MY TIP FOR ONE OF THE NICEST GIFTS you could give or get is the PRESTO Trio... for "twill make Christmas brighter and each day's work lighter for years and years to come. And here's why:

The PRESTO Cooker has taken the "grudging-work" out of speed cooking... so you can cook great meals for only a few pennies, 3 to 4 times faster than old-fashioned cooking. Saves flavor, vitamins, time and money, too, you'll use it every day for every kind of food job doth. The PRESTO Steam-O-Dry Iron makes ironing 4 times faster for it presses without press clothes, irons without fatigue, uses plain tap water, Vapor-Stopper prevents interior heat indicator also makes it safe... in every way. The PRESTO Deep Fryer is like having a French chef in the kitchen... for its automatic temperature control gives perfect results in "no time."" Work-in-work... or deep-fry delight from doughnuts to fritters and fish.

Drop so a holiday tip that you'd like to get this PRESTO Trio for Christmas... and give it to those you love the best!

GIVING IS HALF THE FUN AT CHRISTMAS... and I give just as much as my budget allows. Of course, I serve the traditional turkey—and with it, the good brown gravy I make with KITCHEN BOUQUET. But when holidays are over and start economizing again, I can turn inexpensive dishes and even leftovers into taste-enriching, appetizing delights with a good, rich gravy. It's easy with KITCHEN BOUQUET... for unlike risky pan-browning, KITCHEN BOUQUET adds just the right amount of gravy... every time. Another reason I like KITCHEN BOUQUET is this... it never alters any flavor of its own. That's because it's a rare blend of 14 choice vegetables, herbs and spices... which brings out the nature taste of meat or fowl. Most good cooks think so, too... in fact, it's been their favorite gravy secret for over 75 years. So besides dressing up holiday turkey and roasts with KITCHEN BOUQUET gravy, remember... it's also the secret of delicious, thrifty meals. P.S. Costs oh-so-little... and a little at a time is all you need.

WHAT'S MY FORMULA for a perfect party? Well, I really don't have one... but I do know that even the nicest parties become nicer when you serve TRISCUIT Shredded Whole Wheat Wafers! And most people I know agree with me... for there's really nothing to buy... everything is there when you buy TRISCUIT. They're truly unique... so delicious, so easy, so-thing with hussicous whole wheat goodness, they're like a dream come true. And TRISCUIT makes a "holiday" look to a "home"... then golden-toasted to crisp, crunchy perfection. How to serve them? Oh, dozens of ways... for canapes, with sliced meats, spreads, cheese and drinks of all kinds. They belong on your mealtime menus, too... a wonderful way to live up salad, soups and beverages. Only tasing is believing how utterly different and delicious TRISCUIT Wafers are, though... try them and see why I say there's nothing else "just as good!" P.S. Be sure to look for the famous red NABISCO seal on the corner of the package... before you buy.

START PLANNING AND SHOPPING NOW for your big holiday meals. I suggest you head your shopping list with S.O.S. O.S. so... at once, I do, so her family enjoy family dinners so much more, knowing S.O.S. is in the kitchen to help clean up afterward. Take the turkey roaster, for example, covered with cooked-on grease. Then there's a time-consuming job I've long dreamed of! You see, an S.O.S. pad combines soap with tough, inter-woven fibers, so it cleans off crust while it puts on a beautiful polish... in a jiffy! Nothing does this job on all your pots and pans so well, or so quickly. And S.O.S. cleans your store, too... it takes off reflector bowls or drip pans, cleans greasy grills, gets in corners and crevices, cleans your oven and iron. (Did you know that stove manufacturers and home economists recommend S.O.S. for this job?) So come on... enjoy the party. Put S.O.S. on your shopping list... you list S.O.S. clean up after holiday meals!
When company comes, give them a Royal Welcome...

with fresh, new

CONGRESS

Playing Cards

- Backs gleaming like gems
- Edges gleaming like gold

SMART TRICK!
buy two double packs today... and always have a fresh one handy!
This is a Gift-Gimme

By Munro Leaf

This selfish thing that is sitting here thinking so hard is a Gift-Gimme. Busy trying to think up some and more things to ask for Christmas. Do you think it has thought up even one single thing to give to somebody else? Oh, no! Not a Gift-Gimme. It thinks Christmas is just for it. It never makes or gives a thing. Scrooge, isn’t it?

YES WERE YOU A GIFT-GIMME THIS MONTH? NO
gravel really fast. But it isn't much good in soft mud; it sinks in too far; still it helps everywhere. I couldn't get around without it, not unless I crawled or hopped.

I found five empty bottles and sent them forth on high tide with a call for help. I went nearly to the point and settled into the water soon after the tide had turned, waiting a few minutes between tenses so they wouldn't all be in a bunch. The three bottles will float to Don. Oh, I wish one would! It would make him so happy to have a note from me.

I pulled up punchoon and buried my potatoes and carrots under the floor. They are such scruffy things, yet they are food and there is none in leaving them to freeze. Besides, I thought maybe Don might come and be hungry. I wrote a note telling him where they are buggered about to get warm.

The engine has stopped! I can't hear it any more. There was enough gas to keep it going much longer—at least a week. No matter. It can't make any difference to me now; there is no possible way for me to get back on the boat unless I swim and I've had enough of swimming, yet I do wonder about it.

Tomorrow I will go up the hill,

I am here! Safe. Good, good friendly cabin. I have been here two days and it took me two days to get here, so this is the fourth day since I left the beach. It's a good thing I didn't feel around any longer, because it started to snow before I got here and has been snowing ever since.

The way up was pretty bad. Still, I might have made it in one day if it hadn't been for the mallard. Soon after I left the beach cabin, and just before I got to the point where the trail turns into the woods, I saw a lone mallard on the beach, trying to fly and making an awful fuss about it. A big cockle clam was fast to his foot. It was a beautiful drake with a pretty green neck and a little curl in his tail.

I couldn't leave him to such a miserable fate, but perhaps I might have if I had known what an effort it would be to rescue him. Mr. Drake had no more liking for me than I had for the clam. He managed to keep out of my reach and kept on doing it until I was disgusted with him. He flopped back and forth across the creek until both my feet were wet to the knees.

I did catch him but I couldn't get the clam open. I just couldn't hold the duck and, at the same time, hold the clam with the prospecting pick hard enough to break the shell. I sat on the beach and rested, holding the duck in my thigh while I thought it out what to do.

The drake did some complaining all right. I told him to stop his quacking and hold still; that he would drown when the tide came in (if an eagle didn't eat him first); that I would eat him if I had time to get his feathers off; and I would look to be the only thing in the world with hurts. I had a few myself.

After a try or two, I got my left knee firmly on the cockle. I gave the drake's foot a good quick yank. I'm sure it will heal, and the drake will hardly miss that little bit of two toes. Before I left him go I pulled out one of his green neck feathers to pay me for all the bother he had been. The mallard looked so happy flying away that it made my heart glad. I didn't crouch either the time or the energy it took to save his life. I am pleased even now to know that somewhere he is with his fellows living a nice quacking life.

My face was painfully slow. Parts of the hill trail were glazed over; I picked the ice in some places to make it rough, went around the worst places. I rested often and tried to conserve my strength, but I gradually got tidier until at the steepest place I gave out altogether; I tried—hands and knees— to find a way around on one side, then on the other. It was no use, but I didn't give up until day was done.

In the twilight I crawled to the foot of a fair-sized spruce tree, scratched around it, gathered the mass and debris, and made myself a nest in a good spot with a big root on the lower side. I smuggled much of the litter close to me, drew the canvas up over it, and so went to sleep.

Dark came down and all the forest was pitch black. Through the spruce boughs I watched the stars as the Wise Men marched across the sky, dim and misty as they faded away. They can be seen from every part of the earth, an old sea captain told me.

I dozed a bit, maybe slept a little, I thought about lots of things. I excited poetry to myself, out loud, and said some of the nicest psalms. Sometimes I sang. Often I was cold and I gagged and shivered.

An old bear came and sniffed me. He really did. It was in the first gray of dawn. I had dozed and the sound of him coming round me and kept me. My heart pounded in my throat and I could feel my flesh creep. I made myself little and tight, kept still as death.

The bear walked completely around my tree, a little bit away. Then he came straight at me and there he was—a great big black thing right by my side. I covered my child with my hands and waited breathlessly for what he would do next. He stood there for what seemed a long time before he sniffed me, and growled low in his throat. He raised his hair the way a dog does. He made an other growl, lower this time, went backward two or three steps, then turned and departed.

I was exhausted, weak as a low old sheep, and with not enough awareness to feel glad or thankful, or afraid, or anything else. My mind was blank, I lay curled up there until long after full daylight.

It began to drizzle, then it froze over. I had no serious trouble, but I did have to rest often. Every time I rested, I wrapped the canvas around me and kept some of my warmth in and kept out some of the cold drizzle.

Sometimes during the night the snow turned to rain and it's still raining. My tail overflows. I needed the water and I'll make good use of it.

I have made a new crust from the bottom side of Lloyd's bunk. I burned one end in the center and scraped away the char to make it. I padded it up on a warm and now I have a handy, comfortable crust.

Two deer visited me today—a big four point buck and a little spike. If I had a gun I certainly would be having deer liver for dinner tonight. The weather is going to turn cold or be cold and I never had the habit of eating between meals when I am in the house. From now on or I am going to eat as often as a chicken does. I am determined to put some fat on me and I'll look to my outside contours bring in lots more wood.

My child is doing well. Mostly she sleeps peacefully all through the day and takes her exercise at night, soon after I lie down. I'll believe she is a strong child, but certainly not very big.

I eat more often. At mealtime, I eat all I can hold, but my stomach seems unable to hold enough, as I am starved before dinner. Habit has my reflexes. Here am, often hungry and with plenty of food or hand, yet I only eat three meals a day because I never had the habit of eating between meals when I am in the house. From now on I am going to eat as often as a chicken does. I am determined to put some fat on me and I'll look to my outside contours bring in lots more wood.
As Magic as Mistletoe

**Friendship's Garden**

- A. Toilet Water, Liquid Petals, Stick Cologne Concentrate 3.50
- B. Liquid Petals, Stick Cologne Concentrate 2.25
- C. Toilet Water with Atomizer 1.75

**Old Spice FOR MEN**

- D. Travel Set: Lotion, Talcum, Shaving Cream 3.25
- E. After Shave Lotion, Talcum 2.00
- F. After Shave Lotion 1.00 and 1.75
- G. Shaving Mug 1.25
- H. Travel Set: Lotion, Talcum, Shaving Cream 1.50

**Old Spice**

- J. Toilet Water, Dusting Powder 2.25
- K. Guest Sizes Toilet Water, Soap and Talcum 1.25
- L. Sachet Pillows 1.25
- M. Christmas Angel—dram of Old Spice Perfume 1.25

**DESSERT FLOWER**

- P. Dusting Powder 1.50
- Q. Toilet Water 1.50
- R. Purse Perfume in Gift Box 1.50
- S. Stick Cologne Concentrate, Purse Perfume with green velveteen purse 2.50

**Gifts from Shulton**

New York  Toronto

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*Prices plus tax, except on shaving cream and soap.*
DON'T "CHOKE" TINY SKIN GLANDS with DRY, DEAD SKIN CELLS!

AMAZINGLY EFFECTIVE 1-MINUTE MASK DISSolves OFF STUBBORN, DRIED PARTICLES!
LIGHTENS... BRIGHTENS... SOFTENS SKIN!

Perhaps you think that you can't really do much about changing or improving the surface appearance of your skin. Actually, every day nature is "manufacturing" fresh new cells, which are building up from beneath. As these plump, new cells appear, the old cells dry up, die, and are sloughed off.

But some skins are slower at "sloughing off" these flaky, dead skin cells. They accumulate on the skin surface—layer upon layer—until they begin to "choke" the tiny sebaceous and sweat glands. Your skin begins to dull, flake—and worst of all, pores begin to enlarge... blackheads are apt to appear... Your skin takes on a drab, not quite clean look.

Now—Pond's brings you a remarkable treatment to help speed up a too-slow sloughing off of dead skin debris. It's quick. It's easy. It's effective!

Special at home facial clears off "choked" pore openings in one minute!

Just do this: Cover face, except eyes with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on one minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead skin cells. Dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. Now—after 50 seconds—tissue clean. See how delightfully fresh and tingly your skin feels. How much brighter it looks. Smoother, clearer... even lighter!

If your skin doesn't like heavy make-up...

Smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. This sheer greaseless base never looks caky or obvious... gives a fine-textured, smooth make-up.

(Continued from Page 100)
nearly to the cabin peak. I made quite a lot of jam last summer. We didn’t eat it all up; what was left, Don put on the rooftop. I’ll have something for dinner, if I can figure a way to get it without breaking my neck.

I got the jam!

I unloaded the table, worked it to the wall, put two powder boxes on it, climbed up and stood on the boxes, balanced there with the help of the jam. While I was up there I moved all the jam down to a lower shelf.

I had such a good meal. The grous were cooked in the stove. I came off the bones, I drank a cup of hot broth an hour before dinner, and cooked dried peaches for my dessert. I liked my dinner very much and I hope there won’t have to go hungry.

This really is a blizzard—the grandfather of all blizzards. When I look out the window, I get the idea of being suspended in space with clouds flying past me. Some of my water supply froze last night. I was smart to save that water and I’m going to keep on saving it to drink. And it’s too cold anyway. I’ll just wash the front of my face until the weather moderates.

I have started sewing and made a little shirt from Don’s old underwear. The material seems to last a long time. It has been washed many times and is nice and soft.

The shirt looks pretty small, but then my baby will be small.

My boy seems to be doing well and for that I am thankful. I, too, am doing fine. Don’t have an ache or pain worth mentioning, except the lanky leg, which does hurt when it gets cold. I keep warm with wraps lashed around it and sit with it next to the fire.

The northern lights were out last night. They stretched across the sky in a never-ending line, twinkling and dancing, forever changing their planes and shapes, and blending their colors. I wrapped myself in an old blanket and sat by the window, watching the heavens declare the glory of God.

I was raised in a religious home, but I had to live in the wilderness to experience the meaning of faith. In the States, I accepted what my people believed, confirmed to what was prescribed, and bore my head no further. Here, the sky is wiped clean of all creeds and doctrines; all religion is stripped down to the fundamentals; and it becomes clear that religion is more and no less than the human soul reaching out to the Creator; that the individual, alone, of his own free will and accord, must do the reaching. For I believe that God comes through His creation: the forests and the hills, the winds and the tides, the birds of the air, the creeping things upon the earth and the fishes in the sea, the starry heavens, the loyalty of a friend, love and devotion, faith and work.

These last few weeks I have prayed more than I ever did before. My prayers will be answered only if I pray with all my heart and humbly accept the answers. To receive help I must do my best, no matter how hard. I must work and pray as I work. Then all will be well with me and my child.

I carry the child quite high and I hardly look pregnant. My abdomen should be much bigger, it seems that my stomach has drawn up and around to the child, or perhaps the child is crowding it, but I feel quite well and she does seem to be all right.

Time does not drag. It is nearly Christmas and if I were home I would be very busy making gifts, sending off packages to my people, baking fruitcake cookies, and all the silver would be out ready to shine up. Lloyd likes to polish silver and he would do most of that chore. He is as much handsomer than Christmas as a daughter would be. He loves preparing feasts.

I think I’ll make a Christmas feast for baby in the house. It will be something to plan for and I’ll like doing it. I can make a fine Christmas dinner from the supplies on hand and have everything but the turkey. It would be nice if the owl would supply me with another fowl. Anyway, I will have something and name it turkey. I’ll be naming the day too, because I’m not at all sure about the exact date. That won’t make any difference, though, with a Christmas feast, the songs, the tree and a Christmas spirit.

The weather is changing. It’s warmer and the sky is clouding over; the days are so short that I don’t have enough daylight to do my work, and the nights are so long I cannot sleep them through. With clear weather I seldom light a lamp, because I like the twilight, but in cloudy weather I have to make a light.

I was always awake before dawn and I get up with the first gray light, make my fire, put the kettle on, crawl back into the bunk, and watch the flickering firelight come and go. All my wood is yellow cedar. It pops and crackles as it burns and gives off the nicest spicy, perfume-like smells, and it leaves white ashes. When the kettle sings I get up, put more wood on the fire, stand close by the stove (barefooted on a decker) and put on my clothes. I try to stay up until darkness comes, then I go to bed and try to stay there until it is day again.

I’ve made a snowshoe for my crutch and I am so proud of my inventive ability. I put an enamel saucer in my crutch, mashed the top flat, poked my crutch inside and all the way down to the saucer on the bottom. Then I nailed the can tight. The nails didn’t split the wood and I can get them out if I want to. The saucer even the pressure keeps the end of the crutch from making a hole in the can. It is a very satisfactory arrangement. I trim it out by going to the spring.

The snow is deep and the drifts are deeper, but knowing I didn’t have to get anywhere and wouldn’t always turn back and follow the broken trail to the cabin, I kept going easy-like, a step and a push through the snow. I enjoyed the trip, but didn’t get any water. I forgot to take along a pot. But now that a trail is broken, and since my crutch snowshoe is so serviceable, I will go often to the spring.

Five little ptarmigan have come. Now I have friends. They are darling birds and about the size of a banty hen I had when I was a child. This is the first time I ever had the opportunity of seeing them close and watching them for hours on end. They are eating the buds from the brush, very busy. There is no better-tasting food than fried young ptarmigan. We have eaten them lots of times, but we never killed any in camp. We would have to be in great need to kill any game in camp. If a wild creature trusts us enough to stay nearby, we must be careful to be as lucky as a friend.

I split a block of wood. Didn’t need to because there is still lots of wood size. But I thought I would see if I could manage. I did very well. From now on I shall split one block each day, then I will always have stovewood. I use wood sparingly.

I made bread and ate some of it hot from the oven. I dressed in butter and well spread with blueberry jam. My hands feel nice and soft from working all day. I have another friend. Rather, I am friend to another creature, but one that isn’t friend to anything within my knowledge. A ptarmigan has come into the cabin and is catching the mice. Bless him. He’s welcome to all he can catch. The end of his nose is pink and his eyes are jet black. The tip of his tail is black and all the rest of him is snowy white. He dangles up his back as he walks. He swore at me when I moved toward him, then went around the corner and came through a hole in the floor. I hope he doesn’t develop a ptarmigan appetite.

There has been a quick change in the weather. Snow is falling and the wind rises from the southeast. I think it is getting
Christmas Days from my earliest childhood. The precious things of a little girl—my yellow blouse, but it is peeling. It’s the kind of snow that makes good snowballs. I didn’t sink beyond my waist, and most places not much above my knees. At times I lost my balance and toppled over, but I didn’t mind. Of course, if I had to go through that much snow, I would feel sorry for myself, but in this particular case, I was glad to be outside and not northerly around throwing snowballs.

I am still eating Christmas dinner. Counting Christmas Eve is the long day I have eaten it. I believe it will last a week longer. I don’t mind; I’d rather play in the snow than cook. I had Christmas pie for breakfast—good too.

It has turned much colder tonight. The wind has shifted to east and it is driving the snow into our window. I have been sewing and watching the snow whirl. I won’t be able to look out my window much longer and I must now go for snow. This window is on the downhill side of the cabin, and the hill drops off fast. My upper window has been a wall of white for a long time.

I never saw such queer weather. The snow stopped suddenly just before noon. The sun was out for a while then thick fog rolled in and sleet has formed over everyone. The sleet is freezing as hard as dormouse and is the slicest stuff in all creation; I know, for I went on the porch to examine it. Almost got a fall doing so.

I am going to the beach. I am. I am. I am! The Lord has offered me free transportation and I’m going to take it. I am going the first thing in the morning. I have a tremendous urge to go—a compulsion is upon me. I don’t know why but I must go, and I’m too busy getting ready to stop and reason about anything. I don’t know what I’ll find at the beach, but I know what I won’t find there. No food, very little wood, no bedding, a very poor little pot, some pans and pans, no tub, and none of many other things I have here to use and enjoy. Still I must go, I will take out with me.

I am making up bundles to slide down the hill over the slick snow; then I’ll slide myself down. I have filled every gunny sack here and�I am wrapping everything and tying them up tight with fuse. I am taking a little of everything and all of most things, all that I possibly can.

I found the ice creepers the men used last year to go along the canyon trail when it was icy. One is lashed to my crutch, the other to my good foot. I have made a trip to the head of the draw near the spring, and I slid bundles of supplies after me. I tied them to a sleigh. They’re on the trails and tomorrow I have to slide the ones I made this morning before anything happens to this slick sleet.

For once in this world some good has resulted from my being just a tommol; the trail I made to the spring when I was out playing in the snow is now a well-gazed trough, along which my cargo slides beautifully.

Out of Sam’s tent fly, I made a long roll and stuffed it with dozens of things and tied it up with rope. I will let it hold my pack train. I have used more than three coils of fuse tying up my bundles and packs. Soon I’ll be out of fuse. I must save enough to tie the right place and then tie myself to the lot.

I wish I could picture the draw more clearly. I am too far away to see the whole sixty degrees or more—and I know it is a series of cataracts from top to bottom, but I don’t know about everything. I can’t. I am reaching beyond my toes. I have been making up bundles to slide down the hill over the slick snow; then I’ll slide myself down. I have filled every gunny sack here and I am wrapping everything and tying them up tight with fuse. I am taking a little of everything and all of most things, all that I possibly can.

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For once in this world some good has resulted from my being just a tommol; the trail I made to the spring when I was out playing in the snow is now a well-gazed trough, along which my cargo slides beautifully.

Out of Sam’s tent fly, I made a long roll and stuffed it with dozens of things and tied it up with rope. I will let it hold my pack train. I have used more than three coils of fuse tying up my bundles and packs. Soon I’ll be out of fuse. I must save enough to tie the right place and then tie myself to the lot.

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Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

"Fashion has a slim and festive air this season of holidays and holly nights," says MARCEL ROCHAS, internationally famous Parisian couturier. "The simple elegance of party clothes puts a slender emphasis on you. All the more reason why your holiday figure needs the fabulous Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whatever the occasion, there's no girdle like Playtex Fab-Lined! Fashioned of smooth latex, with softest fabric next to your skin, it whittles you wonderfully, hasn't a seam, stitch or bone, fits invisibly under the most figure-revealing clothes. Four new Adjust-All® garters take gentlest care of your stockings!

Invisible

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdles from $4.95

PLAYTEX... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
Playtex Pink-Ice Girdles, Playtex® Living® Girdles, from $3.50
At department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.A.
Florida Tangerines are rich in priceless Vitamin C—one vitamin your body needs daily.

Florida Tangerines

America's Favorite Christmas Card from Florida...the sugar-sweet treat with the zipper skin...back at your grocer's again.
climbed, Baby is quiet now but she sure wig- 
ed when I was dabbling around in the water. I guess the little lady doesn't like her go- ter to wet. I wish my clothes would hur- rier up and dry. I want to lead my raft 
round to the boat and get aboard today.

I should dry clean up this cabin. It looks
futile—everything right where I dumped it, 
wood and moss piled on top of the lot. It
will have been a neat thing, though, while 
the weather is good.

I got to the boat all right, but again I got 
set to my knees. For the second time today I
was drying out my pants and drawers, socks 
and whatever. I have another hot fire going,
I've been extravagant with wood, burned
more in than any day this winter. A hot fire is 
luxury I surely do enjoy when I can.

This is a marked night—the half-moon 
above the hills. There isn't a cloud in the
sky. The mountains peak stand tall and 
and the water glistens with flecks of gold as
scents breeze tickles the surface.

This afternoon, I cooked and the raft
flew along the shore to the bar. Then I
climbed aboard it, be sure to stay in the center.

balanced on my knees and poked until the
water got deep, then a bit of up with my
for a paddle and I was alongside
the boat. I rowed the raft at both ends and
climbed on board.

There is lots of water in the boat, way
up over the floor. We have to pump the
to pump the pump was stuck fast in ice. I
pumped and pounded the pump before the plunger
was free. I pumped until I was so tired I
had to take a rest, then dumped some more, and
it still looked as if there was just as much water
in it when I started.

I hung the binoculars around my neck,
took the gun off my pegs and placed them in my
boat which I had left in the
the clousehouse, and got back
into the raft and ran
along the dinghy rope to the
rowel and was about ready to shove off when
I spied a pole hanging on the
pegging. I needed it badly, so I climbed
back aboard and got it.

I pushed against the boat with the pole
to help me on my way, and, in what seemed
time at all. I was back on shore again. I
climbed the raft, untied the dinghy, took the
sails and paddles and started along the
beach for home. My arms were so full I
had a hard time managing everything, but it
was already night and I didn't want to make a
second trip. I was so tired I wished I had left
the gun on board.

I am waiting for the night tide to come in
enough for me to get the dinghy up to where
we will be ready to leave the

can't be done, but it's out I'll have a good rowboat, to use.

That's a man of many talents. I have no
love for a raft, a dinghy will be a world better.

The boat is unloaded. I have brought every blessed thing that might be useful to me here.

The raft is tied high up and dry. It will become
enough water to correspond to saving it up.

The dinghy is still full and down at low-tide
line. I will sleep a little, and when I wake I
will pull it up and unload it.

I brought off all the food, most of it in
wood shape. Half a sack of spuds, about ten
oranges and as many carrots. They were in a
locker below the water line and they
sink of biltge. I chummed the
bag up and down in sea water, and
in the dirt down under the
boat. Maybe the earth will absorb whatever
dirt left is on them.

I brought all the bedding, towels, clothing, the
guns and gun shells. Brought charts, 
writing paper, sewing kit, compass, barom-
eter, tools, etc., and Don's shaving kit.

I'm so happy to have more paper to write on,
for I could see the end to what I had.

Brought the hand saw, hammer, hacksaw,
how torch, a can of nails, bottle of copper
studs, carbide lamp, and a ten-pound can of

carbide. I already had the two lamps and a

lot of carbide from off the hill. I'll never
be without light now. Also, I got the lantern—

which is useless since I didn't find any kero-
sene—the brads and bits, and a case of fine
drills and other special tools. I got most of the
specimens, but I left all the samples
in the box. I brought the sour-dough pot and
the hot-cake griddle, the iron frying pan
and the washbowl, deck plate, dishes and cook
books. Oh, I must mention the cargo-shore
boards—I took them to make shelves for this
boat. And the mattresses, I got two of them.

I took them out of the stove; now I
have a wonderful bed. I will rest
up, to never before in all my life have
I worked so hard and for such long hours,
and I've a hurting in my side.

Gradually order is coming out of chaos. As
the boat loads from the boat I quickly
dumped them on the floor and hurried
back for other loads, and what I brought from
the hill was already in the middle of the floor,
which was wood, plus lots of moss. What a
looking place!

Now that all my wealth is under the roof,
I work in the cabin all day, and go outside
only long enough to tend my needs and bring
a pan of snow to melt. I haven't even got a
stock of wood for days, which is breaking my
own law. I have been so busy. But actually,
the work was very hard—not all of it. I
did a lot of pottering and glouting over my
boat. I am now beyond words. I now have
plenty of everything I need and luxuries be-
sides.

My nice little Oregen robin, who has been
coming every day and sometimes twice a
week, was here late this
afternoon to get his grub. A
man old jack came and
drove him away. The
jack pecked the robin hard—
pecked a feather out, am
so mad at that jack! I'll
not feed him. Let him
starve.

Hard weather came
today—rain and hail and
plenty of wind. It was a real stormy
day. It was outside for a little while during a
day and I actually saved one block of wood
from of a raft log. That's the first block of wood I
ever saved all by myself. It looks too much
like the work of beavers for me to brag about it,
but now I know I can saw and I feel sure
my skill will improve with practice.

I have no salt. Don't think I
came from the hill and the salt on the
boat was dropped and scattered all over. I'll
have to dip up ocean water and cook my food in it.

It's a good scheme in more ways than one;
it saves melting snow.

The topping logs keep coming in. Now I
have four left and up and three more are
floating around out front. I should row
out and bring them in, but the dinghy looks like
a large one. It is still windy and squally.

I have been using the brace and
bare holes in the logs for pegs to put my
shelves on. It takes more skill than I have to
get the holes straight and in line.

A bitter disappointment came to me this
day, I can hardly bear to think about it. Looking
up from my work and out the
window, I saw a man in a skill coming around
the
point.

Don!

I got excited and confused. I ran out of
the cabin and yelled, not realizing he
could never hear me in this wind and that far away.

I got Don; I could tell by the way he sat
in the skiff. He would hear gunshots. Back
in the gun. Hurry. Hurry. Hurry. To
tell Don I was still alive and well,
tell him to hurry to me.

How wonderfully good it was to see him,
even a mile off and through misty snow
flurries.

The binoculars. Find the binoculars.

I hurried and trembled and fumbled. Had
no more sense than a chicken. I couldn’t
find the binoculars. I stouped everything. Scram-
bled things about in my haste.

Once more I look. Through the snow I see
him. He’s still there. Wonderful! Saved!

(Continued on Page 99)
Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures

FOR DECEMBER: New Year's Casserole, Shrimp Butter, Meadow Gold Holiday Eggnog

Keep 'em guessing?

Your guests are bound to be intrigued by the subtle blending of flavors in the canape spread I have here for you. But keep them guessing. Don't let them know how really simple the recipe is!

Shrimp Butter

1/2 cup Meadow Gold Butter, whipped
1/2 cup chopped celery
1 tbsp. grated onion
Dash salt

Combine all ingredients and spread on assorted crackers, melba toast or toasted bread rounds. Garnish with paprika or serve in glass bowl on platter of crackers.

Every single flavor represented in this recipe is important to the spread as a whole. And that includes Meadow Gold Butter... for Meadow Gold is the perfect, delicately flavored, cream-rich butter for such a subtle blend. Probably there's a creamery near you where Meadow Gold Butter is churned fresh daily. And, in most places, every quarter pound comes wrapped in aluminum foil which brings it delicately fresh right to your table. I really think it's important to any good recipe to use Meadow Gold!

FREE! My Favorite Recipes For Party Spreads and Appetizers!

They're all easy to mix, made from ingredients most of us have on hand, and they make the prettiest, tastiest canapes and party sandwiches I've ever seen! Such treats as Cheese Chips, Seafood Dip and Golden Nuggets, just to name a few in Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BG-13, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.

And what could be more appropriate for the cheery holiday season than this beautiful and spicy eggnog? It's as traditional as the Christmas tree and the baby New Year. And I think it's ever so much fun when you've made it yourself from ingredients specially chosen for their rich good flavor.

Meadow Gold Holiday Eggnog

6 Meadow Gold Egg Whites
1/2 cup sugar
2 tps. Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
2 tps. Meadow Gold Whipping Cream, whipped
Salt

Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry; gradually add sugar, beating continuously. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored; fold in egg whites. Gradually add milk, fold in whipped cream and vanilla. Serve the eggnog sprinkled generously with nutmeg.

Note: This can be made several hours before serving. Carefully stir the eggnog before pouring into chilled punch bowl. Makes 10 servings.

Now here, you see, is a recipe where the very careful choice of cream, eggs and milk is absolutely necessary. They just must be fresh, rich and delicately flavored. That's why I make my eggnog only with Meadow Gold Cream, Milk and Eggs! I know, from having visited Meadow Gold plants all over the country what care and skill and cleanliness is employed in bringing those products to you. Yes, Meadow Gold is definitely my choice for anything that uses dairy products! I think it will be yours, too.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
December, 1952

Let's plan a party!

This is certainly the party season, isn't it? And though we're always glad to entertain festively, it's even nicer to combine that festivity with an easy simplicity. So this month I've collected some food suggestions to help make your holiday entertaining more fun with less effort. Here's an example:

New Year's Cranberry Casserole

3 tbsp. Meadow Gold Butter
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
2 tbsp. flour
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 cup Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
Dash of pepper
3/4 cup grated Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar Cheese
1 cup canned or frozen cooked cranberry
Buttered bread crumbs
1/4 cup grated Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar Cheese Paprika

Cook green pepper in butter until tender; stir in flour. Combine soup, milk and pepper and gradually stir into flour mixture. Cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese and cranberry. Pour into a buttered 1 quart casserole. Top with bread crumbs and remaining 1/4 cup cheese, Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (375°) 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Is there anything that peps up a casserole dish like a good nippy natural cheddar? And when I say good, I have in mind Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar! For the makers of Meadow Gold know many old-country cheese-making secrets... their Natural Cheddar Cheese, for instance, has a wonderful old-English cheese flavor. And that other important characteristic of fine cheese, a smooth-blending quality, I hope you'll try my casserole—and with Meadow Gold Natural Cheddar. You'll be glad you did!

From can to hand...

That's what's so wonderful about using LaCroy Chow Mein Noodles for delectable party snacks. All the hostess has to do is open the can and pour these deliciously nutty-flavored, crunchy bits into a dish. Before she can turn back to the kitchen, guests are enjoying the easiest can-to-hand snack I've ever seen! Made from a blend of selected flours and other wholesome ingredients, LaCroy Chow Mein Noodles are cooked in vegetable shortening until they are golden brown and crunchy, with a tantalizing flavor. Serve them right from the can or heat them briefly in the oven. Party time or any time, I'm sure you'll want to keep several cans of these little hostess-savers on hand!

Free Chinese Recipes To Make You Famous!

Here is a booklet of exotic recipes you can make easily and quickly in your own kitchen. 27 pages. Color illustrations. And such exciting recipes as Mandarin Salad, Chinatown Wonton Noodles and Shrimp Chop Suey. For your free copy write today to LaCroy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. J-29, Archbold, Ohio.

Don't forget to send for my FREE appetizer recipes to serve with your Eggnog!
(Continued from Page 107.)

The wind shifted and the rain turned to snow and all night long great quantities of snow fell, then early this morning the storm blew itself away. When the wind had gone and the waves stopped pounding on the beach, the whole earth seemed so silent.

I have decided to row to the loggers at first daylight tomorrow. The dinghy is free of snow and washed down with salt water. I will take my sleeping bag, the ax, a carbide lamp, hunch and nothing more. If the weather remains good I can easily make it in three hours—probably less.

The men will be surprised to see me. Suddenly I feel terribly lonesome just thinking someone is near and I will see them. When I knew for certain I was all alone and it was impossible for me to get to any other person, I didn’t feel so lonesome. I didn’t feel so alone in the bad weather, either, because I couldn’t possibly go anywhere. I just accepted it—there was nothing else a same person could do, but accept it.

I shot my gun twelve times today. I hope the sound carried in this still air. Maybe somebody will come today, but I don’t expect it. I only hope for it. It’s so dark it would be foolish. If the weather holds I’ll go tomorrow morning early.

As I write my child is wandering all over the place. She must be a chip off the old block—like the Martin family, overjoyed to be going someplace. Lie still, you babe! You will get your trip. What a lucky thing for me that I can carry you inside. I shouldn’t like starting out in a rowboat in the middle of winter with a tiny baby in my arms.

Home again. Weary unto death. Safe. Thanks be to God.

Two days and three nights I have lain in my bunk; today I have made fire and cooked and eaten and gone to bed and slept. This is the sixth day since I left to go to Grand Fall Cove.

It was about quarter incoming tide when I left and I had to buck the current getting around the point. Even there on the open sea was easy enough for a while. Then the dinghy began leaking more than I thought it should, and soon my side began to bow, my leg was cold and aching, but I was determined not to give in. I refused to recognize my pains and resolved to keep going. Half an hour later I bailed, righted the dinghy, then rowed a little farther. I rowed until I could row no more.

There was no mouth of the Grand Fall Cove. Only one more point to round and I could have looked into the cove. I wanted to dependently make that point and I struggled until the tears came and I was breathless. I got numbness from the cold numbing my hands. All my efforts were wasted. I just had to rest and get warm.

There was nothing to do but go ashore. I needed my creel with all sorts of conch and a few of laconic snails in a nature. I went and picked a few dead branches from the alders, pushed away the snow, and carefully had a little fire. It was cold and I warmed my hands as I wonder what how I could help the acting in my leg. If I could keep it warm it would be less troublesome. I decided to take the sock from my good foot and put it on the complaining one.

I had my packoff and one sock off; this was holding it over the fire. I put them on and tied them around, and put them on, but my feet were snowy and it was hard to get my passages on in a hurry. I didn’t bother with the laces, just left them and tugged them over them as I rushed to until the dinghy. My gloves! Beside the fire. Oh, leave them there. No! Get the gloves. Trip on shoelaces. See the carbide lamp. Leave it.

All the while I could hear the engine. I rowed and rowed. I prayed to God to have done well. Always, my soul expects him to come, but my reason would offer many proofs why he can’t come—ever.

But I did not think of him. I am not often sad. I knew Don would be proud of the things I am doing. Sometimes I am happy with the feeling that he will come and say I
LADIES' December, hadn't saw before was wanted per mix 30 flour; Sunbeam & in dealer. ^/^ heated brown. Herb-Ox (Specify tomato less main 4-6. Put) sure stupid afraid. fate undeserving I my logs. open at dead. I moved leaving my the open cable. and Sam. I did, pressing the rest of the thirty yards more and I would be where I could walk the beach to the cliff. There was a dangerous amount of water in the dinghy and I was famished with tiredness. I knew I had to rest, bail, then make the final effort. As I rested I awoke. Night was near, I dared not rest too long. I reached for the bailing can on the thwart. It had become coated with ice; it slipped from my hand over the side, sliding into the water with a dink. I was too fat, too weak, naked fear. The dinghy was filling. An alarming lot of water was in it. I could it balanced while I broke the few feet of ice that had accumulated from the shore. Well, I did! It was a miracle. I thanked God with all the breath I had, and asked no more than to be able to say thank you. How good was the firm shore, the ice-coated rocks. I had come ashore at the very edge of the cliff.

I got awfully tired but I didn't go ashore. I rested by leaning my head on my knees and pressing my hands to my side. My repairs did help a lot and I didn't have to bail nearly so often.

The ice got thicker and thicker. I had to hurry, but I didn't dare cast myself to the point of exhaustion. Gradually, I developed a slow easy stroke, which made progress, yet still gave me a breathing space between strokes. I held on for as long as I could. Finally, I laid my aching side against my thigh for a few heartbeats, dip the oars with a thud to break the ice, then pull a long powerful stroke to raise my body. It was a good system and worked fine until the ice got so thick that it would break on the oars. Then I had to stand up, reach ahead to break the ice, and pole or paddle along.

Something, perhaps my moving about, which snapped again and they were worse than ever. I had to bail and bail. Still I moved along. I was almost to my home point; thirty yards more and I would be where I could walk the beach to the cliff. There was a dangerous amount of water in the dinghy and I was famished with tiredness. I knew I had to rest, bail, then make the final effort.

As I rested I awoke. Night was near, I dared not rest too long. I reached for the bailing can on the thwart. It had become coated with ice; it slipped from my hand over the side, sliding into the water with a dink. I was too fat, too weak, naked fear. The dinghy was filling. An alarming lot of water was in it. I could it balanced while I broke the few feet of ice that had accumulated from the shore.

Well, I did! It was a miracle. I thanked God with all the breath I had, and asked no more than to be able to say thank you. How good was the firm shore, the ice-coated rocks. I had come ashore at the very edge of the cliff.

I pulled the nose of my boat as far ashore as I could get it, then looked about for a place to camp and found a perfect nook; I made my tent, using my sail canvas about me. I sat toasting myself; first side, then the other. I nibbled sparingly from my lunch. As I ate and warmed, I thought over my present dilemma. My unhappy day was the result of an attitude not unlike that of the five foolish virgins. Looking behind me I thought if I had been more careful certainly would have helped. And why hadn't I taken my gun? A gunshot would have attracted Sam's attention.

I selected the spot for my bed, leveled it off, cut boughs and placed them over the top. My better head and my leg were close to the fire as I dared, spread the canvas so that half would be under me and the other half could be pulled over the top of the siderow. Then I fixed the sleeping bag and crawled into my bed just as the last glimmer of day faded into night.

I lay thinking of how I would get home to my cabin. I held no faith in the rowboat; I must somehow climb up the cliff and get down the other side. The ridge was heavily covered with brush and timber, and it should be not too difficult, but before I could reach the top I would have to negotiate fifteen or twenty feet of sheer rock wall. I had to go either up or around it.

She had moved quite a lot and took her exercise. If she had moved during the day, I hadn't noticed, being too occupied to watch. I felt safer, felt my move against my hands, and was filled with giddiness. Then I slept soundly.

(Continued on Page 112)
Don't save the sunshine just for Sunday

Really, it's an everyday help, not just company fare.

Look at everything Del Monte Brand Pineapple can do—make simple salads shine, quick desserts sparkle—brighten plain meals like nothing else will. And for this big reason:

Del Monte Brand Pineapple has a wonderful flavor, neither too tart nor too sweet—a perfect complement to so many foods.

You see, Del Monte Pineapple is grown from exclusive strains and picked plump and juicy-ripe—just when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance.

That makes Del Monte the name you ought to count on for pineapple, too. If you think it's expensive, take another look. You'll want to plan on Del Monte Brand Pineapple often.

Sure tonic for touchy salad appetites is tender, sunny Del Monte Sliced Pineapple—here shown making a good thing of shredded cabbage (either red or green) and carrots, served right in the hollowed-out cabbage. For dressing:

Mix ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing with
1/4 cup syrup from pineapple, 1 tablesp.
lemon juice, 1 tsp. sugar, dash salt,
1/8 tsp. celery seed.

For 5 wonderful styles
1 fabulous flavor
It was day when I awoke and I was not very well. I dressed quickly, ate a few bits of my meal, dimpled lunch, rolled my bed, slipped my arms through the back straps, tied the ax to my belt, and left camp, not making fire.

I found a way up—steep, but no sheer climb, and very bushy. I traversed obliquely up the side. Not once did I trust myself to a brush until I tested it, and not once did I let go one hold before I found another. The frozen snow was not strong enough to hold me. Just enough pressure had I used the ax to break my way.

I became very tired. There was not a level place where I could rest, as the trees leaning into the snow, always holding on. Sometimes it was a good place where I could crawl and hide in the low willows or the small trees. Sometimes I had little more than a finger hold. I rested often, trying to save my strength, but I had so little, and aches and pains came to me.

I looked at the sun when I came to an opening where I could see the peaks on the horizon, and made my way toward the sun. I couldn’t see the sun, but I had seen it before. The sun was past south and going into the west. I was nowhere near back to the point. I wasn’t half to the point. It would be insane to try to travel to the sun. It turned back.

It was getting dark when I staggered to my campsite. I dropped on the boughs and lay there. It didn’t care if I got cold; I didn’t care about anything in all creation. After a while I began to care a little bit, but not very much. I unrolled my sleeping bag and crawled into it, didn’t take off my hat or ante the ax from my belt, didn’t even take off my packs. I don’t think I slept, and I know I was very restless.

When it was broad day and the sun was shining, I sat up and looked toward the west. The sun was almost right open between the ice and the cliff. I watched it grow, saw small pieces of ice floating; I remembered the current of the incoming tide sets against this shore, and the wind against the cliff. I could get out by the cliff in the dimgray. Praise be to God!

I was rested until the tide came to the dimgray; I didn’t have the strength to get it down to the water, and yesterday’s tide had left it stranded quite high. It was an ice block out and out with ice. Ice should stop leaks for a while, at least until it melted, I convinced myself.

I was feeble, and my body felt heavy beyond my strength to raise it. I didn’t trust myself to stand. I was starving and very much hungry. I ate the last of my lunch, all except a handful of raisins, my hand bringing each bite to my mouth as if it were a heavy weight.

It was time to go. I got a good push off in the right direction and the current took me on, I was half past the cliff before I had the ears into the out of the creek. On the other side, the current had cut a lane in the ice for a thousand feet or more. It led toward my cabin, but the end of the lane was quite far away. I fell into it, and out of the ice, and then the damp and the wind and the dampness would soon be leaking like a basket. I remembered yesterday’s trades, and I was right over the snow and as I was to save my life, again I must risk it.

Quickly I came to the end of open water. The ice had cracked so much that it took at first, and I made good progress. The last half of the way was harder; the dimgray was beginning to crack and I didn’t see it as thick, or as strong, and my strength was ebbing away. But the shore was nearer; unlike the men and the beast, it would not move away from me.

What joy I knew when I reached the shore and could see my good cabin, I wandered in the willows and on the bed of the lake, I tied up my rowboat, the last of the raisins, and went slowly home.

My child has suffered no harm from all my weary journey; she moves, takes her exercise, and seems to have grown in these few days.

Something has happened to her position; she is lower and my abdomen protrudes enormously. Now I look very much pregnant. The pain is gone from my side and I am less short of breath.

The bay is frozen across from shore to shore; I am tiring, taking care of the main lone. No one can possibly get to me and I cannot get to anyone.

The trust on the ice is strong enough to bear my weight, so I put on the ice creepers (I didn’t really need them, for this snow is not slick) and went mockeying through the timber. It was not long before I got around. I found quite a lot of dead branches and a big spruce windfall literally full of moss—just a big fat piece. Fresh moss smells so good. I found an eagle feather lodged in it; it must have hung there for months, this isn’t the time of year for birds to shed their feathers. It is still glossy and undamaged by the weather. I brought it home and stuck it up on the wall.

I also bought a cedar bough to put about the cabin to take the place of house plants. I dropped them outside the door until I could find time to look to them. When I open my door and look out there stood a deer eating them. He didn’t seem afraid of me, just stood there and looked. I got some odd cakes suddenly. He moved away a little, then came forward, smelling round, found a hot cake, liked it, and looked for more. He grabbed it and ran away. He had found him. I have named him Sammy, and I think Sam would be honored if he knew. Hereafter I’m going to make lots of hot cakes so they don’t lose much time pounding his head very thoroughly with the ax. Soon it was quite dead. I got down on my knees and stuck a thong in his ear. First off, I noticed the lovely fur, I decided right then I would have the skin. I saw it as a baby blue lionskin.

It is against the law to kill a sea otter. Right now I don’t care a rap for law. I’d like to get a load of a game warden who could arrest me now.

I dragged my kill home and I’ll bet the creature weighed a hundred pounds. I decided that neither man nor man doa deer. I have watched them but never helped or paid much attention. I didn’t know very much about skinning a fur-bearing animal. How I wished I had an Indian squaw to instruct me.

Well, I laid it flat on its back and fixed it as straight as I could, sharpened the smallest-bladed knife, then went to work. I had plenty of wood. I’d let the cedar fall on top like a deer hide. Every inch had to be cut off. My hands got cold, smelly too, I had let them get too soft, but I soon had too much hot water to scrub properly. I made up the fire, washed a little, sat down to rest and gloat over my wonderful fur.

I held a meeting for the crew. I had one for enough for one day. I doubled up the hide, skin side in, wrapped it all in canvas and put it out on the snow, and let them have it. I got a dozen men to come forth. By then it was dark. I had a full day.

I woke up in the night, and felt restless, so I lit the old lamp, and sat here writing all about my sea otter.

I had planned to work on my otter skin today, but this morning Old Taku was threshing a plumе, warning that the cold Takus is going to blow. I put all my energy into gathering wood and left the skin alone.

Before I got back with my last load of wood, the wind was howling and it seemed much colder. On the way home I considered how I might sit up in the cabin and thereby save fuel. I thought of a storm door and after I had eaten and rested, I got a double and across the top of the door on the outside and all down one side. I tackled a heavy stick to the bottom and made a frame to catch the end and hold it snug. My storm door is a dandy and will keep lots of cold.

I made a deckling of the big tent fly, nailed a sugar to the wall at the side of my bunk, and a blanket at the head. I called up around the window. Already I can feel the difference in the air, and I’m much too. I’m snug and cozy. Let the Taku howl!

Poor Don. How he will suffer in this savage weather. Don is handy. He can make so many things. He’ll have shelter, O Lord, have mercy on Don.

I’ve begun scraping off the fat from my otter skin and it’s about half done. When a skin looks scraped, it still has lots of fat on it. I’ll have to go over the whole hide at least twice.

I’ve made another discovery—sea-water ice is not salty. I have been bringing ice in counts, and I thought I would not need more of it. I have been gathering water at high tide. It happened to be handy to dip up water instead of picking up a chunk. I have learned that sea-water ice is not very salty.

I have finished scraping the otter skin. It is all very nicely done and not one single hole. It nearly covers the whole hide. It is very pretty, but I never wrap my dressing in such a shape. It’s too scraped; yet it’s still lying out on the snow.

Goodness me, I have more chores than a farmer.

Hurrah! My otter skin is nailed to the door. It’s the biggest thing, much bigger than I thought. It nearly covers the whole hide. The animal was probably a little less than four feet long and I threw away at least six
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We Heard the Trumpets
By Rhina P. Espiritu

We heard the trumpets at the wall,
The bird-tigh rockets loud with sound.
This is the warning unto all
That all that lives grows sick and dies.
And will this touch upon your cheek?

Mute fly so soon the flags of death,
For kindly love will yield his throne
As lightly as our humble breath.

I still cannot understand how Sam failed to see me in the dinghy. It seems impossible for him to have missed me. And I don't understand how he failed to hear the gun-shots. How come he didn't see one of the battle messages floating on the ocean? Maybe he did see me and thought I was a ghost. Or, more likely he saw me and thought the dinghy was a floating snare with a limb sticking up. I was fooled into believing a snare. Don't you think Sam could just as well have believed the other way round.

My time grows short. A few more days, at most a week.

My child doesn't seem to move as strongly as she did. It may be that she has a smaller part of my body. Then I feel more pressure. I don't feel the move- ment as strongly as when I was married. I might as well be able to make fire in the stove. This windy weather is hard on wood; wind hurls the heat right out through the smoke- holes. I have been setting aside a few sticks of wood. I don't think I shall cut many for myself. Today I chopped and sawed up the limbs I had peeled under my bunk. And this is what I have been doing. I'm splitting them. I have split three blocks and have them handy. My wood reaches from the shelves in the end to the farther corner, nearly the whole length of the cabin. I have worted—lining, second wood, quick-fire wood, larger ones to coze fire, then blocks and the soggy branches.

The other skin is as hard as a board. I am sick about it. I might make it into a money. I have been thinking. I have been getting ready to make it into a money. I have been setting aside a few sticks of wood. I don't think I shall cut many for myself. Today I chopped and sawed up the limbs I had peeled under my bunk. And this is what I have been doing. I'm splitting them. I have split three blocks and have them handy. My wood reaches from the shelves in the end to the farther corner, nearly the whole length of the cabin. I have worted—lining, second wood, quick-fire wood, larger ones to coze fire, then blocks and the soggy branches.

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The fur is finished and I am very proud of it. So soft and warm—such a lovely thing. I shall wrap my baby in it when she goes out and we will walk proudly along the beach. Not only will the fur keep her warm, but it will also serve as a fair warning to those who dare to bark at us.

The weather is bad again and I had to dig my window out of the snow, which makes the third time. This cabin has only one window, two sashes side by side, and they are on the lower side and quite high. I have to stand up to look out. Digging the snow helps for light and does give me a chance to look at the mountains over across the arm, and to see what weather the sky promises or threatens, but I can’t see much else from it. It’s like looking out a tunnel.

I do hope it stops snowing. Clearing a little snow from in front of my door and digging the window out was more of a task than I liked. As I come into my cabin, it seems like going down a long and narrow passage. Snow seals every crack, so I only burn a little wood when there is no wind, and open the door for air.

I have bathed and washed my muddy hair. My hair has grown about three inches and is curly as can be; it’s so easy to wash and dry. I may keep it short and never again be bothered with hair. I told Don when he gets used to the idea and sees how little trouble it is. Don did like my hair. He said I had the nicest hair of anyone he had ever known.

I brought in cook water and fresh water—lots of it. All the receptacles are full. I resolved that today was the last time I would go to the water hole. I have to stretch too far down to dip up water and I might slide in there one day. Then I would be in a mess. My body is heavy and my movements are slow and not too definite. I am becoming clumsy and awkward. I don’t like it. Maybe I should sit down and just twiddle my thumbs until baby comes. I hope she comes before I use up all this water and burn all my wood. Darling child, do come soon.

I did rest yesterday after bringing in the wood. It was a restful day again. I made a big apple pie with fruitcake and put the last of my dried apples in it. I still have prunes and peaches unopened. Not a half of a raisin.

I believe my hands are swelling, not much, but just a little. I thought it proper to wear my wedding ring at the present time. I have it fastened on my finger and put on my joint. It fits too snugly; it always has been loose. I never wore it without the engagement band, but now I must do so. How could I have been so foolish as to leave my beautiful diamond tied to a little old spruce tree! But then, it was my Christmas tree and the

ring did glitter and sparkle there at the top. It looked like a faraway star. I know it heart that I will have my ring again.

Dinner! And I got out the spread a canvas over the snow and things on it to sun. I made a bread from oregano twigs, tied it in a tight bundle and used a sizeable stick for a handle. It very satisfactory; oregano twigs are too and pleasurable. It was good, unusual. I find other brush to make a better broom.

I brought a few branches and put a suit of candle and hollernick boughs on the window all and pushed them away from the specimens on either side of it. The win has a nice look, as though a man or woman lived here.

The new snow sparkles in the sunlight sends our myriads of iridescent rays. If it could turn a mix of little frosted flocks on the tip of every branch, it would within forty-eight hours. I wish I could member more things about the birth of son. I only seem to remember all the one running around and diligently fishing a sea toil, the doctor fed me so much cold when I didn’t know much of it.

I have never seen a child born. Alwa felt inadequate to help and was too much to want to be a spectator. I have never anything born—only a cat. I do believe birth is one of the processes of nature can be a very fearful thing, yet I have very a fear at times. I have prayed God to let me remove my fear. I am no longer afraid, y do wish someone were with me to help take care of the child. I pray my mind be clear, that I may know what to do, and my work will not exhaust my strength make me neglect my baby.

This is a lovely evening. The sky moon has slipped behind the shadowy mountains. A calm and peaceful night; a promise a that all will be well.

Everything is in readiness. The best of wood is at hand with fine sawings near should the time go on. My turpentine lamps filled and the flints in order; they serve for both light and heat. I have food prepared. I am fixing my. I am cooking fragrant. Good hot lark gran broth will strengthen me if the hour my travail should be long. Strong tea of just about the right sweetness, well, and put where easily reach it and heat it over the carb lamps.

All that I think of is done. I pray Lord to watch over me, and to guide hands, I feel at ease and at peace. The d sleeps.

I am eating lightly because I don’t want myself to be stuffed, sliced and toasted my bread. Toast will keep better and I will.

My own clothes are arranged near at hand clothes only. I shall still wear my underwear—it will keep me much warm from now on it will be Don’s union suit. first thing I’ll do is to burn these of sam’s. They were dirty and burned when I first put them on and now they positively filthy. When I do cooking or must have to cover myself with a and keep it deep to from contaminate my work.

The hurt in my side has come back. I do not think I am waiting and hoping for a pain. I must put my rocks on the stove treat them.

Another day and still I wait. I went to bed last night with hot to hold to my side. After a time the pain as and I slept well, awaking only once I saw the northern lights flashing in my window. I got up and stood for a few minutes the open door, watching the head.
I went outside for a short walk on the beach the first time I've been since baby came. The tide was nearly low and there were dozens of deer, maybe forty, fifty, spending time among the ice chunks for food. It was lovely. It is nice to have a new baby's face, but I don't have one. I already have a new baby, and I don't have any more. I have my baby.

Donnas is such a plucky child. I do wish Don could see her, and Lloyd too. She has been more than a child ever since. She is a good color, not red like some babies, not bluish or yellowish, but pink all over—a nice healthy pink.

I had my little girl child, after such a long and troublesome waiting. I now have you in my arms. I am alone no more. I have my baby.

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I had my little girl child, after such a long and troublesome waiting. I now have you in my arms. I am alone no more. I have my baby.
Donnas did not cry at the cold water, didn't even whimper. She is a well-manered little lady. I continued with the christening service.

"Defend, O Lord, this my child," I said, still kneeling, "with Thy heavenly grace. Keep her in paths of righteousness for Thy name's sake, and at last bring her into Thy everlasting kingdom."

Then I said the Lord's Prayer and baby and I went back to the cabin.

Right quick, I looked to see if she had wet her diaper. She had not. She did not pollute her baptismal font and that was a sure sign, so the old folks say, that all the days of her life she will be upright and worthy a person of honor and integrity; loved and respected by all who knew her.

Since it was baby's party, she got her feast first, and she went to sleep taking it. I let her sleep for a while, then again I wrapped her in the fur robe, took more food, and we went out to our guests who were patiently waiting. Earlier, I had spread a canvas, a gummy sack and a blanket on the snow. Baby and I sat down and served the feast. The jays were there with all their relatives. I told my little one there would always be a rabbble in the world, but the rabbble, too, must be fed. I threw bread to the jays and did not grudge it.

I told the deer nearer and nearer by letting the bites of food fall closer and closer. They came right to me—that is, some of them did. Some even ate from my hand. I held Donnas out and two of them reached their noses close and smelled the furry robe. I told baby not to be afraid. She wasn't, either. Her little eyes were open. She looked about and made little grunts and wiggles. I held my baby close, wrapped well in her fur robe, loved her and talked to her.

"I am the queen," the cabin in our palace.

None are here to dare dispute our word."

I told her the deer are our helpers and our friends, our subjects and our Comfort, and they will give us food and clothing according to our needs. I told her of the birds; the little jay pranced the grave, the kindly owl; the prankish ravens and the lordly eagle. Told her of the fishes, the cramp, the snakes, and of the things it will give us: of roots, stems, leaves and berries and the fan of gathering them; of the majestic mountain upraising being both the light and shade of the things.

And I told her that all these things were ours to have and to rule over and care for.

During the night, I told her how we will go far away from here, back East to all our relatives, to her fine big brother who would make her days happy with his gentle, merry play, her grandmother, her aunts and uncles and cousins, and even of Julie, the colored cook, and how all of them would make each other love.

I told her of my little Donnas, our golden nugget from out the northland.

And I told her of her father: how a savage storm, a wicked wind had come up out of the wild ocean and wrecked his skiff, left him far

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And now, happy holiday to you and yours.
away on an island; that he could not be here now, but soon he will come, when the ice is gone; he will surely come—come to his baby in the nest. And I told her much, much more.

The deer stayed close by, some of them not so well mannered, some greedy, stamping their feet at one another, making grunts, lay- ing back their ears; all of them helped their chops. I kept throwing them food until there was no more. Then I sang:

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy praise," and "O, my tender shepherd, hear me: Bless Thy little lamb."

The christening ceremony was ended and we went back into the cabin. I ate my feast and gave Donnas her gift. It's the newest specimen Don had, a beautiful piece of rock nearly as big as my fist, bright with shining gold on every face. It was part of a longish piece which fractured into three. Don gave one end to Sam, kept the middle part for himself, and gave the other end, the smallest piece, to Lloyd. It is white quartz blending into gray; ribbon quartz, Don calls our ore. Donnas can treasure it all the days of her life.

The weather has turned raw and dampish and the sun is no more than a faraway white spot in a gray hazy sky. I was outside only long enough to empty my mops and collect snow to melt for a little wash water. I washed just a few baby things; other clothing can wait until it rains.

Donnas was so good. She made no demands on my time, so when the bank failed in her furry robe with just her head and hands out; kicked and gnouted, spat and gurgled, and waved her fists about. She is such a good baby, hardly ever cries, only tells me of her needs. My baby is thriving.

She didn't take water very well from a spoon, but it I could give her a bottle. While I was wishing, I happened to see the eagle feather stuck up on the wall. The quill was very like a long, slender nipple. I cut it off, pulled out the spongy fiber, fixed the hole and tried it out myself. It was a dandy nipple. I fitted it into a bottle of water. Now Donnas makes for no objections to taking a drink of water.

The weather is trying to be stormy. Big wet scattered snowflakes are falling; it's half rain. The wind is swirling toward the south-east. Bad storms come from that direction.

I split some blocks today and sawed a few punchoon for kindling. Having a baby took lots of wood, and keeping a baby warm and safe is going to take a lot more. I have to make the cabin quite warm before I can be tolerable. I hate to see my fuel going, but this is the middle of March and winter can't last forever.

With spring Don will come and he will get us a world of time firewood. I know he has struggled through this miserable winter knowing I would be here waiting for him. He has kept himself alive when perhaps it would have been so much easier not to, merely that he might live to come back to me. I do believe he will come to his child and his wife.

A most terrible thing almost happened. I'm still all excited. I must be calm or my milk will sour and make baby sick. I ate some mussels for noon and threw the can on the beach without first washing it. Poor hungry Sammy came along, smelled the good corn smell, stuck his nose in the can and couldn't get it out. I saw him beating his nose up and down on the beach and went to see what was the matter. He kept pounding at it, but instead of getting it off, he just forced it on tighter. He ran round and round in small circles. I know he would never get that can off; he would die a terrible death, so I decided to shoot him and get him out of his misery.

I got my gun and was ready to shoot a dozen times, but he wouldn't hold still, just kept jumping around. I wouldn't pull the trigger unless I thought I could kill him. Don could have—he always shoots quick. Then Sammy started to jump all over the place. Suddenly the can went flying twenty feet away. He must have hit it with his hoof.

Sammy lay down. I ran to the cabin and got the last of my fruitcake and fed it to him. He didn't get up again out of my hand. But he is up now. From the window I saw him go staggering toward the woods. I'm going out and gather up all the cans, dig them out of the snow and deep. I may not solve never, never to throw a can on the beach again.

This afternoon I cut brush for the deer. Left baby alone in the cabin, explaining that he was now or none and I must go cut brush. I asked her to be a good girl and I said I would bring her a surprise. Donnas just batted her eyes, yawned, and made no objections.

When I came home Donnas was asleep; she had never missed me. For her surprise I brought some nuts and an old piece of cedar to make a bouquet. The red blueberry stems with the green cedar are pretty now, but they will be gone in a few days when the buds open and the twist are covered with pearly white, bell-shaped blossoms.

Don often brought me wild flowers—flags, monselhood, columbine, alpine roses, lupine, and wild hyacinths. I love the fragrance of wild hyacinths. Sometimes he would bring a single flower her soon. In my way. Oh, Don, how good I am memory of you.

I made Donnas a warm hood from a woven sock and lined it with the pettiskirt scraps left over from her christening dress. Then I put the hood on her, wrapped her in the fur robe and went along to have a good look at the boat. Ice is all around it and it hasn't moved. That bright is a snug little anchorage and it will not be damaged when the ice goes out. It's a good boat and well built. It looked low enough to have a lot of water in it, which no doubt it has; but it can't be any worse than it is now.

I made Donnas a bib and to initiate it I fed her a taste of mush. She didn't like mush; spit it out. From then on I give her a little solid food every day, just a taste. There is no shortage of mother's milk, but I think she should begin to have a variety of food. A little fruit juice will be good for her. I should like the taste of it. I will open a can of fruit tomorrow and give her some of the juice through the eagle-mouth nipple.

We went again to cut brush for our deer, early in the morning because the sky threatens bad weather. Back in our cabin we had the nearest experience. A whole flock of little titmice were all over the brush and the lower tree branches, chirping and twittering. I stopped to wash my hands and comb my hair, and still, all the while talking to baby and telling her of our nice friends. They came close all around and sit on me! I could feel them on my head, and out of the corner of my eye I could see one on my shoulder; two were on my arm and four perched on the baby, hopping around on her fur robe. They were friendly and happy, twit-twitted all the time and seemed to know we would never harm them. I never thought a flock of birds would come to me. Perhaps they came to Donnas and not to me. I think these little titmice are a good omen. Our troubles are all over and done with. I think Don will come soon.

Strong puffs of wind came in the night, and soon after daybreak a full gale was blowing from the northwest, coming straight in the way of the Aleutian Islands. We have good reason now to be thankful for the point: which once caused me so much misery. Right now that point is the best friend we have, for any minute now, and the point will shear the drift away from my door. Solid rock will stand between me and great piles of chemling, crunching, crushing ice. Good rock rib of old Mother Earth.

The whole bay is crawling like a snake. The sound of breaking ice is terrific. I can already see open water. I can see the sea heave up, twist and turn, pile on top of it. I like to watch a violent storm from a safe shelter.

This is the last piece of usable paper. But that doesn't matter for I no longer have such need to write. I am not lonely any more; I have my baby to give me comfort and joy.
The Indians have come. Good, good Indians. Shy, fat, shyly kindhearted Indians.

Early this morning Donnas and I were out in the beach, she getting the benefit of the warm spring sun, and I putting the finishing touches on the bottom of my overturned canoe. I looked up from my work and saw two Indian canoes near the far side of the rim. I rushed to the cabin, grabbed my gun and fired a shot. I shouted and waved. The canoes turned this way and started toward my shore.

Hastily I made up the fire and set coffee water to boil. I brought out my baby's best clothes and put them in a jiffy. I ran outside and waved, saw I had time, rushed back and pretended myself up. The cabin was already clean and there were fresh supplies on the window sill and table. I shook out the other skin, wrapped baby in it and carried her to the water's edge. There we awaited our guests.

Both canoes grounded at about the same time, right in front of me. For a little while we just looked at each other. I was all remembly and it was hard to be friendly with dignity. After what seemed a long time, I did manage to say:

"Good morning."  
"Hello."  
"A breathing space, then another "Hello."  
"I am glad to see you." That came a little easier.

"You bet," was the reply, and following a pause, "By golly!"

There was a consultation in Swash. "Not dead?"

"No. Not dead."

So the conversation went on until I had told my story. No one made a move to get out of the canoes and it occurred to me they might be waiting politely for an invitation. I hastened to extend one, ending with, "And come see my baby." I held her out toward them.

They poked a piece of canoe into her. They didn't seem to see the baby, or me either. All eyes were on the otter skin. There was much Swash talk, then the spokesman fingered the air. "Against law. You go jill."

They all laughed.

"Where you got her?"

I pointed to the beach where I had killed the animal, then I acted out the part. That seemed to loosen my tongue, and I talked a streak. The Indians laughed and laughed. I counted and fingered the fur, stroked it, looked at the underside of it. Then an old squaw said, "Pretty good." Splendid words of praise.

I led the way to the cabin and mentioned coffee.

"Me Deckennaw," said the old spokesman, by way of introduction. "She Tukew." He pointed to the oldest squaw, his wife. Deckennaw and Tukew came into the cabin with me, but the others, under his direction, came and went in relays. I made lots of coffee and brought out everything to eat I could lay my hands on. The Indians were hungry, yet they ate all slowly and with gentle manners. The children looked at me with round, bright eyes; shy, nice children.

They had had a bad winter, Deckennaw told me. The winter had been too much snow and ice for trapping, and spring found them without money or supplies. I knew these poor people needed all they could catch and I hated to ask them to take time out to do anything for me, yet I thought I had been here long enough, so I asked to be taken to Big Stoney.

"You bet," was the quick answer. But the west wind was blowing and it would increase. I said it would be better to go in the morning. Deckennaw explained, to leave with the first light of dawn. A west wind was favorable for going to the fish camp, however, so we sent one canoe on its way.

I was glad for a little more time in my cabin. I almost didn't want to leave at all. I was so mixed up. I thought of my ring and asked if someone could get it, and right away an Indian boy started for the upper cabin.

Then old Tukew came up, took hold of my foot, raised it gently and looked at it, saying a number of things I couldn't understand. She waddled off to the canoe and she was back with a small package. Deckennaw right behind her. With a broad, sagacious smile and wide eyes she took out a pair of mocassins and held them out to me.

"She says," Deckennaw translated, "she not see you Christmas. She say Merry Christmas."

Why couldn't I have hugged her? Why couldn't I have laid my head on her bosom and wept? Blessed Tukew.

I picked up the Tom and Jerry mug and handed it to her. I gave her the dishpan and the cook pots, and filled them with all the little things off my shelves. I gave things away too quickly, almost throwing them at the Indians, but they kept their dignity, showed me down. Gently they took the gifts, slowly they examined them.

Then the boy came back from the hill wearing my diamond ring on his little finger. He had a stock of unbroken straight black hair hanging to his bright eyes and a big, broad smile. I could have kissed him. Instead I handed him my gun, and told him that it was his.

To keep my guests from seeing tears I could not hide, I turned to Donnas, hugging on the bank. I showed her the ring and she reached out for it. With a string I tied it to her wrist, and there it is. She is dancing it, trying to get it into her mouth, my beautiful diamond ring, my darling baby's first toy!

I gave the Indians more things. Gave Deckennaw the compass and the barometer. Gave the others food and clothing, the saws and the carbide lamps. Called them all and filled their arms with what had once been my great treasures and would now be theirs. Told them to come take everything when I was gone. I gave with great joy and gladness and only wished I could give them a piece of my very heart; I loved them so.

Then the Indians climbed into the other canoe and paddled out of my cove. In the arm they raised a square sail. For it was a fair wind to the fishing camp. Soon they were beyond the island, out of sight.

Now I have cleaned up the cabin, packed my luggage and carried it down to the beach and stowed it in the dinghy. There will be no wait, not one minute lost when the Indians come.

By the time I have eaten, they will be back.

Good-by, little cabin. Good-by, good-by.

In my need you sheltered me. Good-by, little cabin by the sea.

Epiologue

Don did come back... He had caught the mail boat and put Lloyd's deer aboard, as planned, but on the return trip the cranberry bush road failed. Old Cal Darnell, loaded up with supplies and bound for a winter's trapping, came along in his boat, with a gasoline engine and gave him a tow. The storm broke as they ran for harbor, and they were wrecked on the rocky shore of an island.

They made a beach camp and salvaged most of the supplies; built a skiff of driftwood and repaired the hull of the boat, and, taking advantage of favorable weather and tide, they moved the boat through the rocky labyrinth, gradually threading their way from high to low until they reached a protected anchorage.

There winter caught them. Old Cal burned Don's boots to keep him from trying to cross the treacherous ice to the mainland. In the spring, when the ice went out, the men escaped with an improvised sail and a fair wind.
11 then was yelled, or each.

The chaplain were as eager as the others, but they felt that there might be still another difficulty—red tape. "The brass will think we're crazy, asking permission to send planes into no man's land where there isn't even a landing strip to pick up orphans."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Colonel Moore, reaching for a message blank. "We can't lose anything by asking!"

Within an hour and a half the reply was back. And that's how the men of Marine Air Group 12 became foster fathers to some two hundred abandoned children, about five years old, and stood him on the landing.

"You should have seen the kid," Sg t. Bobby Hodges, of North Carolina, told me. "He had on a raggged sort of loin-cloth and an old shirt. And nothing else, with that icy wind blowing, too, and a little old man who hadn't even washed; the only clean parts of him were the streaks on his cheeks where he'd been crying.

He stood there a second, with everybody watching him and not quite knowing what to do. He lifted to Colonel Moore and rushed up the ramp. He wrapped the jacket around the boy and picked him up like he was a billion dollars' worth of diamonds or something. The kid would think that was for sure, even with Big Sam hugging him. He didn't smile or cry or move; just let himself get picked up like that, as if to say, 'Yes, I want this!'

"The chaplain had another one out by then—a little girl about three. She was barefoot and shivering, and she had a little thing didn't have a stitch on her except a dirty old scrap of a towel, and a little ribbon in her hair. 'This one's for me,' I yelled, but a couple of other chaplains said, 'No to her,' The chaplain said we'd scare the children to death, and they were already scared enough, as they crawled under the blanket, and up by the ramp. Soon as a kid came out the next man in line would wrap him in his coat and carry him over to the mess hall.

"And Rollin Arrigona, of Inglewood, California, took up the story. "Boy, those skinny little frozen kids hit me hard. I was trying to take pictures of them before they were off the ramp. Soon as a kid came out the next man in line would wrap him in his coat and carry him over to the mess hall.

"The mess hall is a big Quonset hut with a potbellied stove in the middle and scrubbed wooden benches along the walls. The last fifty marines brought fifty apathetic children; unsniffing and passive, they accepted the candy and toys without interest.

The marines started getting them into male-chaplain cloth to protect them against the colder, and the children didn't lift arms or help. Even the babies lay still—no crying, no fussing.

The starving youngsters were seated at the tables, and when the children opened their mouths, took the rice and chewed mechanically, staring blankly into space.

Finally one of the older boys bravely threw a handful of his rice into the air, and said, "Don't you eat it?"

"What does he want?" Chaplain Weidler asked the interpreter.

"He says the North Korean soldiers told them how it would be. The Americans are fattening them before they eat them.

Tell them we love them. Tell them we are their new parents.

The interpreter climbed on a table and talked. A hesitant smile broke out here and there. A giggle came from the far corner. Some remnants of the faith of childhood triumphed over the cold and hunger and distrust, and they believed him. A tiny girl snuggled up to her marines and began gulping rice, and soon all the children were eating and laughing.

They had eaten every grain—not too much at first, for their shrunken stomachs. the chaplain sang a song, with elaborate ges-
The children didn't know a word of course, but they mimicked the words and motions. They were still singing when the marines piled them into trucks and drove off to the orphanage.

"It made me think hard," Chief McMillan, a Seabee from Oxnard, California, said, "to see how a little warmth, food and loving had breathed life back into those kids."

Marine Air Group 12 thus took on fifty new responsibilities in addition to their major one of fighting the Reds. They had to create assets out of nothing in hours left over from fighting.

To start the ball rolling, all hands wrote home to their families, churches and friends.

Two days later the mail clerk had the biggest outgoing mail ever. The response was immediate. In Danville, California, the superintendent of schools sent a copy of the letter received from Hangid, and soon seventy-five big packages were on their way to Korea.

Mrs. W. A. Pearson, of Denton, Texas, answered her son's letter with an enormous bunch of socks by air mail—postage $24. A church telegraphed that 800 pounds of clothing were on the way.

Meantime the marines were busy as another hots. Ordnancemen took crates which had contained thousand-pound bombs and turned them into bunkas, tables and chairs—junior-size. Marine paintiers laid floors in the orphanage and installed window screens and floors against the bitter cold. Sgt. Francis "Watt," of Waterdown, Massachusetts, rounded up and found an oil drum, a discarded kitchen stove, some canvas and some scrap lumber, from which he constructed a very well silled as "Only steam bath in front area of Korea. Bath and massage, 850. All profits to Kangnung orphanage."

A private whose major joy thus far had been his handle-bar mustache—thirteen inches from tip to tip—sent a picture of it to his Kiwanis Club at home. They auctioned it off, and sent him $100 for the orphanage.

A 20-mpg-per-calorie type went on all poker wins and, and the fund kept growing. It had to; 80 weeks later they brought in another load of children.

Even more indicative of the marines' attitude toward the children is this fact: from the very first they had worked hard and were a model of "watching over" at the orphanage. And this doesn't mean guard duty. The ham-fisted marines change pants, supervise baths, play with the children, sing with them, and teach them English.

Sunday is Children's Day at MAG 12. The marines are hosts, but the children contribute in their own way. One Sunday they put on a play device under his pack and carried it up to the Kiwanis Club at home. They auctioned it off, and sent him $100 for the orphanage. A 20-mpg-per-calorie type went on all poker wins and, and the fund kept growing. It had to; 80 weeks later they brought in another load of children.

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Saucy Walker Dolls
Manufactured By
Ideal Toy Corp.
200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

IDEAL'S
SAUCY WALKER DOLL
DOES EVERYTHING...
WALKS...SLEEPS...
TURNS HER HEAD—

AND SHE HAS
SARAN HAIR
I can SHAMPOO it...WAVE it...
and COMB it...Just Like Mine!

Here's that very special doll I've been dreaming about.
Saucy Walker does everything, Mommy...she walks, rolls her eyes, turns her head from side to side, sits down, stands up, cries and sleeps. And, best of all, she has SARAN hair.
I can wash it, wave it, comb it...and keep busy giving her all sorts of different hair-dos. Saucy Walker's Saran hair looks so beautiful—and it feels as real as mine. Please Mommy, I'll be the happiest girl in the world when you give me a Saucy Walker Doll with Saran hair—it's only $15.98!

IT'S A WONDERFUL TOY—IT'S IDEAL!

THE SARAN YARNS COMPANY
Odenton, Maryland
Meet a minister's family—
the Charles Libby Iveses,
of Middlebury, Connecticut.

By HARTZELL SPENCE

Around Christmastime, callers at the Middlebury, Connecticut, home of Charles and Betty Ives know better than to ring the doorbell. They just walk in and turn toward the nearest commotion.

The center of activity probably will be the kitchen, where petite, brown-haired Betty reads a hundred cookies for the oven, keeps an eye on a churning washer and discusses with two fellow committee members the yule tide decoration of the church next door, interrupting these tasks occasionally to roll marbles to her youngest son. In the library, meanwhile, Charles talks on the telephone while rapping on the window to a trucker who wants to know where to unload a shipment of spruce trees and cedar boughs. Simultaneously Charles may glance at a Bible propped open to the text of Sunday's sermon.

During December, the Ives telephone rings ten times an hour. Twenty automobiles a day stop before the Iveses' door. The day's appointments and duties spill over the margins of a datebook onto a green blotter on Charles' desk. Through this hubbub Charles and Betty move serenely and smilingly, doing several things at once. An out-of-town friend who observed their routine for a few bewildered moments last Christmas exclaimed, while scampering away from

A carol sing on the green... coffee and doughnuts in the church assembly room afterward... come early!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR JORGENSEN
Family prayers—a daily ritual. Bass, little Jo-Jo, Pete and Chuck give polite attention.

"We'll teach our sons to plan for the future—to face today's problems and tomorrow's uncertainties with true confidence."

a vacuum cleaner, "Betty, how can you stand it?" And Betty, veering her appliance toward the ringing telephone, responded merrily, "We thrive on it."

Charles, in more formal moments, is the Rev. Mr. Charles Libby Ives, pastor of the Congregational Church of Middlebury. He and his wife, at age thirty-six, could be any successful couple who are fifteen years out of college. Their ten-room, pre-Revolutionary parsonage which once was the village tavern is furnished comfortably with Oriental rugs and antiques. Charles, a lean six-footer with a warm smile and an intellectual but not ascetic countenance, smokes a pipe and, to the delight of young people, pounds out a mean boogiewoogie on the piano. Betty's impish black eyes and

'Twas the night before ... As on every night, the boys are read to, their day reviewed. "Then if we're busy next day and brush them off, they don't mind—they know their turn will come!"

While Betty wraps gifts (close to 300) for church affairs, Charles helps with chores. "And as dishwasher—I shine!"
"...the hope of the world is the church." The Iveses give $247 a year to the church.

Though church schedule is always busy, Charles finds time for work with Community Chest, Y.M.C.A.

openhearted grin camouflage a dynamic mechanism which has planned a parent-teacher association party for five hundred persons while preserving twenty quarts of applesauce. In spite of four strenuous sons, Charles and Betty manage to dine once a day in dignified semiformality.

This takes planning, for Betty and Charles are as busy as two people could be, especially at the Christmas season. The church Charles serves is a prim, white frame replica of a Puritan edifice founded in 1691. It dominates the village green, a symbol of the central place the parish has occupied in the community for 250 years. The only Protestant denomination in a swank, station-wagon town of 3000 residents, the church is so integrated with town affairs that until recently its bell tolled, on town orders, at all funerals. School buses tour their routes on Sunday to collect children for the Sunday school. This oneness with the community

"Being Den Mother for the Cub Scouts is fun," Betty says, "but someday I'd like a group of Girl Scouts—just to see, for a change, what makes little girls tick!"
“Happiness is really a by-product of doing the job as God gives you the wisdom and grace to see and do it.”

crystallizes in a Christmas celebration which lasts for three weeks, and Charles and Betty Ives are the sparks which ignite all the activity.

Last Christmas, Betty helped to decorate the church and parsonage for four Sunday-school parties, and to illuminate the village green for carol singing. She wrapped some of the 300 presents which Santa distributed. While directing an elaborate pageant she had to make some of the costumes, including those of her sons. She trained a junior choir for three special appearances. She kept a tactful eye on arrangements for a community dinner in the assembly hall. With other church women she fashioned wreaths to be

(Continued on Page 132)
Give a Merry Christmas—Give Du Pont NYLON

Easy living gifts for the whole family!

Never before have there been so many beautiful things of nylon . . . to give or to receive. Never before have so many gifts folks really want been so practical, so useful, so enduring. These gift suggestions are only the wonderful beginning of a long and exciting list of nylon pretties and practicals. Once you start Christmas shopping for nylon, you won’t want to stop.

The wonderful story of nylon started with a stocking—still the Christmas gift most women want—especially in this year’s new designs and colors.

The Blouse Beautiful this Christmas is also the Blouse Practical. It’s nylon and it says, “Forget about ironing!”

Froufrou or tailored—every girl wishes for a smooth-as-satin nylon slip at Christmas time!

Give nylon socks to the men in your life—and you give yourself a vacation from mending. They just don’t wear out!

So soft to the touch—and a nylon sweater is a cinch to wash—holds its shape, needs no blocking. Pretty, too!

Put stars in her eyes with the glamour gift of nylon pajamas and a quilted nylon lounge jacket. She’ll never look lovelier—or happier.

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NYLON one of Du Pont’s modern-living fibers
Arvin Lectric Cook has brought new zest to mealtime in hundreds of thousands of homes! Cooking right at the table, for a crowd or a twosome, is a thrill—morning, noon, or midnight!

Crunchy toasted sandwiches, juicy steaks grilled on both sides at once, quantities of griddle cakes or bacon and eggs, king-size waffles done to a queen’s taste; there’s almost no limit to the usefulness of the beautiful new Arvin Lectric Housewares...First Choice for Every Gift Occasion!

It’s like giving 4 wonderful appliances at the cost of ONE!

Arvin Lectric Cook

Prepares food so many ways

... so deliciously

Custom Model Arvin Lectric Cook!

Styed in gleaming chrome to adorn the most festive table, Arvin Lectric Cook converts to a fully automatic waffler in a jiffy, just by clipping in the pre-seasoned grids. Signal light and automatic heat control insure just the right brownness every time. Insulated handle and base.

Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

By Betty Ives

Each Christmas a farmer friend gives us a whopping big turkey. What a joy it is to have! Christmas morning I’m up at five o’clock to start the turkey roasting before the boys come bouncing downstairs and the bustle of Christmas begins.

We always have at least six guests for Christmas dinner, but there is always plenty of turkey left for a couple of meals besides sandwiches. It’s a big asset for those busy days between Christmas and New Year’s.

Turkey-Spaghetti Casserole is my own invention. My boys like anything in the spaghetti and noodle family. When one or the other is combined with turkey and gravy, it makes a very substantial dish. There never seems to be enough turkey gravy to go with leftover turkey, but I have found canned chicken broth and cream soups to be great stretchers.

**Turkey-Spaghetti Casserole**

Sauté 1 cup chopped celery, 3/4 cup chopped onion and 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 11/2 cups turkey gravy, 1 cup canned chicken broth—or more chicken broth if you’re short on gravy, but you’ll have to thicken it slightly—1/2 cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and 1/2 cups diced cooked turkey. Cook 1/2 ounce package medium noodles or spaghetti until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Combine noodles or spaghetti and sauce; pour into a 2-quart baking dish. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

I was one of those gals that knew nothing about cooking until I married. Pastry was my biggest bugaboo. But once I learned to handle the dough quickly and lightly, my troubles were over. Turkey turnovers with the help of a flaky pastry make a little leftover turkey go a long way.

**Turkey Turnovers**

Cut enough cold turkey (sliced thick) into strips about 2" long, 3/4" wide. You will need about 1 cup turkey strips. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine in a small saucepan, blend in 1 tablespoon flour. Add 1 can condensed mushroom soup, 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard and 1/4 teaspoon salt; heat and stir until the sauce bubbles. Make pastry sufficient for a two-crust pie; roll out and cut into twelve 3 1/2" squares. Place several strips of turkey on one half of each square and place a heaping tablespoonful of soup mixture on the turkey. Moisten the edges of the pastry lightly with water. Fold pastry in half, seal edges and press edges with the tines of a fork. Fry in deep fat, about 365° F., until golden brown, turning once. It takes about 5 minutes. If you wish, the turnovers can be baked in a hot oven, 425° F., for 15 to 20 minutes until brown.

Turkey often turns up in a salad at our house. I combine it with pineapple chunks and add toasted almonds if I have them on hand. If the Tokay grapes from our Christmas fruit bowl are beginning to look a bit tired, I use the halved seeded grapes instead of pineapple.

**Hawaiian Salad**

Mix together 2 cups diced cooked turkey, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1 cup pineapple chunks, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Chill to give the flavors a chance to blend. Pile lightly in lettuce cups. Serves 6.

If I am having company—and we usually do have company practically every day during the holidays—I save some turkey for currant-turkey ring. It can be made in the morning for an evening supper. I serve a tart cranberry relish and hot biscuits with it and reheat our Christmas plum pudding for dessert.

**Curried-Turkey Ring**

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Heat 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup, dissolve gelatin in the hot soup. Blend in 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt.
Chuck, Pete and Bobby like to make their own turkey sandwiches.

and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Chill until thick but not set. Fold in 1/2 cup diced, pitted, ripe olives, 1/2 cup finely diced cooked turkey, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon minced green onions or scallion, and 1 cup mayonnaise. Whip 1/2 cup heavy cream and fold into mixture. Turn into a 1 1/2 quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with lettuce or water cress. No dressing is needed. It's built in. Serves 6 to 10.

A DOUBLE-DECKER club sandwich is a little hard for small boys to manage—so we have what we call little club sandwiches.

LITTLE CLUB SANDWICHES
Toast 12 slices bread and spread with softened butter and mayonnaise. Lay slices of turkey, a leaf of lettuce, 2 strips crisp cooked bacon and a thin slice of tomato on each of 6 slices of toast. Top each with another slice of toast—and fasten with toothpicks. Cut sandwiches diagonally, both ways to make 3 little triangles. Serves 6.

I stick strictly to my food budget of $30 a week, excluding milk. That means no credit can be wasted. When we get down to the turkey carcass, I cut off all the last bits of turkey and boil up the bones for a chowder. We like it better than the usual turkey soup. It is good reheated the second day if your family doesn't finish it off on its first appearance.

TURKEY CHOWDER
Cut rind from 1/2 pound piece of salt pork. Dice the salt pork, fry in the bottom of a soup pot or Dutch oven. Remove the bits of browned salt pork, save. Sauté 1/2 cup chopped onion in the salt pork fat. Add 3 cups turkey broth which has been made by simmering the turkey carcass with water, salt, an onion and some celery leaves. Then add 3 cups diced raw potatoes, 1 cup diced celery, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning and 1/2 teaspoon paprika; simmer until potatoes are tender, about 1/2 hour. Add 1 1/2 cups chowder cream or 1/2 cup chowder cream, 1 quart milk and 1 1/2 cups turkey pieces. Heat thoroughly. Taste and add additional salt if necessary. Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving. Serves 6. Makes 10 cups.

When several cups of leftover vegetables stare at me from the refrigerator, I know the time has come for vegetable pie. It's the kind of dish on which you can improvise, using any leftover vegetables you happen to have. I've often added bits of turkey or ham or diced canned pork luncheon meat to make it a more hearty dish. Sometimes I bake it in individual casseroles so each of the youngsters will have his own little pie.

VEGETABLE PIE WITH CHEESE BISCUITS
Sauté 1/2 cup chopped onions in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 1 can condensed consommé and 1/2 cup water or vegetable cooking water, heat and stir until thickened. Combine with 1 cup cooked diced carrots, 1 cup cooked diced potatoes, 1 cup cooked celery, 1 cup cooked cut green beans, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Top with spoonfuls of drop-biscuit dough made with 1 cup biscuit mix according to the directions on the package. Sprinkle 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese over the top. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F. for 30 minutes until the biscuits are brown. Serves 6.

Next best to blueberry pie (made from the blueberries we gather and can in the summer), we like ice cream for dessert. After Christmas we find we have a collection of broken peppermint-stick candy canes which gives us a good reason for making peppermint-stick ice cream.

PEPPERMINT-STICK ICE CREAM
Dissolve 1/4 pound or 1 cup crushed peppermint-stick candy in 1 1/2 cups hot milk, over medium heat, stirring constantly until candy is dissolved. Add a pinch of salt and 1/2 cup light cream. Pour into freezing tray. Set indicator at coldest position. Freeze until firm 1 1/2" in from edge of tray. Remove to a bowl; beat smooth. Refreeze. Makes 1 quart.
CHRISTMAS IN THE PARSONAGE

(Continued from Page 128)

sold to townships. Somewhere she also
found time to gift-wrap presents to sixty
family relatives and plan refreshments for a
P.T.A. yacht celebration. No wonder,
then, that she spent the Wednesday before
Christmas in bed from exhaustion.
Charles was equally busy. He built a
creche to adorn the church altar while plan-
ning talks for a dozen special functions. He
was Santa’s helper at all the Sunday-school
parties and at a tea for grandparents.
He led teenage carolers to the homes of forty
students on a below-zero night. The day be-
fore Christmas Sunday he drove a hundred
miles to Westfield, Massachusetts, to offi-
ciate at a wedding. On his return, entering
the church to arrange the altar for a mid-
night Communion, he discovered that the
deposit of the previous evening’s pageant had
not been cleared away. With vacuum cleaner
and muslin and two volunteers—Betty’s father
in a cravat—he cleaned the church. Doing so,
he caught laryngitis and for a moment during
the Communion was unable to speak.
The children, too,
were at work. They
are Peter, ten years
old, called Pete;
Charles, Jr., eight,
known as Chuck;
Robert, six, dubbed
Bobbie; and Jonathan,
familiarly Jo-Jo.
They had an-
theses to learn for
the choir, parts to
memorize for the
pageant, presents to
wrap for twenty first
cousins, and finally
they surrendered their
rooms, over the
Christmas week
end, to Betty’s
brother’s family. At
the junior-choir
appearance before the
adult church serv-
vice, Pete led three
moppept friends up
the wrong aisle and
scuttled the anthem
by playing boister-
erous hand-and-seat
among the crimson-
robed high-school
girls. And Chuck, in
the pageant, one of
the Magi, who in
the first century
draped Muslim and
turban bore a crown upon a pillow, lost his
pants and had no free hand with which to
retrieve them.

Far from feverish under their pressurized
schedules, both Charles and Betty are com-
pared and sure. After thirteen years in
parishioners, three of them in Middletown,
they have evolved an inner tranquility much
like the calm at the core of a hurricane, and a
spatial security on a financial budget so
limited they have no bank account, no sav-
ings and no life insurance. The gross family
income of $1820, or $150 a week, was
$32 a week, out of which she spends $17.50
for food, and a like sum on all other house-
hold items, including the dental bills and the
$5 50 weekly allowance of Gloria Hattle,
a sixteen-year-old Negro girl who is be-
ning reared by the family and who acts as
“mother’s helper” after school hours. Charles’
allocation of $2080 provides $490 a year for
light, heat and telephone, and the rest is
professional expense: $1240 on car
maintenance, $317 for church contribution,
$100 for charities, leaving just $3 a year for
pipe tobacco. To save $50 a year on their sub-
scription, the Iveses agreed to give each
other this Christmas an electric hair clipper.

Obviously, on such a budget the Ives
family dare buy nothing on the installment
plan. They have seen one commercial movie
in three years. Often Betty and the boys do
not attend church suppers for lack of the $5
to pay their way. There is no budgetary
provision for furniture—their household is
entirely furnished at thrift. Betty and
Charles have bought one new suit each in
years. Their recreation and amusement the
Lord must provide. Betty’s religious lack
is an obstetrician, the children’s naptivity
cost nothing except an automobile trip to
Mount Vernon, New York. And so, since all
seven of Betty’s children are out of
school, the family has time to explore
Portland’s main highway.

Lack of cash does not inhibit their lives,
however. Like all ministers, Charles receives
many complimentary subscriptions to con-
sert series, the privileges of
golf, tennis and beach clubs and ski trips,
tickets to Broadway shows. At the mo-
ment, piano lessons for young Pete. Charles
pays no rent, a sizable item in most families,
and the Iveses live in a house which would
be considered small for the Iveses. Betty
and Charles are an obstetrician, the children’s
naptivity cost nothing except an automobile trip to
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seven of Betty’s children are out of
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Today’s Pioneers

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small house with no personality and a
rattling stretch of the most unimaginative-
looking diet we’d ever seen. Every
other family in our tract was in
exactly the same situation.
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taken our noses, and aved
in hand and toiled our way on what
we call our twenty-year building
plan. Now for a short while we feel as
we can come up for air. Our
apartment is built; our garage has be-
ecome our living room. Our hearts
are full of dreams and projects
to come.”

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story of this generation of young
marrieds in the story of

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ACADEMY BEAUTY, DELIGHTED WITH ITS
EFFORTLESS, STOP-WATCH PERFORMANCE!

LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL
December, 1952
and a Democrat, an active political partisan, in aggressive social thinker.

This was just the sort of personality to attract Betty. Reared strictly as a Presbyterian and conservative Republican, she had no college training of her own. She was practically a Socialist, and almost an atheist, she had worked a year in a Tennessee mountain nursery school and had emerged a reformer. But her intellectuality argued that there must be something in her family's beliefs, since she adored both her parents.

At this critical moment in walked Charles. He had a head start over her in their romance, because his theological-school roommate had been borrowing Charles' car to date Betty, and had been so disturbed by some of her opinions that he had asked his roommate's advice. Charles concluded that this might help to get this perplexing beauty. A double date was arranged in the summer of 1969. Betty spent the evening getting answers to her questions from Charles. His liberalism and his belligerent anxiety, and made her realize that there was more than one answer to religious and sociological problems. She wanted to talk to him again and again. Charles obliged her. When they had discovered mutual entusiasms for mountain climbing, baseball, planned parenthood, formal dances, music (Betty also plays the piano), and a deep mutual passion to help the underprivileged, particularly children, she was converted.

Betty was spectacularly attended in matrimony. She had wanted a small wedding. The families, however, were too prominent. So 3000 guests assembled in the First Presbyterian Church of Mount Vernon to see Betty walk down the aisle in silk marquisette and Chantilly lace, her triple-sheer crepe train carried by two nephews, a three-year-old niece scattering rose petals before her. And eleven ministers participated; three, including Charles' mother, officiating; Charles as bridgegroom, three as ushers.

Betty had never learned to cook, sew, mend or do household chores. Her first culinary experiment was an apple pie with a cinnamon filling. Charles, a down-Easter and a district alderman of the county, was so pleased, he gave her a challenge: would she make the pie again? Betty never gets visibly angry; she does slow burns. For six months she put apple pies before her husband, each bisected by a line dividing the pie. At last, the cinnamon, filling, rich slices of apples, she marked one "Yours," the other "Mine."

Their only other direct clash was over ventilation. Charles, from Maine, had slept with windows closed. The doctor's daughter, on the other hand, was a fresh-air devotee. Charles solved their impasse by bringing home a book of cookery, which proved that only the humidity content, and not the freshness of air, is normally affected by open windows. They compromised; now the bedroom window is open in summer, closed in winter.

So successfully have Charles and Betty integrated their talents that today some of their individual traits are no longer distinguishable except in the team. Betty, the oldest of four children, is naturally a pioneer and organizer, with aggressive initiative. Charles, the youngest of four, is easygoing, introspective and secure. He has taught her how to economize her strength by creating large committees so that no individual is overworked. In the junior choir, which she directs, he discouraged ambitious clerical effects in favor of simple hymns which children sang naturally. She resigned a strenuous role in the farmers' Grange on Charles' reminder, that since she was no farmer, her talents were better employed nearer home with the Cub Scouts, to whom she is now a den mother. When Betty founded an ambitious public child-guidance clinic in 1949, Charles persuaded her to let others conduct the daily clinics while she concentrated on supervision.

She in turn pulls him from his books by accepting speaking engagements for him, by promising parishioners he will call at their homes, and by nominating him for committee work in the Y.M.C.A., the Community Chest and the county Democratic Party. She abhors strenuous church projects, such as the present $50,000 religious-education-building program, knowing that he prefers study and philosophy to action. She also curbs him occasionally undiplomatic impetuosity. When in 1950 he publicly endorsed the re-election campaign of liberal Sen. Brian McMahon, she discouraged further indignation among his Republican church members by keeping him so busy with parish work that he could do no campaigning. When they lived in Somers, Connecticut, her diplomacy stifled the community criticism of his aggressive championship of workers in a strike-bound mill. And she sends the children to their father with their problems, not to side-step her own responsibility but to compel her husband's attention.

The entire family go skating, skiing and hiking together. Both parents have pitched baseballs to Pete to sharpen his batting eye, for he is a switch hitter and the best batsman on his Little League team. When Betty is busy by day, Charles baby-sits; he often takes a child with him on pastoral calls.

Charles also takes a hand with the housework. For the first five years of the marriage, Betty had a skin rash and could not wash dishes. Charles performed this chore—and still does. To stretch the budget, Charles and the boys join in filling a freezer with garden produce each summer. Last year, on hikes in the woods, they picked eighty quarts of blueberries, and huckleberries, which Betty canned. They gleaned an apple orchard for a hundred quarts of applesauce. Except for meat and dairy products, they live most of the year out of the freezer and off the shelf, and all have had a hand in this food conservation.

The table Betty sets is simple, emphasizing macaroni and cheese, waffles and other economical dishes, garnished with home canned delicacies. Betty never can slip over

Offshore from Cape Elizabeth, Maine, where the great ship there is a lighthouse.

As children we used to watch the terrors go out of the harbor to take supplies to that lightship. As we grew older we used to call out to itselfs. In spite of the winds and the waves, that lightship never keeps its correct position because of its secure anchorage. In the darkness its light shines out to guard ships from the dangers of the rocks and reefs. Not even the blinding storms nor the thick fog can now conceal its position, for it has a radio beacon that sends out signals. To those ships on their course, it is a confirmation. To those which are off their course, it is a warning.

No image is perfect, but I find this one helpful in thinking of the light which we celebrate at Christmas. Anchored as it is in the father of lights, it shines in the darkness of our world to give the light of life to men.

It is a warning to those who are off the course, a warning that they are headed for the rocks. But how much more it is a saving and guiding beacon to those who would follow the course that leads to life and life more abundantly.

"In him was light, and the life was the light of men. And the light shines in darkness and the darkness could not overwhelm it."—Charles L. Ives

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If housework is part or all of your day, be choosy about hand lotion. The "glamour" kind is fun while you're sweet and single—but gather up a husband and a household and see what happens! Then, your hands need Italian Balm—made for busy hands.

This lotion, with medically-proven ingredients, softens and safens rough, chapped hands overnight—and used daily, keeps them smooth no matter what! Like an "invisible glove," it holds in softness, keeps out dryness.

Women who know about housework, insist on Italian Balm, for no other lotion is like it. 25¢, 50¢, 1.00.

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an economy meal on her family by tossing the leftovers into a hash or soup, that would inevitably be the day Charles invited two colleagues home for potluck. She avoids catastrophe by cooking a large roast for Sunday noon, when the most important visitors are apt to be present, then skillfully compounding its remains through Thursday. She always has a huckleberry pie or some other titbit in her freezer, to nourish the surprise guest. And she bakes 300 oatmeal cookies a week to feed her sons and their friends between meals, as they serve to tea-time callers and postdinner committee.

Betty has refused to become chained to her house by her children and her chores. When she founded the child-guidance clinic, she was confident of her college training in welfare work, but soon discovered that her thinking and methods were obsolete. She undertook a refresher course of reading, which proved to be a boost to world developments in many fields of interest had passed her by. Reluctantly she determined not to go to seed; but she could not study at the end of a long day. Now, three mornings a week, she goes to a nearby library for an hour while Charles stays at home.

Betty has persuaded Charles to return home often at "the critical hour" of 3 p.m., when the boys outdoors until dinner is on the table. Betty believes that the most important single service a husband can perform for his wife is to be on hand with the children when the wife's nerves are on edge at the close of day.

Since money has always been scarce, Charles and Betty do not recommend that a couple wait until they can afford children before having them. Both being products of large families, they agree that even numbers are best. Children pair off, the odd-numbered child is left out. Therefore, they say, never have one baby unless you can have two or three without planning on a fourth. As for the economics, they think it a mistake to calculate the hazards too calmly. Life has risks, they assert, which must be accepted. They cite Charles' mother as proof of this. When her husband died she was left with five children, the oldest only ten. From despair and acute melancholia Mrs. Ives rallied, became a minister and went on to the most rewarding years of her life. In 1956 she represented her denomination at a conference in Madras, India, and in 1946-47 spent fourteen years in postwar Germany.

Charles and Betty are both conscious of the modern-day tendency toward unplanned living and fatalism. "We beg young people," Charles likes to say, "to go ahead and plan, lest they contribute to unemployment and crime. The surest defense against defeatism is to plan for the future. The vision inspires hope, hope breeds desire, desire induces action, and it is busy and hard work achieves the plan. The plan must be subject to change, but all roads lead home, even though many are marked with detours."

The Ivesses encourage independent planning and thinking by their own children, who are permitted unlimited freedom within a broad set of rules. Betty says it was an invitation to an overnight party, packed his bag, advised his parents of his plans, and departed. He had a fine time.

The word "don't" is rarely directed at the children. The boys are not required to attend church, but if they may walk out on a sermon which fails to interest them. But the few family rules are enforced consistently. Every violation results in a period of isolation or, if necessary, a spanking. Each boy must keep his room neat, his clothes picked up, his toys repaired. Each is expected to do his share of daily family prayers, a chore none of them like. Each must clean up his plate at meals. Each is responsible for the living room and for getting along amicably with other people of all ages.

When Pete was four, the Ivesses lived in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on a main highway. They discussed fencing the yard, but decided this was too easy for the boy. So they taught him self-discipline by forbidding him to trespass on the backs of the school buses. Charles and Betty insist that discipline must be taught to children lovingly at home, rather than by a coldhearted scheme later, without love.

The children have reacted well to this regimen. Peter likes to rise at 6 A.M., and square away his methodical mind for the day. A sensitive, perceptive child, he works precisely at everything he undertakes. He studies his homework, practices the piano and baseball, plays the violin diligently. Chuck is completely different. He loves body-play, and spends his days appending postcards to his school composition, informing his teacher, "I love you.

He brings in six to ten boys' home from school with him, or goes for Saturday lunch. He is mirthsome, slap-happy, light-hearted. Busa has Peter's seriousness, plus intellectual curiosity. Learning to read opened a wide world to him. He absorbs ideas and challenges facts, even at a little age. When he became disillusioned about Santa Claus, he quickly realized that the fairy who puts a dime under his pillow in exchange for a tooth was also his father. Next day, his supernatural world atury, he walked solemnly into his father's study and said, "O.K. So there's no fairies. There's no Santa Claus. We are not your god, for that is a fake too." With such vibrant playmates, little Jo-Jo, the only preschooler left in the house, manfully tries to keep up, and his brothers, aware of his striving, include him in all their projects without being asked to do so by the parents.

Every night, regardless of the pressure of busy schedules, either Betty or Charles reads to the children for a half hour after they are ready for bed. Betty reads to them in a way that is so important, Betty thinks, as a physical presence at the bedside, so that the children retire confident of parent care. "It wise," Betty says, "to discuss their problems, review their day, read a little, and make them feel that they are more important and not to be taken for granted."

For twenty years of our boys has ever gone to bed crying or unhappy. That carries over to the next day. If Charles and I are busy and brighten them off, they know their turn never fails to come.

When Charles and Betty get away from their responsibilities—which is not often—they make up for the lost time. Recently they were invited to participate in a big wedding, which included a dinner and dance at a New York hotel. This gave them their first opportunity in years to dress up for the
CHRISTMAS WITH THE EDITORS

(Continued from Page 61)

I can do as I please, can’t I? How I love Thanksgiving. And it’s a real struggle for me to hold Christmas for my next turkey feast! Famished as I am, I’ll be here to deck the halls with holly and fall to in the same old youthful way. Just watch me!

Having spoken right out, having started speaking about Mary Bass, may I say that she has a wonderful figure and a lovely smile, a strong lawyer husband and an adorable “young Bass.” She sent me her menu and the recipes for a holiday buffet during Christmas week. When she has her family and old friends oriented (twelve of them in all), and everybody’s happy and the conversation is quicker than an old firebox whooping round the bend—lo and behold, the first item on her menu is a red hot steaming CORN CHOWDER.

Dice 6 slices bacon, Sauté them in a deep saucepan until crisp. Drain the bacon on paper towel. Add 1 cup chopped onion to 3 tablespoons of the bacon drippings. Sauté the onion until tender. Add 2 (1-pound) cans cream-style corn, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 small mushroom (or 2 uncooked). Simmer for 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 quart milk and 2 cups top milk or light cream. Heat real hot, but when you suspect it is fixing to boil, stir it. Simmer 15 minutes. Crumble the bacon. Add it to the soup. Serve hot. Garnish with popcorn.

Good old times. Mary’s buffet includes a lobster salad. Yes, lobstermen. I can remember when in Maine, that a pretty luxurious edible, but at a Christmas buffet would have to go to Maine by dog sled to find them.

LOBSTER SALAD

Cut the meat from 8 medium cooked lobsters or 8 medium frozen lobster tails, cooked into small pieces—or you can use 8 oz. cooks’ lobster. You’ll need 10 cups, or about 3 pounds, of the cooked lobster meat. Add 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise, and salt and pepper to taste. Chill well and serve in a lettuce-lined bowl.

French? Are you asking me? It is, French bread, neatly toasted, touched with garlic butter, and I prefer. And the smell of it enough to whisk to your appetite, “Latch on to me.” And you do— latch on, I mean.

Pretty as pretty does. Pretty to look at and excellent eating—that’s Mary’s tomato-and-avocado dip, and this is how she does it. It’s a good safe bet to make it the day before, cover it with wax paper, and keep it well chilled.

TOMATO-AND-AVOCADO DIP

Sprinkle the bottom of a 3-cup unflavored gelatin over 1/4 cup cold water. Let it stand 5 minutes. Meanwhile, heat 7 cups tomato juice, adding a few celery leaves, 1 bay leaf and 3 tablespoons granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Add softened gelatin to strained vegetables. Stir until dissolved. Chill until it is thick and pour as heavy cream. Cut a large peeled avocado into thin slices. (Save the stone and plant it,) Presently you’ll be papaed at what you see. It’s magic—3) Pour lemon juice over the slices to keep them from darkening. Arrange the slices into a pattern in the bottom of a 10" ring mold. Pour in a little of the tomato mixture and chill until firm. Add any leftover avocado slices. Pour in the rest of the tomato mixture and chill until firm.

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BARBARA BENSON’S CHRISTMAS DINNER

At Barbara Benson’s, Christmas dinner doings are a family affair. She has three children, and all hands have a share.

On Christmas Eve, Barbara takes the children in to town to see the Christmas lights, then back home in time for the youngest to catch the boat for bed. It leaves on time. No delays. The eldest child stays up and goes to the midnight Episcopalian service, so tradition is upheld. Friends drop in during the evening. Presents are swapped. Barbara believes in the old ways, the good ways. And I’m full for that. Her Christmas dinner is traditionally served at 2 p.m. Roast turkey and all the trimmings you know all about. But you may not know her way with scalloped oysters, and her repay for steamed pudding. There are never less than 10 or 12 at her Christmas table.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Drain 1 quart oysters. Reserve the liquid. Stir 1 cup melted butter or margarine into 3 cups cooked cracker crumbs. Put a thin layer in the bottoms of two greased 9" glass pie dishes. Divide half the oysters between the two dishes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon oyster liquor and 1 tablespoon cream over each dish. Repeat. Top with the remaining oysters. Bake in a hot oven, 350°F., for 30 minutes.

BARBARA BENSON’S STEAMED PUDDING

Stir 1 teaspoon baking soda into 1 cup molasses until it froths. Add 1/2 cup finely chopped suet. Stir 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1/4 teaspoon allspice, 1/4 teaspoon cloves. 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/2

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Scientific tests prove Brillo gives aluminum trimmers twice the shine in half the time! Outshines all leading cleansers tested! A square metal-fiber Brillo pad with soap lifts off crust! No soaping. No scraping. Brillo soap has jeweler’s polish—shines as it cleans! Perfect for ovens and stove burners, too!

RED BOX—soap-filled pad
GREEN BOX—pad plus cake map

**THRIFTIER!** 5 and 12 PAD BOXES

**New improved Brillo lasts longer!**

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**Tearing your hair over crusty pans?**

**BRILLO soap pads —**

**TWICE the SHINE in half the time!**

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**Sea food Stillmmeadow**

Brine a piece of bone from a 6 1/2-ounce can of crab meat. Take 2 cups shrimp, drained, or 1 1/2 pounds shelled, cooked, and cleaned fresh shrimp. Four 2 cans mushroom soup in a cream pan, add the crab meat, the shrimp, one 10 1/2-ounce can mixed clams and one 10-ounce can sliced mushrooms. Add 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste. Blend the soup in the mushrooms and the clams will dilute the soup, but it is still too thick. Add a little cream. Have a little thick—only a little—than heavy cream. The kind we need to skim off the thin old tan milk. Do you remember salt? Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Simmer until heated and smooth. Serve hot on currie rice.

**CUCUMBER**

Have ready a big bowl of rice with a drift of curry and chunks of butter on top.

**Lime-Cottage-Cheese Ring**

Dissovle 2 packages lime-flavored gelatin in 3 1/4 cups boiling water. Add 1/2 cup lemon juice or vinegar as soon as gelatin is dissolved. Cool the mixture consistency. Add 2 cups cottage cheese and 1/2 cup sliced blashed apricots. Pour into a ring mold. Chill until set. The 1 1/2-quart cucumbers and set. When turned out, arrange a lettuce cup in the center and fill with mayonnaise. Cut slices of small tomatoes into petal shape. Make a ponsetina on top of mayonnaise with the pinewoods.

**FRUIT COMPOTE**

Provide your handsomest glass bowl (china one would do). The one Great-aunt Mahal loved. At gatherings with sight of regret, the one you took off and got married. Remember! Arrange a variety of fruits to fill the bowl—say, 2 cups each, peaches, pears, prunes, dates, and apricots. Tell your guests 2 cups each, peaches, prunes, dates, and apricots. Tell your guests to take some and make some. Let the fruit marinate in the brine strips several hours in the refrigerator. Serve with Christmas cookies.

**Nora O'Leary Smith's**

**Christmas Brunch or Breakfast**

Down the stairs troop Stevie and his happy mother and dad. Sister Wendy's not trooping. At seven months, she's still on all fours. Scramble to the shining hall on the table. It's a great day and you'll have come and gone — did you hear where it was? Well, it's all over town. It was old man Santa Claus and no one saw him, the old man old. Nora noticed her footsteps earlier and she knew.

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**Dutch Loaf**  
(Makes 3 round loaves)

**Chapter I:** Wash 1 pound red raisins. Drain well. Boil 2 medium-size peeled potatoes. Reserve 1 cup potato water. Mash the potatoes. Heat 2 cups milk until a film forms on top, but do not let the milk boil. Soften 2 packages yeast, compressed or dry, in 1 cup lukewarm potato water. Stir until dissolved. Add the sweet milk, which has been cooled to lukewarm. Stir in 3 cups flour and 1 cup mashed potatoes. Beat hard for 5 minutes. Cover with a dish towel and put in a warm place until the dough has doubled in bulk (about 1 1/2 hours).

**Chapter II:** Cream 1/2 cup shortening. Gradually add 2 cups sugar and beat until very light. Add 2 eggs and 3 teaspoons salt. Beat well. Stir in a cream mixture into the rich dough. Stir in the 1 1/2 cups flour (the dough will be very soft, but be sure to really mix). Mix in the raisins and 1 1/2 pound citron cut into shreds. I don't know how good your hand double in bulk (about 1 1/2 hours) in a greased bowl.

**Chapter III:** Punch down the dough. Shape into 3 round loaves on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Place each loaf in a greased 9 x 5 x 3 1/2 cake pan. Brush top generously with melted butter or ghee. Sprinkle top with mixture of 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 tea- spoons cinnamon, dividing this amount among the 3 loaves. Cover them again and let them rise in a warm place. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 50 minutes. Cool before cutting.

This bread keeps well for several days if wrapped well. If serving for Christmas breakfast, make it a couple of days ahead to save time on this day. But it isn't quite the same as bread right out of the oven. Maybe it's better for you. I guess that's "what they say." But I—love fresh bread and canned goods and "raisin-doughnuts." And I've survived.

Now I'll say au revoir! One more Christmas wish goes to all of you from all of us who think of you at Christmas time. May your trains run on time and your dolls hang on to their sawdust, may all your dreams come true and enough emeralds bedeck you to put your Christmas tree to shame. And a very special Merry-you-know-what-to you from your

**Annie**
Who'd guess they're made from "leftovers," when Diamond Walnuts give such flavor to—

**WALNUT COWBOY CROQUETTES**

Make 1 cup very thick white sauce. Beat in 1 egg. Then stir in:

- 1 1/2 cups ground or finely chopped turkey or chicken
- 1/2 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts
- 1 cup seasoned mashed potatoes, or 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 tbsp. each, minced onion and parsley
- Dash of savory and pepper

Chill several hours, till firm enough to handle.

Have ready 2 cups dry bread crumbs, 1 egg beaten with 2 tbsp. water, and 1/4 cup melted butter. Shape rounded tbsp. of turkey mixture into flat patties for "brim." Dip in crumbs, then in egg, then again in crumbs. Shape rounded tbsp. turkey mixture into cone for "crown." Coat with crumbs and egg as above, make "crease" in crown with finger; place on "brim." Tint with pimientos strip and Diamond Walnut half. Brush with butter. Bake at 375° (moderate) 20 to 25 min. Makes 8 "hats."

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**HOW TO**

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**be a better cook on a budget**

—you need **DIAMOND WALNUTS**

No other ingredient does so much for your meals! Is it new flavor you're after? Add Diamond Walnuts! Festive good looks? Add Diamond Walnuts! Crisp, crunchy texture for "soft" foods? Add Diamond Walnuts! Almost any recipe—no matter how simple or thrifty—gets a glorious new start in life with Diamond Walnuts. Try it today!

---

**CINNAMON WALNUT BREAD**

| 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts | 1/4 cup milk |
| 3 tbsp. soft shortening | 2 cups biscuit mix |
| 2 tbsp. sugar | 3 tbsps. sugar and 1 tbsp. cinnamon for filling |
| 1 egg, unbeaten |  |

See how crisp, crunchy Diamond Walnuts turn an old favorite into a new treat! Mix walnuts with shortening and sugar, till shortening is finely divided, blend in egg. Stir in milk and biscuit mix. Turn onto floured board; knead 10 strokes. Roll out 1/4" thick. Sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll. Place in ungreased jelly roll pan; seam side down. Bake 40-45 min. at 375° (moderate).

Glaze with thin mixture of powdered sugar and water. Just try it toasted!

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**WALNUT CRANBERRY QUICKIE**

Dissolve 1 pkg. lemon gelatin in 1 1/4 cups boiling water, cool till syrupy. Pur a Diamond Walnut half in each of 6 individual molds (so much more than a tempting garnish—walnuts add the crispness so many salads need)! Arrange the banana slices over walnuts. Spoon 2 tbsps. gelatin into each mold. Mix remaining gelatin with 1 cup whole cranberry sauce and 1/3 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts. Fill molds with this mixture, chill. Serve with balls of seasoned cream cheese rolled in chopped Diamond Walnuts.

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Buying Guide: Buy Diamond Walnuts in bulk or in 1 lb. cellophane bags (red for large size, blue for medium). Or get Diamond shelled Walnuts in 8 or 4 oz. cans, vacuum-packed for lasting freshness.
There was nothing from the bed but suits. Meg sighed and opened the book, deciding if she could live through it, Susan could too.

"Once upon a time," she began in her clear, sweet voice.

She had been reading only a few moments when she felt someone watching her. She turned her head and found herself looking in a second mirror to enormous eyes which belonged to one of the most unattractive little girls she had ever seen. A small, sprightly, shelly-haired wheel chair, dressed in white cotton pajamas with a blue cotton blanket draped across his knees. He had large, projecting ears that turned slightly down at the top and his nose, which was small and tilted, wasgenerously sprinkled with freckles. The eyes, like the rest of Meq and truly beautiful, only added the pathetic stretchiness of the rest of him.

For a few seconds the intention, prohing gave to anag Moec. Then an extraordinary thing happened. The boy smiled, and she completely forgot everything else.

She had never seen such a smile. It was a thing of pure joy that rippled across his mouth and lifted his cheeks and sent blinding little sprays of happiness dancing from his eyes. Meg found herself grinning back.

"Oh, he hasn't got any visitors," Susan piped up in a high, carrying little voice. "I heard Mrs. Jensen tell the doctor. He hasn't got any visitors—not ever—at all."

The most fearless of color stained the boy's cheeks, but otherwise he was unimpressed. It was easy to see he was aware of Susan. "Would you like to see my operation?" he demanded of Meg before she could answer he had pulled down his pajama pants, exposing a six-inch square of white bandage covering his stomach. "There," he said grandly, as if he were exposing a very big privilege. "I'll pull the tape out so you can see the stitches. Take a look.

Meg took a look. "Well," she said helplessly, wondering just what was expected of her, "Well, that's scar you've got there. That's some scar, I must say."

"Yeah," he pouted the bandage and pulled his pants back up. "They just cut me open yesterday morning and I'm already愈.

"Just imagine!" Meg said. "That is why you're riding around in this wheel chair, because you've just had an operation!"

Something like fear jumped in the child's eyes; his mouth twitched. Then he laughed.

"Yes," he said, sounding inordinately pleased. "That's why I'm supposed to be riding around in this old wheel chair, see? Because I'm not supposed to be walking around.

"Yes, I see," Meg smiled. "What's your name?" she asked.

Sam.

It seemed like such an inappropriate name for such a small and fragile child that Meg laughed. Instantly the small face became belligerent.

"What's wrong with Sam?"

"Why, nothing, why, nothing's wrong with it," Meg stammered, wondering how she could have been so rude. "Sam's a very old-fashioned name, you know."

"Do you?" he flashed his brilliant smile again, and inched closer. "What's yours?"


"Mq?" he rolled the word over on his tongue, tasting the sound, meanwhile looking over his head to see. It was exactly the kind of scrutiny Meg thought that a stag line bestowed on a new girl at a dance. "I think," he said finally, "I think you're really elegant-looking, Meg."

"Why—why, thanks, Sam." She was abashedly flattered. "You're quite a handsome specimen yourself," they beamed at each other. Then Sam pushed the wheel chair close to her and said, "You know, Meg, I don't much care for those dumb girl stories, Don't you know any others?"

"I want to hear about the Sleeping Beauty," Susan chipped in. "You go away, Sam, you dumb old thing. I want to hear about the Sleeping Beauty, Aunt Meg."

But I bet you know lots of others," Sam said, ignoring Susan.

His eyes were limpid, soft, hypnotic. Meg glanced at Susan. The round mound was pattering up in the bowl. I can't. Meg thought. She'll have a fit—but what not her let her have one? It might do her good.

"Well, let me do it, do the doing. "You ever heard the story of Treasure Island, Sam? There was a boy in it named Tom or something. No. I think his name was Jim or "I'll tell you what," Sam said, "let's make his name Sam."

And how was Susan? Dudley asked her at dinner. "I saw Jim down town and I gathered that Ellen had roped you in again."

Susan?" Meg asked suddenly.

"No, Mrs. Carpenter. He lives in the Winthrop Home."

"Mrs. Jensen," Meg remembered Susan's voice: He hasn't got any visitors—not ever—at all."

"But doesn't anyone ever come to see him? I mean the housekeeper or somebody?"

"Well, you see, they've eighty-five children in that home, Mrs. Carpenter, and the directress really doesn't have time to visit just one. He hasn't been here long—he only had his appendix out—and he's leaving next week.

"He is?" Meg felt almost disappointed. "Is he well enough? I mean—well, frankly, Miss Jensen, it seems to me that he's hardly strong enough even to be riding around in that old wheel chair."

"Oh, yes, he's strong for that," Miss Jensen said. He's really recovering very nicely, but he's got a slight 'pause—from the operation."

"Oh," Meg felt rather silly. "Well, that's good, I'm glad he is."

"Oh, Mrs. Carpenter." The nurse stopped her as she was turning away. "Shall we be seeing you again tomorrow?"

"I'm afraid so, Miss Jensen. I have a previous engagement," Meg hesitated. "I wish you could explain to Sam. I couldn't seem to make him understand."

"Well, I'll try, but—" Miss Jensen left the sentence dangling. "All the other children have company every afternoon, and I'm afraid he's going to be terribly disappointed if you don't come."

Well, that's certainly not my fault," Meg said. "I'm very sorry, but after all, he's not my responsibility."

No," Meg saw in amazement that there were actually tears in the little girl's eyes. "No, he's not your responsibility, Mrs. Carpenter. It seems as if he isn't anyone's responsibility."

The next day Meg attended a luncheon at Emily Rader's house. It was a pleasant luncheon; afterward she had a wonderful time. She was enjoying herself, having a perfectly delightful time—until twenty-five.

As she glanced down at her watch, she suddenly found herself on her feet. "I'm so sorry, Emily, but I've got to dash. I just remembered that I have an appointment at the six."

She left in the middle of Emily's protest. I must be going now, she thought, stepping into the elevator. Good luck, dear!"

What possible difference does it make to me? She started slowly up the corridor, and then, suddenly, she was hurrying, almost running. He was sitting quietly in the wheel chair. Then she saw her and it as though a light had turned on behind his face. But the smile cried out, for all the world to hear. Oh, I'm so glad you came!"

In the days that followed she couldn't seem to get him out of her head. Every morning when she woke she wouldn't go to the hospital that day. But every afternoon as three o'clock approached she'd feel a queer impulse, and the next thing she knew she would be on her way, hurrying, afraid she might be late.

(Continued on Page 114)
Now Learn The Truth About Vacuum Cleaners

FACT 1... There is no vacuum in a vacuum cleaner....in any vacuum cleaner. "Vacuum" cleaner is an incorrect term left over from the days when folks weren't too careful about claims they made for their product.

FACT 2... In a modern electric cleaner, air suction and air suction alone is the principal "force" that removes dirt. The more suction your cleaner has, the better and faster it will clean....regardless of brand. However, even this simple and direct statement is subject to the reservations in fact 3.

FACT 3... No Cleaner (regardless of brand, size of motor or suction power) can continue to clean at peak efficiency when the air taken in at the nozzle passes through a paper or cloth bag full of dirt before returning to the room. The dirt in the bag (cloth or paper) blocks the air taken in at the nozzle. As dirt in the bag builds up, suction power at the nozzle goes down.

FACT 4... Here's the way about 9 out of 10 of today's "vacuum" cleaners work.

Fan draws dirt-filled air in at the nozzle.

Dirt builds up in bag. Air escapes through pores of paper or cloth bag. Note how air must pass through dirt before it can escape. "Back pressure," low suction power, and reduced cleaning efficiency result when the air flow is choked by dirt.

Dust particles are usually returned to the room with the air stream as it escapes through the pores of a cloth or paper bag. This is the dust you smell when you clean with a "vacuum" that leaks dust.

FACT 5... The "secret" of sustained, high suction, even when the cleaner is almost full, is to avoid the "slow down" caused by having the air stream pass through a bag of dirt before it can be released back into the room.

Filter Queen Saves Hours of Housework...Cleans Faster, Easier

FACT 6... The Filter Queen system of sustained high cleaning efficiency avoids suction "slow down" because there is no bag to fill with dirt and block suction. In Filter Queen, the dirt is collected in a spacious metal container in a manner that does not interfere with air flow.

FACT 7... The medical profession recognizes that "breathed-in" dust particles can be dangerous to children and adults because they are sometimes carriers of harmful bacteria. Independent scientific tests show that the patented Filter Queen cellulose filter cone, plus additional safety filters, effectively removes more than 99.5% of the dirt from the returning air stream, no matter how full the Filter Queen becomes.

FACT 8... The advantages of the Filter Queen system of dirt removal are easily seen. With no bag full of dirt to hinder suction, cleaning is deeper, faster, easier, and more thorough. This can mean cleaning less often and a saving of hours of housework.

FACT 9... No "vacuum" cleaner duplicates or can duplicate the patented structure of Filter Queen. Repeat...No "vacuum" cleaner duplicates or can duplicate the patented structure of Filter Queen. This sentence is deliberately repeated because nowadays more and more "vacuum" cleaners are trying to look like Filter Queen in appearance.

FACT 10... Filter Queen has no bag (cloth or paper) inside or out. A dirt-filled bag or sack cannot cause Filter Queen to choke and lose suction. Filter Queen effectively prevents dust "leakage" back into the home. Filter Queen is the only home cleaning system of its kind in the world.

All of the statements contained in this advertisement may be quickly demonstrated by Filter Queen's courteous, bonded dealers. You owe it to yourself and to your family to see the demonstration you'll never forget. Easy terms and generous trade-in allowances may be arranged. A post card request will quickly put you in touch with your nearest dealer and bring you a lovely "get acquainted" gift.
THE ANSWER TO A MAIDLESS PRAYER... No scrubbing chores, no cleaning bores with Boltalex! To every room in your home, Boltalex-covered furniture gives bountiful, color-lovely beauty — yet cleaning a Boltalex-covered chair is as easy as sitting on it — just wipe with a damp soapy cloth. Boltalex won't chip or peel, resists scuffing, staining and fading. It is available in rich leather-like and luxurious fabric-like patterns. You'll find beautiful Boltalex-covered furniture in your favorite store. So shop by the Boltalex tag — it tells the best from the rest.

Want to know more? Write Box 27, BOLTA, Lawrence, Mass.
She didn't realize how often Sam was creeping into her conversation until Friday night, when Dudley surprised her by saying, "You know, Judy, you're the only woman I've run into over and over that all children bore her stiffly, you certainly seem awfully interested in that kid."

"Interested?" Meg was startled. "Why, I'm not interested. It's just—just—"

"Just what?" "Just what are you coaching her closely. "You feel sorry for her?"

"No. Not exactly. She laughed. "I get a kick out of him, that's all. For instance, the sam porch, where Sam is always sitting and talking to the elevator, but every day when it's time to leave, instead of just letting me turn the corner Sam would push me down the corridor and through the entire length of the ward. At first I didn't see why, but today when he started heading me back toward the ward, I didn't want to make the effort, maybe he doesn't feel sorry, but I sort of like the others to see him."

She blinked back such. "And he's only eight years old, Dudley. Only eight and he wants to show me off!"

"I see," Dudley's amiable face was suddenly very gentle. "He sounds like quite a guy," he said, putting his arm around her. "Oh, he is, in fact," Meg said. By Saturday Meg thought she knew Sam so well that nothing he did could surprise her. Then she discovered his temper. She was watching a session of Sam's winning run in the last game of the Little League baseball season—she had learned that Sam was always the janitor and had participated—when another small patient, Jimmy Jackson, stuck his head around the door and knocked. Meg was sitting between Sam and the wall when I heard him say, "Get out of here," he screamed, wringing his chair toward the wall. "We don't want you around, see? Go on get out of here."

"Jimmy, when did you get so small and thinner than I saw you?"

"I am, Sam said. "He's got lots of company, honest he has. But I don't have nobody but you and I don't see why I have to share you. I don't why I have to share you."

"Share me? There was a quick painful heap in her throat and a queer mist before her eyes."I know what you feel now," she said, "but it's selfish to feel that way, and I don't like selfish people."

She swiftly pushed the chair over toward Jimmy, took his hand and said, "Listen, Meg, I'm not selfish. You ought to be glad I sent that old Jimmy away. You ought to be glad I've got you by myself."

"Why should I be glad?"

"Because—he's got less wrinkles—because he's got less blood—because he's got less trouble—because he's got less to worry about."

"Bore me! Where does he get it? she thought in amazement. Where does it come from?"

"And I suppose you never bore me," she said. "I suppose you're the most interesting talker I ever met ever me!"

"He looked as if he was slapped him. His mouth quivered. "I don't mean to bore you," turning his head away. "I try not to. I try just as hard as I can."

"How can I be so cruel? she thought, resisting an urge to pick up his arm and kiss him. "I was just feeling, lonely," she said gently. "I just wished I was any one I love it when you tell me how, go on tell me some more, Please.""

She was sitting in the hospital, instead of going home she found herself heading the car downtown. She was standing in the entrance of Sam's - at Brownning's when she heard a voice at her elbow.

"Why, Meg, what are you doing here?"

Meg turned her head, coming face to face with the young man at Brownning's when she heard a voice at her elbow.

"Oh, hello, Ellen," she said. "I just happened to be on this floor and—"

"and you just happened to buy a baseball bat, I suppose?"

"Yes," she snapped. "I just happened to buy a baseball bat, if it's any of your business, I'm buying it for a little boy I met in the hospital when I went to see Susan. He isn't any family and—"

"Ugly?" Meg stiffened. "There's nothing ugly about Sam."

"If he's not I don't have to know what you'll call him. Honestly, I never saw such a lonely child. Really, Meg—" Ellen was trying to say something about the time she had to have a spurt of maternal feeling after all these years, I should think you'd pick someone easier."

"Something fiercely protective swept through Meg; it brought tears stinging to her eyes."

"Listen to me, Ellen Tichell. Maybe Sam isn't the son of another Sam's, but it's a father's responsibility to have a soft baby eyes and a heartful of yellow ringslets, she said hotly. "Sam's got something better than you've got, Ellen. And he doesn't need anything else!"

And Meg strode away, leaving Ellen staring after her, open-mouthed.

"Dudley," she said, at dinner that night. "Yes? He looked up, when Meg called him. "What's the thing was coming?"

"I just want you to know that I don't like your sister Ellen very well. I've tried to like her, I've been trying to like her for years, but I've come to the conclusion that"

The best thing to give to your enemy is friendship, it is an opponent, tolerance—friend to your heart, your tastes, your childhood; a preference to all men, charity. —LORD BALFOUR

I simply—Meg burst into tears— "I simply can't stand her!"

"Why, Meg?"

"Coward. Honey, you don't have to feel so bad about that. As a matter of fact, I never could stand her myself."

And then suddenly it was Christmas Eve. Meg had explained to Sam that she could not be there that day. She and Dudley were having an evening party and she had made Sam understand that she could not possibly leave her guests. But at five o'clock she was standing in the living room, feeling strangely apart from the yule tide gladness all around her, when Dudley crong the room and motioned her out to the hall.

"Here," he said, pressing the car keys in her hands. "Everyone's having such a good time they won't miss you if you leave for a while. You'll find the stuff in the back seat of the car."

"Oh, the ball and the bat—" his face began to crinkle with amusement—and a few other little things I got for myself. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? Why, Dud? She kissed him and smiled.

It was long past the visiting hour when Meg stepped off the elevator. The corridor was deserted. The light was out. Calmly. Meg pushed open the door leading to the ward. A beautiful little tree, glowing with lights, twinkled so brightly from the opposite wall. She was thinking how pretty it was when there was a queer, gaudy sound that drew her glance to one of the beds. Sam was sitting on the edge of it and Miss Jensen was pulling a shoe on his foot, a high, black shoe with its sole built up six inches. He raised his head as Meg came toward him. His eyes held the corner locket of a trapped animal.

"Go away," he said savagely. "Go on away!"

Meg kept her eyes away from the crippled foot. "Of course, Sam," she said, turning to Miss Jensen, who was waiting in the receiving room for Miss Jensen came out of the ward a few minutes later and touched her shoulder.

"Please, Mrs. Carpenter, I'm sorry you had to find it out that way. We didn't know Sam was leaving tonight, but Miss Murphy got special permission because it's Christmas."

"Why didn't you tell me about his foot?"

"It was Sam's idea. He didn't want you to know. He made all the children promise to keep it a secret."

"All the children? You mean they're all Sam's friends?"

"Of course. Miss Jensen's voice was very gentle. "He can't stay in the wheel chair all the time."

"But did you let him hide it from me?"

"Meg cried. "If everyone else knew—", I think perhaps it was because you were the only person he's ever been able to hide it from. I think that perhaps as long as he could hide it from you—Miss Jensen's voice trembled--I believe all the things he told you about himself."

"Sometimes on I've walked ten whole blocks at a time."

"Where is he? Meg said. "I have to see him."

"He's on the sun porch waiting for Miss Murray. But he isn't brave if he doesn't want to see you."

"He didn't want to see her. She found him sitting on the couch, looking very strangely, pathetically vulnerable in a too large, too grown-up blue suit with long trousers. He kept his right leg bent and tried to hide it, but nothing could hide that shoe. It was there and it would always be there. It's the acceptance, Meg thought. It's the acceptance that's so hard to learn."

"She drew up a chair and sat down. "Hello, Sam."

There was no answer, and looking at him, looking at the pinched remote little face, she knew he had built a tight barrier around himself. And suddenly I, Meg felt it was the most important thing in the world to break that barrier.

She wasn't vaguely conscious of the words, but they ran through her mind thus: Dear God, help me. I can't do it alone. Please, God, just one small miracle! Just one!

"Listen, Sam," she said, "you're not the only person who's ever been—" she accentuated the word—"ever been crippled. And you're not the only person who's ever lied about it either, I know. Sam, I know because I'm crippled too. Ever so much worse than you are, right? And I lie to her and I lie to you and I lie to everyone."

"I can't find you out, just the way you tried to keep me from finding out about you," she leaned toward him, her fingers under the arm of the chair. "Listen to me, Sam. For a long time I've been pretending that I don't like children, to keep people from finding out that—that I'm crippled, inside of me. So that I can't ever have any. The very worst way a woman can be crippled, Sam. You never used to have a lane foot. And I've pretended so long that I almost managed to believe it. Almost managed to believe it when I saw some little boys, like you, Sam! Like you!"

"She couldn't see him through the tears, she thought. He is the only one who stood by him, blindly, found and held him, felt him yield to their tightening."

"Maybe this is the way You meant it, she thought. "Maybe this is the way You meant it all the time."

"Sam," she whispered, "do you think we could pretend that I'm your mother?"

"It's what I'd rather be than anything else in the world."

"My mother? he stared up at her, his eyes filled with admiration. "Oh, my darling, she thought. My brave, beautiful little boy! She clutched him to her. "I mean for always, Sam, forever."

THE END
A festive way to "Happy holiday!" your friends: savory ham-and-lentil casserole, with cold asparagus mousse, cabbage-apple pineapple salad. For dessert, gladden hearts with a tangy Christmas soufflé.

If you have youngsters in college, they'll be home for the Christmas holidays, and that's bound to mean at least one party, engineered by you or by them—and probably you'll be it. So let's plan one that won't mean too much work for you and that is sure to be a success.

I think there should be a good punch to start proceedings—the Christmas season and the punch bowl go together—and with the punch there will be crisp cheese wafers and a dip with potato chips. The dip is made of peanut butter, chopped pickle, bacon crumbles, sour cream and chili sauce, and it is good! For the main dish a delicious hearty casserole is indicated. Ours will be made of ham and lentils and lots of other things including white raisins, which add a delightful taste to the (Continued on Page 144).
...to complete her precious collection, or start it. Each piece you give bears a wordless message. This beauty is yours, forever.

There are three good reasons for this endurance: Towle designs patterns in lasting good taste; creates them in solid silver that never wears out; crafts them in the splendid traditions of its centuries-old past.

Yet gifts of live-forever Towle Sterling can cost as little as $3.70 for a teaspoon or $4.00 for a serving piece.

Six-piece place settings from $29.75.

for Yule: this Beauty for Life...
Canned Cling Peaches from California — so quick and thrifty — so many luscious ways!

Jiffy Christmas Salad

Blend 1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese with 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Whip until fluffy. Season with salt. Fold in 3/4 cup finely cut celery. On each of 4 lettuce-garnished plates arrange a rough ring of cheese mixture and center with a drained canned cling peach half. Garnish with cherry strips.

Quick Pickled Peaches

Drain 1 No. 2/3 can cling peach halves. And see what plump, tender peaches they are! To syrup add 1/2 cup brown sugar (packed), 3/4 cup vinegar, 2-3 inch sticks cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 teaspoon whole allspice. Boil 5 minutes. Add peaches, simmer 5 minutes. Allow fruit to stand in syrup overnight. Serve chilled.

Golden Shortcake

Bake extra-rich biscuits (from your own recipe or packaged mix), sweetened dough with 1 or 2 tablespoons sugar. Drain 1 No. 2/3 can cling peach slices. Split hot biscuits. Fill and top with whipped cream and peaches. Serves 4 or 5. Clingos are the peaches with summer-sweet flavor. America’s favorite canned fruit. Clingos are your best fruit buy. Keep several cans handy!
DIARY OF DOMESTIC (Continued from Page 24)

When you buy Borden’s Cheese Spreads, you’ll find they’re smooth, spreadable butter and no sitting at tables it should be easy to swing. You may be interested in hearing about the brain storm I had for the 1690.

For Breakfast—Wake Up to the fresher flavor of Borden’s Cream Cheese!

DIY box of this cooking we’ll have 13 egg whites—or 11 if you make the toasted fruit described below—on hand—free for an angel-food cake for another day.

Service. This is a beforehand cooking deal if ever there was one, and with buffet service and no sitting at tables it should be easy to swing. You may be interested in hearing about the brain storm I had for the 1690.

DIY box of this cooking we’ll have 13 egg whites—or 11 if you make the toasted fruit described below—on hand—free for an angel-food cake for another day.

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For Breakfast—Wake Up to the fresher flavor of Borden’s Cream Cheese!
Smart, crisp color stripes—woven into the famous part-linen StarTex fabric—are the newest thing for your kitchen! New in their soft, gay tones—new in their 35% linen content, as labeled—new in their modern decorative beauty—new in their fast drying, long lasting attractiveness—new in their all-round efficiency as sturdy kitchen helpers! And so economical! See these and many other top quality StarTex Kitchen Towels—colorful woven borders packaged in cellophane and lovely hand printed patterns—today at your favorite department or dry goods store.

Love is like a vaccination—when it takes you don't have to be told.

———W. B. REED

Old Rose and Silver (Pulson)

The Newest

STARTEX

KITCHEN STRIPES

in MODERN COLOR

COMBINATIONS

(Continued from Page 37)

"I don't have no money."
"That doesn't matter. We'll get clothes, food, and a roof over your head, then I sent nineteen dollars to the rain. Now I want some clothes and I don't have no money.

"Get dressed. We'll go shopping."

The theory I have about dressing this kid is strictly my own, and maybe it's nutsy, but I believe in it. It's fine to look like a lady if you want to look like a lady but—let's be honest—looking like a lady means every female scout finds but I didn't have a durably tuned suit and a good conservative hat that would last all year. She wanted lace and she wanted rhinestones and she wanted a velvet skirt to wear with a scarf blouse. I kept quiet while she made her selections. You'll never convince me that a black leotard would look better wearing a neat all-wool cardigan.

I had taken her to one of the department stores and we were accompanied by the head of the department, who turned the place up side down, and every eye was filled with a two-studio radio somewhere down south. He pawed through a stack of junk on his desk and came up with a picture which he sent to me. It had been taken in a small town and the photographer had not known how to work his light values properly, but I knew was looking at a picture of the most beautiful girl I was ever likely to see.

"She looks all right, doesn't she?" Mike said.

"She looks sensational."
He smiled thinly. "Probably can't read a line."

I said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mike, live a little."

He looked up from the mass of papers.

"What does that mean?"

"Only that you're numb. Why do you have to underplay everything? The girl's voice is 'pretty good,' her looks are 'all right.' She's a wonderful bet and you know it. It is a sin to be enthusiastic, Mike."

He shook his head. "No, be it's dangerous. You fall flat on your face in this business if you go all out for something that doesn't click."

"That's a hazard of living, Mike."

"Well, I'm not living right now, I'm working for this studio. You can't do both. In three more years I'll be able to live.

I stared at him. Didn't he know that three years is a very long time? That anything could happen in three years?

"Oh, Mike, forget it. I guess you want me to see that girl. I gestured toward the record.

"I hear she's lonely. I don't want her to get off on the wrong foot, hating everything and everybody. You see what you can do.""

"What's her name?"

"River Ashburn."

I didn't believe it, so I moved closer to him and glanced down at the record. Sure enough, her name was River.

Mike's hand brushing against mine as he took the record off the phonograph. It was an accident, I knew that."

Her hotel was cheap and noisy, but that couldn't be helped. She wasn't earning enough on her first deal with the studio to warrant a better place.

She was wearing a faded cotton housecoat and she was lying on the bed looking at picture covers of a magazine. Her black hair was wild and uncombed, but it streamed as nose hair I had ever seen before did. I stood silent in front of her, staring at the bright, red mouth and the clear, creamy skin. She was just gorgeous.

"You from the studio?" she asked.

I said, "Virginia Kingsman. I came to see what I can do for you.""

This was puzzling. "How do you mean?"

"Well, I have several services to offer. I can be a guide or a secretary or a social contact, or I can be a friend if you feel you need one.""

She did not return my smile. She looked long and steadily at me and then her eyes went back to the magazine. "I want some clothes," she said finally. "We'll get some."

Love is like a vaccination—when it takes you don't have to be told.

———W. B. REED

Old Rose and Silver (Pulson)

Ballad For A Fish Fry

(Continued on Page 118)

Love is like a vaccination—when it takes you don't have to be told.

———W. B. REED

Old Rose and Silver (Pulson)

Ballad For A Fish Fry

(Continued on Page 118)

Love is like a vaccination—when it takes you don't have to be told.

———W. B. REED

Old Rose and Silver (Pulson)

Ballad For A Fish Fry

(Continued on Page 118)
For gifts that say “Merry Christmas” all year long—give COSCO

1-A Step Stool: 24” high. Rubber-treaded, “swing-away” steps. All-enamel finish, four colors. 3-G Kitchen Stool: 24” high. Chromium finish; Duran upholstery, six colors. 2-D Special Stool: Seat, 24” high. Chromium finish; Duran upholstery, six colors. 8-T Drop Leaf Utility Cart: 31” high. Top (leaves up), 24” x 41”. Chromium, with Coscoat finish in wood grain pattern, three colors. 8-K Utility Table: 30” high, 16” x 22”. Tough, two-coat, baked-on enamel finish, three colors. 9-F Kitchen Chair: 25” high. Posture back adjusts two ways. Chromium finish; Duran upholstery, six colors. 7-D Folding Utility Table: 29” high, 24” x 34”. Legs fold flat in top. Chromium, with Coscoat finish in wood grain pattern, three colors. 5-B Bathroom Stool: 17” high. Chromium finish; waterproof Duran upholstery, seven colors. 14-A Youth Chair: Seat, 21” high. Chromium finish; Duran upholstery, four colors. Get COSCO—at leading department, furniture, hardware stores. Sold also in Canada and S. America.

*Prices slightly higher in Florida, Texas and 11 Western states.

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We really enjoyed a sightseeing vacation by Greyhound

... with Ellen Hagenroad and Belle Warner of Vancouver, B. C.

"On our vacation this summer, we traveled across the country by Greyhound bus—from Vancouver to Chicago, then to Miami, New Orleans, Los Angeles and back home.

"We chose Greyhound because we wanted to see as much scenery as we possibly could while in the States—and at the least cost. By Greyhound we saw more than we ever dreamed possible, and saved all along the way.

"Both of us agree we made a wise choice, for Greyhound gave us an economical and thrilling vacation trip.

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Free full-color booklet "Beauty Spots of America"
Write Dept. J-12, Box 811, Chicago 90, Ill.

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"It’s my one essential cream"

Mrs. Ellen Hagenroad Actor

Like so many lovely women the world over, Mrs. Actor is devoted to Pond’s Cold Cream. Pond’s is my most helpful and most necessary cream," she says, "I've used it since my early teens.

(continued from Page 116)

Pond’s Cold Cream is very, very special, that, Mrs. Actor finds so perfectly suited to her needs, it is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients.

Together, these ingredients in Pond’s Cold Cream work on your skin as a team—in interaction. They cleanse embedded dirt from pores, immediately. At the same time, they replenish your skin with special oil and moisture it must have to be supple, clear, and smooth.

The film ran forty minutes and I, for one, was definitely caught up on Cottonmouth Crossing and surrounding territory.

OUTSIDE in the brightly lighted lobby River swallowed one last sob and dried her eyes.

She asked me with that expression of awe that had come with the shopping spree.

"You can do just anything, can’t you?"

"I wouldn't say that. my name from the studio and in some strange way he managed to convey the idea that I had arrived alone and that he did not see River standing there in the lobby. Even the bellboy who led the way upstairs did not appear to notice her.

When we were alone she turned to me with an expression of complete surrender and admiration upon her face. "I knew you could. I knew you could just do anything. You did it right. You did it right."

"I did! What did I do?"

"You got me into this hotel, didn’t you? Right into this hotel you got me right."

"Wait a minute. There’s no trick about that.

"Oh, no? Nobody but you could have done it.

"Why, I ain’t allowed in this town, honey. Just about this time last year I got run out of it by Black Bend."

For a moment I couldn’t think of anything to say. There was a rabbit running over my grave or an icicle tickling my spine.

"What did you do? I asked quietly.

"I didn’t do nothing, honey."

She was sitting on the bed and suddenly she began to bounce delightfully on the mattress, feeling, I was quite sure, that she had given me a satisfactory reply.

"River," I said, throwing my weight around, "I represent the studio and you’re going to tell me whatever there is to tell."

Well, it seemed that she had been singing in the kind of jukebox up the road a piece.

She’d been singing around this part of the country for quite a spell. People seemed to like it, but there was a trouble. "You know how men are, don’t you, honey? Even the married ones sometimes."

She had always been a good girl. Didn’t even let anybody kiss her as a general rule. But still there was always trouble and she just simply couldn’t, for the life of her, imagine why.

Then one night there was a real big fight, everybody trying to kill everybody else and a lot of real unpleasant going on. And the next night two men she didn’t recognize forced her into a car and drove her over the state line. They gave her fifty dollars and a warming.

"That’s all, honey." Bounce, bounce.

"They didn’t hurt me, you understand. Bounce, bounce. "I got a job dancing singing too."

She turned on the radio and there your little old studio found me.

I stared down at the men in the street. One of them raised his eyes to the window at which I stood and I wished that my little old studio hadn’t been so all-fired keen on new talent.

"Why did you come back?" I asked her.

"Why didn’t you stay in."

"This is my home, honey," she said with a certain childish dignity. She looked around her room and, considering the circumstances, there was a surprising amount of contentment in her eyes. "It’s awful nice here."

I didn’t think it was a bit nice. The room was ugly and uncomfortably furnished, but I wanted to stay in it. I found myself growing a little panicked at the idea of strolling..."
I heard it. I said. I had everything. This was snake country and I remembered that somewhere I had read that the cottonmouth was a dimpling snake. It will give you some idea of my state of mind when I tell you that I shied away from an old hattack on the landing.

I took a turn about the lobby, letting it become familiar and therefore, I hoped, less ominous. As I glanced out into the hot street I saw something very surprising, something I had not expected to see here. It was only an automobile, but it was a very costly one. It looked like home. It belonged on the studio of a great actor in Hollywood, not on the steps of our little ranch house.

There was a purposeful expression in his eyes as he strode to the head of the desk and whirled the register book around.

"Is it true that River Ashburne came in today?" he asked.

The clerk turned white and said, "Yes. She's here.

And suddenly I knew that River Ashburne hadn't come back to visit her ma or to eat just-puppies. She had come back because of this young giant. So it was the old story all over again. Love.

Well, he was big and he had the power that money brings in Holly-wood, Timbuktu, or snake country, so I felt he'd be a good friend to have.

I introduced myself and led the way up stairs. He was not the silent type. As we walked I spoke of River's splendid luck in getting a movie contract. I noticed in his speech the obvious mark of his having been away to school, but I was more impressed by his extraordinary detachment in his references to River. He had come looking for her, hadn't he? Then what was this "we're all so happy for her"? routine.

I opened the door of River's room and called to her, "Honey, we got company.

She looked around and for the first time I saw her smile. She let out a little cry and ran toward Latchford and threw her arms around him. He pulled himself free of her embrace and stepped back, her smiling sweetly, charmingly but oh, so distantly.

I TURNED away from the look in her eyes. She was so hurt that I couldn't bear to watch.

She stood silently in the center of the big, old-fashioned looking heartstuck.

Latchford lighted a cigarette for himself. "I can't tell you, River, how sorry I was when I heard of your experience with those local boys. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been aware of the plan. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded distantly. "I didn't know where to contact you to see if you needed anything. You'd just disappeared. I was afraid you knew that I was sorry about it. That's why I'm here. Is there anything I can do for you?"

River shook his head. "If either you or Miss Kingman want the use of a car or any little thing like that—"

"No!" River said and burst into sudden, stormy tears. "I want any of your cars, Mr. Latchford, all I want is you and you know it. And what's more you want me too."

I couldn't see why he wouldn't want her. He was never going to find anything tastier than this home-cooked dish.

"All my life I never did want nothing but you," she wept, "and all these months I've waited for you to come find me but you never came. Why didn't you come find me? I thought of you so hard it was a real pain and now I come back to find you and here you are acting like you never wanted me at all."

Latchford glanced at me uncomfortably. I can't say that I blamed him. He stood there, looking very big and young and distressed. He wasn't accustomed to tears.

"What'll I do?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I'm a stranger in town."

But I had to do something. She was tearing herself apart. I made soothing noises at her and persuaded her to lie down. Then I put a cool towel on her forehead and walked with Latchford out into the dusty corridor.

"May I review the bidding?" I asked.

He told me all about it. wanted there beside the fire extinguisher that wouldn't work if we needed it. His mother was the power of the whole territory down that way. She employed everybody. With the exception of the Western Union office, his mother controlled just everything.

"She owns this hotel too," he smiled, remembering.

"Oh, congratulations," I said.

People came to his mother with their troubles. When they wanted help, when they were in grief, when they wanted to complain.

"The women did a lot of complaining about River Ashburne. Men didn't think about much else but River and it caused a lot of unrest. The girl herself is blameless."

"Your mother should have run the men out," I said.

Perhaps, only it seemed easier to get rid of just one little girl. Mother got sick of the complaints and the fights and the constant turmoil. That's all.

I love beauty... I live in Seamprufe

I simply adore Seamprufe's wondrous fit and flattering... every exciting fashion so softly feminine, beautifully made and carefully detailed... everything luxurious, except the price!

The Heart That Loves
By Meryl Price

The songs of love are dear, are sweet for hearing,
Yet hearts that love have strength for more than song.
Bring me your need to fill, bring me your grieving.
As each gives strength to each, we are made strong.

"Not quite," I said. "It doesn't explain why River thinks you're in love with her."

"No, it doesn't," he admitted. "It's because she's the kind of person she is. She sings about love and dreams about it and the night that big brawl occurred in the roadhouse I was there.

He had gone to hear her sing. The whole town was talking about her voice and his curiosity had been aroused. He had sat alone and had listened and had thought her voice just wonderful.

"It was natural for me to be interested in her because I'd always known her. When her father was alive he worked on our place. I think River was born there, as a matter of fact."

The fight had started over River, of course. Someone had been dancing with her and there had been an attempt to cut in and within a minute all hell had broken loose.

"I was afraid she'd get hurt," he told me.

"I waded in and picked her up and carried her out. Then we drove around for a while just talking."

"Just talking?"

"All right. This is a full confession for your studio records, I kissed her."

"And promised her what?"

He shook his head. "I promised nothing."

Well, I guessed. Why would he promise anything? He was who he was and River was something quite different. He was the old plantation house, the fox hunt and the re-\n\n© 1949 by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. All rights reserved.
The next day we went over to Black Bend. It was a little town set on the river. Everybody turned out to welcome River. Her ma had told them all, of course, that River was a Hollywood actress now, and the excitement was tremendous. In the yards her white veils and red blouses. She seemed to know they'd want to see her in that.

He had a bony woman with her hair in a tight little knot. She was younger than she looked, but older than she felt. She was the face of the group and kept asking people if they remembered the days when she looked like River. Nobody remembered.

There was a great deal of drinking and eating and much laughter and song.

River was a pretty solemn guest of honor, but this was overlooked in the general gaiety and confusion. There seemed to be hundreds of hound dogs and babies. Never before in my life have I heard so much noise or seen so many bare feet in midmorning. And there was Claude Pendexter. He was a tall, skinny guy with small, black eyes and thin lips. Right away I was crazy about him. He put a wiggly green worm on River's exposed chest, and when she screamed he lifted her high in his arms and set her down in a tree crotch.

"Now you've given me a great big kiss," he said. "And don't play sly. You can't fool me no more with shyness now that you've been in Hollywood. Everybody knows what goes on there."

When we got back to the hotel that night I told River, "Honey, you've seen the old poodles aren't you? Ma. How about getting out of here now?"

She shook her head. "I'm not going, Ginny."

"Why?"

"You go. I'm gonna stay. I'm gonna stay forever."

"Now listen, River, you have to get something through your head. You have to face it. That Pendexter doesn't like you."

"Yes, he does. He loves me almost crazy, honey, but he's thinking about his ma. She runs out of town, I figure. She's the one who don't do it and just because he's so mad about me.

Well, if she wanted to figure it that way it was all right with me. "Honey," I said, "that's what he'd be true. But love you or not, you have to get used to the idea that you're not going to have him.

"And that expression crossed her face. She said, "Maybe I'm used to the idea already. Anyway seems like, 'cause I promised Claude Pendexter today that I'd marry him."

"Claude Pendexter! You're crazy! You can't do it. Why, he's horrible. He's a monster." I was sick at the thought of that terrible, leering louty possessing all River's sweetness and grace and loveliness.

She said, "He asked me and I don't like Holly. Ginny. Hope I don't hurt your feelings none but what it's got, that Hollywood."

For three hours I talked to her about Hollywood and what it had.

When I finished she said, "You'll stay for the wedding, won't you, honey? It's going to be on Sunday."

Like a dyin' elephant I made one last attempt to throw him around. "You can't do it without the studio's permission."

I said sternly. "There's the contract, you know."

"I don't care about no studio or no contract," River said. "What can they do if I don't care about no studio or no contract?"

She had me there.

Of course I stayed and went to the wedding. It was a big affair. River wore white satin and a lace veil. She looked heavenly. It was her attendant in a terrify smart yellow net creation and gold slippers. Mad had selected the wedding finery. There were flowers, and roses and blue roses, and a minister in a frock coat who stood in the hot sunlight and read the service.

But before the service was over and we had quite a bit of excitement. The people were gathering from near and far and the fiddles were playing and the drinks were flowing and a few fights had started in the clearing beyond ma's house. In short, everything was going normally when all of a sudden Latchford, the tall, young giant, appeared strideing from nowhere into the midst of the wedding party. And the people stared and the fiddles stopped playing now too. And the fighting in the clearing waited and Latchford walked up to Claude Pendexter and waved him off. From where he had been standing beside River.

Latchford took River's hand as though they were all alone in the world and he looked deep into those blushing eyes of hers and said. "Did you think I'd let you marry him?"

"River shook her head. "No," she said. "Not for a minute!"

He then the fiddles played again and after a while River and Latchford were married by the minister in the frock coat.

Mike's secretary told me that he was in Projection Room 8 so I went down there. When I opened the door he was sitting in an annoy ance at the interruption. Then he smiled and gave me a big welcome.

"Say, I've just seen the test of that Ferry boat or whatever her name is. She could be dynamite."

"She is dynamite," I said, "but it doesn't matter any more. I lost her, Mike. I lost the biggest potential the studio ever had."

He frowned. "How did it happen?"

I glanced at my watch. "If you want the details I'll write them to you. I'm pressed for time. Mike, I have something to tell you."

Mike was going back to Black Bend himself tonight."

"What for?"

"I closed my eyes in girlish confusion. "I met a man, Mike. A wonderful man. Sensi tive, intelligent, sophisticated. Name of Claude Pendexter. He wants me to marry him."

Mike jumped out of his beautifully upholstered chair and stared down at me. "Ginny, you can't. You can't do that. I love you. Ginny. Didn't you know it?" He pulled me to my feet and held me tight in his arms. "I couldn't do it. I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't let you marry another guy. I thought you knew that someday."

"Someday is awful far away, Mike."

"Hey! You're crazy. Someday is tomorrow in Las Vegas."

And it was. Funny how River used to look at me in awe as though I was the one who knew everything.

TELL ME, DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)
A gift for good lighting

The spirit of giving to match the heart-warming glow of the hearthside—reflected in a new lamp

For him, for her and for the entire family—a remembrance that modern lighting is the key to decorative rightness.

This tag is your guide to Verplex lamps and shades, available—broadly priced—wherever finer lamps and shades are sold.

Many a man marries a girl like a magazine cover and expects her to wear like a Bible. —Anon.

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top of the carton. Sold by food stores everywhere.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

I agree with you, all right. I wish something could be done to that doctor. Couldn't it?

The district attorney's office would like to get evidence to put every criminal abortionist and Sosa Sing, where he belongs, but it's the hardest thing in the world to prove. After all, it would only be your word against his—you haven't any witness of any kind.

It's a shame that they can get away with such things.

I might remark that you are a trifle late in coming to that conclusion. However, if I've succeeded in convincing you, I shall not consider the time wasted.

I know you've given me a lot of your valuable time, and I do appreciate it, Doctor. I might have got into terrible trouble, but—

Indeed you might. You can consider yourself well out of it, for you would have had no excuse. The best rule is to stay out of the clutches of such vermin. As a matter of fact, this fellow you employed was clumsy almost beyond belief, in more ways than one.

Do you think he really meant to do what I wanted him to do?

I think likely, only he botched the job. Did you bleed much after he was through with you?

Only a little.

"Of course I had started it off and left it to someone else to clean up."—Anon.

Is that the way it works? Oh, we are continuously having such cases in our hospital services. We hate them, but have to take them in order to save lives.

One thing, Doctor. Do you think what that man did will have any effect on my baby now?—Anon.

I doubt it very much. You say yourself that he accomplished very little. I don't think you need to worry about that. "The doctor told her.

But you said he was clumsy.

I know you've given me a lot of your valuable time, and I do appreciate it, Doctor. I might have got into terrible trouble, but—

Indeed you might. You can consider yourself well out of it, for you would have had no excuse. The best rule is to stay out of the clutches of such vermin. As a matter of fact, this fellow you employed was clumsy almost beyond belief, in more ways than one.

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I doubt it very much. You say yourself that he accomplished very little. I don't think you need to worry about that. "The doctor told her.

But you said he was clumsy.

"What I meant was that he took very little means to protect himself. It makes me think that he either was a beginner, or had been at it so long that he had become careless."

What means could he have taken to protect himself?

He could have sent you to some sort of nursing home that he might maintain in some other part of the country. He could have done it in another borough, too, ostensibly to be operated on, not by himself but by his anonymous associate. There he would have done his job not only behind the usual surgical masks, but behind a screen that would have prevented you from identifying him at any future time. You didn't even have known whether the man who was operating was tall or short, thin or fat, or any distinguishing characteristic about him. You would never be able to pin anything on him.

Ugh! It makes me shiver.

And rightly so. Did you ever stop to think what might be at the bottom of many of the murder mysteries involving the finding of dismembered female bodies, that you read about now and then in the papers?

"I don't believe I have, Doctor," she said.

"Just such a happening as we've been discussing, where a death occurs and the culprit finds himself with a body on his hands."

"Ugh! You talk like a detective. I sometimes like to make myself think I am one."

"I believe everything you've told me. Well, Doctor. I'm going to have a baby after all that's happened. Will you take care of me?"

"I tell you what I'll do. I'll see you through your confinement if you'll promise me, solemnly, that you'll never visit an abortionist again, as long as you live."

"You have my promise, Doctor."

In January, tell me, Doctor continues with the ever-present danger of infection from induced abortion, and its perilous consequences.

"I'm afraid you can tell that three hundred dollars good-by," he said. 'Or, rather, charge it up to experience.'

"But I'll sue him for it."

"I think you will not do that."

"Why, what do you mean? Of course I'll sue him."

My dear young lady, you asked me if I was not going to give you some advice. Now I'll add to what I've already told you. Put the entire matter out of your mind."

"But I want my money back—I can't afford to think of it in that manner."

"Of course you can. But you won't be able to use it. Even the merest apology for a lawyer would never accept such a case."

"I don't see."

"Because you have no case. In the first place, I'll bet a hat you didn't pay by check."

"No, he thought it was terrible. Anyhow, he didn't succeed."

"But couldn't he be prosecuted for attempting an abortion?"

"He could. But who will prosecute him?"

"Will."

"I'm quite sure you will not. You see, a prosecution of that sort is a matter for the district attorney."

"Then I'll go to the district attorney."

"I would strongly advise you not to. When you employed that scam to perform an abortion upon your person, you made yourself a participant in a crime.

That doesn't make sense."

"It's the law."

"It's a fool law."

"It's a good law, and a necessary law to protect women from the swarms who flit about, and it has come down through the ages. Have you ever read the solemn oath which Hippocrates, the first medical student under his instruction, more than three thousand years ago? There was one clause in it: 'I will not give to a woman an instrument to produce abortion.' That was the ethical basis for our present law. Under law, submitting to such an operation makes you just as culpable as any who performs it. I have had the experience a half-dozen times, of seeing a woman whom I had to report as having had a criminal operation arrested and kept under surveillance during her entire hospital stay, with a police officer just outside the door of the ward, day and night."

"I don't see why you had to report her."

"It was my duty, just as it would be my duty to report you under similar circumstances."

"Do you mean you would report me?"

"I would be legally bound to, unless I wanted to get into trouble myself."

"I hope you won't report me."

"I have nothing to report you. You couldn't prove you had an abortion, if you wanted to. As a matter of fact, you didn't."

And I can't get my money back?

I see no possible way. You can't prove that anything was done to you. You can't prove that you paid any money. The doctor would simply deny everything, and no lawyer would accept your case."

"There doesn't seem to be any justice."

"There's no justice when you compound a felony, or a misdemeanor, as you have."

"You make it sound as though I were a criminal."

"By the eyes of the law you are. However, I wouldn't lose any sleep over it. Just consider yourself out of a bad mess, and forget the entire matter."

Something ought to be done to abortionists."

"I'm glad you agree with me. You didn't when you came in here.

...
a big, high-ceilinged room in an old house converted into apartments for married students wasn’t everybody’s idea of luxury, but where else would she and Andy have found a white marble fireplace that really heated? As for the kitchen when it wasn’t in use it was hidden from sight perfectly by that huge and wildly surrrealistic screen-keeper and Andy had had such fun fumbling with it. And she’d hand-blocked the curtains herself in colors to go with the Prussian print above the mantel which Andy had framed in a way that really looked professional. Of course there were minor drawbacks, like the bathroom’s being down the hall. But Ducky had her own latrine and tody, and the two other couples on this floor, with whom she and Andy shared the bathroom, were not only graduate students like themselves, but also their best friends.

She heard the rap on the door that meant Elvira Eoannes, from next door, had decided to pop in for a morning Kaffeeklatsch. Elvira’s son Pete was three, old enough to be enroiled in the college nursery school. Jean yelped come in, and Elvira came in. She was a tall girl with dark bangs, who managed to look sophisticated and even elegant in a paint-splashed dress over a pair of ski pajamas.

“F’r’ to see and for to admire,” Elvira said, standing dramatically by the door, holding out a new French-drip coffee maker. “Ralph made some extra money this week tutoring a stupendously brilliant kid. And heavenly now we’ve a new coffee-set. Ralph was threatening to divorce me if my morning coffee didn’t improve.” She placed the coffee-set against her cheek. “Still hot. And still two cups for you. So, if you will provide the cream and sugar and two cups— They sat down to admiration of the new coffee maker. “Oh, dear, it does make heavenly coffee,” Jean sighed. “I’ll have to try to squabble one out of Andy’s next pay check.”

“Better not count on it for a long, long time. Not if your mother’s coming for a visit. By the time you get through impressing her and even trying to convince her that you and Andy aren’t texting on the edge of poverty, poor Andy’s wallet will be squashed flat. At least, judging by my own experience.”

Jean laughed. “Why in the world should I try to impress my own mother?” She counted the slices of bread in the loaf. “Let’s have ourselves another piece of toast. There’s not enough left for tomorrow morning, anyway.”

“See?” Elvira said. “You do that, my gal, when your mother comes over. I’ll start dabbing at her eyes and inquiring whether you really do get enough to eat. My mother looked at Petey, who’s never been sick a day in his life, and asked me if I wasn’t worried about him picking up germs from the small children in the neighborhood. I pointed out that the alienate he was talking about was inhabitated chiefly by graduate students and faculty members and that Dr. Winthrop Wadsworth, the most famous master-thority on entomology in the whole country, lives right across the street. Unfortunately...”
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Mrs. Wadsworth came out of her house right while I was pointing—and you know how tuckily she dresses. All I succeeded in doing was convincing mother—that, at the best, our life is lived among the gentile poor.” She took a healthy bite of toast. “Which I suppose it is.”

“Mother, isn’t like that at all.” Elyvia shrugged. “Well, live and learn. Nancy’s the one who’s really had experience along that line. She gets not only her mother and her mother-in-law but relatives all the time, and she’s got work to do.”

She simply had to pop in while they’re up nawth to see how the young ’uns are making out, poor dears.” She put down her coffee cup and went to the door. “Hey, Nancy! Come in and join the party.”

Nancy Lou came in. She was dressed for her nine-o’clock class in her sweater and skirt and a bobby sock and saddle shoes. She was young and blond and very pretty. She looked like someone’s nice daughter, such as it was, ought to be concerning itself with nothing less frivolous than the next prom. Actually, she was one of the most promising graduate students in the psychology department. Nancy Lou was the only one of the three who didn’t have a child. Yet. But she’d reached the point where she knew her daughter was big enough to appear and the morning nausea to disappear.

“I wish coffee smell?” Nancy Lou said, curling up in the big armchair. “I’ve still got ten minutes before I have to scamperv off to class.”

Elyvia shook the coffeepot. “It was. But alas, poor Yorick.”

JEAN got up. “I still have some instant left. I think,” she peered into the jar. “Enough for three cups, anyway. Which reminds me, I’d better put coffee on my shopping list. Mother’s a coffee fiend.”

“Having a visitation,” Elyvia said.

“Her mother.”

“Don’t let it get you down, honey child.” Nancy Lou nodded. “You know what I do? Anybody comes visiting me. I make them take out for me. I used to knock myself out, setting the table and all, and then I’d spend my money for the budget for extras—and it just made them feel terrible.” She sipped the coffee Jean handed her. “And if your mother absolutely insists on forcing money on you before she leaves, take it. and give her a big hug. It will make her feel wonderful—and won’t do the budget any harm.”

“Hey, Nancy!”

“I’ll be back. I’ve got moving and a hairpin to mend, too.”

“You’re better advice, honey, and let your sweet little mother entertain you. That way, she’ll go back being beamish with gratification that she’s managed to give the children a little treat, lift their drab lives out of the rut for a moment. Because that’s what we are to them, you know.”

“I think you’re both all right,” Jean said. “I refuse to be self-conscious about a visit from my own mother.”

But in spite of her words she found herself looking around after they were gone, trying to see the place as it would appear to her mother. She bit her lip and said to herself, “I had had time to give the woodwork a fresh coat of paint. It looked pretty grimy. And her mother said I should ask for more in the way of luxury.”

She went to work on the living room. After eleven she was long enough to pop a potato in the Dutch oven for Ducky’s lunch.

She took the first bite of coffee, and the first bite of food, and picked the first bit of pottery to herself. She glared at the clock. At the rate she was going she’d have plenty of time after lunch to set a yeast coffee cake. She was proud of her coffee cakes. And if she made something very simple for dinner for Andy and herself tonight—maybe that turned out well—she’d be pleased. At least, she had that fair chuck left out of the week’s allowance to spread herself out a bit the next time.

The butcher had been a special at on Thursday, and London broil was good enough for anybody’s money. The next time we could send her mother to the park with Ducky in the morning and his herself over to the fish market. Nobody could ask for anything more delicious—or cheaper—for a whole baked fish stuffed with celery and bread crumbs—

She’d reached that point when the doorbell rang. Frowning a little, because Ducky

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT**

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1922, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 335)

Of Ladies’ Home Journal, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1952. 2) My name is Curtis, Josephine Zimbler, Philadelphia, Pa. 3) My stockholders and managers own 100 percent of or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Of the stockholders and managers, owners of 5 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

Name: Curtis, Josephine Zimbler

Address: 3224 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Signature: J. Zimbler

Printed in U.S.A.
Jean met her mother just outside her own door. She held up the coffee pot and managed a smile. And a lie. “My neighbor borrowed it last night. For a party. Now, grandma, how would you like to give your grandchild her lunch while I prepare ours?”

“Silly,” her mother said. “Do you think I am all this distance to look under the bed for your dinner curtsey?” She pinched Jean’s cheek. A little tight. But on the whole you’re looking pretty spry for an old married lady, happy, baby?”

“Terribly,” Jean said. And hugged her mother again. She brought her bag in from her hall. “But really, I haven’t lost any weight. It’s that curtain. And actually, I’m a very good housekeeper. Usually. But I wasn’t expecting you tonight.”

“Stop apologetically,” her mother said. “I’m your mother, remember? Now where’s that wonderful baby—oh!” She stopped short and tip-toed toward the couch. At the sound of footsteps, Ducky woke.

“Navy, Navy!” Jean cried, and squeezed her little fists in Ducky’s thin. “Well, what did you expect? Where do you keep your diapers, dear?”

“Right here.” Jean said. She began to paw frantically through the drawer. The diaper service was due again until tomorrow. It was just her luck to be caught short and to have a tub of napkin, with mother here. She felt almost faint with relief when she discovered there were plenty of spares. She handed the diaper to her mother.

“Maybe I’d better watch you, the first time,” she said, and maybe a salve? She probably had a different system than I used when you were a baby.” She sounded almost scared.

The little frozen feeling of inadequacy that had been gathering around Jean’s heart cracked wide open. She hugged Ducky and her mother, both together. “Poor. Old method, new method, who cares?” She picked up her bag and put it on her shoulder. Skillfully. “Quickly. Now we’ll give her lunch,” she said, “and have a bite ourselves.”

“Oh, I’m pretty hungry. I’ve got to wash up first.” She stopped. “Oh, dear—bathroom—I’m afraid—we see, it’s down the hall.”

“Stop looking so tragic about it,” her mother said. “There’s a lock on the door. Isn’t there? Just show me where it is.”

Jean showed her where it was. She hurried back into the bath. She popped Ducky into the high chair and started to take the potato from the Dutch oven. It occurred to Jean suddenly that she might as well think about something to serve her mother for lunch. Well, nobody expected much if she arrived unexpectedly. Soup and toasted cheese sandwiches? She remembered there was no bread. Popovers, then. And scrambled eggs. And there were still four strips of bacon. She gave Ducky a zwieback chunk to chew as a temporary measure. She lit the oven, assembled the popovers in some minutes flat and heaved a sigh of relief. Grandma was taking her time about washing up. As if she knew Jean needed a few moments to get organized. When she returned, Jean would give her the pleasure of spooning food into her grandchildren, while Jean scrambled the eggs. They’d sit down to a pleasant lunch and a cozy talk over their coffee—

Jean sat down limply. No coffee! Picking up the surprised Ducky, she dashed down the hall to Elva’s. “May I borrow that elegant drip pot? And the makings?”

“She’s here! Already. Elva said.

And of course it’s wonderful to have her here, but—

“I know,” Elva said.

The popovers were high and light and marvelous. They had a wonderful lunch. And a good talk. And afterward, with grandma helping Ducky in her arms, and Jean’s arm around her mother’s waist, Jean showed off the apartment. The draperies. The way the two-day beds, set at right angles to each other, with the lamp table between, made a conversation corner. The print Andy had framed. And her mother admired everything.

“Silly, mother, it’s so wonderful to have you here,” Jean said. And it was. There had only been those first few minutes of tension. In the afternoon they took Ducky to the park, with her proud grandmother wheeling her. They had a wonderful afternoon. Until they started home.

“I’ve got to stop here and do my shopping,” Jean said, when they reached the store.

Her mother put her hand on Jean’s arm. “Dear. Before we go, do you mind if I say something? I know what Andy makes and I don’t want you two children to go to any unnecessary expense or treat me like a grandchild. Don’t we have that wonderful noodle-and-tuna caserole you make so nicely?”

Jean felt the color rush to her cheeks. “Oh, no! We children, as you put it, are really really these days.” Shamelessly she borrowed from Elva again. This time the tale about the windfall from the tutoring stupid cat. Magnified. So it sounded as if the income was regularly augmented that way. “And so tonight,” she finishedgrandly, “they gave me a pound of cold steak.”

“We’re having a noodle-and-tuna caserole,” her mother said, smiling. “I could always tell when you were fibbing, darling, from the time you were a little girl. And they ended up with steak. After what was almost a fender. And another fight at the corner, when her neighbor paid her for it. And all the rest of the things that Jean had bought, carried away by her determination not to let her son think that she and Andy had a hard time managing. This time her mother won. Which was just as well. When Jean saw the clerk adding the totals on the machine she had the feeling you had in a dream when you find yourself walking down the street naked. And you lost your money on your mind, and started putting items back on the shelf, with your mother right there.

She had a fight with Andy that night. One of the fights they’d ever had, actually, during their whole marriage. Andy was furious about the steak. Not at her having bought steak. He approved of that. But...
about having her mother pay for it, when she was her guest. Andy told Jean she should have gone down to the bank, if necessary, and drawn out the money. The fight had to be conducted in angry whispers, because of her mother sleeping right in the next room. Andy was so angry she didn't even kiss her good night. Oh, it was a terrible fight! And then, at the same moment, both of them stretched out their hands to each other from the twin beds set at right angles to each other. Because they had never yet let the sun go down on their wrath.

And naturally, that meant they both ended up in the same bed. And were still there when they woke to hear Ducky screaming like a fiend. And grandma tip-toeing in the kitchen, making Ducky's morning cereal.

And probably investigating everything that — and wasn't — in the cupboards.

"Are you awake, dear?" her mother said.

"The alarm clock went off half an hour ago. But I didn't like to disturb you. But if Andy has a class this morning —"

Andy did have a class that morning. Jean scrambled out of his arms, feeling strangely guilty about having been found there. Not that she didn't have a perfect right to be there, of course, but —

Andy was the one who was the most embarrassed. And because they hadn't heard the alarm go off, he had to hurry through his shaving and refused to take time for breakfast.

Jean pushed her hair back from her face and tried to spoon cereal into Ducky, who kept turning her face away and fussing. She remembered suddenly that she hadn't bought any coffee yesterday, in all the excitement. And of course she'd returned the pot to Elvira last night, anyway. But she was too listless to care. Her mother had disappeared. Probably washing up, Jean thought.

Her mother came in. With her coat on.

And a jar of instant coffee in her hands. "I just ran down to the corner," she said. "I noticed you were out of coffee. And this kind is so nice and simple to prepare, don't you think?"

She'd probably noticed the absence of the coffee pot. And drawn her own conclusions. Jean gave up disbelief. "Thanks, mammy," she said. And started boiling the water.

While grandma fed Ducky. Who immediately stopped fussing.

"How're you making out?" Nancy Lou asked, meeting Jean at the mailbox the next day, while grandma was happily taking Ducky for an outing.

"It's wonderful to have her here," Jean said. "But I feel as if we're walking a tightrope all the time. Between trying to show mother what a good wife and mother I've become and how marvelously I manage and at the same time trying to send it through a railroad.

Elvira, stopping for her own mail, grinned, "Thought you were going to act perfectly natural? Just do what you and Andy always do?"

"Have you ever tried to be natural with someone who's known you since you were a baby?" Jean said. "And isn't the least bit acquainted with you as a wife and mother?"

Solemnly, Nancy Lou and Elvira each shook hands with Jean. "Welcome to the circle of wisdom," Elvira said.

"By the way, what about tomorrow night?" Nancy Lou said.

They always pooled their resources and had a party in one apartment or the other in rotation on Saturday nights. "Mother's plane doesn't leave until Sunday morning," Jean said. "And I do want her to have a chance to meet you all. And see what wonderful things we do together. So, if it's all right with you, since it's my turn anyway?"

"We know what you mean," Elvira said.

"I'll make my famous veal scallopini and New York steak will really show mama how the younger half lives."

They really showed her. Elvira looked snobbish in a suit that was three years old and Ralph, with his clean scrubbed look, made the kind of impression who know would one day be the kind of doctor his own father was. And Nancy Lou, in a dainty blue dress, was radiant with the first flash of approaching motherhood, and sitting at Long-nie could almost see the distinction with which he'd wear a jurist's robe someday. And the food was the sort that no hostess of many years' standing would have been ashamed to serve. Jean was proud of her friends. And every time her mother, who asked all the right questions, about the future — and none of the wrong questions, about how any of them managed in the present. She sighed with bliss when the party finally broke up. It had been a wonderful ending to her mother's visit.

"Oh, you're so young, all of you," her mother said. "Such — such wonderful, brave children.

"Children?" Andy said. "Children? A little muscle twitched along his jaw. "We're not children, playing with blocks. We're adults, making the best of the long and tough pull ahead of us!"

"Sh-h-h," Jean said. "Please, Andy."

But Andy shook off the restraining hand she placed on his arm. "We think terribly," he shouted to her mother. "Do you think I like to see Jean dragging Ducky's carriage up and down the stairs if we can't afford the first-floor apartment at five dollars a month more? Going without any new clothes? Worrying about how she's going to feed me and Ducky food that will be coming up enough and still be nourishing? I don't like it one bit. No, we're not children. But we're young enough to work hard so we can afford to be poor. For the present."

Her mother walked over to Andy and kissed him. Hard. "But of course," she said. "Isn't that just what I was saying?"

With Ducky in her arms, Jean watched the plane circle and disappear in the sky. Such a wonderful visit, she thought, through the ache in her throat, but so short. So soon over.

"Never mind," she told Ducky. "Grandma promised she'd come soon again. And next time we'll really show her how beautifully organized and efficient your mamma can be. . . . What's that in your hands, Andy?"

Andy uncrumpled the piece of paper Jean's mother had tucked into his hand just before she stepped on the plane. His jaw was set in determination. "She probably thought, after the way I shot off my mouth last night, that we are on the ragged edge of poverty, well, you'll just have to mend that, Jean."

But Jean was censoring her neck and smiling.

"Darling, Look at the date," she said. "They made it out before either of us came on the trip. To both of us. Don't you see?" She brushed her cheek against his shoulder.

"We'd have been glad if you hadn't come, he thought, his eyes on the scrawl. But he couldn't. With Ducky in her arms, and with that dimpled, distracted look, she'd still have left it for us. Not because we're children but because we're their children. You and Ducky and I."

Andy looked at the check again and grinned. "Oh, heck," he said. "If we can afford to be temporarily poor, I guess we can afford to be temporarily rich. He looked down at Ducky. "But don't let that be a precedent to you, young lady, in your future dealings with your parents," he told her, "after you're grown up and married. You hear me?"

Jean laughed. And touched her lips to the soft vulnerable spot on Ducky's head. As if a time could ever possibly come, she thought, when Ducky would be so grown up that she wouldn't need at least a little help now and then from her loving parents.

THE END

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