

A detailed illustration of a woman with blonde, curly hair, wearing a green dress with a long, flowing skirt and a red sash. She is sitting on a patterned cushion, holding and reading a white letter. The background is a warm, golden-brown color. The title 'The Illustrated Love Magazine' is written in a large, elegant, blue serif font at the top right. The date 'March 1932' and the price '10¢ 15¢ in Canada' are printed in a smaller, blue serif font to the right of the woman. The artist's signature 'EVERETT SHINN 1931' is visible in the lower right corner of the illustration.

The Illustrated **Love**
Magazine

March 1932

10¢
15¢ in Canada

Complete in this Issue

FAITH BALDWIN'S

Vivid New Romance
of Rich Men's Children

SPOTLIGHT

The Sin of Charlotte Temple, **HEYWOOD BROWN**
Orchids and Overalls, **CORNELL WOOLRICH**

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... that's what makes it better

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*"Makes the next
 smoke taste better"*

PEPPERMINT · SPEARMINT
 and WINTERGREEN flavors



Once in a Blue Moon

*there's something really NEW
 DIFFERENT, DELIGHTFUL*

NOW—the world's most popular flavor CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS, TOO, 800 California oranges; 1,000 Italian lemons or 9,000 limes from the West Indies—to make a single pound of flavor—that's what makes Beech-Nut Orange, Lemon and Lime Drops so delicious—so refreshing! 5¢ everywhere.

Beech-Nut

CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

5 Minutes to tilt her Hat....!
Never a thought for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

NO DOUBT of it! Many a heart has been won by the jaunty little tilt of a jaunty little hat!

But lady, consider! There may come a day when the smartest hat in the world won't hide the fact that you are no longer pretty when you smile!

White, bright, sound teeth are most terribly important to that appealing smile of yours—and sound, sparkling teeth are dependent on firm gums.

Your gums are *not* hard and healthy.

It's like this: Nature expects human beings to eat coarse, tough foods. And civilized human beings don't do it! And while you eat soft, creamy foods, your gums simply sit back with nothing to do. They've become lazy, flabby, weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush". And "pink tooth brush" warns you of the advance of serious gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the rare, but dread pyorrhea!

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste twice every day. But each time, rub a little extra Ipana right into those soft gums of yours.

Ipana has ziratol in it—and ziratol, with the massage, stimulates circulation through the gum walls and hardens them.

In 30 days your teeth will not only be glistening, dazzling white—but your gums will be firmer. Don't stop using Ipana with massage—and you'll never need to fear "pink tooth brush"!



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

HUGH WEIR,
Editorial Director

VERNE PORTER,
Executive Editor

THE ILLUSTRATED Love

**ON SALE THE 15th
OF EACH MONTH
IN THE
WOOLWORTH STORES**

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

VOLUME 5

March, 1932

NUMBER 3

RAFAEL SABATINI
brings you
Marie de Canaples



*the imperious beauty of
his new serial, FIGHT-
ING FOOL, Page 30.*

HEYWOOD BROWN
introduces
Charlotte Temple



*heroine of the biggest-
selling love novel of
America, Page 22.*

FAITH BALDWIN
presents
Nona Amory



*popular blond siren of
her complete novelette,
SPOTLIGHT, Page 36.*

WARNER FABIAN
asks you to meet
Venetia Carr



*the fascinating play-
mate known as WEEK-
END GIRL, Page 50.*

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Elsie K. Frank—Managing Editor

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J.
Executive and Editorial Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. . . . Home Office: 22 No. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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WHY SHE LAUGHS AT WASHDAY—by C.A. Voight



(Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters praising it.)

AND See what a lot of work one box of Rinso will do!

"I WANT to tell you how much I did with one large box of Rinso. My big wash was snowy white, yet it didn't take much time and I wasn't tired afterward. Here's my laundry list, all done with Rinso:

6 undergarments	48 handkerchiefs	10 pillowcases	4 pyjamas
12 men's hose	6 tablecloths	1 bedspread	4 nightgowns
3 aprons	12 napkins	12 shirts	4 dresses
30 towels	8 sheets	5 children's suits	6 union suits

"Besides this wash I did the dishes 30 times, and there was still enough Rinso in that big box to clean the floor twice, to wash out the bathtubs and sinks several times and to clean all the woodwork twice!"

Mrs. J. H. Lynch, 27 Evans St., Dorchester, Mass.

TRY RINSO FREE


If you don't use Rinso and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 803, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized package will be sent you free.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

March, 1932

Spring: Watch Out For That Young Man's Fancy

<p>SIX-YEAR-old Napoleon is carrying pretty Ciacominetta's schoolbooks. (1775).</p>	<p>PERSIAN women are demanding the right to meet their husbands before they marry them. (1929).</p>	<p>LOVE letters get a break. Postage reduced to threecents for 3000 miles. (1851).</p>	<p>PONCE DE LEON sails to look for the Fountain of Youth and does not even find a beauty parlor. (1512).</p>	<p>LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY finds women are more careful drivers than men. (1926).</p>
<p>NAPOLEON married Josephine, and is Ciacominetta wringing her hands? (1796).</p>		<p>GOV. WINTHROP defeats move to make Massachusetts women wear veils. (1634).</p>	<p>TYRANNICAL Moscow government halts quaint Turkestanish custom of stealing wives. (1924).</p>	
<p>DIE-HARD English M. P.'s forbid women to bring friends into House of Commons smoking room. (1930).</p>		<p>FLAMING youth's dating problems necessitate the invention of the telephone. (1876).</p>	<p>"WOMAN'S place is in the home," says the Reichstag refusing to admit women to professions. (1891).</p>	
<p>ROMEO and Juliet were secretly sealed last night at the Citedella Church of Minorites. (1302).</p>		<p>THE King's bouncer asks lady wearing new style slit skirt to leave Belgian Court Ball. (1914).</p>	<p>ISAAC (London) Briand fined £2000. for marrying Elizabeth (13 year old orphan) Watson for her money. (1716).</p>	
<p>CURID gets a break. Berlin removes tax on jazz music at marriage feasts. (1927).</p>		<p>GERMAN P. O. girls are ordered to wear long skirts after "free knee" fad confuses knees with thighs. (1928).</p>	<p>READING. Mass. fines Matty Stanley £5 for winning John Tarbox's daughter without his consent. (1649).</p>	
<p>GRIFFIN comes 7000 miles from Peru to marry Connie Prindle and starts back right after ceremony. (1926).</p>	<p>CONSTANTINE (Scotland) I is assassinated by Dougal for not doing right by his daughter. (457).</p>	<p>THE WAR begins to end. British government asks women to spend less money for clothes. (1916).</p>	<p>TODAY a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.</p>	<p>AFTER 24 years Mohammed still loves his wife Cadijah so much that he continues to abstain from polygamy. (619).</p>
<p>EASTERN Osteopathic Ass'n declares scantiness of modern girl's attire is a positive aid toward better health. (1929).</p>	<p>LOVE hits a snag. Czechoslovakia orders female government workers to wear string blouses closed up to the neck. (1922).</p>	<p>WIVES of Ver-teyevka, Russia, strike for gentler beatings and win. (1926).</p>	<p>KING Edmund of England seizes the young man who crashed his party by the hair, and throws him out. (946).</p>	<p>HELEN practices for her big moment with Paris of Troy by running away with King Theseus. (c. 1228 B.C.)</p>
<p>MARRYING two wives becomes a crime in Albania. (1928).</p>	<p>THE Prince of Wales was seen chewing gum as he mounted his horse at Chipping Norton. He finished fourth. (1927).</p>	<p>MEN quake as the Convocations of Canterbury and York vote to drop "obey" from marriage ceremony. (1927).</p>	<p>DAYLIGHT saving time, effective throughout U. S. today, kills an hour of moonlight time. (1918).</p>	<p>By JOSE SCHORR Drawing by Loy Byrnes</p>

19 *Joyce Compton*20 *Jean Harlow*21 *Frances Dade*22 *Noel Francis*

Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

*They know the Secret of
keeping Youthful Charm...*

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them give their own peach-

bloom skins the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties!—keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow with this fragrant white soap!

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use Lux Toilet Soap!

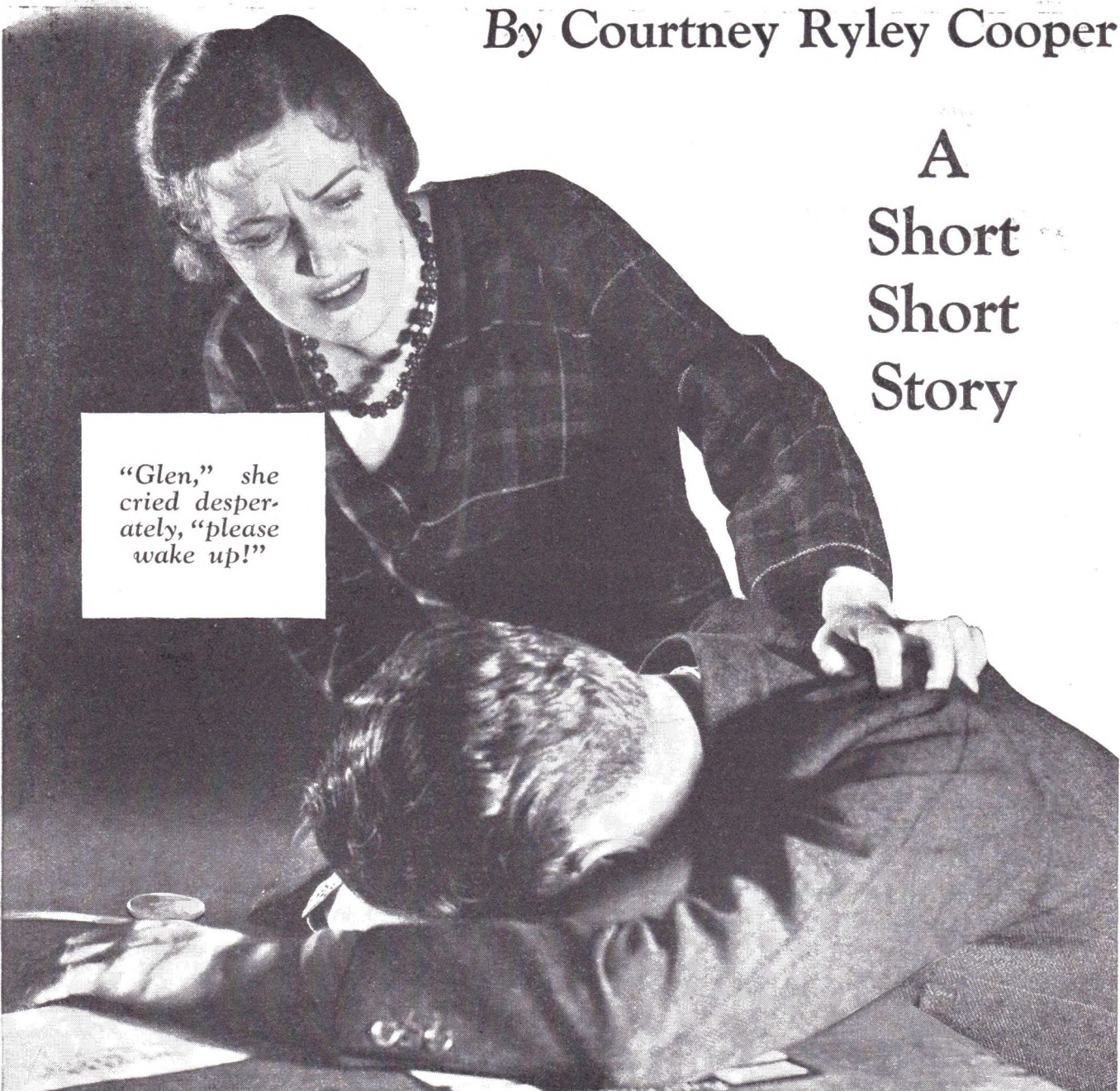
Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way. Begin today!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

26 *Laura La Plante*27 *Barbara Bedford*28 *Lois Wilson*29 *Anita Stewart*

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A
Short
Short
Story



"Glen," she
cried desper-
ately, "please
wake up!"

Tower Studios

FLOOD!

*Betty plays a losing game with jealousy and turns
defeat into triumph for two*

GLEN HARNDEN'S eyes were deep sunk and framed in rims of black. Before him, the pad of paper seemed to jump grotesquely forward, and then away again. His fingers felt thick and cumbersome. His head ached. His clothing was damp and cold.

"Got 'em yet, Betty?" he asked of the girl at the telegraph key a few feet away.

"Not yet," came from the other, as she tapped the key. "How much time have you got?"

"Two hours. Wish you'd rush 'em, Betty."

He clasped a clumsy hand about a pencil, and reached for the paper. The girl watched.

"My, but it's good to see you!" she said. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?" Then, receiving no answer from the young man who, as his eyelids sank and rose again, bent far over the pad of the paper in front of him, she continued: "And I've been locked up here three days—with nothing but canned tomatoes and crackers to live on. The current's been (*Please turn to page 64*)

STARTING A NEW PARADE of HITS for 1932!

M-G-M BEGINS THE
SEASON WITH
TWO
SENSATIONAL DRAMAS

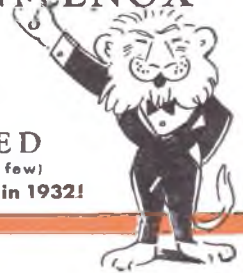
**WHAT A SMASHING
BOX SCORE in 1931!**

THE CHAMP
MIN AND BILL
TRADER HORN
A FREE SOUL
SUSAN LENOX

The SIN of
MADELON
CLAUDET

POSSESSED

(Just to mention a few)
And BIGGER hits in 1932!



Wallace **BEERY**

The old "CHAMP" himself — greater than ever!

Clark **GABLE**

M-G-M's sensational new star

in THE NEW
MIRACLE
PICTURE—
The THRILL
from the
SKIES!



HELL DIVERS

with
GEORGE HILL
Production
CONRAD NAGEL
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
DOROTHY JORDAN
MARIE PREVOST

Marie
DRESSLER

THE
GREAT STAR
WHO MAKES
YOU LAUGH
and MAKES YOU
CRY BUT AL-
WAYS MAKES
YOU HAPPY!



in
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

Emma

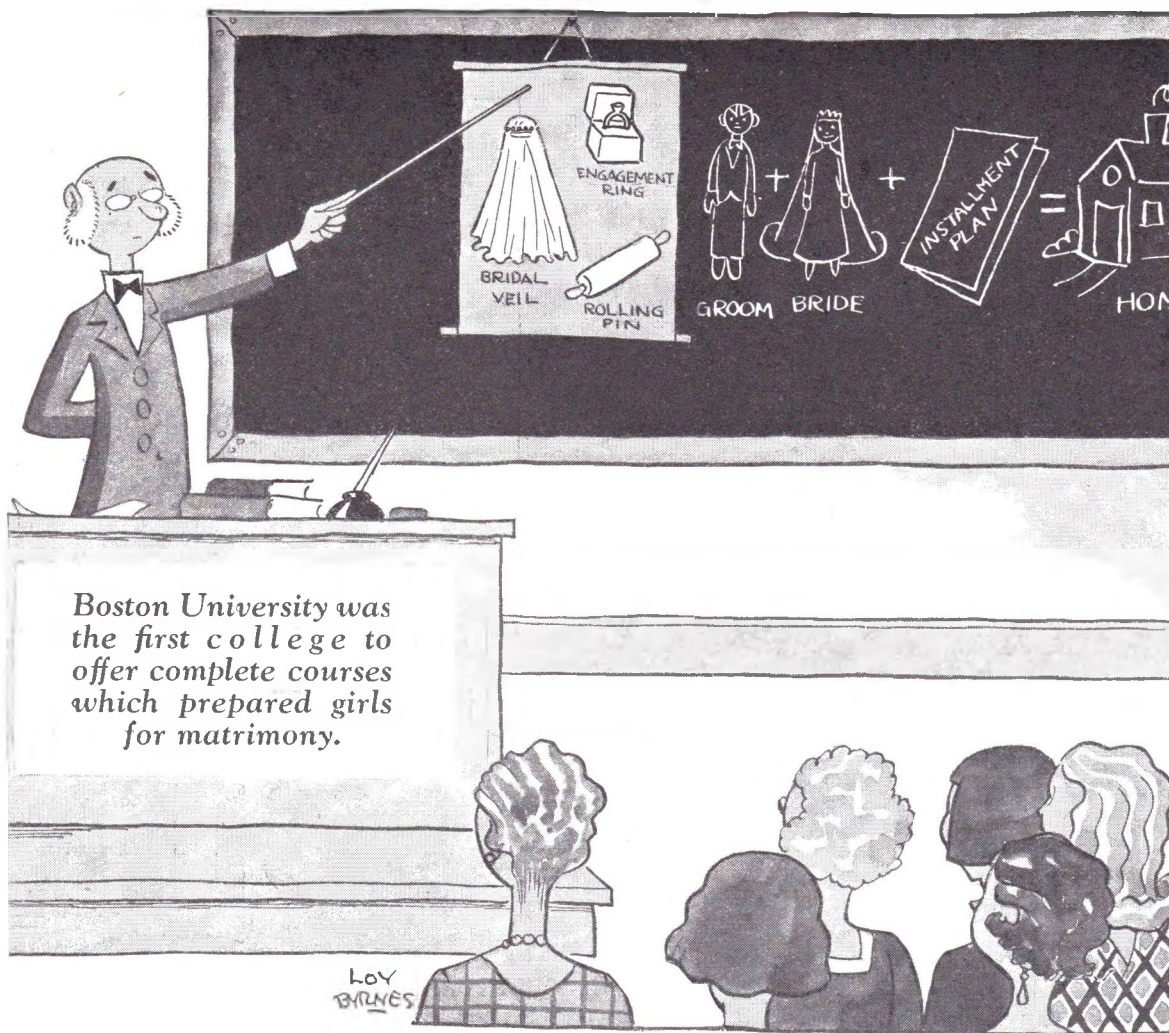
with
RICHARD CROMWELL
JEAN HERSHOLT

Story by FRANCES MARION

Adaptation and Dialogue by LEONARD PRASKINS
Additional Dialogue by ZELDA SEARS

directed by
Clarence BROWN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



Now YOU Tell One!

IN ITALY THE TAX on bachelors amounts to fifty million lire annually. In this country in 1756 the Assembly of Maryland imposed a tax upon all bachelors above twenty-five years of age who were possessed of a certain amount of money—it's the same old world.

THE WORD "BRIDAL" WAS ORIGINALLY "BRIDE-ale" which is Old English for "marriage feast." . . . In mediæval times, people were usually married at the church door so that you and you and you would know about it. . . .

IN THE DAYS OF YOUR GRANDPARENTS A YOUNG woman was not allowed to be married until she had spun a set of linen for herself or her table. Thus, all unmarried women were termed "spinsters"—but you and you and you knew that. . . .

GRETNA GREEN WAS KNOWN as the "Port of Missing Couples."

IF THE BOY FRIEND IS WAITING until his future is assured

By Henry F. Mueller

Drawing by Loy Byrnes

pretty in the White House, James Buchanan being the only bachelor President.

EVERY SEVEN YEARS THOUSANDS OF ISHMAELITE pilgrims journey to Jiddah, where the tomb of Eve, the first wife, is supposed to be.

WHEN A MARRIAGE OCCURRED IN BABYLON, the priest took a thread from the bride's garment and a thread from the groom's garment and tied them together. Hence the expression "tying the knot."

ANITA ("GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES") LOOS' pet superstition is that she experiences her worst luck when she is without her wedding ring. Incidentally, her bridal bouquet came from an undertaking parlor because all other stores were closed on the day of her marriage and her wedding ring came from a pawn shop.

Strange facts from
Cupid's workshop we
never knew before



Grimmer than that grim picture, "DRACULA," more gruesome and awe-inspiring than "FRANKENSTEIN," EDGAR ALLAN POE'S remarkable mystery story "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," laid in the dark caverns of Paris, will thrill you to your finger-tips. Beautifully enacted by

BELA LUGOSI and **SIDNEY FOX**

The Original "DRACULA"

Star of "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION

CARL LAEMMLE, President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



Dance with the Month's New Jazz Records

By John Edgar Weir

THE MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

"Singin' the Blues," fox trot, played by *Fletcher Henderson and his orchestra* (Columbia)

"Lucille," fox trot, played by *Ted Black and his orchestra* (Victor)

"Save the Last Dance for Me," waltz, played by *Colonial Club Orchestra* (Perfect)

"You Try Somebody Else," fox trot, played by *Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians* (Columbia)

"There's Nothing Too Good for My Baby," fox trot, played by *Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra* (Victor)

ONCE AGAIN, FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS justly famous orchestra heads our list. This is the first I've heard from these boys for quite a while, and I'm glad to find they are still with us. "Singin' the Blues," from the musical comedy success of the same name, is the tune they give us—and, maybe, they don't know what they're doing! This number starts with a bang, and there isn't a dull spot in it. The first chorus, with muted trumpet taking the lead, is good, indeed, and, unless I'm much mistaken, it's Rex Stuart we hear doing the honors. The vocal refrain is quite pleasing too, but as usual, the recording people forget to tell us who sings it. On the reverse side we again hear Fletcher Henderson, this time with "It's the Darnedest Thing," from "Singin' the Blues"—a little faster than the preceding side and a nice bit of contrast. (This is a Columbia Record.)

TED BLACK AND HIS ORCHESTRA ARE NEXT WITH "Lucille," which somehow or other reminds me of a tune I heard years ago. However, Ted and his boys are always sure of making a good record and this is no exception, very smooth and with a nice swing. The vocal is by Dick Robertson, and it's good. The other side is played for us by the High Hatters, and as I never could get enthused about these boys, I won't say much. "Mary" is the title, and Frank Luther sings the vocal. (This is a Victor Record.)

THIS TIME IT'S GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL Canadians whom we compliment, and, take it from me, they deserve all the bouquets they get (and they

get plenty). "You Try Somebody Else" is the tune written for us by that justly famous trio, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, and done up for us in the typical Lombardo style with brother Carmen doing the vocal honors. I know you'll like it. (This is a Columbia record.)

THE UNITED ARTISTS' PICTURE, "PALMY DAYS," gives us the next, "There's Nothing Too Good for My Baby," played for us by none other than Gus Arnheim and his Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, so there is really no reason for saying anything else. Don't miss this one. The other side, also from "Palmy Days," is by Leo Reisman and his orchestra, "Bend Down Sister." This is a nice "swinging" tune and you should enjoy it. Leo sings the vocal himself. (This is a Victor record.)

"I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER SEPTEMBER" IS A pleasant little tune, capably played for us by Peter Van Steeden and his orchestra. No doubt you are familiar with this band through their radio work. This is a sweet tune and the orchestra does a fine job. The other side, by Peter Van Steeden, is also desirable, "I Can Sympathize With You." (This is a Victor record.)

THE NEXT BY THE VICTOR SALON ORCHESTRA, under the able direction of Nat Shilkret, is that big hit of last season, "Stardust." This beautiful tune makes a fine concert number, and I can highly recommend it. The other side, also by the Salon Orchestra, is "Dancing in the Dark," from "The Band Wagon," another excellent bit of recording. (This is a Victor record.)



TWO GOOD WALTZ numbers are next and they can both be recommended without hesitation. "Save the Last Dance for Me" and, on the reverse side, "Tell Me With a Love Song." They are offered by Perfect records and played by the Colonial Club Orchestra. If you are in the mood for dancing, take this record home. You won't be sorry. (This is a Perfect record.)

SKY HOWARD HUGHES DEVILS Presents

The
**SUPREME
ENTERTAINMENT**

With

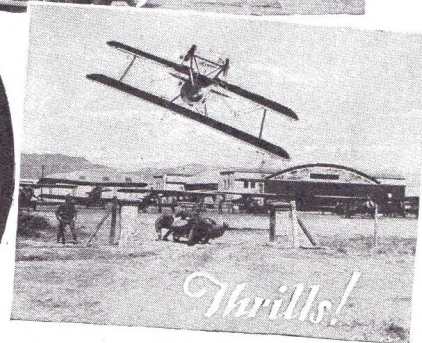
Mystery!

**SPENCER TRACY
WILLIAM BOYD
ANN DVORAK
GEORGE COOPER**

An
**EDWARD
SUTHERLAND
Production**



**UNITED ARTISTS
PICTURE**



PRODUCED BY HOWARD HUGHES



Photo by Wrighton, London

Princess Olga, who earned her living serving sodas in a drugstore.

By George G. Satley

THE scene was a madly busy Hollywood "set." Men were rushing about in a frenzy of imaginary efficiency while the "extras," called for a day's work, loafed majestically. In a group of pretty girls stood one whose incredible beauty wore such an air of charm and dignity that she seemed out of place in this atmosphere of intense work and lethargy. The others crowded about her inquisitively.

"Do tell us, Natalie," begged one of them, "are you a *real* princess?"

"I used to be," smiled the girl, and the dark eyes of her Tartar ancestors brooded for a moment as if reflecting on some past tragedy. "But that is all over. I'm an American now, just like all the rest of you."

Once a princess always a princess, however, and the lovely Natalie was beginning to find it something of a handicap in her efforts to crash the gates of Hollywood. Directors looked at her and saw that obviously here was a girl who could be cast for nothing but a princess. For Natalie Golitzine, younger daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander V. Golitzine, late of the Russian aristocracy, was a real princess of the fairy-tale variety. And princess rôles in the movies are rare.

The story of the Princess Natalie and her older sister, Olga, is a breathless modern romance. Stranger than fiction, it is a romance born of those strange, turbulent years when Russia, her skirts soaked in blood, stalked through the outrageous atrocities of the revolution.

The two little princesses were born in an ancestral palace near Moscow, century-old seat of the Golitzines, then one of the foremost noble families of Old Russia. Reared among luxuries, waited on hand and foot by a retinue of servants, clothed in purple and fine linen, little did they suspect what a blow fate had in store for them.

When they were still in their girlhood, down came the murderous avalanche of the revolution. Crazy peasants swarmed over the countryside, bent on the ruthless extermination of their former rulers. Blood flowed in



Princess Natalie with her mother and father, and, at left, with friends, former Russian officers.

rivers, sabers flashed and fires lifted red torches on a hundred hills by night.

The parents of the two little princesses were forced to flee. In the parasite-infested box-cars, packed to the doors with ragged people, at filthy little stations where the train was often delayed for weeks from lack of fuel, the young princesses gained their first cruelly realistic



Fox Film Photo

Most Cinderellas dream of being princesses . . . but these princesses jumped at the chance to be every-day toilers

A rôle she could portray realistically: Princess Natalie as the Empress Josephine. Otto Mattissen as Napoleon.



Natalie, her brother and a friend, with a portrait of Olga in the car window.

glimpses of life through the prism of disaster, devastation, primitive hunger and bloody madnesses. These impressions still live in their memory.

After months of unspeakable hardships and suffering they reached the Manchurian border and found themselves in comparative safety, though utterly exhausted, ragged and penniless. In the small, back-yard city of Harbin, in northern China, the family set about rebuilding their life.

Harbin was a poor, out-of-the-way town which offered no opportunity for ambitious people, and the Golitzines were as ambitious as Mussolini. They wanted to go to a place where hard work brought success. Europe, with her age-old traditions and conventions, could not satisfy them. Gradually they found their dreams turning toward a great country that lay across the Pacific Ocean . . . America, where even princes and princesses have an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Barely managing to scrape up enough money for the passage, they arrived in Seattle one day, with no other means of support than energy, faith in their abilities, and willingness to work hard.

Those were hard days for the little family, and even the young princesses had to work at odd and not always royal jobs to keep the proverbial wolf from the door. But a stroke of good luck was in store for them. On one of her flying visits to the Northwest Madame Glyn, the famous IT lady, met the lovely young Princess Natalie and was at once so deeply impressed by the girl's charm and fascination that she persuaded her to

go to Hollywood, even offering to advance the necessary funds for the trip.

Fame, however, did not respond to the Princess Natalie's call in Hollywood. The girl worked hard in the lurid glare of Kleig lights, and her dashing Tartar beauty won her many small parts. But a really spectacular success was not forthcoming.

However, she managed to save enough from her small earnings to send for her sister Olga. The rest of the family soon followed, and the Golitzines found themselves reunited under the balmy skies of California. Motion pictures held no lure, however, for the more impulsive, emotional and daringly modern Olga. With the cheerful energy characteristic of the family, she set out on her very first day in Hollywood to find any job suitable for an active, able-bodied young woman with a healthy interest in her bread and butter. Jobs in Hollywood, as any of the ten thousand unemployed "extras" can testify, are never too plentiful even in boom years. But the Princess Olga's energy and sunshiny personality kept her supplied with pay checks.

It would have surprised the thirsty young sheiks in a certain Hollywood drugstore to know that it was the hand of a real princess which served them their chocolate ice-cream sodas. Decorous ladies to whom the dark-eyed princess sold toilet preparations in an exclusive Wilshire shop might have been equally excited.

It was all part of that delightful game called life to the eager, ambitious young Olga, even when she worked in the dark, chemical-filled (Please turn to page 118)

ON the GO

With Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Tony Biddle, sportsman, and his dog return to America.



Wide World

He jumps from Hollywood to Palm Beach—and his way is lined with celebrities

ANOTHER busy month, streaking across country—men, machines and mileage. Scooting over the great Nevada deserts, a mile a minute, in my two-year-old depression-bus, is a heap more fun than sky-riding in the best plane ever built. Up in the air, you miss the aroma of nature. Maybe you get there faster—but certainly not as picturesquely.

Goldfield, Nevada.

SPENT a night at a hotel constructed here decades ago, when it was the latest thing. Today it very much resembles any other old timer. On each piece of soap was diligently hand-carved, "Special Rates to Divorce Seekers!"

There are many ways of mining gold. Goldfield was a city when Tex Rickard ran rackets there. Used to think Tex the grandest Westerner I ever knew. Now I've added Tom Mix and Will Rogers.

RAN into heavy squalls and snow flurries on the desert, an almost unheard of thing. But then, this Winter it's different. It seems to be

Betty Kress' romance ends in a Reno divorce.

P. K. Wrigley successfully manages his father's hotel interests.



Acme



Acme



Under a sunny sky, Dudley Field Malone and New York's popular Mayor get confidential.

Acme

the worst Winter in decades. Farmers like it, though. Means millions to them next Spring. In some places signs read "77 miles to next drinking water." Not so long ago they didn't even have signs. In some places one passes no tree or house for ninety-five miles!

Snow, ice and biting cold most of the way down. Ten above for two hundred miles. Each time I hit a puddle, the ice froze on the windshield. Soon I couldn't see through it. Never have the High Sierras looked so gorgeous in their white mantle.

AT Indian Springs, water at eighty-five degrees gushes from a seepage in the earth. Coming from Brooklyn twenty-seven years ago, an old couple settled there; now, it's a veritable oasis, with fruit trees, high box hedges, Australian pines and trailing vines. A tiny schoolhouse for kidlets. A group of attractive tent cottages. A natural swimming pool of the greenest water I've ever seen. And a luscious pool by the main house, filled with carp and gold-fish. All of which looks out upon the ever-changing hues of the great Nevada desert. What a sight for tired eyes!

Brought Tom Mix
(Please turn
to page 82)

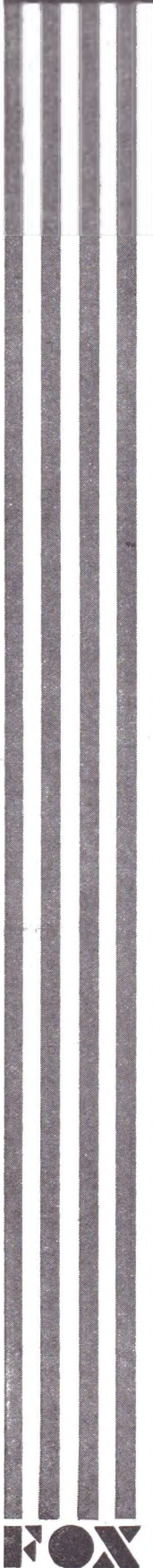
*Sparkling Sidney Fox
gives a bright moment
to Mr. Vanderbilt's
day in Hollywood.*

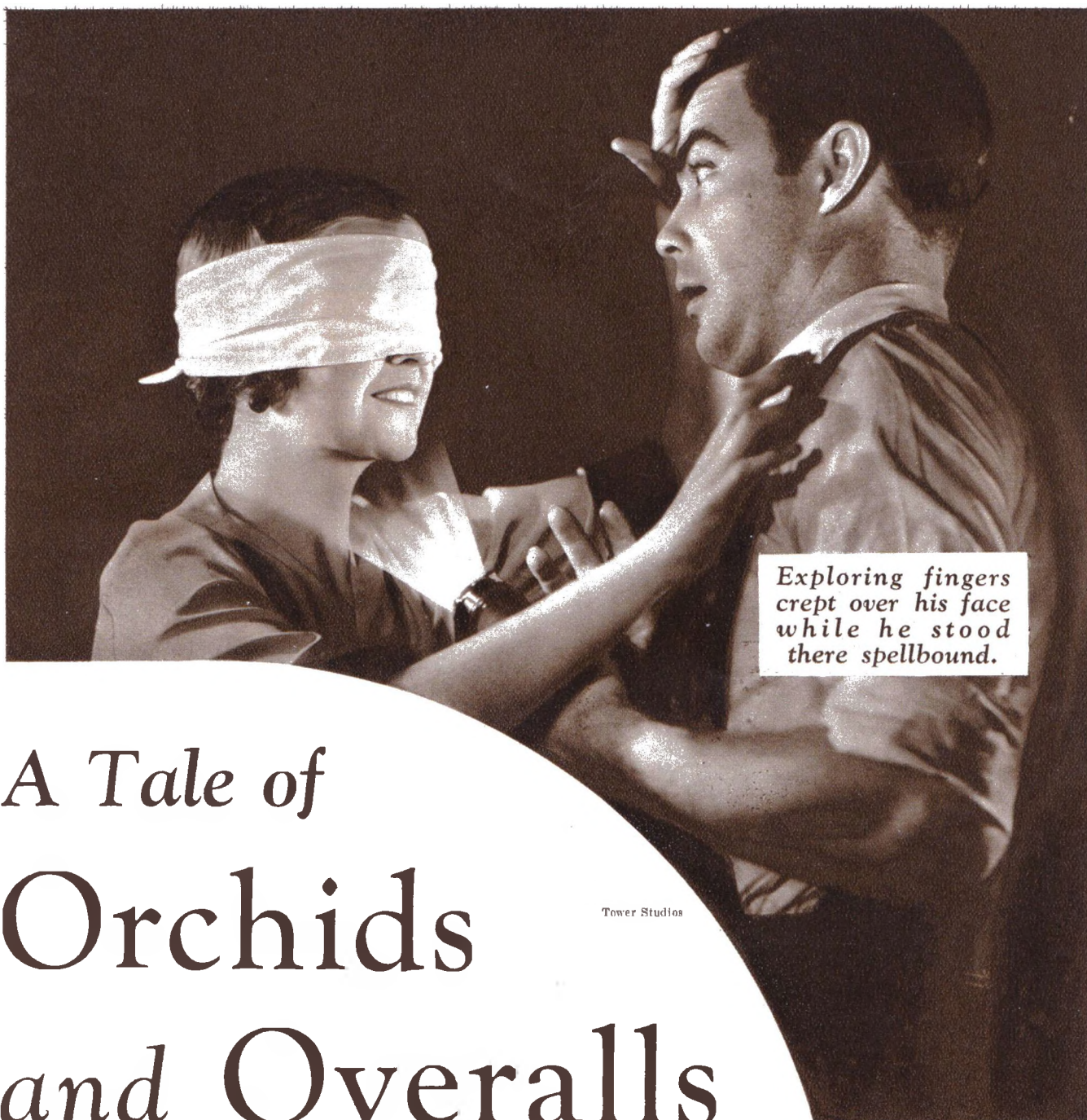


Universal

Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . A mighty murder mystery!





A Tale of Orchids and Overalls

Tower Studios

THE youthful Mr. Tommy Rogers was calling upon Miss Dale Lowrie Van

Zandt Hamilton. Not personally, that is, but in a more or less official capacity. As a matter of fact, Miss D. L. V. Z. Hamilton did not even know him. And had her name in its entirety been pronounced in Mr. Rogers' hearing, he would have sworn it was that of a patent medicine.

Mr. Rogers rested his kit of tools on the pavement for a second and paused to gaze up at the house he was about to enter. To take it in in full he had to throw

By Cornell Woolrich

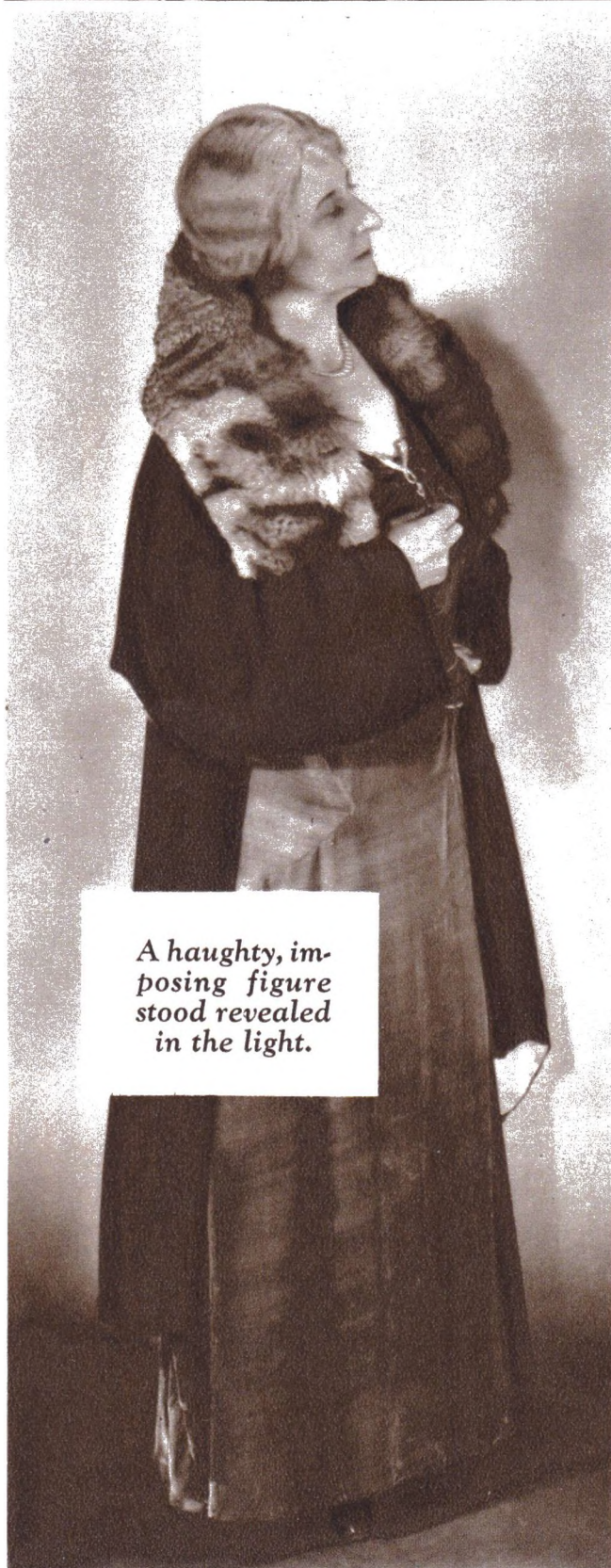
his head as far back as it would go, so that his chin was the highest part of him. Admiration overcame Mr. Rogers. "Some tenement!" he commented aloud. It was, strangely enough, situated on the same thoroughfare as Mr. Rogers' own home, but considerably farther down. Mr. Rogers dwelt on Park Avenue—at 124th Street.

Mr. Rogers, having gazed his fill, lowered his chin to the perpendicular once more, retrieved his tool-kit, and went within. With perfect *savoir faire* he ignored the entrance decked with two antique bronze lamps,

*The ill wind that took her father's fortune
blew Dale into the arms of the man she loved*



Ewing Galloway



A haughty, imposing figure stood revealed in the light.

two miniature orange-trees set in the tile pots, and two uniformed persons with white gloves, who seemed to have nowhere to go, and turned the corner to descend a short flight of steps into a doorway labeled "Service Entrance." He rang a bell, and when an elevator innocent of human occupancy had presented itself, rose with it, tool-kit, mottled overalls and all, to some considerable height, until he faced a door that, had he but known it, was Miss Dale Lowrie Van Zandt Hamilton's back door.

It was opened to him immediately by a most fetching young person, her knee-length black skirt adorned with a square of lace the size of a handkerchief. "Electrician," he remarked monosyllabically. "Follow me," she said haughtily.

After he had obediently done so for quite some time, across passages and in and out of rooms, a stern, forbidding person materialized in their path. He wore white gloves.

"Show this gentleman where the meter is," instructed the dainty guide, and vanished in the surrounding gloom. "Follow me," ordered the stern forbidding person.

"They work in relays," young Mr. Rogers assured himself philosophically. "There is a meter, isn't there?" he asked aloud, with just a shade of anxiety.

"There most certainly is!" his new chaperon snapped. "And watch where you're going. The young people are playing in the dark somewhere about here." In fact, a number of muffled screams and gasps issuing from the blackness about him had been making Mr. Rogers' usually well-behaved nerves rather jumpy.

"Here you are," said Mr. Rogers' guide condescendingly. "It's to the side of the fireplace there. And I trust you won't leave any more dirt behind you than is strictly necessary."

Ignoring him, the competent Mr. Rogers promptly dropped his tool-kit to the carpet, squatted on his heels, began to draw on a pair of rubber gloves, and set to work by the light of his trusty torch, tinkering, poking, and whistling in snatches. He was in the act of inserting a new fuse in the box when suddenly his blood froze in his veins. A pair of soft, white arms, coming out of nowhere, had just reached over his shoulders from behind and clasped themselves about him. Dissatisfied, they untwined themselves again and began to travel lightly, tentatively down each arm. The horrified Mr. Rogers managed to snatch at his torch and whirl about on his heels to face this blood-curdling menace, whatever it was.

"You can't get away," a soft young voice breathed in his ear. A second later the torch had revealed to him the most adorable sleep-walker he had ever encountered. She was fully dressed, but he could tell beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was walking in her sleep because her hands, leaving his arms, began to flutter gropingly about his face, feeling it here and there.

Entranced, young Mr. Rogers allowed his nose, mouth, chin and jaws to be examined and explored by fingertips light as feathers and soft as silk while he sat back and gazed his fill of the gorgeous being who knew not what she did.



Underwood & Underwood

"Kenneth?" she cooed in her sleep, feeling of his left ear as though it were a piece of dress-goods. "No, he's ticklish," she corrected herself, still speaking in the same honey-soft, honey-sweet voice that all but bereft the hitherto matter-of-fact Mr. Rogers of his wits. "It must be Walter, then. Tell me, is it?"

With that, as though drawn upward from the floor by an irresistible magnet, Mr. Rogers uncoiled his slender length and reverently placed his lips upon hers.

"Oh, you shouldn't do that," she remonstrated gently, "that's not in the game."

The inexperienced Mr. Rogers sank back upon his heels again, trembling at his own daring and the results of it. And as he did so, his own shadow, which had been between her and the rays of the uptilted torch, likewise sank out of the way and revealed her entire face in the light for the first time. Until now only the lower part of it had been discernible. She had a handkerchief tied across her eyes. Mr. Rogers' stomach suddenly felt as though the bottom had fallen out. Was it possible that she was not a sleep-walker after all, that she was as fully awake as he was? What had he done? Mr. Rogers' point of view had better be explained at this point. His pride was hurt. He had kissed a *swell*. He, who had always looked down upon *swells*, had been tricked into kissing one, thinking she was asleep. That was bad enough. But then to find out later that she had been awake all the time and *knew* about it—that was too much!

Meanwhile the loathsome, if attractive, *swell* in her little white velvet frock and the diamonds (or things that looked like diamonds) in the buckles on her slippers, had put her hands behind her head and removed the handkerchief. The morose Mr. Rogers looked into her newly revealed eyes sadly, as though his worst fears had just been realized. Nature certainly had no sense. Those eyes should have been standing by themselves in a plush case in Tiffany's window, with all the trash called jewelry swept out of the way.

The eyes took Mr. Rogers in from head to foot and back again. Then she emitted a slight gasp. "An electrician!"

Mr. Rogers, who felt he had more right to be angered than she at the *faux pas* he had committed a while ago, said nothing.

"Well, of all the darn nerve!" she added, and swept violently from the room.

Mr. Rogers, scowling and still unable to forgive himself for his betrayal of his family and its traditions, turned and resumed his doctoring of the meter-box.

But she had not gone very far away it seemed, only just far enough to whip up her evaporating indignation. A moment later she was back again, standing over him.

"How would you like me to report you to the company for your impudence?" she demanded crisply, tapping a little foot under her skirt.

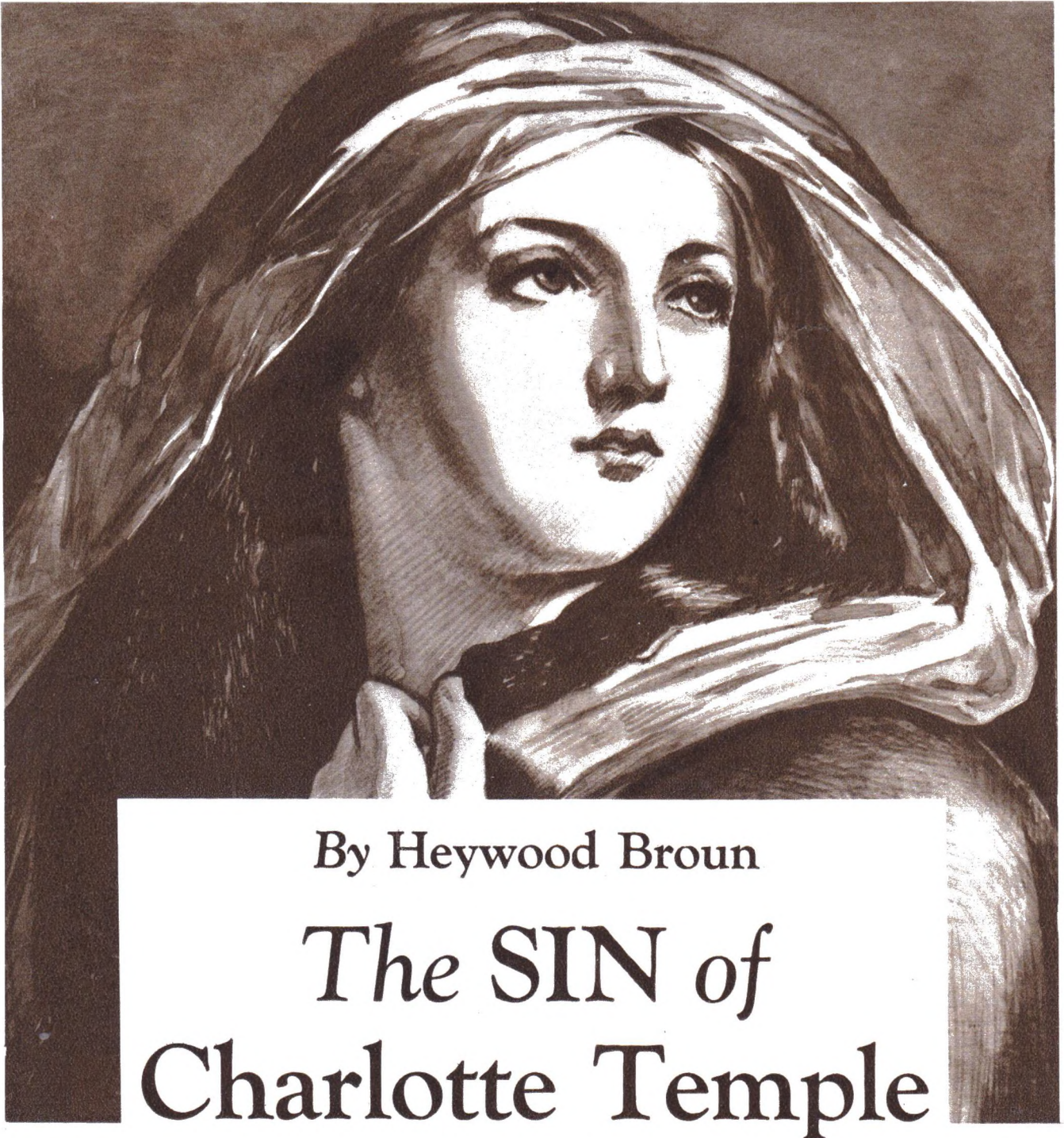
"Get out of my light, I can't see what I'm doing," was all Mr. Rogers vouchsafed her.

A rather passionate little (*Please turn to page 89*)



They stared in dismay. How much did she really know—or guess?

A Famous Critic Discovers the Best-Selling Love Novel in America



By Heywood Broun

The SIN of Charlotte Temple

A GROUP of friends of mine were arguing an interesting question the other evening. Some one happened to ask, "What has been the biggest selling love novel in America?"

There were a good many answers, and good ones, too. One person suggested "David Harum." Another contributed "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Still another ventured "Ben Hur." And so on. It made an interesting game, lively but intellectual and more or less elevating. But they were all wrong. That is why I am writing this piece.

The biggest selling love novel in America is—but

first let me give you a few leading facts about it, teasers, and see if you can guess its name. And I'll bet you in advance that you can't. I couldn't, myself.

The biggest selling love novel in America sold more than one hundred different editions.

It was steadily on sale for over a century in every popular book store—

It was the first so-called sex novel ever published in this country, denounced by the critics and applauded by the liberals—

It was written by a woman who began her career as an actress and ended a New England school teacher.

A Heroine Whose Tragic Romance Was Read for More Than a Century

There is a tomb-stone in New York City's most famous churchyard, Old Trinity, to the memory of the girl who is supposed to have been its heroine.

Yet men and women of today have forgotten even the name of this book of thrills and heart-throbs which gripped American readers as perhaps no other single romance has ever done, and the name of the author, which once was a household word, is lost in the mists of oblivion.

It is with something of a flourish then that I present, recall, revive, resurrect, or what you will, that once-scentillating romantic masterpiece, "Charlotte Temple" by Susanna Haswell Rowson. The next time you are asked about the sales of American love novels you will know what to say—even if you can't buy a copy today.

THE modern reader would probably call "Charlotte Temple" with its 120,000 words old-fashioned.

Styles in books, like feminine fashions, have altered considerably within the last century. But whereas the trend in dress seems to be reverting back to the long skirts and stays of the Victorian era, our literature for the most part has forged—or I might say—raced ahead in keeping with the deadly pace of our contemporary America.

Heywood Broun finds that the kind of love stories that flourished when America was young, are basically the same as those of today.



THE BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED **CHARLOTTE TEMPLE** AN ACCOUNT OF HER ELOPEMENT WITH **LIEUTENANT MONTROVILLE,** AND HER MISFORTUNES AND PAINFUL SUFFERINGS



LIKENESS OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.
(Taken from an Original Portrait)

PHILADELPHIA
PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO., 507 ARCH STREET

For generations "Charlotte Temple" was the best-selling romance in America and was published in more than one hundred editions.

Indeed, when I pick up a new book today, I find it almost incumbent upon me to read very fast. There seems to be an insistent urge in every word and every line to "Get along there. You're blocking traffic!" There are no red lights for pause and concentration. All is green and raw and unmellowed.

Not only would it be silly to dawdle over a modern book for a week, a fortnight or a month as was the custom in the good old days. But such an admission to one's friends would be received with polite chuckles. And no doubt the story would quickly spread that "Poor Heywood seems to be (*Please turn to page 69*)

Oriental Madness

ANNE! Anne! Cooe! Where are you? Am I too early?" Lois Barclay's clear young voice rang through the bungalow, and in another moment she had burst into Edward Woodward's study. Too late she saw he had a visitor.

"I'm frightfully sorry," she apologized. "I was looking for Anne. I'm coming to dinner." She looked across at the tall sunburned young man in naval uniform who was standing by the open window, and an expression of amazement came into her large hazel eyes.

"Why, good heavens, it's Dick Studdy!" she cried. "Oh, Dick, how perfectly marvelous to see you after all these years! You don't mind if I kiss you, do you?" She glanced at her host. "It's all right, Edward, you needn't report me; Dick used to kiss me when I was ten; didn't you, Dick?"

The tall young officer held her at arm's length and looked her up and down. "Well, I'm dashed!" he said. "Little Lois Barclay, and all grown up! Turn around and let me have a look at you. Shouldn't have known you; you're positively dazzling."

Edward started to pour cocktails just then, and handed a fragile gold-rimmed glass to her.

"Go easy, young woman. Hwa Chang says you're too young to drink cocktails."

Lois made a face. "Blow Hwa Chang!" she said pertly. "But that reminds me: he sent lots of messages and told me to say he couldn't come along till after dinner, and would you please excuse him. He's calling for me later."

Studdy looked puzzled.

"Am I missing something?" he asked. "Isn't Hwa Chang the biggest trader in Saigon? What's the particular connection between him and little Lois here?"

"He's Lois' guardian," said Woodward, looking at the girl whose face had suddenly lost all its brightness.

"Daddy died, you see, Dick, a few weeks ago," she faltered. "And since then——"

"Oh, my dear, I'm so frightfully sorry," he broke in. "I hadn't the least idea——"

"That's all right, Dick. You wouldn't know, of course——" Her manner changed abruptly. "I'm going to see what on earth's become of Anne," she added, and hurried from the room.

For a few moments neither of the men spoke.

"I suppose you're wondering what it's all about?"

"I must say I am," said Studdy.

"We were all tremendously surprised at first," said Woodward. "Barclay was one of Hwa Chang's agents, you know. They were the closest friends—had the utmost regard for each other. When he died a few weeks back he left a document appointing the Chinaman Lois' guardian."

A low whistle escaped Studdy's lips.

"Do you mean to tell me that Lois is living in the same house as that Chinaman?"



Love comes to two in a perfumed Oriental garden

How could she know
that love was destined
to come to her aid
from the other side
of the world?

By
Elizabeth Ainge

Drawings by
Edgar McGraw

Her guardian bowed
courteously and only the
darkness prevented their
seeing the blazing hatred
in his eyes.

"That's the situation. A bit staggering, I admit, but in common fairness to Hwa Chang he's apparently a thoroughly decent chap; educated in Europe. Of course, there's an amah and other women servants. She

And adventure and near-tragedy stalk at its heels

What had happened in those few hours to change her?

seems perfectly happy with him and—Ah, here they are!”

Introductions over, the gong sounded, and they went out on the veranda for dinner.

The meal was a gay one. Over and over again their laughter broke on the stillness of the evening. Only when coffee had been served and Lois was beginning to look pensive, did Anne rise.

“Wouldn’t you two young people like to see the garden?” she said. “Take him down, Lois. I’m sure you must have plenty of things you want to talk about.”

She glided with an appearance of casualness at her husband.

“Edward, you know there are those letters which simply must go off to-night. I’ll come and help you write them.”

Dick looked after their retreating forms with a smile.



There sat the girl he loved staring imploringly with desperate, terrified eyes. Instantly his suspicions became certainties.

“I call that social tact,” he observed.

“They’re perfect darlings,” agreed Lois enthusiastically. “I don’t know what I should have done without them lately.”

“When I get married,” he announced casually. “I want to be as happy as they are. Don’t you, Lois?”

“I——” she hesitated a little, “I don’t think I’ve given it much thought,” she said. Despite herself a slight flush had come into her cheeks.

“Well, when you do, let me know.” He placed his hand under her elbow, and assisted her gently to her feet. “Let’s go into the garden,” he said. “It looks beautiful from here.”

She slid her arm in his as they walked down the winding path to a tiny waterfall that tinkled into a pool where water-lilies floated their blossoms. Overhead a full, honey-colored moon was bathing the garden in golden light. The scent of many flowers stole over their senses.

For a long time they stood enraptured by the scene. At last he sighed a little and turned to her.

“Lois, it’s wonderful that we should have met again like this. Are you glad to see me, too?”

“You know I am, Dick,” she said simply.

“It’s almost as if it were destined, as if there were some hidden purpose which brought me here just when you’re rather alone in the world.”

“I have been lonely, Dick—terribly lonely. I haven’t talked about it much, because everybody has been very kind, but to lose daddy like that, so suddenly——” She turned and, like a child, hid her face against his sleeve.

“Tell me a little more about how it happened?” he urged her quietly.

“Well, you see, I had only been back from New York a few weeks. Dad and I were splendidly happy. Then all at once he seemed to grow strange in his manner, to become quiet and harassed. I am sure he was in dread of something. Perhaps he felt his illness coming on. Then he was suddenly stricken, and—and after three days it was all over.”

“Did you have a good doctor? Could nothing have been done to save him?”

“Hwa Chang wanted us to have a native doctor. But I said father would prefer a white man—he was almost unconscious then and could not decide such things for himself. The only available doctor was a man named Askew. He’s a man who has rather let himself go—drinks a lot, and so on—but he seemed to think he could make daddy well again. He spent a lot of time at the bungalow, drinking whisky, and talking to Hwa Chang.”

“Oh, Chang was there, was he?”

“Yes, he hardly went away. He was terribly concerned and sympathetic, and daddy’s death was a great blow to him.”

“And after that you went to live at Hwa Chang’s house. Did anyone go with you?”

“Oh, yes, an amah, whom Daddy engaged specially when I came here.”

“Wouldn’t you like to go back to the States? I’m sure I could arrange it. My mother’s an angel, and I know she’d be only too glad for you to stay with us for some months.”

“Oh, Dick, I’d simply adore it! But how can I do anything like that? My father left hardly any money, and I’m trying to persuade Hwa Chang to let me take some governess work in the town.”

He read her curt, unbelievable note with amazement

"My poor little Lois!" He put his arms around her and drew her closer to him. Neither of them was aware of Hwa Chang standing watching them, a scowl upon his yellow face.

"Something will have to be done," Dick muttered almost as if to himself. "This can't go on. I shall see Woodward about it. I shan't be satisfied to go away and leave you under conditions like these."

"Are you and my ward going to prolong this charmingly romantic tableau much longer?" Hwa Chang's voice broke the silence.



Together they wove an enchanted future, colored by highlights of rose.

Lois broke away with a gasp and swung around to confront an impressive figure which stood a few paces away regarding them. A jewel burned in the center of his white shirt-front like a red fire. And only the eyes, with their slight upward slant, betrayed the Oriental.

"Oh, Hwa Chang!" laughed Lois with some embarrassment. "How you startled me! I never heard a sound. This is Dick Studdy, whom I knew when I was quite a little girl in America. He has been dining with the Woodwards. They were so sorry you couldn't come before, but let's go up to the house now."

"I'm afraid we shan't be able to stay," returned Hwa Chang quietly. "Certain work has cropped up since you left, and I've come along to tear you away from your good friends."

"My ward," he went on, turning courteously to Studdy, "is good enough to assist me in secretarial work. I hardly know how I should be able to manage without her invaluable help. Come, Lois"—he offered her his arm with a grave bow—"we will go and make our apologies."

"Oh, bother the work!" said Lois petulantly. "I would so much like to stay a little longer."

"Perhaps another time," he said gently. "There will

be many other opportunities later, Lois."

"Yes, but Mr. Studdy is leaving Saigon in a few days—aren't you, Dick?"

"Not till Saturday," he replied, easily and cheerfully. "That gives us ample time to meet again—several times, I hope. What about tomorrow, Lois? I can hire a car of sorts, and we can have a jaunt around the countryside. Shall I call for you at eleven?"

"Oh, that will be splendid," agreed Lois gladly. "I may go, mayn't I, Hwa Chang?"

The Chinaman slightly pursed his lips and seemed to be benevolently considering the matter.

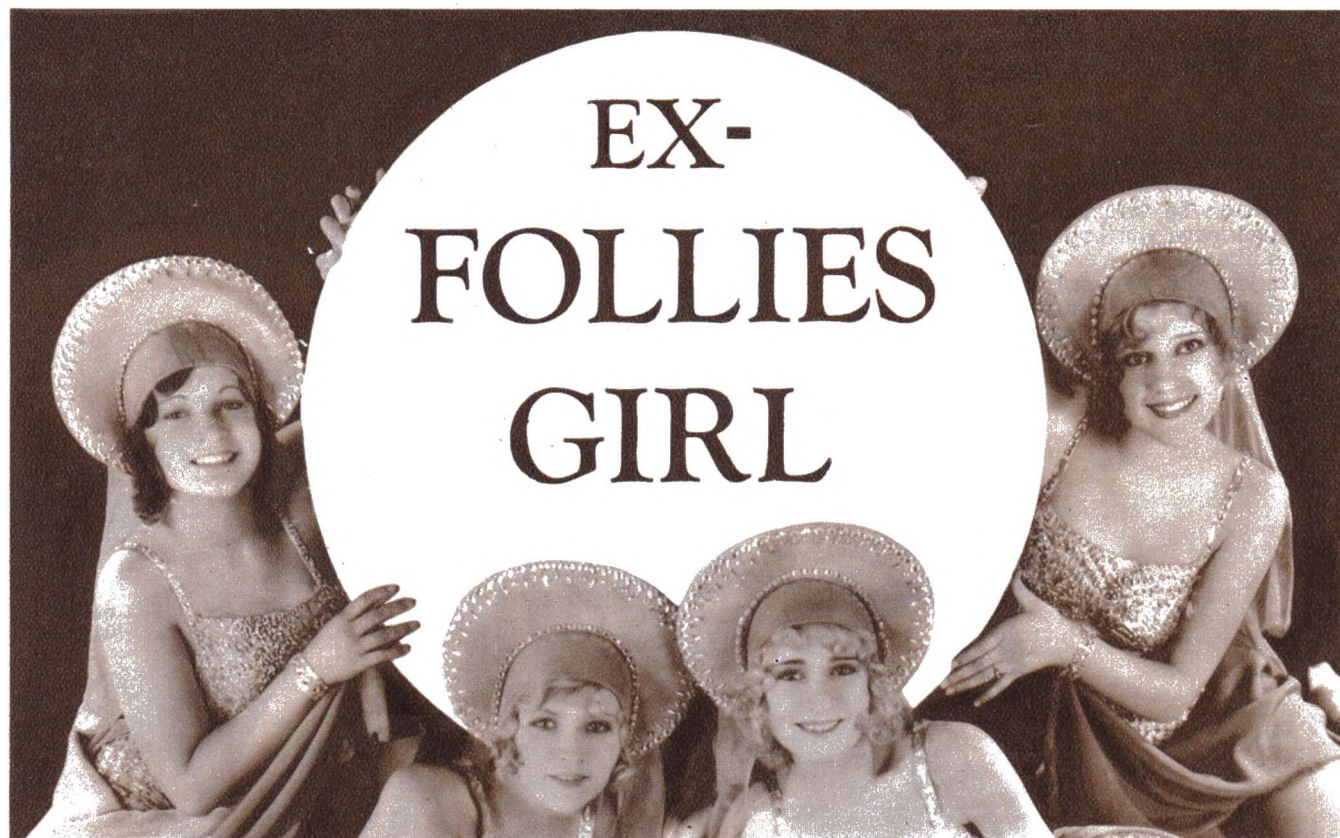
"It is not for me to say no," he said. "You are a free agent, Lois. It is only when I am compelled to ask your help that I encroach, with reluctance, on your liberty."

"Oh, but of course I'll come back with you at once, if you want me," said Lois quickly and impulsively. "You do understand, don't you, Dick? But we'll meet again tomorrow at eleven."

"I'll call for you," said Dick. "Be sure to be ready."

The following morning Dick Studdy was down at breakfast early. The memory of Lois' sweet, trusting gaze and her instinctive (Please turn to page 112)

Jim Tully, Student of Emotions, Recalls—



SHE left an Ohio town with a carnival company at seventeen. A year later she was the most beautiful girl in the Follies. A brunette with brown eyes and perfect figure, she was as lovely as Barbara LaMarr and as languorous. Her unconscious sensuality, and her extreme shyness made her always seem ready to yield. It was her most deceiving quality. She was, in spite of everything, virtuous.

Her home had been surrounded by immense rubber factories in Akron. The skies were the color and the air the odor of rubber. For days at a time the atmosphere was gray-green and heavy as musk. The principal topic of conversation in her neighborhood was

whether the factories would shut down, or wages be cut, or men laid off. In time the monotony of the conversation became as the steady dripping of rain. She paid no attention to it. She lived through it as one in a dream.

She learned to dance early, cared neither for books nor school, and less for the boys in her neighborhood. She was self-centered as a child to the complete forgetfulness of everything else. And she grew more beautiful from day to day.

Her name was Mary Goodall. She changed it at seventeen and as Mary Lygo it became known across the nation from coast to coast.



The story of Mary Lygo

Her mother, who had never been farther from her home than Cleveland, thirty miles away, was a kindly woman who accepted life as though it were a problem she could not understand. During all the years of her girlhood Mary had not caused her an instant's worry. Neither had she ever demonstrated the least sign of affection. What was in her heart was never easy to fathom. She had never, but once, so far as I know, volunteered to caress a human being.

Her mother made a slight demonstration when Mary confided her decision to leave home. She looked about as was her habit when confused, then wiped her eyes with a calico apron, while Mary said:

"Now, Mother, don't cry. I'll not be gone forever, and I'll write to you every day."

MARY danced on a small platform in front of a tent before which a man stood, enticing carnival visitors to gaze upon the wonders within. After five weeks of wandering with the carnival company, she reached Chicago. An excellent dancer, with a lithe and graceful body, she could imitate the most difficult steps with ease, and though her childhood was of poverty, she had acquired early the blending of colors, and the taste in dress which was to make her written of in the newspapers at twenty as one of the best-dressed women in America. Direct as rain and charming as bright June weather, she had neither affectation nor pretense after she achieved success.

After a season in New York, she returned to Chicago with the Follies. Then, still innocent of men, she met Gordon Thorne, a millionaire.

He had won his first wife on a wager with one Townsend Netcher, another social butterfly, and later the husband

International

Mary Lygo, once the most beautiful and courted girl in the Follies.



who died for LOVE!

of a movie actress. The wager was for two thousand dollars that he could win a Chicago heiress in six months. Having little else to do, Mr. Thorne conducted a whirlwind courtship and married the girl before the allotted time. Mr. Netcher paid the bet at the altar on the day of the wedding.

Mary fell desperately in love with Thorne. According to her word, he promised her marriage as soon as he was divorced from the lady he had won on a wager.

Fighting against odds, she surrendered after several months and went to live with him in a mansion overlooking Lake Michigan. Thorne's mother, resenting the girl's presence in the house, quarreled with her.

At last Mary left, went to my sister's home on the West Side, and brought a hundred thousand dollar breach of promise suit against Thorne and a suit for libel for a like amount against his mother. Both suits were front page sensations in the newspapers.

Mary would not leave the apartment during the day. Deeply depressed, her morbid condition was trance-like.

She had a mania for housework, and a passion for cleanliness. No one would have suspected that the girl in the gingham apron, preparing a meal, or scrubbing a floor was the famous Follies beauty.

At last her breach of promise suit was settled out of court. The case for libel was withdrawn.

With her award of money she returned to Akron and bought her mother a home.

Deeply lonely, with the intensity of a fixation blended of hate and love for one whom she thought had ruined her life, Mary drifted about, aimless and beautiful as a cloud.

Then, hearing that Thorne was in New York, she went there. Upon my arrival in the city, she came to my hotel, drew a chair to the window, and watched the seething traffic as she had of old in Chicago. There was a strong bond between (Please turn to page 83)



FIGHTING FOOL

Rafael Sabatini's
Dashing New
Romance



Drawings by Edgar McGraw

THE STORY SO FAR:

Well termed "Fighting Fool," Gaston de Luynes has undertaken the protection of young Andrea Mancini, a nephew of the Cardinal, whose life is in danger because of public feeling against the Cardinal. Because of a duel Gaston is forced to flee for his life and finds shelter in the home of Marie de Canaples who saves him, not knowing that the man whom he fought was her brother.

The Cardinal is ambitious to marry Andrea to Marie and sends him to visit her. Andrea asks Gaston to go with him and on the way they meet Marie and her sister, Gene-

vieve. Andrea, not knowing either, falls in love with Genevieve. Meantime, the Marquis St. Auban, in love with Marie, follows Andrea, intending to kill him.

Andrea and Genevieve—two puppets—play at love while Fate pulls the strings

CHAPTER VI

DESPITE the strenuous efforts which Andrea compelled us to put forth, we did not again come up with Mesdemoiselles de Canaples. And towards noon on Saturday, our journey ended with our arrival at Blois.

After a brief halt at the "Lys de France," at which hostelry I hired myself a room, we set out for the Chateau de Canaples, which is situated on the left bank of the Loire, at a distance of about half a league from Blois, in the direction of Tours.

As we rode I fell to thinking of what my reception at the Chateau de Canaples was likely to be. Long ago I had known the Chevalier de Canaples, and for all the disparity of our ages—for he counted twice my years—we had been friends and comrades. That, however, was ten years ago, in the old

Save her I must at any cost. The fury of my thoughts spurred me on as one possessed while people scuttled for shelter.

days when I owned something more than the name of Luynes. From such speculations I was at length aroused by our arrival at the gates of the Canaples' park. Through the naked trees the chateau became discernible, a brave old castle that once had been the stronghold of a feudal race long dead.

Resigning our horses to the keeping of our servants, we followed the grave maitre d'hotel who received us. He led us across the spacious hall, which had all the appearance of an armory, and up the regal staircase of polished oak onto a gallery wide and lofty. Here, turning to the left, he opened a door and desired us to give ourselves the trouble of awaiting the chevalier.

We had not long to wait. The great door soon opened

to admit a short, slender man. His face was pale, thin, and wrinkled, and his gray eyes had a nervous, restless look that dwelt not long on anything. He was dressed in black, with simple elegance, and his deep collar and ruffles were of the finest point.

"Welcome to Canaples, M. de Mancini!" he exclaimed as he hurried forward with a smile so winning that his countenance appeared transfigured by it. "Welcome most cordially!

We had not hoped that you would arrive so soon. Fortunately my daughters, to whom you appear to have been of service at Choisy, warned me that you were journeying hither. Your apartments, therefore, are prepared for you, and we hope you will honor Canaples by long remaining its guest. How left you my Lord Cardinal?" he asked, as he took the letter Andrea proffered him.

"In excellent health, but somewhat harassed, I fear, by the affairs of state."

"Ah, yes, yes! But stay. You are not alone." And Canaples' gray eyes shot an almost furtive glance of inquiry in my direction. A second followed the first, and the chevalier's brows were knit. Then he came a step nearer, scanning my face.

"Surely, surely, monsieur," he exclaimed before



Andrea had time to answer him, "were you not at Rocroi?"

"Your memory flatters me, monsieur," I replied. "I was indeed at Rocroi, captain in the regiment of *Chevaux Legers* of which you were *Mestre de Champ*."

"His name," said Andrea, "is Gaston de Luynes, my very dear friend, counsellor and, I might almost say, protector."

"*Pardieu*, yes! Gaston de Luynes," ejaculated the chevalier, seizing my hand in an affectionate grip.

"But how have you fared since Rocroi was fought? For a soldier of



such promise, one might have predicted great things in ten years."

"Hélas, monsieur! I was dismissed the service after Genlas."

"Dismissed the service!"

"Pah!" I laughed, not without bitterness, "it is a long story and an ugly one. Ten years ago I was a promising young captain, ardent and ambitious. Today I am a man without hope or prospects."

I know not what it was that impelled me to speak thus. Perhaps the wish that, since soon he must learn to what depths Gaston de Luynes had sunk, he should at least learn it from

Even in that moment of danger, I could not but feel a thrill of triumph that Marie should come to me for protection.



my own lips at the outset of the visit.

He frowned at my concluding words, and had not Andréa at that moment put his arm affectionately upon my shoulder and declared me the bravest fellow and truest friend in all the world, it is possible that the Chevalier de Canaples would have sought an excuse to be rid of me.

To please Andrea was, however, of prime importance in his plans, and to this I owe it that he pressed me to remain a guest at the chateau. I declined the honor, but his invitation that I should at least dine at Canaples I accepted, with the condition that he should repeat it after he had heard something that I wished to tell him. He assented, with a puzzled look, and when presently Andrea repaired to his apartments and we were alone, I began—

"You have doubtlessly received news, monsieur, of a certain affair in which your son had recently the misfortune to be dangerously wounded."

We were standing by the great marble fireplace, and he made a gesture of impatience as I spoke.

"My son, sir, is a fool! A good-for-nothing fool! Oh, I have heard of this affair, a vulgar tavern brawl, the fifth in which his name has been involved and besmirched. But there, sir, I crave your pardon for the interruption."

I bowed, and when in answer to my questions he told me that he was in ignorance of the details of the affair, I set about laying those details before him. Beginning with the original provocation, I related the whole story to him, keeping my own name out of the narrative.

When I had done, Canaples muttered an oath of the days of the fourth Henry.

"*Ventre St. Gris!* Does the fellow carry his audacity so far as to dare to come between me and my wishes,

and to strive against them? He sought to kill Mancini, eh? Would to Heaven he had died by the hand of this fellow who shielded the lad!"

He spread his thin hands before the blaze, and for a moment there was silence. Then I proceeded to tell him of the cabal which had been formed against Mancini, and of the part played in it by St. Auban. At the mention of that name he started as if I had stung him.

"What," he cried, "is that ruffian also in the affair? *Sang dieu!* His motives are (Please turn to page 97)



Taylor Bynum
*tells the dramatic
story of a girl who
had everything*

Tower Studios

*Pampered and
petted, Patricia
knew how to
handle men.*

JUST a minute, please."

Patricia Ayres, headed for the entrance to the polo field, slammed on her brakes and brought her car to a quick stop across the middle of the highway. She rested one slim hand on the door panel and with the other touched the chic white hat that flared back from her chestnut-colored hair. That hat did not need touching. It was simply a gesture to hide her impatience. The traffic cop, grinning, said, "Sorry. You can't make a left turn here."

Pat looked him over. He was tall and broad-shouldered;

he had a nose that turned up and impudent brown eyes and very white teeth. His arms were bare to the elbow, his shirt stuck to his shoulders in damp gray patches of perspiration. His cap was set on his head at a rakish angle and Pat wondered how he would look in a yachting cap.

"Why can't I?" she demanded.

"Because I said so."

Pat wanted to be indignant. She smiled instead. She knew how to handle cops. She smiled her sweetest smile and flashed her dark violet eyes on him in that please-mister manner.

"But I'm late and I want to get to my box. This entrance is——"

The cop continued to grin.

"Sorry. No left turns today. You'll have to go up to the bridge and turn." His voice was low and very courteous—but very firm.

"That's out of my way," Pat protested petulantly. "And I always park right here."

She leaned over the wheel and said, in a tone that was most effective with her father, "You really wouldn't make me drive away up there to turn around, would you?"

He opened his eyes as wide as hers, and mocked her tone. "No, I wouldn't impose on a poor helpless little girl. But you can't turn here. If I let you turn, I'll have to let others."

"Of course," she said with sweet sarcasm, "you must do your duty."

Spoiled Darling

All her life men had catered to her whims—and when the hard-boiled stranger came into her life—

She knew most of the cops on the Waverley force and most of them knew her. She knew that when her eyes and her smile failed in their mute flattery she could usually pay for small favors. She opened her bag and folded a dollar bill in the palm of her hand. Keeping her eyes on his face she slipped the bill under his fingers that rested on the door.

He turned his hand over, looked at the bill, looked at her, smiled, and stuck the bill in his shirt pocket.

"Every little bit helps," he said. "You'll have to move on now."

Pat stared.

"You're holding up traffic. There're other cars behind you." He jerked a thumb. "Move on, lady. Up to the bridge."

Pat gave him a dirty look, got a smile in return, and jerked her clutch as she slapped the accelerator savagely with her foot.

She drove on, circled at the bridge and came back to the entrance. He saluted with a flip of his hand, and Pat turned in through the gates, careful not

to look at him. But she did look into the mirror over her wind-shield. He was watching her and smiling—a disarming, infectious smile that maddened her.

Pat had been out of town most of the Summer and had returned only this morning in order to be present at the charity polo match which the Junior League was promoting.

She should have returned in time to serve on her committee but she had bought a box instead, deciding that the hundred dollars would be more welcome than any service she would be able to render.

She made her way to the stands and found Elinor Forbes and Rodney Burns taking up tickets at the entrance.

"Hello, Pat!" Elinor called. "The rest of your party have gone up. Think you're a bum not to come back and do some work. Everybody is an usher or a gate-man or something."

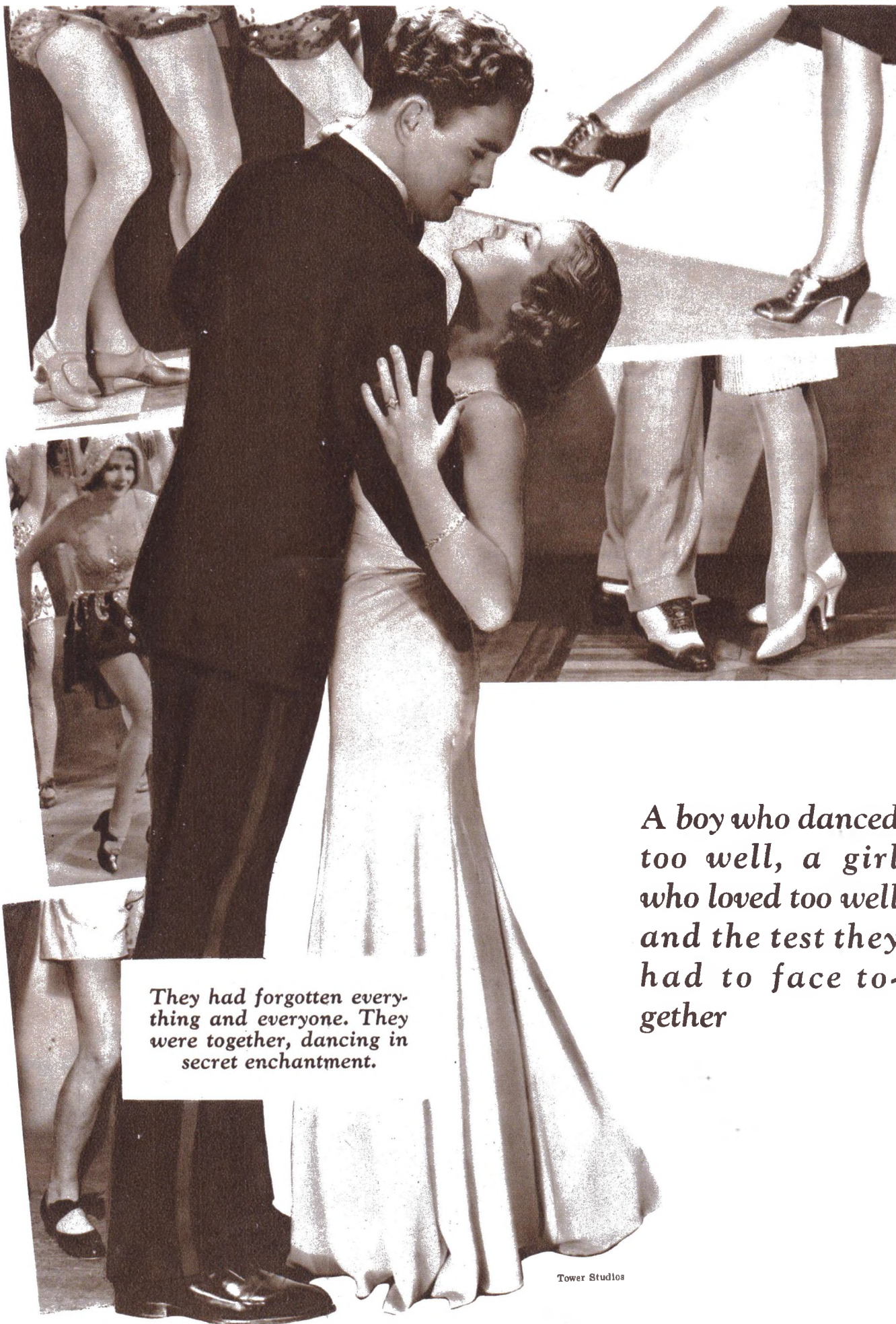
"Couldn't get back in time," Pat said complacently. "Have I missed anything?"

Rod shook his head. "Second chukker."

"I was held up by a stupid (*Please turn to page 84*)

Her struggles were useless. He only laughed and held her tighter.





They had forgotten everything and everyone. They were together, dancing in secret enchantment.

A boy who danced too well, a girl who loved too well and the test they had to face together

Tower Studios

Complete in this Issue

Faith Baldwin's New High-Speed Romance

SPOTLIGHT



Ditto's father—what was the good of having a son if he didn't carry on?

Nona's aunt had grown to the point where she simply couldn't endure Park Avenue.

Nona's father had his eye on the feminine form — for business reasons.

CHAPTER I

THE door closed.

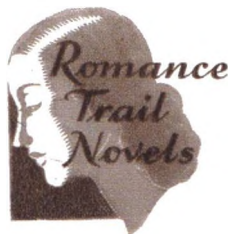
When doors close upon lovers' quarrels, that's one thing. But when doors close upon parental edicts, leaving, on one side, a middle-aged, slightly apoplectic gentleman pacing the Oriental of his library and muttering . . . "teach him a lesson—impudent puppy—he'll dance to another tune". a slightly bewildered young man, scratching his head and remarking, "To hell with it," there is only one thing to be done, from the standpoint of the person on the wrong side of the door, and that is to go away from there quickly.

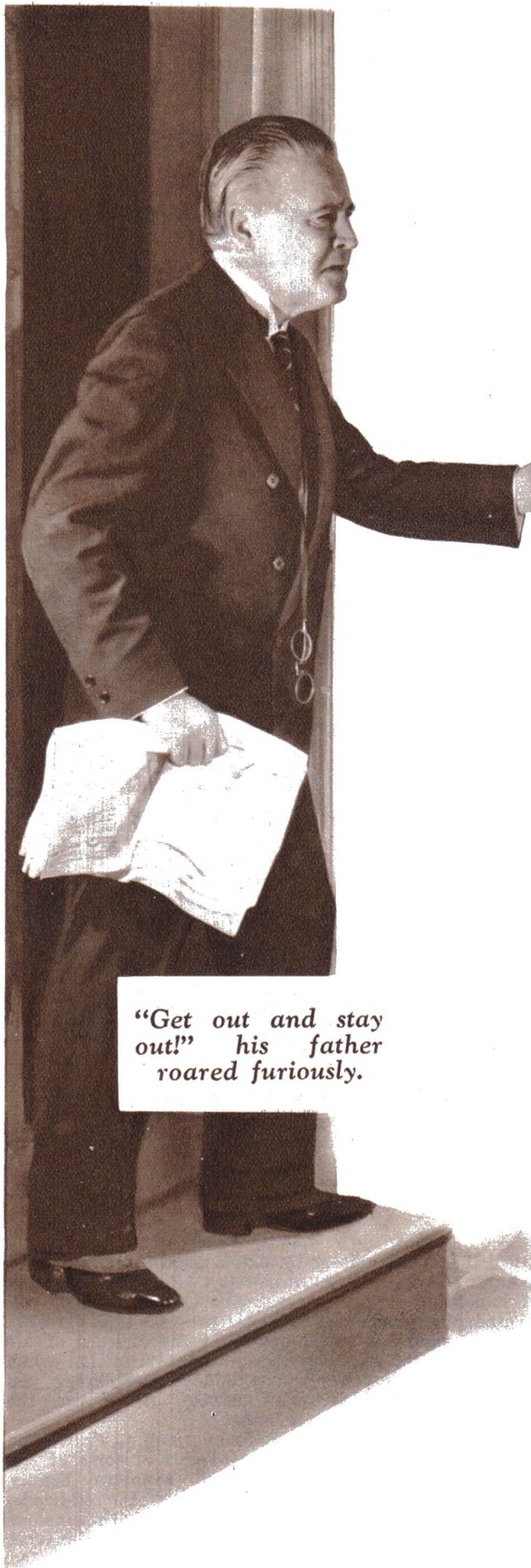
In this case the person on the wrong side of the door was William Williams. His friends called him Ditto. He had a great many friends. He was a friendly sort of person. He had, by what is idiotically

called the skin of his teeth, plus a good tutor, managed to enter a large Eastern university. Here, for a matter of something over three years, he had assiduously cultivated his considerable athletic prowess and his even more considerable social graces at the expense of his studies. After all, why worry about erudition when upon the conclusion of your educational career you would enter your father's business—which was the utilitarian one of making bathtubs?

The senior Williams, moving with the times, procured the services of some of our best illustrators in order to portray beauty in the bathroom—lissome girls, red-heads, blondes, brunettes—regarding with winsome smiles of pleasure the surrounding marble accessories.

He was not of an unduly sensitive nature. Hence, when presented to some local or imported Helen of Troy, bent on new conquest,





"Get out and stay out!" his father roared furiously.

and his background was mentioned, "You know, The Williams Company," Ditto was unabashed. What girl, he would ask, can resist a man who offers her, along with his personal charms, the opportunity to accept, at cost, a sunken tub in one of six glorious colors?

A failure, therefore, to appreciate his father's work for mankind had not resulted in his involuntary exodus from the family mansion.

Nor was it entirely the inescapable fact that Ditto had been fired from college owing to a practically unanimous vote of the faculty because of his seeming inability to learn anything. Great men have often faltered in their studies. Mr. Williams had not himself attended any college save that which he called, with apt originality, "The University of Hard Knocks," or, if his thoughts ran along the lines of lower education, "The School of Experience." He was honest enough to admit that given the opportunity, he, too, might have failed. But the reason why Ditto had neglected his studies and therefore failed to make the grade was the thing which gave his father pause and which resulted in the closed door. Ditto, in four words, was too fond of dancing.

Imagine that!

Or, as in Mr. Williams' case, permit your imagination to desert you.

It deserted him. He said, purple in the face, "I simply cannot imagine——"

Nor could he.

Young men who are too fond of dancing should not appear to the outward eye as Ditto appeared. They should not stand six feet of brawn and muscle; they should not have unruly hair of a rusty color nor very gay blue eyes and a nose which, for the glory of dear-old-someone-or-other, had once been broken. They should not possess an engaging grin nor should they be proficient at practically every current sport, always excepting Consequences and Ping-Pong.

Ditto was *not* the type.

Nevertheless, Ditto lived to dance as many of us live to eat. He danced with magnificent abandon and with a truly creative genius. He danced for sheer joy of living. He did incredible things, such as betake himself to the public dance halls of the nearest towns and there, selecting a likely partner, go in seriously for endurance contests, tango contests, rumba contests, and one thing or another. He had a couple of dozen cups.

"You're crazy," said Pat Powers, his long-suffering roommate when, after having been A.W.O.L. for several days, Ditto returned to his ivy-covered college, dragging with him another large, synthetic silver trophy.

"Boy," said Ditto, snapping his fingers and executing an amazing *pas seul*, "I can't help it. I got hot feet."

Now, it would seem, his hot feet were carrying him away from here in the picturesque snow and storm, wind and sleet of a winter forenoon.

Perhaps his father had relented. Ditto reached up a long arm and shook the knob. Nothing happened. With a sigh he picked up his bag and started off.

"Get out and stay out," Mr. Williams had insisted in the crude language of one who deals in crude, no matter how beautiful, commodities. "And don't show your fool face around here again until you can prove to me that you can earn your living."

Ditto had inquired, in the gentle roar which passed with him for a murmur, if his allowance was to be continued.

Mr. Williams almost had a stroke.

He was not, however, as heavily parental as his words would argue. His plan was simple. Permit Ditto to be on his own for a few days, under the ban, and then when he came around again with, say, the morning milk, duly chastened and shuddering at the mere idea of a good warm jazz tune, ship him out to the Middle West, where men were men and bathtubs were manufactured, and keep him there to learn the business from the bottom up, so to speak. After which groom him for sales manager in one of the elegant, almost cathedral-like edifices which sold, with modest pride, the Williams products.

*Ditto, with set
jaw determined
to do just that.*



Teach him a lesson the older man said to himself. Ditto picked up the bag and went to the corner and there looked for a taxicab. One cruised by, the brakes screamed and slithered. It stopped and the driver leaned out, a melancholy man. Ditto climbed in, hurling his bag before him. His trunks were "to follow." Pat would see to that. Send trunks, Ditto had requested. Now he recollected something. "Stop at the nearest Western Union office," he directed the driver.

There, with a chained and stubby pencil, he scratched his message on a flimsy yellow sheet and was slightly hurt that the young woman who took it from him read it aloud, with no indication that she sensed catastrophe. It was addressed to young Mr. Powers and read: "Kicked out of family mansion; am now looking for a good flop house; hold everything until I send an address."

The taxi, at his direction, took him over to the East Side and deposited him in front of a large and magnificent apartment house. "A humble refuge," said Ditto

aloud, to the astonishment of his driver, whom, with some misgivings, he paid, as per meter, and tipped as per his own lavish ideas on that disputed subject.

Vanishing into the stately portals, he caused himself to be conveyed or lifted to the fourteenth floor, where he battered upon a door which, while it, too, was closed, presently opened.

The apartment was spacious and of a luxuriousness scarcely to be equaled. It was occupied by a young man in his middle twenties who had been Ditto's boon companion at preparatory school. His name was Evans—Johnnie Evans—and he had preferred to spend a large unearned increment to attending a university. It was, he said, more fun.

The hour approached noon, but Mr. Evans had a headache. He appeared in the wake of a cordial man servant to greet his unexpected guest. "What the hell?" he inquired simply.

Ditto explained.

"Have some breakfast," said Johnnie, equal to this as to every occasion.

Over coffee, bacon, eggs and a curious and original cocktail, entitled "Takes-the-Curse-Off," Ditto made his modest requests. Would Johnnie find storage space for his luggage? Would Johnnie allow him to sleep in the Frigidaire until he could find a job?

"Job?" asked Johnnie, elevating a blond eyebrow. "What are those?"

"There must be a job," said Ditto. "Look here, I can dance——"

"And how!"

"What about the show business?" asked Ditto hopefully.

Johnnie laughed loud and long. "My dear young innocent," he said pityingly, "there ain't no such animal."

But Ditto was not discouraged. "Say," he asked suddenly, "haven't you an uncle or something who rules the waves? Steamship lines or some such rot. Couldn't I get a berth as able-bodied seaman or eighteenth assistant engineer, preferably on a ship cruising amid the warmer waters this season?"

Johnnie was staring at him. He rose, he held his glass and squinted through it. He tossed off the dregs. "Here's mud in your eye," he said. He reseated him-



"Three thousand dollars isn't so very much," said Nona hopefully.

self. "I have it," he announced gleefully.

"I know you have. What's the diagnosis?" asked Ditto sympathetic and interested.

"Be not ridic, laddie. Look here, my uncle—an old clam, if ever there was one—has a lot of bright lads running cruises for him. You know, four days and eighty-one drinks to Havana and home under a doctor's care. Also longer adventures, including encircling of this here new globe. On these trips there are hostesses, pretty gals. Also couriers and other things. You come in under the latter head. Every cruise has one such. Handsome young man who dances, as the girls say, divinely, can be guaranteed to flirt but not mean it, equally popular with the mamas, speaks several languages, gets up deck games, just too jolly!"

"Migawd," said Ditto, paling.

"You've been abroad, haven't you—sure you have. I remember the souvenirs you brought—post cards——"

"Don't enumerate," said Ditto hastily. "Of course I have. But—look here, Johnnie, are you serious?"

"Never more so. You get your trip, expenses and a bit of spending money to boot——"

"Don't mention boots," implored Ditto, shuddering.

"Carbide, the shaker," said Johnnie to his man servant, whose name was not Carbide. "Mr. Williams' nerves are

shattered."

While Carbide was gone on his errand of mercy Johnnie argued and Ditto listened.

"Fancy," raved Johnnie, "a great big, lovely house party cruising the warm Southern seas. Fancy the shore excursions, the fat ladies, and the fleas. Or let's not and say we did. Dancing, Ditto, on the moonlit deck to the strains of Sonny Oppenheim and his Collegiate Boys, three of whom are grandfathers."

Ditto's eyes brightened.

"Dancing——?" he murmured.

His fate was sealed. Ten days later, with such garments and personal belongings unnecessary to the trip stored at Johnnie's, he sailed on the *S. S. Impossible*, bound for foreign ports, part and parcel of one great big loving family.

Johnnie's uncle had come up to scratch. Ditto went cruising.

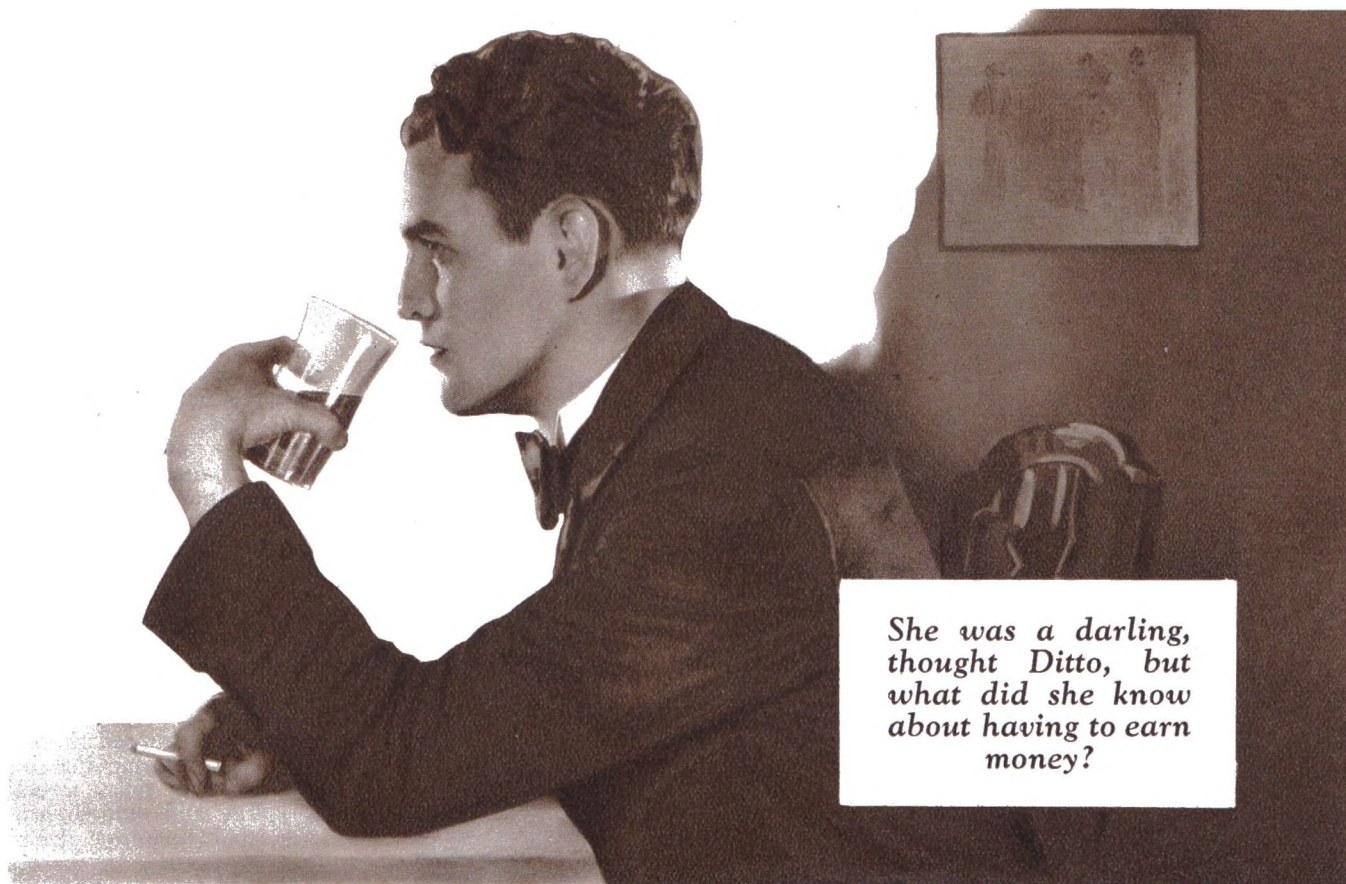
He came back from cruising as poor as when he had left.

There was a wireless from Johnnie.

"Make yourself at home in the flat. I'll be there some time or other."

Ditto, who had learned caution while on the high seas, betook himself to Johnnie's apartment, where he found the way paved for him. And after a shower and a finger of courage, he taxied to his home, adjusting his care-free expression to one more suitable to the returned prodigal. His father, who bragged in printed success stories that he never took a vacation, was there in the library, much as usual.

Post cards had kept Mr. Williams informed of his son's migrations, pictures of hotels and of lovely views, accompanied by more or less facetious messages. Mr. Williams was wholly aware of his son's past movements, having gotten in touch with Johnnie's uncle at the club. He now regarded his son with a sort of mild dislike.



*She was a darling,
thought Ditto, but
what did she know
about having to earn
money?*

"Is this the way you intend to earn your living?" he demanded when the greetings, none too cordial on his side, were over and done with.

"Meaning what?"

"As a sort of gigolo?"

Mr. Williams pronounced the charming term with a hard G, very hard.

"Well," said Ditto, "I had a swell time and saw something of the world. Would you rather I had joined the Navy?"

He looked about the sombre library. His heart misgave him. After all, this was home.

"What did you make?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Not much," he admitted. Of course, his expenses had been paid. But one had to send flowers now and then. Women had a way of looking in shop windows on the side trips—*oh, the darling little bazaar!* and then, too, there had been luncheons and dinners while on shore not included in the itinerary. He had, he was finally forced to confess, forty-six dollars and twenty-two cents in his pocket.

Now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of their playboys, buy them tickets west and a pair of overalls, also a wrench. Mr. Williams did none of these things. As far as he was concerned, Ditto was no better off than before.

Words passed between father and son. For the second time Ditto departed into the night. It was really night this time. He made his way back to Johnnie's apartment and mixed himself a highball, as the faithful Carbide was on his well-earned vacation.

Impossible to trespass too long upon Johnnie's hospitality. The thing to do was to get a job.

He went out and blew himself to dinner. He went, lonely as a cloud, to a movie. He returned to Johnnie's and called up people. No one was home. Why should they be? New York was full of workers and trippers.

In the morning, after a refreshing night's sleep, a cold shower—Johnnie's apartment house, Ditto noticed with filial pride, was Williams-equipped—he bought himself some breakfast and did some more telephoning. This resulted in his presenting himself, some time later, in an impressive office in the Wall Street district where an old friend labored, with the assistance of a

couple of good-looking secretaries and the backing of his papa.

At the word job the old friend's eyebrows disappeared. At the faltered phrase "customers' man" the old friend dissolved into hysterical laughter.

"There aren't," he said finally, "any customers."

Ditto departed.

At breakfast in a cafeteria on the following morning he regarded the want "ads" of his favorite newspaper. There weren't very many. He turned to *chauffeur*. After all, he could drive a car. He had had one of his own, a present from his then doting father. But not a second. The original, the incomparable bus, had had the misfortune to wrap herself devotedly about a telephone pole following a Yale-Harvard game.

No one wanted chauffeurs.

Listlessly he turned the pages. An advertisement leaped out and hit him squarely in the eye. "Learn to dance," it urged, "at Andrew Perry's."

CHAPTER II

AUTUMN came to Manhattan. It came in tones of heaven blue and sunlight gold, with touches of scarlet and brown. And with it came Nona.

Nona was a darling. She had been a darling for twenty years, barring minor rebellions, temperamental displays when convalescing from measles, and one or two selected phases during adolescence. She had been created in the autumnal ensemble tones; eyes very clear and very blue, mouth very scarlet, hair hesitating between brown and red, and a skin overlaid with a patina of glowing bronze. For the rest, she was small and slim and knew her own mind.

Nona came from Worcester. Nona's father, whose name on income tax blanks and other important documents was Richard Davis Amory, owned a great many things, including factories and such. His chief industry or source of income was the manufacture of corsets. He had manufactured them, or his father had, when they had been known, perhaps more romantically as stays. There had been a period in contemporary history when Mr. Amory, regarding the slab-sided, flat-chested, hipless shapes—he would not say figures—



SPOTLIGHT



of feminine youth in Worcester, New York, Palm Beach and Hoboken, had torn his thick gray hair and cried aloud to the four winds that he was a ruined man.

Luckily, he had other interests, such as real estate and coupon clipping. And more recently he had perked up a bit and given fervent thanks to certain bored Parisian dressmakers and certain voluptuously curving ladies of the screen, for it appeared that the corset, altered to fit the case, was about to stage a comeback.

Nona came to New York to visit her maternal aunt, Mrs. Howson-Smith, whose husband sold short at the right time and who therefore had moved from Riverside Drive to Park Avenue and from Park Avenue to Sutton Place. Mrs. Howson-Smith had grown so that she simply couldn't endure Park Avenue.

Nona's usual object in visiting her aunt was to get an eyeful of the current dramas and an earful of current musical comedies. Also to buy clothes.

This season, however, Nona, while not neglecting lobbies and marts, was bent on more important and serious things. During the coming Christmas festivities the Worcester Junior League would give its show-supper-dance, and Nona, as chairman of several activities, was determined to put it over on the home folks.

All she wanted was some new steps with which to knock them cold at home.

While in town she would brush up on her dancing and learn a couple of new steps with which to bring down the house.

She broached this subject to her aunt, when two days after her arrival in town she watched Mrs. Howson-Smith consume the tomato juice cocktail which had been brought to her bedside. So much better for one than orange juice, said Mrs. Howson-Smith, who had been to Hollywood and had undergone a perfectly fascinating beating at the hands of Sylvia, that half-portion Scandinavian who made the girls take it on the chin and like it.

Nona, whose own figure responded to tennis, golf, swimming, dancing, fencing, and therefore required no strenuous exercise, regarded the tomato juice with some disdain, and sailed into rolls, cereal, eggs, coffee and side dishes, to the despair and envy of her aunt.

"I want to take dancing lessons," mentioned Nona, lying back in a large chair and indicating to a hovering maid that she might remove the trick breakfast table. "I thought of going to some professional place where they train for the stage."

"Your mother would never forgive me," cried Mrs. Howson-Smith, looking, without rapture, on black coffee and two slices of thin whole wheat toast, which had had all the bread baked out of it and resembled a couple of originally shaped dog biscuits.

"So what?" inquired Nona in her care-free jargon. "She'll get over it."

"The professional schools," quoth Mrs. Howson-Smith, who had once seen a copy of *Variety*, "make their pupils wear rompers."

"That's nice," said Nona, lighting a cigarette, not that she needed to keep kissable. "All the men wear 'em."

"Disgusting," said Mrs. Howson-Smith firmly.

"Well, there must be some place where you can learn to step on your partner's corns without undressing," suggested Nona.

"In my day," her aunt informed her, "we went to a select dancing class and had annual cotillions."

"That must have been exciting." Nona was looking at a newspaper. Suddenly she stared. "This looks like the berries," uttered Nona, and indicated Mr. Perry's chaste plea. "Why be unpopular?" inquired Mr. Perry. "Learn to dance."

While her aunt sighed, setting her teeth, two of them pivot but the rest her very own, in the whole wheat toast, Nona departed for her own room.



SPOTLIGHT



Then she did some telephoning, after which she took a taxi.

She directed the driver to an address in the West Forties.

* * *

DITTO, waltzing with a pretty young person whose general effect was extreme but natural blondness, with Mr. Perry sitting on the side lines as critic in chief, had felt eight times a fool. But Mr. Perry's handsome brown eyes were friendly. Ditto, he uttered, could dance. In fact, he could dance without cutting too many fancy didoes—he danced, in short, like a gentleman, and that was very much in his favor.

That had been in the Summer and Ditto got the job. Since then Ditto had rendered unto Mr. Perry excellent and hourly service.

To be sure there were times when dragging a ton or so of unyielding flesh about the rooms to the monotonous perfection of an excellent phonograph and listening to her "Oh, Mr. Williams, I'm sure I'm too perfectly awful," became something of a scourge, but there were compensations. His salary kept him fed and clothed and he had a comfortable bed at Johnnie's.

Then came Nona.

Nona, entering the big building which housed the Perry industry, tipped her ridiculous hat a trifle more over her left eye than usual, powdered her little nose and went through the regular routine of applying for a course in advanced terpsichore. The next thing appeared to be to set a date, several dates. The young woman conferred with a superior. "Our Mr. Williams" was mentioned.

And Ditto all unknowing.

Nona kept her appointment. She was presented to Ditto, a young man faultlessly dressed, of an alarmingly good physique and ruffled hair. Like Ditto's own father, that adamant person, Nona found herself thinking—*not the type*.

The lesson took place in one of three large rooms, each curtained off from the others with heavy and expensive draperies which gave some feeling of privacy and at the same time did not shut off the sound of the phonograph playing its own twelve self-changing records in the further of the three rooms. "Tango," Nona had said firmly, "the very newest." If the Prince of Wales, why not Nona? "Tango?" the feminine instructress had murmured doubtfully, "we'll see. It takes some time to be promoted to the tango."

Not long for Nona. So she danced with Ditto.

"I can't understand," said Nona with one of those miraculous, direct looks which contain far more dynamite than the languishing sloe-lidded gaze of a former generation, "why you wanted to do this?"

Ditto said, executing a marvelous step and making her like it—and follow—"why not? What's wrong with dancing? You like it, don't you?"

"Of course or I wouldn't be here. But for a man—as a life work—?"

Ditto was silent. Then he said hopefully:

"We are always being taught that one's life work should consist in doing something one really cares about and doing it well."

Such sententiousness, all tangled up with one's feet, made Nona's head swim. After all, she was young and susceptible. She asked breathlessly, "May we rest a moment?" "Why not?" asked Ditto, cordially, for this misguided girl, who danced like a leaf in the wind, was paying for a whole hour's instruction three times a week.

There were chairs. Nona sighed and crossed one slim ankle over the other.

"Do you feel I'm improving?" she asked.

Other women had asked that. In their cases Ditto hadn't *felt* anything; his reactions had been purely mental. But in Nona's— He looked into those mar-

velously blue eyes and felt in need of a couple of drinks.

He replied: "There was very little room for improvement in your dancing, Miss Amory."





SPOTLIGHT



"That's nice of you. Tell me something about yourself," she went on. "Of course you're a college man."

"Why, of course?"

"Don't be an Airedale," she said severely.

He said, after a moment, feeling that the truth was too, too unromantic and feeling, too, that for the first time in his life the idea of being linked up, genetically speaking, with the Williams Products had its drawbacks.

"I—you understand this is in confidence. I wouldn't

want them to know around here—about my past."

Nona nodded, wide-eyed. Ditto, closing his eyes and opening his mouth, prepared for the plunge.

"When the revolution came—" he started in a hollow tone.

"French or Russian?" asked Nona briskly, "or maybe you mean early American?"

Ditto ignored this. Determined to surround himself with something resembling a really remarkable background, he hastily recalled snatches of recent reading and plunged into the thick of deceit.

"I was very young, of course," he said, "and have but meagre recollections of fleeing from our burning estates, surrounded by the maddened peasantry and the leering faces of the *kulacks*."

"Don't you mean Cossacks?" she asked practically.

Perhaps he did. He went on hastily.

"We fled through snow and ice, pursued by howling wolves, both human and bestial, to the border. There my uncle, my sole remaining relative, perished, and I was brought up by kindly German natives."

"Right across the border!" mused Nona.

"Three years ago I came to this country. Having inherited from my mother, a ballerina under the Czarist régime, a love for dancing, I turned to the art as a means of livelihood."

"*Nitchevo*," agreed Nona in something resembling Russian, "suppose we dance?"

They did. Her eyes did too, yet he was of a conviction that she was annoyed with him. Nothing more was said.

And that was all for that day. For the rest of the lessons Ditto spent his evenings thinking up new

Arabian Nights features. But when the last lesson came such delicious nonsense faltered by the wayside and they found themselves regarding one another with frightened eyes.

By now he was hopelessly and head over clever heels in love. By now he was combing the want advertisements and haunting such of his friends and their senior relatives who would admit him to their offices. Anything for a job. Dancing was all very well—but—

The afternoon before Nona's last lesson Ditto humbled himself and sought the parental cave, inclined to eat any quantity of humble pie. He was admitted by an ancient servant who had missed him very much. That was just the homely touch the event needed. Only for Nona's sake, in order to have described it to her later, Ditto wished that old Annie had been black and male and had said, instead of "Saints alive, it's about time you come home," "Lord be praised, it's my young massa!" For recently he had figured as the disinherited son of the South.

(Please turn to page 70)



"Thanks to you, sir," said Ditto, one arm holding Nona close, "I am returning home practically a millionaire."

This was her first experience with

Kisses In the Dark

By
Muriel Ives



*Phyllis was the
captivating sort
of girl who could
get away with
almost anything*

Tower Studios

PHYLLIS—Phyllis!"

A shadow moved in the warm darkness beyond the swimming pool. It was coming nearer. Pat, her feet dangling in the cool water, did some rapid thinking. Phyllis was her older sister and a wow. Any man that called Phyllis in just that kind of a sibilant whisper would be—well, he would be worth answering.

"Phyllis!" He was nearer now.

"H-h-m?" ventured Pat.

"Oh—there you are!" The dark bulk of him towered above her. Six feet at least. Pat bet he was handsome. But who was he? He dropped down beside her and a firm, possessive hand slid along her arm. "Phyllis—swimming? That's not like you." It wasn't. Whoever he was, he evidently knew his Phyllis. Imagine Phyllis swimming at night—why that languorous lily

never slid into a bathing suit unless she was sure of an audience. Not that Phyllis wasn't worth looking at—

"Darling—" the strange male slid his arm around her shoulders, magnificently regardless of the fact that she was getting him drenched. "It's been a miserably long day without you. Can't you possibly arrange to receive letters or phone calls or something here at the house?"

So! Pat snuggled an amazed wet head into his shoulder. What was Phyllis up to? Phyllis—to all intents and purposes—was about to get herself engaged to Snag Judson. Snag had been after her for a year. And Snag—applauded heartily by Phyllis's parents—had recently concluded that things were looking up. Then who—and what—was this?

"Darling," the mysterious one bent and laid a tender cheek against Pat's hair. "Darling—let's just tell your parents and face the music. Why can't we?"

Why? Pat wondered. But, one way or another, she determined to find out.

"Maybe—maybe we can—soon," she ventured softly. She couldn't talk right out loud because her voice was huskier than Phyllis's.

"You mean it?" his voice positively rang with rapture. "Sweetheart—kiss me!"

Ten minutes later Pat drew a deep, quavering breath. Her lips were bruised and emotionally she was a wreck. Heavens above! Was this the kind of thing Phyllis lived through? Why this man's lips—and his hands—Pat drew away a little to take stock of herself and be sure she was all there. But he didn't let her draw far. He pulled her back and began kissing her all over again.

"You're marvelous tonight," he told her once. "Somehow you're—you're different. You're so warm and sweet and responsive—I've always dreamed you'd be like this, darling——"

"I—I've always wanted to be," murmured Pat with perfect truth. When you came to think of it it was a shame to let a girl grow to be seventeen without knowing such kisses and—and things existed. Not that Pat hadn't been kissed before—but she was willing at that moment to bet any one, hands down, that not one man in fifty could kiss a girl the way this man could.

It wasn't till a long time later, when she lay demurely in her little four-poster bed, that she began to entertain qualms. What would Phyllis do when she found out? But would she find out? She would probably discover that some one else had kept her rendezvous with her mysterious boy friend; but was there any necessity for her finding out that the some one else had been Pat? No, Pat decided, there wasn't.

Then, rather unexpectedly, a new phase of the situa-

tion presented itself. Presumably Phyllis, the following night, would keep her own rendezvous. Pat discovered, as she gazed at the ceiling above her bed, that she didn't like the idea of Phyllis's meeting that man in the dark down there beside the swimming pool. She didn't like the idea of Phyllis listening to his murmured, and very flattering, conversation. She didn't at all like the idea of Phyllis being the recipient of his kisses.

There was, obviously, only one thing to do. Pat would get down to the swimming pool first; she would manage to meet him and keep him from meeting Phyllis. That would settle the problem for the moment. The future must take care of itself.

So Pat turned over and closed her eyes. And after a while she went to sleep, still thinking about the mysterious male's last kiss—which had been a honey.

But Pat's plans slipped up—as plans so frequently do. The following night she arrived at the swimming pool just in time to see a slim chiffony figure—which was Phyllis—more or less melt into a tall dark form—which was the stranger.

"Darling!" The low, ardent tones sent a reminiscent thrill through the listening Pat—which was immediately followed by a desire to do murder. For a wild instant Pat considered plunging forward and telling all. But the man's next words froze her where she stood.

"You were so marvelous last night, sweetheart," his tender murmur reached Pat's shocked ears clearly. "The day seemed doubly long. Are you going to be so—so sweet tonight?"

Pat sat down on the soft thick grass hard. Now the fat *was* in the fire! That blundering fool man had certainly spilled the beans.

After a breathless second she turned and crept si-



She let loose all her pent-up fury. "And in the future, leave my men alone!" she snapped viciously.

lently away through the shrubbery. At a safe distance she sat down again to think things over. They seemed to need a powerful lot of thinking. Of course there was a chance that Phyllis wouldn't know it was she, Pat, who had entertained the mysterious gentleman so successfully. There was a chance—but it was a slim one. No one used the pool at night but Pat.

Pat's session of thought being productive of nothing but despondency she got up from the damp grass by and by and ambled toward the house. She'd get a detective story from the library and read in bed. But even the detective story didn't keep her from imagining that man down by the pool kissing Phyllis. This time the night before he had been kissing her. Pat realized she felt a little sick.

IT was way past midnight when Phyllis opened the door and walked in. "I'm glad you're still awake," she said viciously, "otherwise I'd have had to wake you up."

Pat gave herself to that kiss with a complete and reckless abandon



Pat laid down her book and gazed with all the wide-eyed innocence she could muster at her sister. Gosh, Phyllis was beautiful. Creamy skin that nothing on earth could affect; eyes that could be violet or blue or green; a figure that Ziegfeld could have—in fact had—gone wild over, and hair that was like ripe wheat in the sun.

Pat sighed. She might outdo Phyllis—who was notoriously cold-blooded—in a necking party in the dark, but she could never in the world approach her in the light of day. Pat glanced down at her own Indian-brown hand lying on the coverlet and in her mind's eye she saw the spray of little freckles that would pop out on the bridge of her nose.

"What's the matter?" delicately Pat suppressed a yawn.

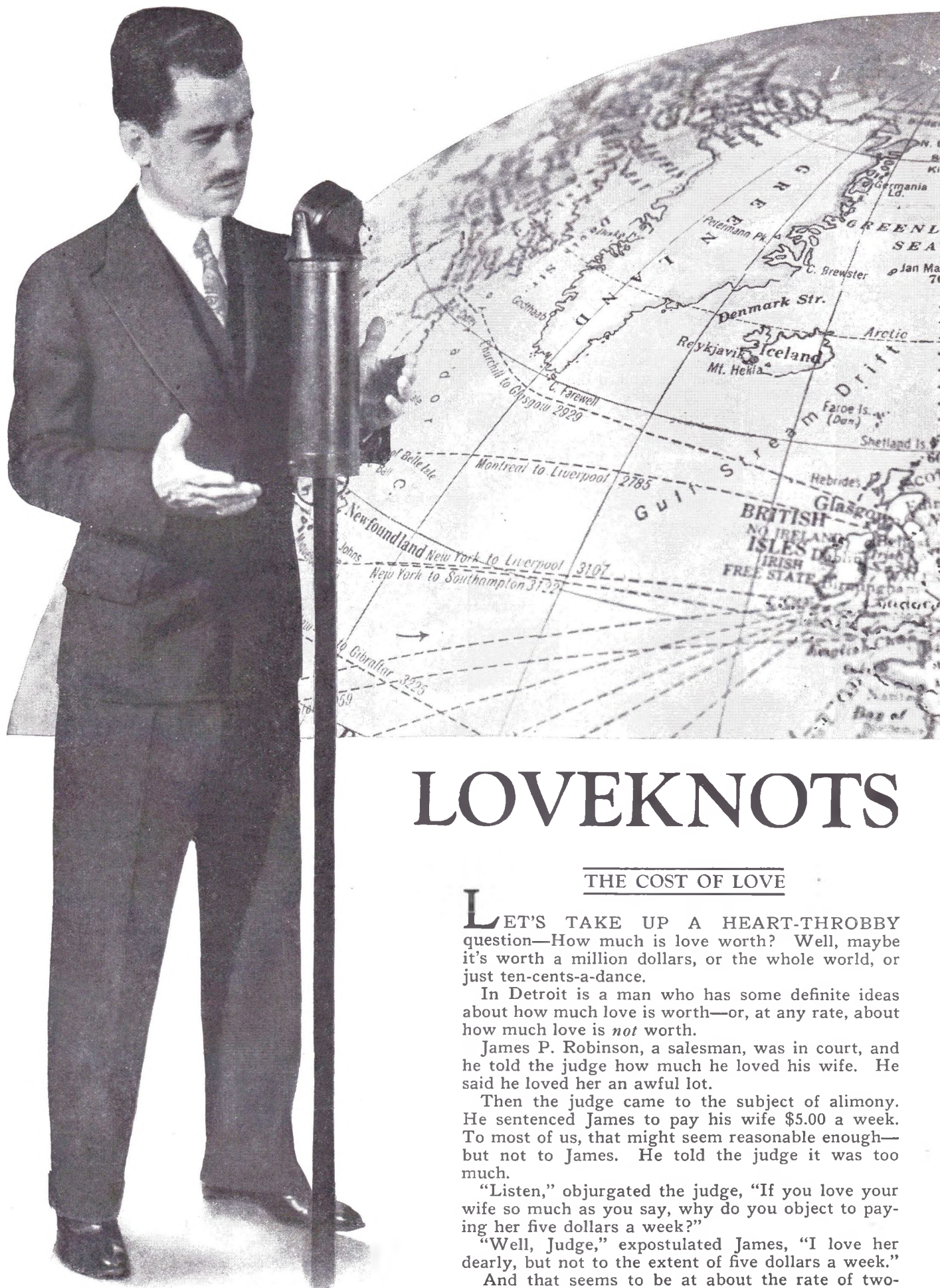
"Oh, don't try to be so bored," snapped Phyllis. "You know perfectly well what's the matter. Of all the underhanded, double-crossing, deceitful little—"

"Minx is a good word," said Pat helpfully.

"Shut up," said Phyllis. "This is no laughing matter. And if you think you can take Alan Tremaine away from me by sneaking in a heavy necking party you're crazy!"

"Alan Tremaine!" Pat's jaw sagged and her eyes seemed to spread all over her face. "Was *that* who it was!"

Phyllis took on an apoplectic hue that for some reason made her more beautiful than ever. (Please turn to page 105)



LOVEKNOTS

THE COST OF LOVE

LET'S TAKE UP A HEART-THROBBY question—How much is love worth? Well, maybe it's worth a million dollars, or the whole world, or just ten-cents-a-dance.

In Detroit is a man who has some definite ideas about how much love is worth—or, at any rate, about how much love is *not* worth.

James P. Robinson, a salesman, was in court, and he told the judge how much he loved his wife. He said he loved her an awful lot.

Then the judge came to the subject of alimony. He sentenced James to pay his wife \$5.00 a week. To most of us, that might seem reasonable enough—but not to James. He told the judge it was too much.

"Listen," objurgated the judge, "If you love your wife so much as you say, why do you object to paying her five dollars a week?"

"Well, Judge," expostulated James, "I love her dearly, but not to the extent of five dollars a week."

And that seems to be at about the rate of two-cents-a-dance.



and WHATNOTS

LOWELL THOMAS,
our famous news scout,
circles the globe in his un-
ceasing hunt for romance

HER LOVELY FACE

TAKE THE ARACHNID theory, for example. We are told that the human face, your face, my face, the Queen of Sheba's face, and also the face that launched a thousand ships, got its start from the face of an extinct fish closely related to an ancient sea scorpion.

Of course, I don't mean it would be wise for a fellow to say to a beautiful girl—"Your face is a cross between a fish and a scorpion." But just the same, Professor William Patten of Dartmouth College, to-day produced evidence to prove the truth of the Arachnid theory.

The evidence that the Doctor brought forward consisted of a series of ancient fossils. No, it wouldn't be the right thing for a fellow to say to a beautiful girl—"Your face reminds me of an ancient fossil."

But the Professor claims that if you study those fossils you will discover that the human face is just a variation of the face of a spider, or a scorpion, or a horseshoe crab. I hope the Professor isn't

getting personal or anything like that.

But he insists that those beautiful faces that make hearts flutter, those pert, pretty noses, those rosebud lips, and those languorous blue eyes—they're all in the fish that's like a scorpion, to which we say "Tut, tut, Professor."

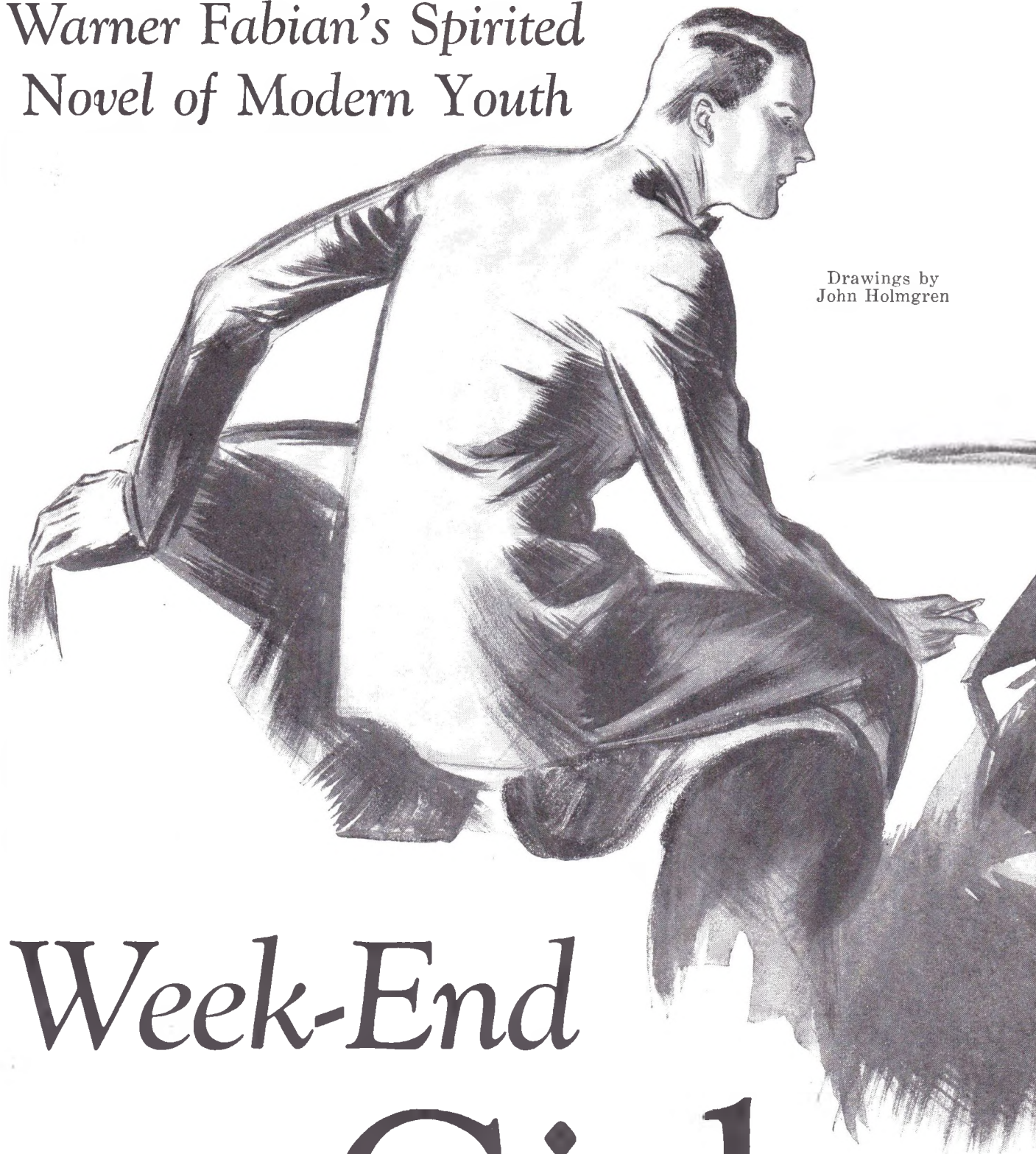
LOVERS' LANE

LET'S SEE—I DON'T KNOW IF THE MOON is shining outside or not. At any rate, this next item ought to be told in the moonlight.

Over in the County of Suffolk, in England, is the village of Bungay, and (*Please turn to page 95*)

Warner Fabian's Spirited Novel of Modern Youth

Drawings by
John Holmgren



Week-End Girl

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Alluring Venetia Carr, who has been selling her attractive company as a paid guest at parties, has been on a gay week-end in Maine, of which the highlight was a wild midnight speedboat ride alone with Chub Bevier. They run down a rowboat and one of the occupants is drowned. Art Ladden, millionaire

playboy and host, is in love with Venetia and manages to get her off on a cruise while Chub stands trial. When she returns she is shocked to learn that he is in jail and persuades Ladden to take her to see him. But Chub, who also loves her, can't stand the strain and asks Jerry Jennison, a young Follies beauty who is with her, to keep her away.

His eager, dominant look
confused her, made her dizzy.
She could not meet his eyes.



NOT until the two girls were alone did the actress give her message. "So, you see, there isn't going to be any next time," she said. "Did Chub tell you he didn't want to see me again?"

"Yes." Vennie's chin went up. "Oh, all right! That's because his poor, weak conscience can't stand the sight of me. I call it cheap melodrama," she concluded, viciously.

If he was going to take that attitude, they needn't be on each other's minds any longer. After all, she and he were pretty well quits on the account. Let it rest at that. Only, once more she was disappointed in him. He was never, it appeared, quite the good sport. He should have been game enough to meet her on the ground she had chosen for their future relations. Well, if he wasn't, it couldn't be helped.

On the hall table she saw an envelope in bold handwriting. Before opening it she had a premonition of

who the writer was. And, as she read Isaac Grayson's urgent plea that he let her know where and when he could see her, she smiled with a lively anticipation.

ARGUMENT in the hallway woke Venetia from a long untroubled sleep. Sophia's protests were mingled with masculine accents. She grabbed a dressing robe, and went to the banister. From below Isaac Grayson looked up at softly flushed loveliness, tangled in the brightness of loosed hair.

"Stay as you are," he commanded imperatively. "Where do you keep your pencils?"

Venetia ducked back. "What time is it?"

"Almost nine."

"Nine! Did you read my telegram?"

"Of course. That's why I'm here."

"It said ten-thirty."

"I'm very good at impatient waiting."

Venetia laughed. "You can practice it in the front room for an hour or so."

This turned out to be gross exaggeration. Instead of proceeding leisurely about bath and dressing, the girl felt herself instinctively hurrying. The painter's arrival had set up a quickened tempo of the blood for her. Grayson somehow typified in her mind the adventurousness, the allure, the exhilarant risk and irresponsibility of the New York life which she so loved and to which she was jubilantly returning after the seemingly interminable absence of her illness. It was less than half an hour when she was hospitably inquiring of her caller, "Coffee?"

"No. Business."

"Good. When shall I report at the studio?"

"This is something different."

"Not posing? Am I superseded? Punishment for desertion? I couldn't help it, Mr. Employer."

"Nothing like that."

"You're terribly serious-looking this morning, Ike."

"I'm a serious person, Vennie." But there was amusement in the look of his dark-fringed eyes.

"How's the week-end trade? Are you tied up over this Sunday?"

"We—ell" she hesitated. There was a tacit understanding that Arthur Ladden should have first call

"Ye-es, of course. If you understand my terms." "Write your own ticket, Vennie. This is Big Stuff. I've gone commercial."

"You haven't got anything on me," she chuckled. "But it isn't money I was thinking of at the moment."

"What was it?"

"Safety first," she laughed. "Conditions of the job."

"Such as?"

"A perfectly reliable lock on my door."

"Of course" he replied so readily that she felt a bit small. "Can you come tonight?"

"Yes. Where are we going? And for how long?"

"Until Monday. And to a place not ten minutes from here as the taxi flies."

"Oh! Then I'll commute. There's no reason for me to stay nights, is there? I can come back here to sleep."

"Do your other week-end contracts take that form?" he asked gravely.

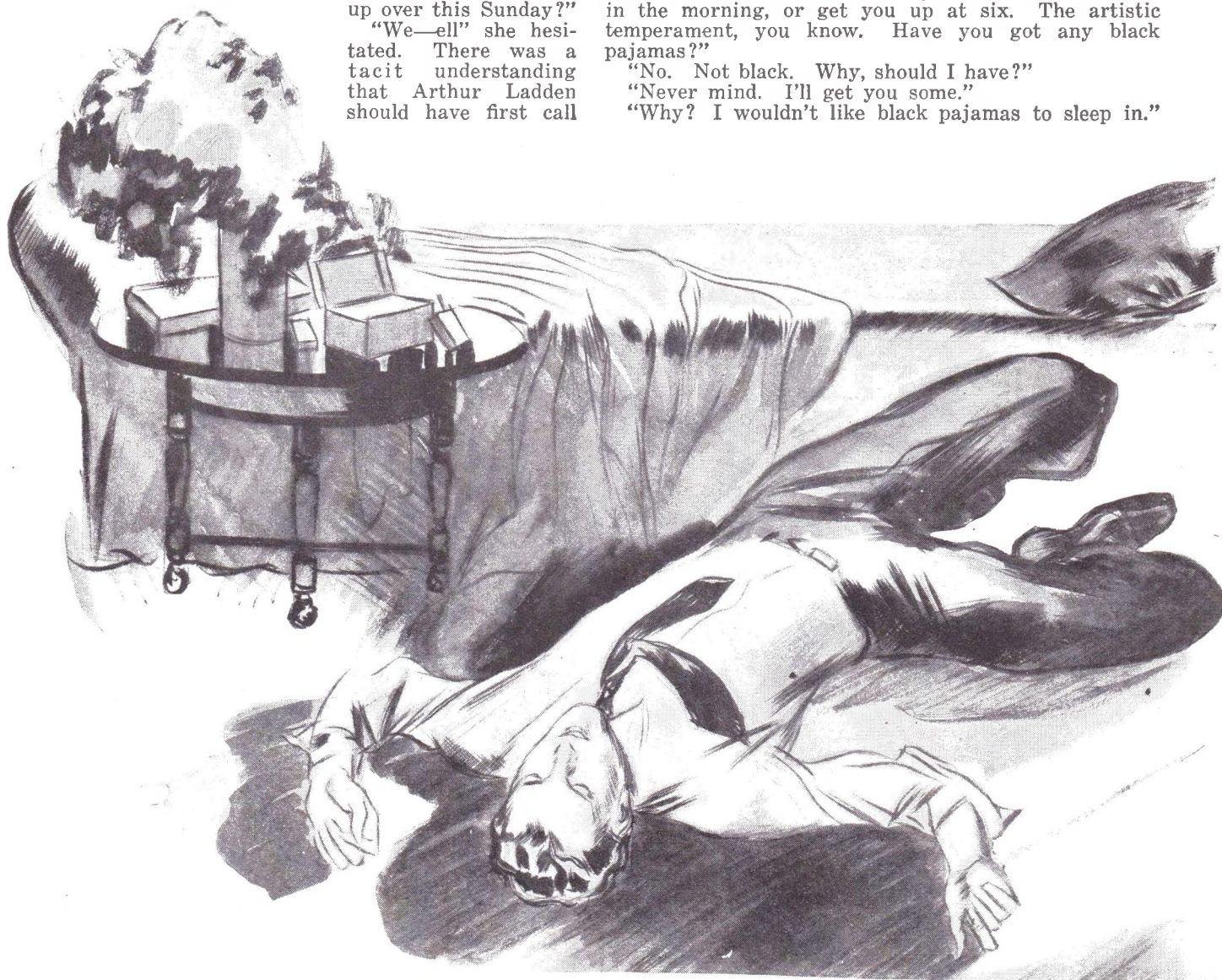
"No. But they've been out of town trips."

"This is a twenty-four-hour-a-day contract," he explained. "I might want to keep you at work till three in the morning, or get you up at six. The artistic temperament, you know. Have you got any black pajamas?"

"No. Not black. Why, should I have?"

"Never mind. I'll get you some."

"Why? I wouldn't like black pajamas to sleep in."



upon her time. But this was Friday and he had proposed no plan. Besides, her curiosity was provoked as to Grayson's offer. "Not definitely."

"Open to a proposition then?"

She nodded. "I expect so. What's the party and who's in it?"

"Nobody. Just you and I."

"Oh!"

"Isn't that all right?" He seemed innocently surprised.

"These are to pose in. I've got a rush advertising job. A girl in black pajamas. Single figure; various settings. We're going to do it in my new apartment, not in the studio. It's big money or I'd never have taken it on. That's how I can afford to pay your week-end terms instead of the usual model rates. But I really won't insist on your staying if you dislike the idea so very much."

"After all, I don't know why I shouldn't stay," she mused. "The scandal, if any, be on your head,"



Ike had rolled to the floor fighting suffocation with convulsive sobs. Hurriedly she opened the window.

she smiled. "We can decide about that later."

Twice in the course of that day Venetia packed and unpacked her small suit-case, and ended by repacking and stowing it out of sight but convenient to reach. Stoutly she insisted to herself that it committed her to nothing. She could always take care of herself. Nevertheless she wished that she could read Isaac Grayson's mind. She did not understand that young man. The uncertainty had its own allure, and with a very feminine thrill she admitted while refuting the element

of danger. Not for anything would she have confessed that the danger lay within herself. But she did recognize, more strongly than ever before, his pervasive charm.

They met for dinner at a place where they were reasonably sure of not encountering any of the crowd. Over the coffee Grayson said casually:

"Did you bring your luggage along?"

"No."

"Are we to go back for it?"

She shook her head. "I think I'd rather go home, Ike."

"But in any case, hadn't you better have a bag ready?" At which suggestion she flushed so self-consciously that he gave her a look of smiling surprise. "I warned you that we might be working very late. Also, you might change your mind. It has been done. Do you very much mind my thinking it possible?"

"How can I stop you thinking?"

"Is it possible, Vennie?"

Anything was possible, the instinct of her pulses told her, if one yielded to the primary temptation to relax one's guard over oneself. Decidedly she had better go home that night. He was speaking again:

"It's been something of a revelation to me, you know, getting to know you. A fellow considers himself immune to certain—well, sentimentalities, and then suddenly finds that he isn't. I've been pretty sick over your desertion."

"I expect that's a 'line,' isn't it, Ike?"

"No, it isn't," he denied in a voice so moved that it stirred her.

"Anyway, this isn't part of the contract."

"Says you, the business woman," he laughed. "Right! We'll get to work."

The taxi took them uptown to a brand new building where the artist led her through the corridor and opened the door of a private, automatic lift. "I live on the roof," he explained.

Up they shot. They stepped out, facing the door of a small roof-bungalow, set amidst tubbed plants, which bore a paneled inscription:

*"Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid."*

"That's rather cunning," she commented. "It's Shakespeare, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I didn't put it there. But I don't see how it could be. They didn't have pent-houses in his day."

She shot a glance at him. No, he wasn't joshing. A little dumb of him, she thought. But he certainly was a superb looking creature as he switched on the light and stood aside for her to enter.

In the main room stood a broad divan, spread with a flaming shimmer of fabric. Crimson pillows were arranged at one end of it.

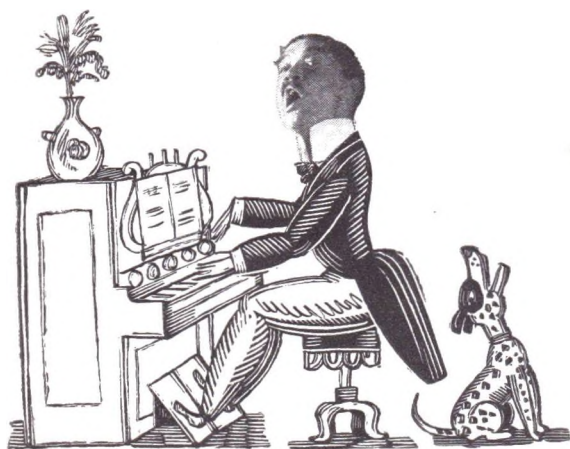
"That's to set off the black pajamas," he explained. "You'll find 'em inside." He motioned to a door. "Also a pair of scarlet mules."

She went in, put on the costume, and returned to him, feeling unwontedly conscious. She might have spared herself the uneasiness. For the time Grayson was in working mood. The eyes which intently considered were the eyes of the artist, devoid of any personal or masculine demand. (Please turn to page 119)

JOHN HELD JR SINGS

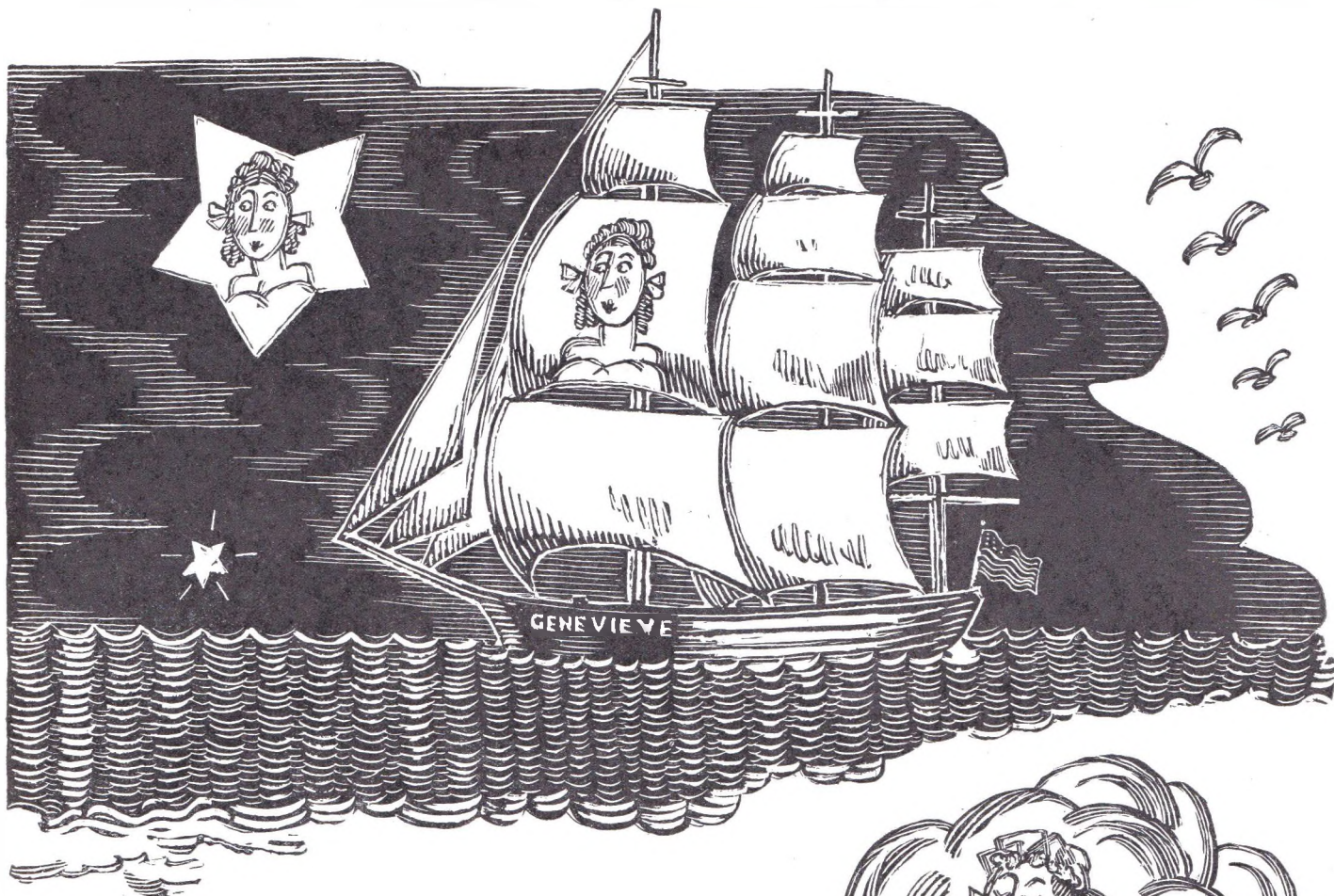


Again I dust off the old larynx and sing an Old Love Song for you. If this doesn't warm the cockles of your memory, try it on your grandma or grandpa.



Watch for my love song next month and be ready to harmonize with John Held, Jr., the Boy Baritone. Thank you, until next month, thank you.

THE OLD LOVE SONGS



SWEET GENEVIEVE

O, Genevieve I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew-impleared;
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in ev'ry dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

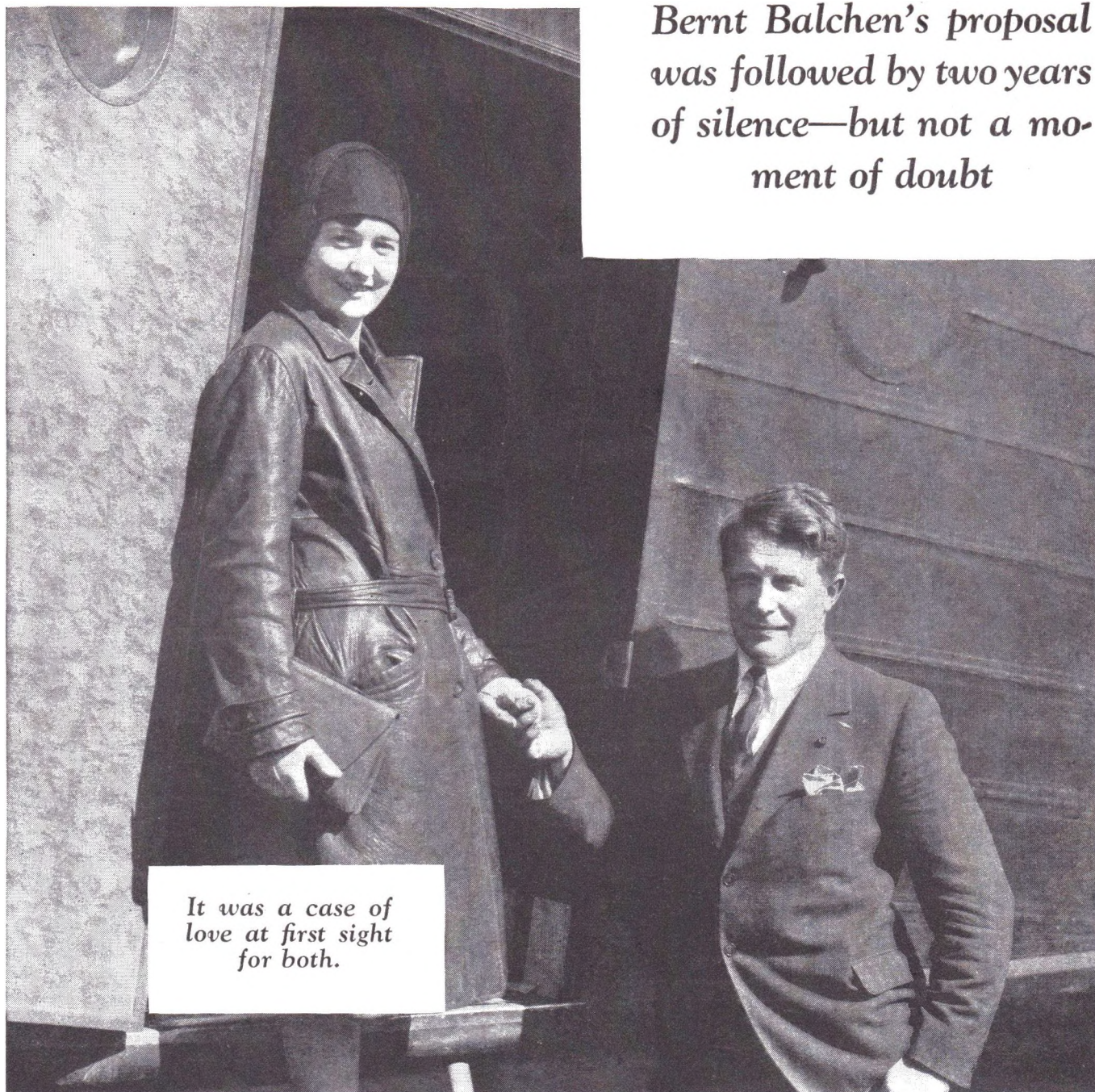
CHORUS:

O Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

ENGRAVED WITH PATHOS
BY JOHN HELD JR



*Bernt Balchen's proposal
was followed by two years
of silence—but not a mo-
ment of doubt*



*It was a case of
love at first sight
for both.*

The ROMANCE of the FLYING SPHINX

By JOAN TRACY

BERNT BALCHEN—strong, broad-shouldered, with his unruly wind-blown hair, yellow as the wheat in the fields of his native Norway, and his serious, dreamer's eyes, is a man of warm white sunlight—and cold, even whiter ice. A man of deep silence and lofty ideals—and emotions that are expressed in deeds, not words.

A man to whom love must mean all—or nothing.

Young Emily Sorlie realized this from that first mo-

ment that she met him—when first she looked deep into his sea-blue eyes and felt her tiny hand clasped in his great powerful big ones. Yet because she realized it—and understood—she was afraid.

Not afraid in the sense of actual fear. But afraid to trust the quick beating of her own heart—afraid to believe the message she read so clearly in every glance, every gesture of the man.

It was only natural that Emily Sorlie should under-



A group of noted flyers, including Balchen, Casey Jones, Rickenbacker and Chamberlin

stand Bernt Balchen. Both were born under the vast blue skies of Norway—both had spent their youth in the ice-bound, rocky country of their Viking ancestors. In the veins of both ran the blood of those early conquerors of many empires. . . .

But Emmy was just an average, unassuming sort of girl like scores of others in every city and country in the world. While Bernt Balchen was the hero of a hundred courageous feats of daring, the conqueror of the elements and of the Poles, the aviation idol of his native land and of America, his adopted home.

Bernt was born in the little town of Christiansand in the most northerly part of Norway. A section of majestic mountains, of long bitter Winters and short Summers.

His father was a physician and would have liked to have had his son follow in his footsteps. But young Bernt's first ambition was to become a whaler—one of those doughty seamen who risk life and limb to ensnare the valuable and necessary whales.

Several of his relatives were engaged in that industry, and the ready thrills and



Like the Lindberghs, they now have a son to carry on the air tradition.

Photos by International

A strong, silent man, he feels deeply but says very little.



ever-present danger that such a life would afford appealed to the sturdy, adventurous spirit of the lad.

But when he was twelve years old, his father died, and a few years later his mother married an army officer. "Which in a way explains how I got into the army," he said, his eyes twinkling humorously.

But in reality it was the Flying Corps and not the Army which claimed Bernt. Before he had grown old enough to embark upon his chosen whaling career, the World War broke out. And though Norway did not become involved in the conflict, the young men of that nation were drafted into military service as a protective measure.

Until he joined the Norwegian Royal Air Force, Bernt Balchen had not thought of aviation at all.

But once he felt the power of an airplane beneath his fingers, (Please turn to page 108)

Candle-light and New Lace



Berner Photo

Cotton suede lace, a new fabric for the formal evening gown, appears here in a charming model of sapphire blue. The low décolletage at the back, the modified princess lines and the circular cut ruffle at the shoulder are all expressions of the latest style notes. The soft velvet bow at the back tones in with the color of the gown.

Pink beige Spanish lace stiffened at the hemline and the shoulders gains enchantment in this gown by a slight exaggeration of the line. Belted at the natural waistline, the gown clings to the figure, breaking into a flare below the knees. Again a suggestion of a sleeve is noted in the shoulder flares. The design of the lace, with large yet delicate flowers scattered over it, is particularly notable.

Wile World Photo



One of the favorites of the season is Alençon lace in graded effect, as shown in the gown above. Black, rust and ivory are strikingly combined for the triple tone effect, shading from light at the shoulders to dark at the hemline. The black note is struck again in the narrow belt. The modest décolletage is an authentic tip for this year's evening clothes.

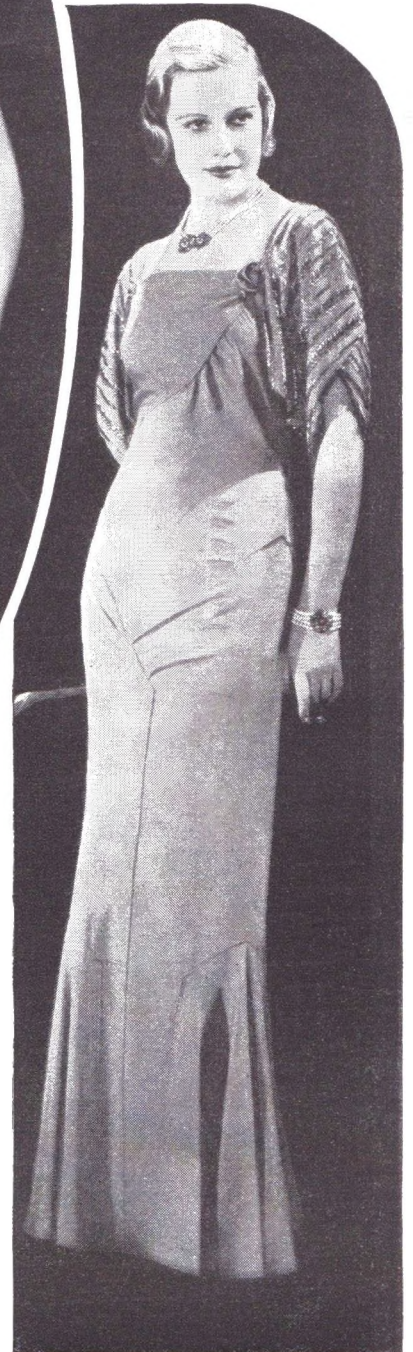


Celanese clairanese in a finely ribbed taf-feta weave fashions the quaintly charming frock at the left with its little puff sleeves touched with splashes of green. The sur-plice bodice ties in a bouffant "bustle bow." From Forbath and Rejane.



A high style note in the fash-ion parade is the jeweled girdle seen on white evening gowns. It is the only trim-ming note on the simply made gown at the left from Bonwit Teller, New York. The shoul-der straps narrow slightly at the top. Necklace, earrings and bracelet are also from the Bonwit Teller collection.

Pagano Photo



Sleeves Are Everything —or Nothing

The glitter of sequin is a new note on this five o'clock gown from Forbath and Rejane fashioned of celanese crêpe Lidonese, a soft canton. The sleeves are cut in the smart Lanvin manner and carry the trimming note for the whole dress.

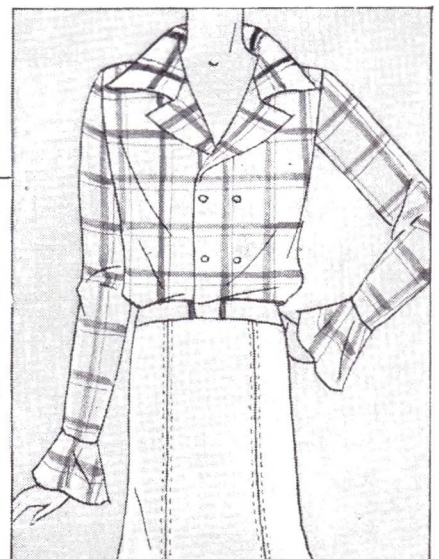
SMART SIMPLICITY

A Study in Plaid

Newest of fashions for the style-wise is that of the plaid blouse combined with a white skirt

T 800. Make this fitted skirt of flannel, rough weave wool or heavy silk. Fullness at the hem is assured by inverted pleats. In sizes 26 to 28 inch waist measure. Size 28 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch material.

T 801. Trim and trig is the plaid blouse which could be developed in flannel, wool or silk in a plaid weave. A feminine note is secured by the flared cuffs used on either the short or the long sleeve. In sizes 14 to 20; 32- to 40-inch bust measure. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the long sleeve; $1\frac{7}{8}$ for the short.





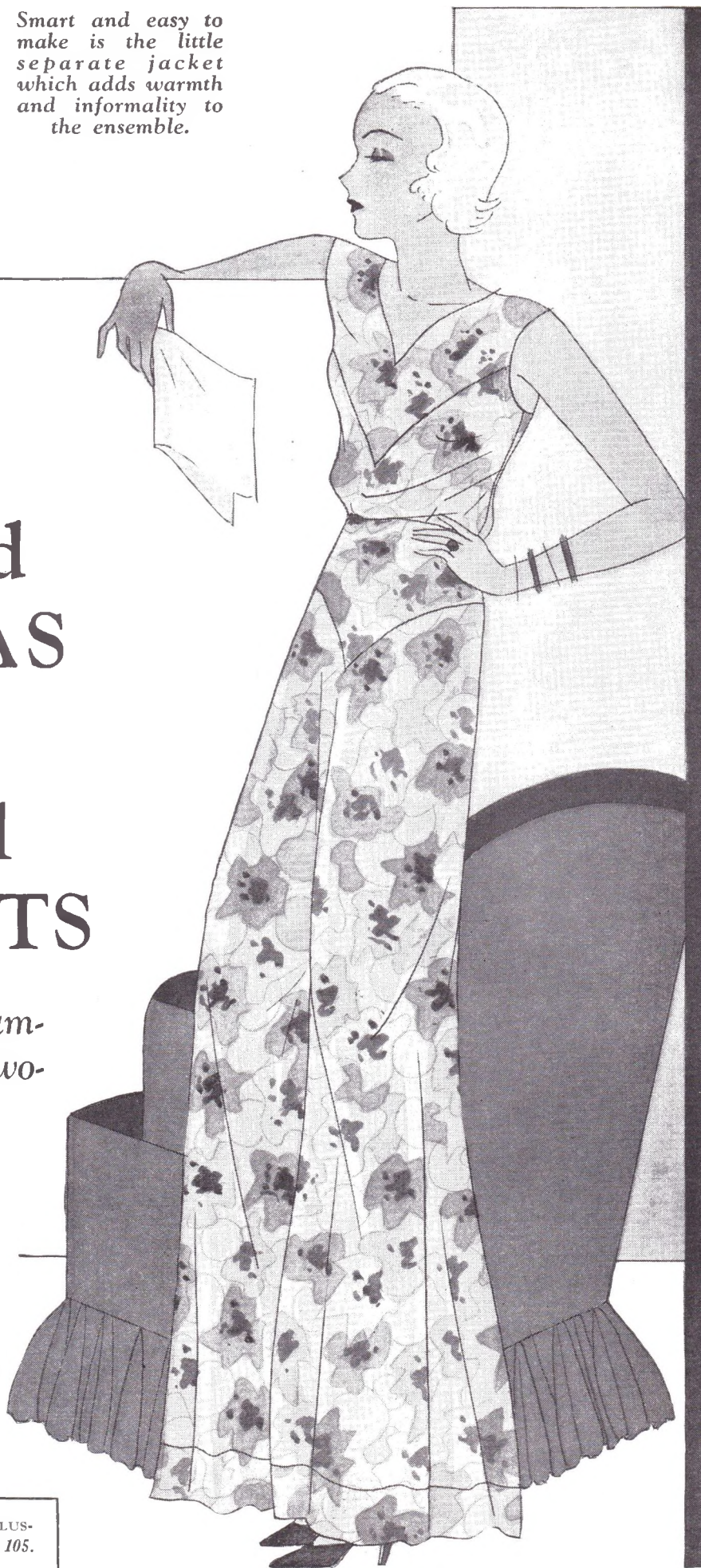
Smart and easy to make is the little separate jacket which adds warmth and informality to the ensemble.

Flowered PAJAMAS for Informal MOMENTS

Long lines and slim seamings give chic to the two-piece pajamas

T 802. A snugly fitted hip-line, a separate blouse, and wide flaring trouser legs are only three of the points in favor of this pajama ensemble. In sizes 14 to 20 years; 32 to 40 inch bust measure. Size 16 pattern requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

For complete directions for obtaining ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE Patterns, see page 105.



Build Up Your Future Glory Now

*How to bring out the best in your hair
is told by Annette, beauty expert*



Wide
World

IT'S no use, Annette, I guess I'll just have to steel myself to the idea of wearing a wig. My hair's slowly passing into the illusionary state—and what can I do about it? Nothing!"

She was exaggerating more than a little bit and I told her so.

"Anyway," I said, "the wigs they make nowadays are a pleasure to wear; you can be a platinum blonde for a day, you can have a blue one or a green one, or you can choose between the shellacked and the natural. But you don't have to lose your hair to do it. As a matter of fact there's no reason why you should lose your hair."

"But, Annette, every time I comb it there seems to be more hair on the floor than on my head."

I felt like telling her to go stand in the corner. She came in every once in a while, complained about her hair, listened to a lot of good advice, if I do say it myself, and proceeded to follow her own inclinations—which were mainly to let things slide and keep on worrying about it.



*Tinycurls make
this coiffure
ultra feminine.
In circle, the
new swirled
hairdress.*

International

"No," she would say, "I really can't be expected to brush my hair. Why, it takes all the wave out of it. And how can you be presentable and have oily stuff on your hair all the time?"

There would be more of it. She didn't seem to realize that a little discomfort now would save her a lot later on. And brushing doesn't upset a wave as much as most people think it does. Five minutes each night will work wonders in toning the scalp—brushing out all those dead hairs she complained about and at the same time giving the new ones a chance to grow in. I tried again to get her to understand.

"Now if you'll only lift up the top part of the wave and pin it to one side you can brush underneath to your heart's content and still have plenty of wave left on top."

"You're right, Annette," she admitted, "I did try it once according to those (Please turn to page 111)

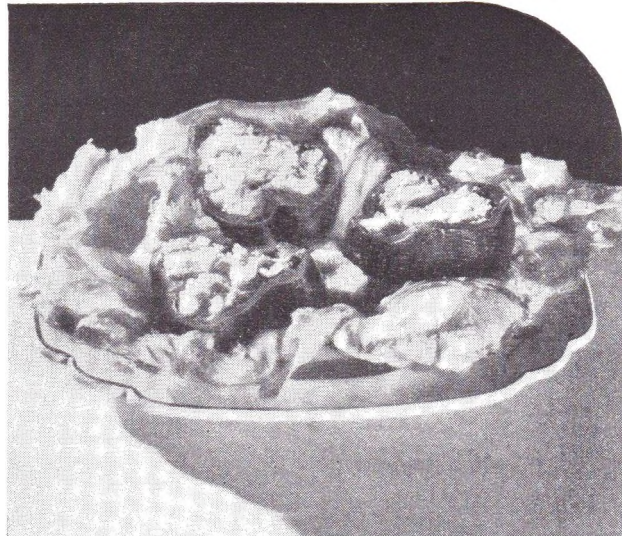
*For those who prefer it
straight, the coronet is suggested
in a new form.*

International





Green shamrocks decorate the little white cakes above.



Tower Studios

A St. Patrick's Day Party



Look to your color scheme
when you plan a party in
honor of Ireland's patron saint



These little figures of crepe paper poised on buttons will dance a merry jig around your table. Above: a salad of green pepper slices shaped into shamrocks and filled with cream cheese.

By Jane Osborne

	Murphy soup	
Blarney stones		Kelly green peas
	Irish chips	
	Glengarry salad	
Dublin delight		Sugar paddies
	Tipperary canapés	
Lamb shillalahs		Midget murphies
Kelly greens		Erin jelly
	Shamrock salad	
Frosted Patricks		County Cork cream

THERE we are, all ready for the middle of March when, surer than St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Erin, Cousin Kate and Aunt Sue, the next-door neighbor and the lady down the street, will come in and ask for menu suggestions for a real Irish luncheon or dinner party.

Probably a good big dish of Irish stew with plenty of onions and potatoes, with white bread and strong tea would be more authentic, but to do honor to the patron saint of March and the Emerald Isle, we have to plan more tempting dainties. And now by way of explanation:

MURPHY SOUP. Make a smooth, not too thick potato soup and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. If you like, you may serve this with shillalahs made by pulling fresh white bread in the shape of cudgels and slowly drying to a golden brown in the oven.

BLARNEY STONES. Make a croquette mixture from chicken or veal mixed with a little cooked rice or tapioca and shape in balls and fry in deep fat in the usual manner. Garnish with parsley and serve with Kelly green peas—that is, either fresh or canned peas.

IRISH CHIPS are nothing more nor less than potato chips, which should be well heated before serving.

GLENGARRY SALAD. Use crisp shredded lettuce or cabbage as a foundation adding three or four cheese balls rolled in finely chopped parsley for each portion. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

SUGAR PADDIES: are a variety of thin sugar cookies made as follows:

1 cup butter	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon almond extract
2 eggs	About 4 cups flour
	1 teaspoon baking powder

Cream butter and then add (Please turn to page 117)

FLOOD!

(Continued from page 8)

too swift for anybody to venture out, except today. How on earth the line has stayed in is more than I can see.

"Got 'em yet?" came the sleepy query. "I wish you'd get 'em. I'm about all in."

"The Gazette? Well, go ahead, Glen, and get a little ahead of me with the story, and I'll catch up just as soon as they give me the connection."

Again the girl bent over the key, repeated the signal time after time, and waited for a response.

"Suppose that line's dead?" she asked finally. "No, it isn't, either. It doesn't sound like it. I'll get them in a minute, Glen. Just keep on writing."

Quiet for a few minutes, broken only now and then by the efforts of the girl as she attempted to get connections and the soft sound of a pencil as it scratched across the paper. Suddenly she looked up.

"Glen," she said, "why didn't you write to me after you went away?"

"I was too busy, Betty."

"Then——" And the voice of the operator had a queer little quaver to it. "Then, does that mean the usual thing?"

"What?"

"What do you suppose it means when—well, when a boy and girl grow up in a little town together, as we did, and then the boy goes away to a city, stays two months, realizes a few of his ambitions, and then never writes the girl he promised to think so much of."

"But, Betty, you know I never was a letter writer."

"I'm not scolding, Glen, or anything of that kind. But honestly I was almost glad to see the river rise up and flood the town. It gave me something else to think about."

"Now, don't talk that way," the other pleaded. "Honestly, girl, I promised myself every day that I would write, and every day—well, I just had to let it go by the board. I haven't had such an easy time as you people back here in Craigstown think. It's been work every minute—work, work, work! Here I am on my first out-of-town assignment. It has taken me three days to get here, three days of wading, and boating, and swimming. But does the office think of that? No, all the telegraph editor is thinking of right now is the fact that I've got a story, and that I ought to be shooting columns of it into the paper for the next edition. And here I am, with two hours to work in—too much time ordinarily. But now—well,

Betty, my thoughts won't come, they just won't come! I've written three pages, and I can't get any further. I can't seem to think."

"Better get some cold water on those eyes. Hurry! I've got them!"

Rush the story. Cut out the melodrama, and stick to plain facts. It makes the best yarn always.

Haskell, Managing Editor.

Harnden pushed his pencil harder. One page was finished and given into the waiting hand.

"I'm sleepy," he said slowly.

"Yes, I know, but come on. You'd better hurry, Glen."

"I'm——"

She turned. The pencil had fallen from his fingers, his arms had slumped upon the desk. Harnden was asleep.

The telegraph was calling its rasp-



ing, hurrying rattle of "R-u-s-h!" The girl jumped from her chair.

"Glen!" she called. "You've got that story to finish! Wake up!"

She grasped his shoulders and shook him. A slight mumble escaped his lips, but that was all.

"He ought to have some notes or something about him," she said, half aloud. "If I can get those—maybe they'll show what——"

Now her hands were in his pockets, picking out a scrap of paper or a bit of pencil. Finally her eyes gleamed. From an inside pocket she brought forth several sheets of paper, folded and creased.

But instead of the hurried notes of a reporter, there were three words above the fold, three words which sent into her heart a chill worse than that of the gray waters of the flood, three words, that ran:

My Dearest Husband——

So this was the reason that he had not written during the two months in the city! He was married. She understood now.

P-l-e-a-s-e r-u-s-h!

Betty leaned toward the key and opened it and a message began to tick its way into her ears:

Harnden: Rush rest of flood story. What's wrong? Have only about hundred words. Want four thousand.

Haskell.

Something popped into Betty's brain, and she smiled to herself as she answered:

Story coming. Line's been out somewhere. Operator couldn't get through.

Harnden.

"If I could just get it started!" she exclaimed. Then she thought of a way. After all, the story of the flood was her own. She had seen it, she had watched from this second-story window the encroachment of that great wave when the dam broke above the town.

"I'm just telling it to a friend," she kept saying over and over.

Suddenly she found that she had passed the worst stage, the beginning, and now was far into the story. The fever of nervousness burned her face.

Another half hour had gone. The story of the great wave had passed now, and it was with the doings of the town since the flood that the telegraph key was dealing. Gradually this passed, too. Betty looked up. She had finished, with fifteen minutes to spare.

Then the instrument again took up its clicking:

Harnden: Great story. Written in just the right style. Simple facts are al-

ways best. Come in when possible. Thanks of the Gazette for good work.

Haskell, Managing Editor.

And there he was, still asleep on the table, still with that hateful bit of folded paper resting calmly by him. She picked up the message.

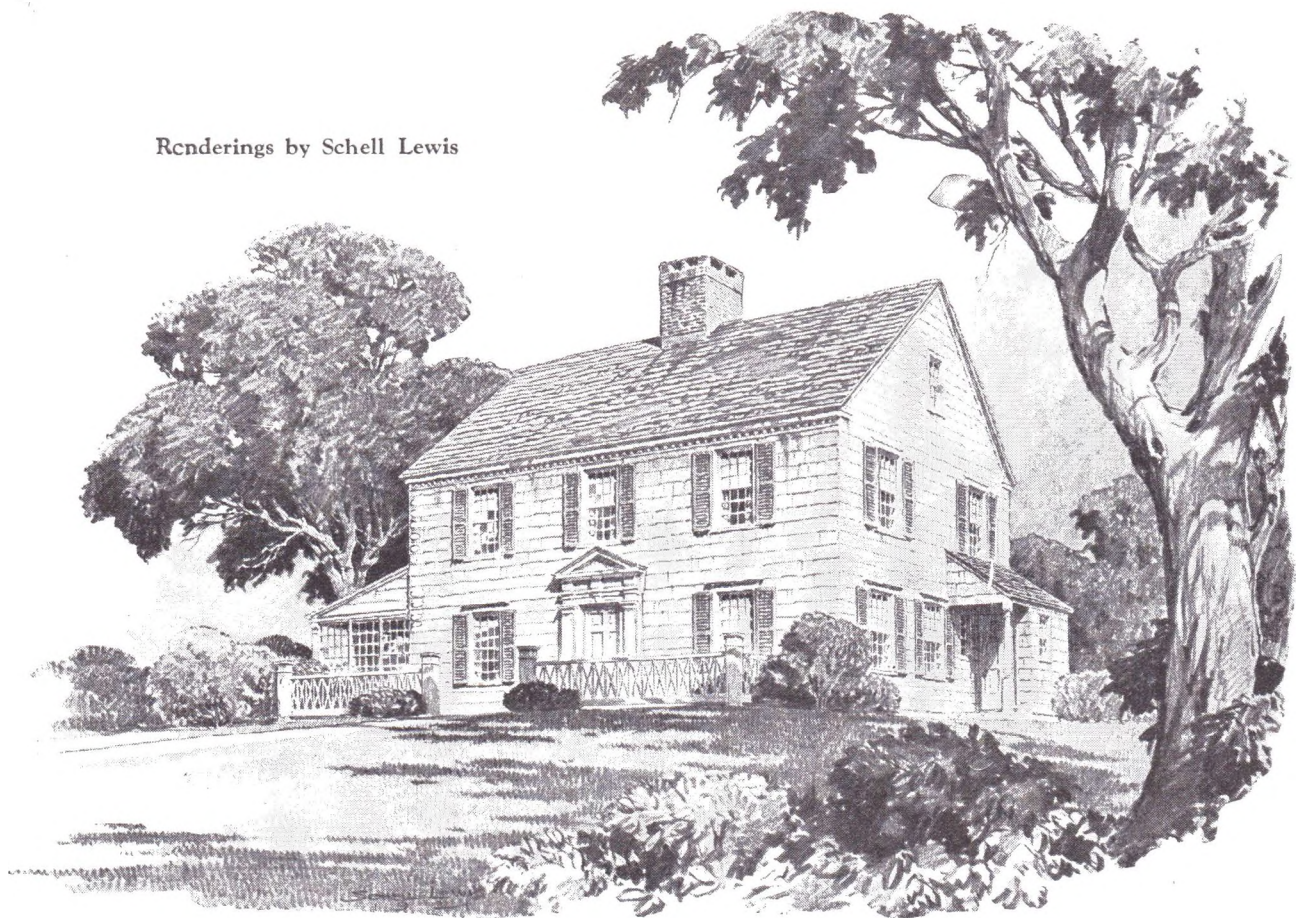
Bending over, she laid it where he would see it as soon as he awakened. Then she recoiled. Her hand had touched that bit of folded paper, filling her with a feeling of horror.

What was contained in the rest of it? What had this woman said to the man that Betty had believed was hers? She struggled a moment against temptation—and then she yielded. Slowly she raised the letter, slowly she unfolded it, and slowly she began to read:

My Dearest Husband: This may never be found by you. I am putting it in a bottle in the hope that perhaps some one may find it and carry you my last message. The water has surrounded the house, and gradually is undermining it. If any one, not my husband, should find this, take it to George T. Baker, Clintonville. A last kiss from your wife and child——

There Betty stopped. Before her was the last written testimony of a tragedy, perhaps of several lives. But she laughed, laughed with the laughter of reaction.

Renderings by Schell Lewis



Would You Like to Build a Little Colonial House?

*A charming adaptation of the New England Colonial house with its
traditional atmosphere of warmth and welcome*

READY now for your final vote on our four favorite houses!

We have chosen them from among hundreds of possible small house designs suitable for the average American family, and the house shown this month is a thoroughly up-to-date version of the sort of dwellings built in Colonial New England two hundred odd years ago. When you have studied the designs and plans, compare them carefully with the other three types of small house, presented in the last three months' issues of this magazine, shown also in review on the following pages. Then you will be ready to write and let us know which one you like the best. We would like a word of comment, too, telling us why you have made this choice or suggesting possible improvements on the designs as we have chosen them, but if you haven't time for a letter of that sort, at least send in your vote. It is important for you to

do this because the house that receives the most votes is the one we shall make use of first in going on with our house-building and home-furnishing service.

READ THESE PAGES AND CAST YOUR VOTE

Here is the last of the four houses that we have chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc. An interesting modern version of the Colonial house is here presented with a summing up of the other three types.

The Colonial type of house, we are convinced, is a monument to the common sense of the American home builder, and it stands also as a proof that the men and women who lived in the Atlantic seaboard colonies before the Revolution possessed taste and discrimination of as high an order as that of their old world contemporaries.

By the time the architects have completed the designing of a house inspired by Spanish, English or French originals, so many additions and alterations have been made to meet present-day conditions that the final product is truly American. And so when the architects have completed the design for a house inspired by Colonial influence, so much has been done to add to its convenience and comfort that the result is truly a twentieth century product.

In the Colonial house of our choice many departures have been made from the old Connecticut original by which it was inspired. But it still retains the essentials that give it the true Colonial flavor. It is picturesque in the best sense of the word without the slightest affectation. It carries with it the charm of old Colonial design by faithful adherence to certain fundamental principles of design characteristic of Colonial days rather than by ingenious tricks of a purely superficial nature.

Among the characteristic Colonial features that you will see from the outside are the following:

Chimney rising in the center of the roof.

Wood frame construction finished by siding or shingles.

Shingle roof.

Central entrance doorway showing simple pilasters and other motifs of Queen Anne design. By that is meant certain designs in use among good architects in England during the reign of Queen Anne—from about 1702 to 1714—which were adapted to local house building by the British Colonial subjects in the new world.

Small-paned windows with green wooden shutters.

The interior of this house presents an interesting variation of the arrangement usually found in Colonial plans. The location of the living room on one side of the house with kitchen and dining room on the opposite side is one of the most generally acceptable space managements in the house of moderate size. A typically Colonial use of this treatment is by means of the central hall running from front to back of the house. The long central hall, however, requires greater width or else cuts too heavily into the floor space left for the other rooms to make it always desirable for the smaller house. The advantages to be gained for this conventional center hall are not proportionate to the added expense in a small house. So in the plans we have selected you will find an interesting compromise in the form of a central hall at the front with the back devoted to closets, lavatory and deep fireplace opening in the living-room.

Other interior characteristics showing unusual adaptation of the Colonial style to present needs are the following:

Bay window opposite the fireplace in the living room.

Deep, rounded fireplace with wood closet at one side.

A fair size porch opening on the living room.

Lavatory downstairs and two bathrooms on the second floor.

Cross ventilation in the three bedrooms.

Two good size closets on the first floor and four on the second floor.

Fireplace in master bedroom.

Alcove for dressing table in master bedroom.

The Colonial house offers a fairly wide variety of interior finish. Woodwork throughout may be painted white or ivory, with painted or papered walls. In the living room a charming background for early American furniture may be obtained at no great additional expense from natural pine woodwork and walls. In the hall the stairway may be painted white with mahogany

rails and treads. Scenic wallpaper of Colonial design may be used for the walls if you wish in connection with wood-paneled dado, painted light gray or ivory. In the dining room ivory woodwork with antique finish may be combined with toile de jouy paper. In the master bedroom you may choose between ivory walls and flowered chintz paper. In one of the other bedrooms antique yellow or green woodwork with conventionally designed paper may be used and a small-patterned chintz paper in the third bedroom in combination with white or colored painted woodwork. A dado of tile in the bathrooms should be supplemented with washable scenic or small-patterned paper.

If you are planning to build a small or moderate size home this year, next year or at some time in the not distant future, you should consider the advantages of the Colonial type even though you have no preference for this style or actually have a predilection for some other sort of house.

Remember that no other style of house architecture has more general appeal to Americans than this. Consequently it usually has a higher resale value than houses of less usual types.

Colonial house architecture has stood the test of time in this country, and a well-planned, soundly constructed house of this description is likely to remain in favor so long as it stands.

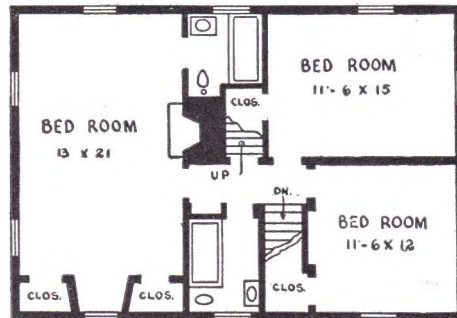
While the present-day version of the Colonial house differs in many ways from the historic homes which served as inspiration to the architects, it is a type of house architecture that in its original form was thoroughly adapted to American conditions.

To the American of Colonial descent this type of house is bound up closely with the traditions of his ancestors. Another important thing to remember is that the Colonial house is a perfect setting for Colonial furnishings. It is the sensible selection if you have a collection of old family furniture or if you have chosen your furniture from good reproductions of Colonial originals.

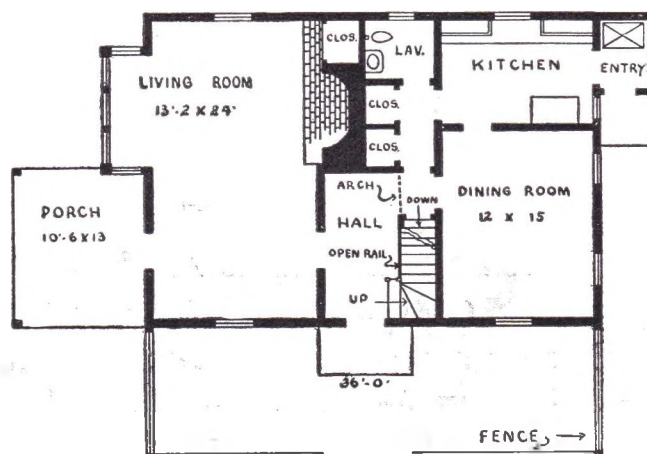
It's a safe sort of house to build, and one that will meet with the conventional approval of most of your friends. You won't be called upon to make explanations or to defend your choice of house of this sort. If you honestly think you would like a little Colonial house better than any other sort, then there is no good reason why architect or prejudiced friend should try to dissuade you. And yet, after you have studied the plans of this house and have reviewed the plans and designs for the houses of the four other types, you may honestly feel that your choice would be one of the others—old English, French or Spanish—rather than the Colonial.

From the artistic side, one of the other houses may strike you as more desirable. The English house may resemble more closely

the house of your dreams, the Spanish house may strike you as more distinctive or as more truly your sort of a house, or in the suave dignity of the French house you may see a better expression of the present-day mode of life. Going over the ground plans of



Two bathrooms, copious closets and a dressing table alcove in the master bedroom coupled with cross ventilation in each room make this an ideal second floor plan for the Colonial house.



The early Colonial spirit is retained with the center hallway but modern efficiency is served with the compact use of the space behind it. You will like the irregular shape of the living room.

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in Packaging!*



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AT FIVE and TEN CENT STORES
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CELLOPHANE EASTER GRASS

will make your Easter baskets prettier and add an Eastery sparkle to the table centerpiece of fruit or flowers. Big Cellophane-wrapped bundles, silver, amber and green.

AT YOUR FIVE AND
TEN CENT STORE



Ma 101—Wear a trim little hat of the latest mode with the help of this circular.



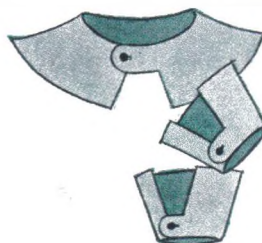
Accessories

Smart and New to Make at Home

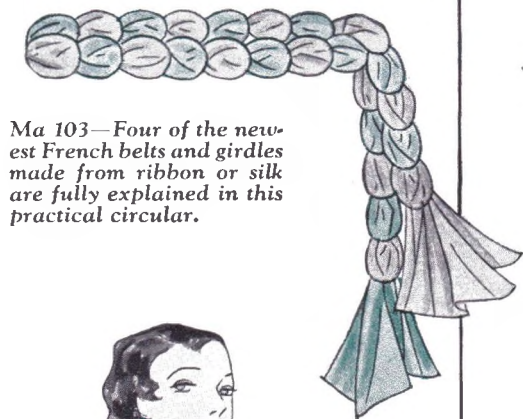
Ma 102—Here you will find full instructions for making three scarfs to add charm to your new ensemble.



Ma 96—Four of the newest style collars and cuffs may be made with the help of this circular.



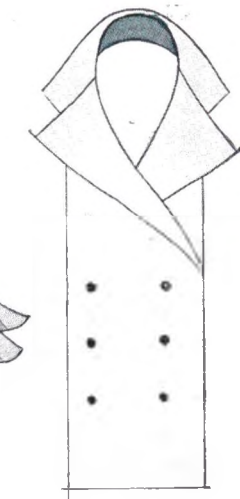
Ma 97—Here you will find diagram and directions for making three bags of the smartest sort.



Ma 103—Four of the newest French belts and girdles made from ribbon or silk are fully explained in this practical circular.



Ma 98—Directions for making four new collars and vestee sets are given in this circular.



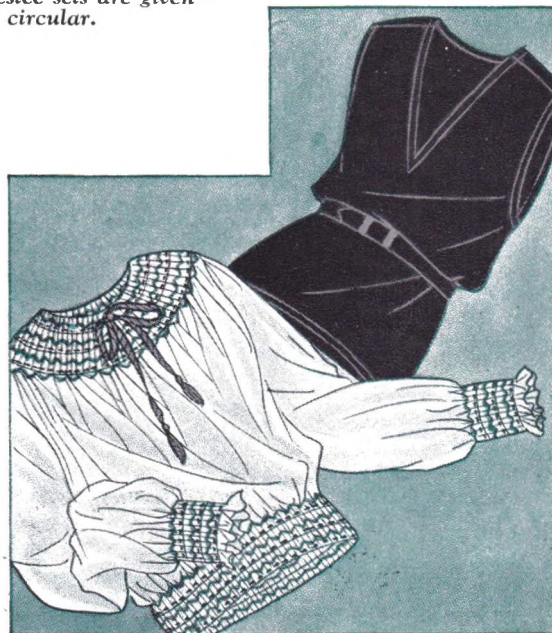
Ma 99—A 1932 sleeveless jumper is easily made with the help of this circular.

Ma 100—Make a smocked peasant blouse with the diagram pattern and directions given here.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or 20 cents for all nine. Be sure to indicate the circular you wish by number.



Ma 104—A sleeveless evening dress is cleverly transformed by means of this detachable cape collar.



these houses you may find one that strikes you as more desirable. You may prefer the type of building material called for in one of the other types. The majority of readers may choose in favor of a house that is not Colonial; in fact, one of the other houses may actually be a better type for the average American family.

That is precisely what we want to discover, and when you and our other readers have cast your votes telling which of these houses you prefer, then we shall have important information about the taste in houses of the readers for whom this magazine is written.

Remember that we want to have your reasons for selecting the house as well as your vote. Tell us just why you like the house of your choice and what you like about it. Your suggested changes may be incorporated in a new house plan and in that way you might call yourself a consulting architect. That is what we want—to have you a consulting architect, a consulting builder and a consulting owner.

If your reasons for preferring one house over the others are personal rather than architectural, let us know that, too. The American family and its special needs in the way of houses are an important factor. If you have chosen one house over the others because it has more privacy, because it

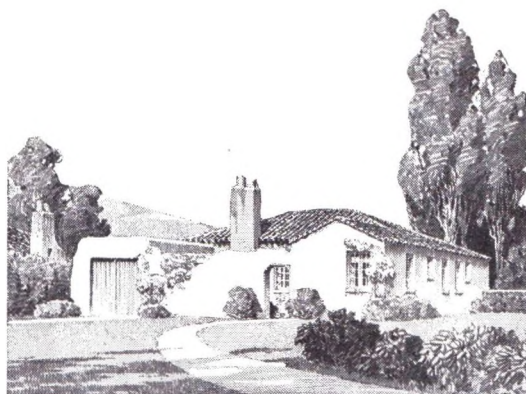
has the kind of windows you like, larger closets, or more bathrooms, be sure to mention that in your letter.

Then we shall be able to continue our Tower House Service in a way that is suited to your needs and your wishes.

The Little Colonial House and the three reviewed on these pages have been chosen from plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Inc., an organization made up of leading architects from cities all over the United States.

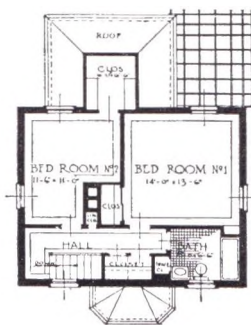
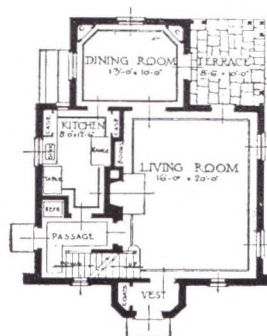
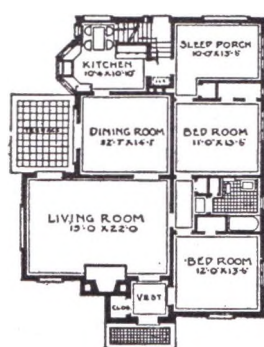
To add to your understanding of the various houses presented we have prepared free illustrated booklets giving full details of their construction and answering many questions about the various styles of houses that may occur to you. If you would like a copy of the booklet on the Little Colonial House we would be glad to send you a copy. If you have not already received your booklets on the other three types of houses, we would be glad to furnish you with copies of these also. Just send your request to Tower House Editor, indicating clearly which of the booklets you would like, and enclose two cents postage for each.

And as soon as you have decided which of the four houses you like the best, send in your vote to Tower House Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



THE SPANISH HOUSE

Of foreign inspiration and yet truly American in its later traditions, it is cool and inviting and unusually well laid out for the single-floor house.



THE ENGLISH HOUSE

With the picturesqueness of the English countryside, friendly, sturdy, comfortable. The floor plans are elastic and adaptable.



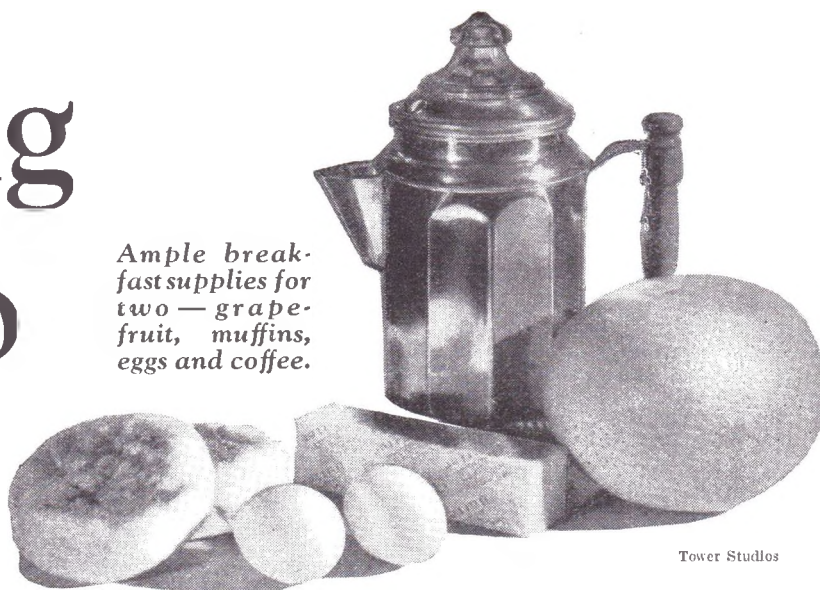
THE FRENCH HOUSE

Dignified yet unpretentious, balanced in design, assuring privacy to its owner and yet friendly and hospitable within.

Cooking for Two

*Assistance in planning meals
and cooking for the family
of minimum size*

*Ample break-
fast supplies for
two — grape-
fruit, muffins,
eggs and coffee.*



Tower Studios



By Rita Calhoun

*At the left a well-balanced
dinner with individual filet
mignons, peas, crackers, cream
cheese and strawberry jam.*

even grandmothers and great
aunts, not to mention the bach-
elor members of the family—
are more likely now-a-days to
set up housekeeping with a
friend of congenial taste than
to remain at home.

To meet this growing need
we have prepared a group of
eight circulars. Here they are:

WHEN two's company, three may be a crowd, but the average housewife finds it considerably easier to cook for a crowd of three or four or five or six than to plan appetizing and economical meals for just herself and some one else. It is a well-known fact among domestic economists that there is much more likely to be waste of food in the family of two than in a larger group. And the price per capita for food is bound to be higher in very small families if the meals are not planned with forethought and precision.

Families of two are on the increase in this country, not just because children are a more expensive luxury than they used to be, but because young married folk are less likely to live in the old home for the first year or so after marriage than they used to, and because unmarried aunts and independent grown daughters—

- Ma 1. Breakfast and luncheon menus for two.
- Ma 2. Dinner menus for two.
- Ma 3. Desserts for two.
- Ma 4. Salads for two.
- Ma 5. Recipes for economical two-portion meat dishes.
- Ma 6. Food budgets for two, according to the size of income.
- Ma 7. Ordering and providing for two. A list of meat, vegetable and other dishes, with amounts of food.
- Ma 8. Cooking equipment for two.

*Fruit salad and tea made with individual tea balls
for luncheon; at the left: the materials needed for
a simple lunch or supper of baked macaroni and
peanut butter with endive salad and French dressing.*



The Sin of Charlotte Temple

(Continued from page 23)

losing his grip. Imagine, it takes him weeks instead of hours to read a book!"

"Charlotte Temple" was a long, ambitious affair in its printed form but it was never old-fashioned in the glamour of romance. It made the most of that important element—sex interest. The story of Charlotte Temple is based on sex.

It's the old, old story of the woman betrayed and abandoned and left to die in a strange land.

I was particularly intrigued to note on the title page the following:

CHARLOTTE

A Tale of Truth

By Mrs. Rowson

In a day and age when most authors are careful to state that the people and events described in a particular opus are purely fictitious—fearing, as they do, the bugaboo of libel suits—it is refreshing to come upon an admission so artless and frank.

The "Mrs. Rowson" disturbed me somewhat. It is disconcerting to think or speak of anyone in the public eye as Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-so. To us Louis Bromfield, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Edna Ferber, are household names definitely associated with well-known fiction.

Mr. Bromfield, Mrs. Fisher or Miss Ferber would strike no responsive chord; or, if it did, would be considered merely swank or ignorance of the full name of a celebrity. And, that, of course, is one of the unpardonable sins among those who read and write.

Mrs. Rowson, nee Susanna Haswell, was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1761, the daughter of a die-hard Tory lieutenant of the Royal Navy. Father and daughter emigrated to America in 1769 and settled at Nantasket, Massachusetts, where they remained until 1777.

It was after her return to England that Susanna Haswell started to write. Her first novel "Victoria" was published through the aid of subscriptions from such notables as General John Burgoyne, Mrs. Siddons and others. This was in the year 1786. That same year she married one William Rowson described, rather incongruously, as a hardware merchant serving as trumpeter in the Royal Horse Guards.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Rowson failed in business and he, his wife and his sister went on the stage. And Susanna Rowson continued to write books. It is remarkable to note that "Charlotte," published only four years after the appearance of "Victoria," was Mrs. Rowson's seventh book. All during her stage career she kept on writing.

And when at last Susanna retired from the stage in 1796, she started teaching and for twenty-five years maintained a school where she

taught the children of many cultured families, at the same time acting as editor of the "Boston Weekly Magazine," besides publishing a number of books which sold surprisingly well.

ACCORDING to popular hearsay, one Charlotte Stanley, a daughter of an English clergyman, was lured from her home when only fifteen years old by a lieutenant in the British Army in 1774, and induced to embark with him and his regiment for New York. One year later, having been cruelly abandoned, she died and was buried in Trinity Churchyard. And as I understand the story the faithful still make periodic pilgrimages to her grave in the shadow of Wall Street skyscrapers, and leave flowers and tears on the tomb of the unfortunate Charlotte.

Poor Charlotte! She was born about 150 years too soon. Had it been possible for her to pick up the threads of her life and go to work, a great tragedy might have been averted.

And, too, a book which has sur-

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vived more than a century and thrilled readers on every rung of the social ladder from the divine to the mechanic; from the accomplished lady to her waiting-maid and from the gray-bearded professor to the beardless clerk, might never have been written. And a harrassed writer would not now be laboring over this article.

Of the seducer of Charlotte, one, Montraville, who is said to have been a kinsman of the author's, I cannot feel anything but pity.

Years after his escapade with Charlotte, when he had settled in England with his family, it is reported that his health failed and he suffered with various painful afflictions. Indeed, Mrs. Rowson says of the last years of Montraville's life that they "would tend to prove that retribution treads upon the heels of vice."

Like Job and his boils, Montraville wrote in his journal: "Very ill. In short, my existence rather doubtful should my complaints increase."

This physical ill-health, coupled with his disappointment at not having received adequate recognition from the American armies for his services, made him a bitter, disillusioned old man. But the final blow was struck when his son came home from London with news that he was about to be married to the lady of his heart.

After describing to his father in detail the virtues and beauty of his affianced, he proudly produced a miniature of her mother which had been given to her on her 21st birthday by her guardian.

Montraville took one look, and gasped out that this marriage could not take place as the girl was his own daughter. After which, the harrassed old gentleman quietly died. And indeed, such was the case, for the picture was a likeness of none other than Charlotte.

And so I cannot find it in my heart to be too hard on this gay young buck who wanted adventure and romance and lived to remember only the tragic aftermath. Charlotte, after all, was more fortunate. She had her short period of glamour. She was in love.

And when the object of her adoration turned his back on her, she promptly gave up the struggle and died. In her youth and inexperience, she probably comforted herself with the thought—"Ah, well. I shall soon die. Then he'll be sorry."

And so she became not only a martyr but an effective ghost to haunt forever the days and nights of her erstwhile lover.

It is a curious fact that "Charlotte, A Tale of Truth," attained an unprecedented popularity without the aid of excessive advertising or any sort of publicity stunts.

To quote once more from the original introduction, "Charlotte Temple was published in days when book advertising, if not actually unknown, was certainly unknown in the modern sense. It made its way purely on its intrinsic qualities as a book that appealed powerfully to human interest."

That is a truism which every thinking person cannot help but accept. Though as I said before, styles in story-telling change, a good story absorbingly told, involving the motives, pains and pleasures of humanity, will always find a market.

And so I expect in 2032 there will be a new, revised edition of Charlotte Temple. And I hope this somewhat rambling outline will be of some little assistance to Heywood Brown V, or maybe VI; when he undertakes to write his article about it.



SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 44)

His father coldly inquired, "What have you been doing?" Ditto made a clean breast of it. "Living at Johnnie Evans'—" "Pah!" said his father. He knew Johnnie.

"Teaching at Alfred Perry's."

"Where—?"

"It's a sort of dancing school on a large scale," explained Ditto, meekly. "Good God!" said his father. It was a prayer.

"Look here," said Ditto wildly. "If—if I cut out this sort of thing, will you give me a job?"

A silence—then:

"Fed up, are you?" his father asked, with dour pleasure.

"No," said Ditto, honestly, "I like it a lot, but—I'm in love."

"With one of those dancing hus-sies?" his father inquired unsympa-thetically.

"She's a pupil of mine," Ditto said, "she's from out of town, she—"

"Look here," said his father, "how much do they pay you?"

Ditto told him.

After recovering, his father said:

"If by Christmas you can bring me the sum of—I'll be easy—say three thousand dollars, honestly earned, I'll give you a job. I'll give you an allowance in addition until you get on your feet and I'll set you and this girl up housekeeping."

"Three thousand dollars!"

He thought wildly; he might dig ditches, sell vacuum cleaners in be-tween giving lessons. Meantime he had to eat. Three thousand dollars!

"You make me sick," cried Ditto wildly, and once more took his speedy departure from his father's house. Three thousand dollars!

CHAPTER III

"THIS is our last lesson," Nona said unnecessarily.

"A melancholy occasion," re-marked Ditto, with authentic gloom. "I—I might manage some more," she suggested with the inflection of a question mark.

"I can't teach you anything." He almost added "about dancing." He didn't. "I never could, really. If—if you want to keep on," he assured her without delight, "you'll have to graduate to Perry himself."

"I have to go home soon," she said, wistfully. "I won't be back in New York for ever so long."

"Won't you tell me something about yourself?"

"I'd like to. I mean, honest Injun, this time. But not here. Why," said Ditto, an inspiration seizing him, "it will take years . . . hours, anyway. I—look here, would you have dinner with me tonight? We could go to a show and then go somewhere and dance."

His eyes pleaded; so did his voice. Nona cried enthusiastically "I'd love to. Can't we go somewhere—sort of different and quiet?"

"Sardi's?" asked Ditto, respond-ing to the "quiet" and "different" clause.

Sardi's it was. Enough. Even if he didn't eat for a week thereafter.

Nona went home.

Finally, it was time. She ran a bath, was lavish with bath salts, se-lected from a scented heap of lin-gerie a wisp of this, and a veil of that, inserted herself into a dinner-dance frock, not as demure as it looked and which after her unneces-sary titivating, was exceptionally becoming. She touched her ear lobes with costly perfume, deepened the scarlet of her lips. Then, she was ready. Now for a coat, with its

three thousand bucks corseting the nation?"

"According to father, the first hundred years is the hardest," Nona told him.

They went to a night club, a new, recently opened one, with an excel-lent orchestra, an exclusive clientele, a small floor show, and a smaller floor.

They danced. They'd ordered something and all that, but mostly they allowed things to cool or to get tepid while they danced.

At one of the tables there sat a col-umnist. The columnist knitted his inquisitive brows and said to his companion, "Who's that?"

His companion, who was bored and blonde, cast a mascaraed look. She said, and that settled it, "I never saw 'em before."

The columnist quirked a finger. Head waiters and such sprang. Heads were shaken and shoulders shrugged.

A late after-theater party ambled in. They arranged themselves at a large table with appropriate ges-tures and exclamations.

Ditto and Nona were dancing. They had forgotten everything and everyone but the fact that they were moving, close together and in a per-fection of unison.

The columnist, who had a quick eye for romance, rose hastily and went over to the orchestra platform and spoke in the ear of the leader. Presently there was a baby spot, out of nowhere, centered on Nona and Ditto. The other couples left the floor. This was something new, when the management disguised part of the show as guests.

The orchestra swung into another rhythm. Lost to everything but their own secret enchantment, Nona and Ditto continued to pace deli-cately. The music stopped and left them dazed, returned, with too se-vere a shock to the realities of life. The applause was instantaneous and sincere. "Here, let's get the hell out of this," quoth Ditto rudely, and, taking Nona's arm, rushed her back to their table.

"I didn't realize—" she began.

"Neither did I. Nona, do you know what that means?" he de-manded.

"I—I think so—"

He couldn't kiss her there. Far too much publicity. But he put his big hand out and covered her small one as it lay supine and asking for trouble on the table. . . . "I do love you so much," said Ditto simply.

Before she could answer the man-agement approached, suave, a little oily. The management sat down, smiling, and beckoned waiters. The columnist craned his neck. "Looks

(Please turn to page 72)



*She was worth starving for,
fighting for, waiting for.*

crushed ermine collar, bag and gloves, and as an afterthought, a note to dear Auntie.

Ditto was waiting. . . .

They sat under the caricatures and ate boned squab, and when Nona, more or less replete, said, smiling, "Now it can be told," it was.

Later she said thoughtfully:

"Three thousand isn't very much—"

"Only if you have to earn it,"

Ditto agreed.

"There must be some way," she said hopefully.

"Ask President Hoover," said Ditto, attacking his spumoni.

"Father," said Nona thoughtfully, "is always looking for bright young men. That is, if you've no objection to the corset industry."

"Who am I to choose?" Ditto de-manded. "How soon can one earn

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1.

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2.

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3.

FINALLY SHE WAS THE ONLY GIRL
IN HER CROWD NOT MARRIED



4.

AT LAST HER NEW SISTER-IN-LAW
FRANKLY TOLD HER HOW
SHE WAS OFFENDING —

—AND HOW
EASILY
LIFEBUOY
WOULD CORRECT
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5.

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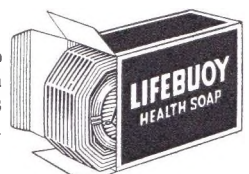
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SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 70)

like an offer," he deduced to the disdainful blonde. Now the management was ordering things on the house.

"What'll you take?" was what the management was asking in effect.

While Ditto stuttered and Nona made round eyes of incredulity and the management argued, the columnist was in a bad way. A shrill and amazed shriek had reached his elongated ears as the unknown couple had swung into the spotlight. "That's Nona Amory," cried a lady at a near-by table, one of the party which had come in recently—*that's Nona Amory*. It was in italics.

The columnist rose and ankled easily to the large table and was received by stares from several fat women and several fatter men. "Did I hear you say Nona Amory?" asked the columnist ingratiatingly.

He mentioned his name. They perked. The Worcester paper, which they all read, carried his syndicated Broadway column, signed "Q. V."

"Nona," explained a gentleman who appeared to be a host, "is a well-known Worcester girl."

"Then," asked Q. V., "she isn't a professional dancer?"

"Oh, no," said the ladies in unison. "Why, she's a *débutante*!"

Q. V. grinned.

The management rose regretfully and said, "You kids are goofy. You make a hit in my club the one night that Wilbur Wilson comes here. What a break! And you turn it down."

"Who's Wilbur Wilson?" asked Nona, her nose in the air.

The management looked at her with pity.

"He calls himself Q. V.," he said kindly, "and he's the best known columnist on Broadway."

And departed.

"My sainted aunt!" said Ditto, paling.

Nona said in a small voice:

"I think I'd better go home. But"—here she brightened—"after all, Ditto, the man doesn't know your name—I only told him you were up at Alfred Perry's—and he doesn't know mine."

She was mistaken. Mr. Wilson didn't call himself an abbreviated *qui vive* for nothing.

Ditto paid his bill. It is to his credit that he did so without blanching. There was enough for taxi cabs and things. They rode home slowly.

He said, "Nona?" and she swayed toward him.

"She said, 'I do love you, Ditto—what are we to do?'"

"I'll go home tomorrow," Ditto told her, "and I'll make the old man take me back. And then when I get me a job I'll come out to Worcester and see your people. Nona, you won't forget me? You—you really meant what you said? It wasn't just—New York and something new?"

She assured him that she had meant it in a most satisfactory manner.

He took her to the door of the apartment. And dismissed the taxi and walked home, mostly on air.

The next day was the quiet before the storm. But the next day Q. V.'s column appeared.

"It's this way," wrote Q. V., "pretty Nona Amory of Worcester, Mass., whose father, Richard (Corset) Amory, has plenty of what it takes, is that way about Bill (Ditto) Williams who, since his old man showed him the gate has been teaching susceptible ladies—Nona among them—to dance at Alfred (Dancing School) Perry's. They were seen the other night at the Club Sans Souci, dancing in a baby spotlight lost to the world. It is rumored that they will be persuaded to dance there professionally. Ditto's father is the Williams Products Company, the outfit that makes Saturday nights popular."

Telegrams.

Nona was to come home on the first train. Mrs. Howson-Smith wept, and wrung her hands. "Nona," she wailed, "how could you do it?"

"How could I help it?" asked Nona, packing. She went to the 'phone. "What are you going to do?" her aunt demanded. "Your mother will never forgive me."

"Call up Ditto," replied Nona. "This all wasn't his fault. Damn," said Nona violently, "damn that scandal snooper."

But Ditto wasn't at Johnnie's. Ditto was presenting himself bright and early at his father's. And his reception was anything but bright. Mr. Williams had read the papers on his way into town.

"Get out," said Mr. Williams furiously and in effect, "and stay out."

Ditto telephoned Nona from the nearest pay station. Nona, it appeared, had returned to Worcester, leaving no address.

Well, she had his, or rather Johnnie's, reflected Ditto. She might have 'phoned him before she left. Perhaps she had.

He went to Perry's to give a lesson and was there informed that Mr. Perry wished to see him. Ditto, with some misgivings permitted himself to be seen. The interview was brief.

Ditto lost his job.

CHAPTER IV

THERE was nothing for Ditto to do but return to Johnnie's. Johnnie, having been in town for two minutes, was off again. South was the vague geographical direction. Johnnie could be reached, of course by an expensive wire. And touched for a sum. But Ditto was through with touching. He had enough for a couple of weeks.

This would predicate a simple situation were he sure of finding a job and if he didn't have a girl. But he wasn't sure of finding a job and he had a girl. That is he had had her, briefly, and now she was lost to him in the wilds of Worcester. He didn't even know her address.

Well, Nona was pretty important; and not only to him. A letter addressed simply "Worcester" might reach her. He sat down and wrote her.

When he had told her the worst:

"I'm shot to pieces," he wrote, "missing you and thinking what a bum I have been to—well, no—I'm not sorry. I do love you, I'll enter the fold and set me to work building bathtubs and such. I'll end up at a Mills Hotel or probably not even in as elegant a hostelry. There isn't a job in this man's town. Look here, Nona, it isn't possible that you could really care anything about me, is it? It's all so ridiculous. I mean, here I am, free, white, and at least twenty-one, able-bodied and all that sort of thing and there isn't a job on which I can support myself, much less a wife . . ."

But when he had written that he went off the deep end again.

But eventually he signed his name and the simple statement that he was hers—absolutely.

Then he settled down to a routine of reading want "ads," tramping the streets, and waiting for an answer.

One night he returned to Johnnie's to find a wire safely nestling

(Please turn to page 74)

CHECK YOUR BEAUTY

But not at the door. If you want to discover just how good-looking you are and just what features or conditions are in need of improvement, send for our Modern Beauty Chart which will assist you in checking up on yourself. Send your request, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Beauty Editor of this magazine.

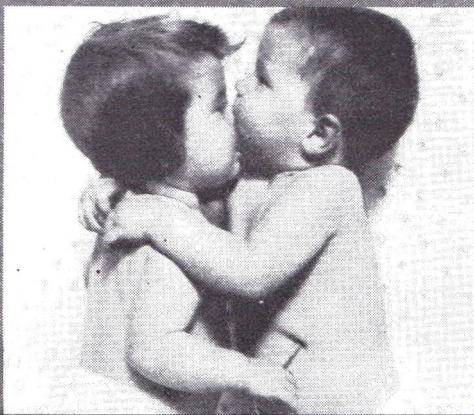
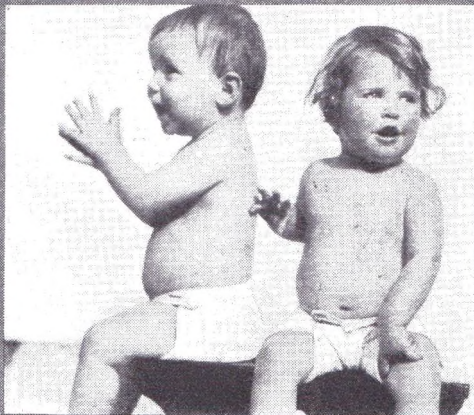
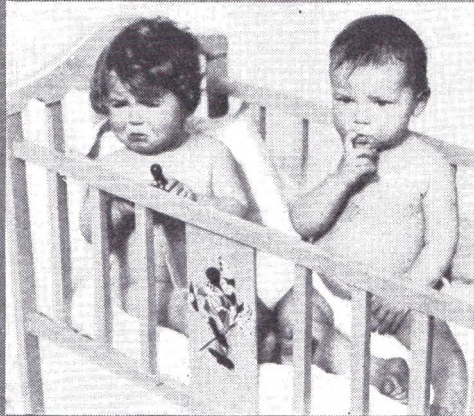
THEN *they lived happily, ever after!*

"Just my luck! They brought this girl to visit me—and all she does is cry. The baby! Still, I really can't blame her. The poor thing's all chafed. It reminds me of the time mother put the wrong powder on me. Terrible! Now I wonder if . . . ?"

"Here comes mother, now! I'll just speak to her. She'll understand . . . Oooh, but look—look! Mother's bringing my powder with her! She must have found out what was wrong, all by herself! . . ."

"Mmm'm . . . it's wonderful what the right kind of powder will do! She really seems quite nice, for a girl. Says she feels so comfortable, too . . . and no wonder!—with that soft, silky powder cuddling close to her! I feel pretty happy about it myself . . ."

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One at a time, rub several different kinds of baby powder between your thumb and finger. You'll find that some kinds feel harsh and gritty—unpleasant to your touch. But when you try Johnson's Baby Powder . . .

Notice how velvety soft and fine it is—how silky smooth! That's because it is made from finest Italian talc. This talc is composed of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle-like* particles! You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin.

Decide wisely—and remember this important point, too: *Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.*

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Johnson's Baby Soap is made especially for babies—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is just as bland and soothing as the finest Castile. It also makes a richer lather than Castile and rinses off more easily—leaving the skin soft and velvety. Try it and see.

Johnson's Baby Cream relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash", and other slight irritations of the skin. Rub a little on your baby's face and hands before going outdoors, to prevent painful chapping and windburn. The Cream is made from purest ingredients, and will not turn rancid.

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SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 72)

with the dark-eyed girl at the switch-board. The wire was long and wild; what mattered was that it was from Nona. Nona had spared no expense.

"You poor darling I am so sorry what a rotten break don't write me to the house or other address but to box eight sixty six for the family is madder than a couple of hatters write me at once however and tell me if you speak any language except english could you pass for a south american or a frenchman or anything but what you are but I love you as you are am working on a perfectly swell scheme write me as soon as you figure out what your nationality is to be and I will communicate with you don't forget me I love you Nona."

"She's mad, poor thing," said Ditto to himself. He read the wire again. He grinned. "Of course she's mad, she still loves me, bless her."

Eureka, he had it. He sat down and wrote, wildly:

"The best bet is German. I know enough to get by. What's the big idea, anyway . . . ?"

The rest of the letter covered four sheets of Johnnie's best Tiffany paper and has nothing to do with us.

Nona's letter reached him in due course of time.

"This League business," she wrote, "is not going so well. They have decided to have an out-of-town professional coach for the dances. I said I had met several marvelous instructors at Perry's. As I happen to be chairman of the committee it will be left to me and they won't question me when I say I've written Perry and asked him to recommend some one. You will ask—and get—fifteen hundred and your expenses. I've got father to say he'll stand for it, and so that's that. Do you think you can manage just a suggestion of an accent? I'll say you're noble, an impoverished Austrian. That will go over big. I've sort of combed the town for German speaking menaces whom you'd be likely to meet. There aren't any, you're safe enough. All you have to do is provide the fascinating accent and burst out into Teutonic profanity when things go wrong. They will, of course. Find a fancy name for yourself, telegraph me to the house address, it's on the paper, see, and say you're coming. Take a train Monday; time table enclosed. I'll have rooms engaged for you at the hotel. I'd put you up at the house, I think I could manage it, but it wouldn't be safe, we'd be bound to give ourselves away. Darling, I know you can do it. I'm so thrilled my hand is shaking. Oh, Ditto, come quick—"

He read it once; he read it twice; he swore, and not in German.

After which he wired Nona.

"Arriving Monday two thirty. Wilhelm von Behr."

What a girl! What a resourceful girl! What a wife she would make! What a deceitful darling. He wondered, if as a wife, a deceitful darling was desirable. He decided that she was.

There was a question of luggage. One had to do this properly or not at all. Thank heaven for charge accounts. Ditto telephoned a shop at which he was well known. A small compact trunk, and hand luggage. For a friend. Initials W. v. B.—and rush it please. Also charge it, please.

He wrote a note to Annie. He was, he said, going out of town. He was all right. Let the old man worry, he counseled in effect, it will be O. K. by me.

Meantime Nona, at a committee meeting, in a very slick fall ensemble of black velvet and silver fox, was making her report. She said that she felt fortunate indeed to have secured the services of Mr. von Behr, an expert in his line and so highly recommended by the famous Perry. The girls applauded. Lots of girls, most of them pretty. Some so pretty that Nona's consecrated heart misgave her.

NONA met him on Monday at the required time. She was hopping impatiently along the platform when his train pulled in. She saw him, on the instant. She cried out "Ditto!" remembered, composed her face and advanced. She wouldn't put it past some of her dear friends to be meeting the train, too, for no good reason.

No good reason?

"Mr. von Behr?"

Ditto bowed from the waist. He clicked his heels, he took her hand, he kissed it—soundly.

Hot Feet. The dance was on . . . !

"So happy you could come to us," said Nona, sweetly. If she touched his arm no one knew. But she was driving him to the hotel in her father's car and with the chauffeur in attendance.

They were seated. Ditto produced a monocle and screwed it firmly into an eye. Nona gasped. He had been practicing for a couple of days. He turned a bland, accentuated blue gaze upon her. "A charming city," uttered Ditto smiling. "I am sure I shall like it very well. You have here great manufacturing centers, *nicht wahr* . . . ?"

The hotel was reached. "I hope you will be comfortable here, Mr. von Behr," said Nona, preparing to leave. She added that, if agreeable to him, she would call for him that evening at eight.

"Zu befehl," said Ditto loudly, and clicked again.

CHAPTER V

IN a hotel bedroom at Worcester, Mass., young Ditto Williams sat recklessly upon a spotless and unwrinkled counterpane and took stock of himself.

The telephone rang.

"Darling," said Nona's entrancing voice, "I'm in a pay station. I know this is dangerous business but I wanted to tell you how happy I am—"

Ditto said something, inadequate enough, but it seemed to be pleasing to her—

"I wish we were having dinner together tonight," she sighed. "Look here, I'll call for you early in my own car. We can ride a few miles out of town before going to rehearsal . . . how about it?"

He was well nigh speechless with admiration for her foresight. "Seven thirty," said Nona, "instead of eight. I'll hurry through dinner and tell 'em I have to be at the Club rooms early. That will give us an hour together."

Ditto dined alone and in state, surrounded by waiters—he hoped that none of them was German—and pierced by admiring looks from other diners.

Nona arriving, sent a bellhop in with the word that she was parked outside. Ditto dashed out, not forgetting to click heels on the sidewalk and murmur "*Servuss!*" over the hand she extended. Then he climbed into the little roadster and they set out through the crisp early winter air.

She headed for the reservoir, found a dark road. Parked. "Oh, Ditto," said Nona, "isn't it simply swell?"

There was a considerable interlude. "Now," suggested Nona after a while, "let's be sensible."

"Let's not, darling, life's too short."

"No, but really, Ditto, have you any money?"

"Damned little," he confessed.

"So I figured. I persuaded Dad that you were too proud, being of noble blood and all that sort of thing to render accounts. So he has arranged with the hotel to pay your bill by the week. That's all right, isn't it, you don't mind?" she asked anxiously.

"On the contrary, my noble blood rejoices," Ditto told her solemnly.

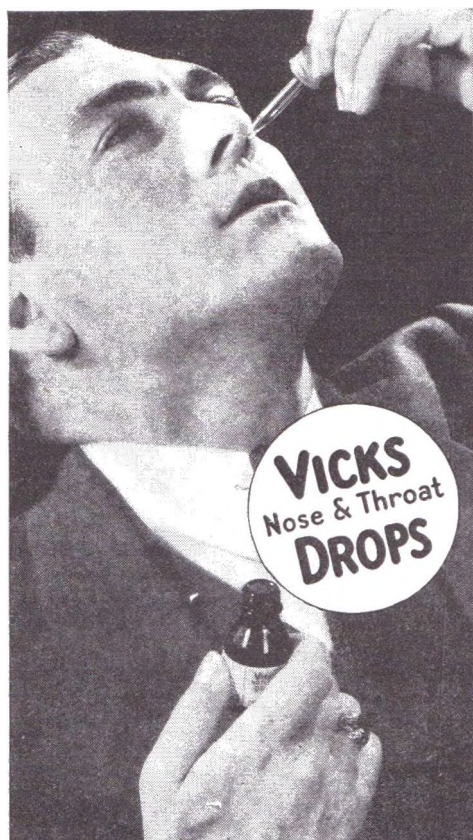
"We have to go pretty soon," she said after a long moment. "Ditto, promise something else. You won't fall in love with any of the other girls, will you?"

His answer was not articulate, but it was satisfactory.

(Please turn to page 76)

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Made Possible by the Development of a New Product Based on a New Idea for Prevention of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLDS-TAX"

A quarter of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vicks chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds — and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products — they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.



HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. Before a Cold Starts

Watch yourself and your children when exposed to anything that you know is apt to bring on a cold, such as —

Contact with others having fresh colds—crowds, stuffy ill-ventilated rooms, public places—a night on a Pullman or a dusty automobile ride—sudden changes in temperature—inhaling smoke, dust, gases—excesses in living, such as over-eating, smoking or drinking, which reduce body resistance—after a hard day when you are over-tired.

Then—if you feel that stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, Nature's usual signal that a cold is coming on — use Vicks Nose Drops at once—just a few drops up each nostril. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2. After a Cold Starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long.

If the air-passages are badly clogged with mucus, melt some VapoRub in a bowl of hot water and inhale the steaming vapors for several minutes. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vick Cough Drop—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops every few hours as needed. This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets digestion—especially of children.

—TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS—

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the

purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson PRESIDENT

Yes .. but which laxative?

You complain of a headache. No pep. Just don't feel right. "Guess I'll take a laxative," you say.

But which laxative? Isn't it only common sense to take the one which most nearly duplicates Nature's own way of acting? That's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

Ex-Lax meets the Doctor's requirements

A laxative, says the doctor, should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach, it should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

No secret about Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax checks on every point!

Ex-Lax is a special scientific formula for the pleasant relief of constipation. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative universally recognized by physicians.

And it is the special Ex-Lax formula, combining a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results that millions get from Ex-Lax.

Don't gamble—get Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not force them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, get Ex-Lax tonight. At all drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
—the safe laxative
that tastes like chocolate

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B 32

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address



SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 74)

"When your father finds out," he suggested, "there'll be hell to pay."

"Oh, by that time," said Nona cheerfully, "you'll be back in the bosom of your bathtubs and all that sort of thing and he'll have to take it or leave it. I think," prophesied Nona hopefully, "that he'll take it. After all you're of age and so am I... marriageable age, I mean."

She had used the wrong word with which to continue a serious discussion; the right one with which to instigate an interval. Ditto was becoming expert at intervals.

"What about this business? I mean the show," he inquired, "better give me a bit of the lowdown."

"It's supposed to be a night club. Tables around the center, see, and a floor show. Specialty numbers, choruses and the rest of it."

"Everything's all right except the dances. I particularly mean the ensemble dances. They're lousy. You'll have to whip them into shape."

"Sounds sadistic," grinned Ditto, "but what I know about ensemble dances you could put into your right eye. My father didn't bring me up to be a Tiller girl."

"It won't be hard. Mostly posturing with partners. There's been some talk since," she giggled, "I was able to secure your services, of putting in a specialty for me and you. How about it?"

"Suits me—"

"Lord," cried Nona when he had demonstrated how well it suited him, "we'll have to get back. Don't forget your accent. If you get in a tight place look dumb but aristocratic. Also bark at them a bit, they'll like it."

They arrived at the club rooms which were filled with chattering young things of the female sex. There were also some lounging males trying to look nonchalant and only succeeding in looking silly.

There were introductions.

Ditto, his monocle recovered, bowed and clicked. Smiled. They were devastated. "Too, too, utterly fascinating!" they said. "These foreigners!" They looked coldly at their local young men; who, in turn, looked coldly at Ditto. "All the difference in the world," said a blond young thing, wistfully, "so much polish and—and *savoir faire*."

They crowded around Ditto. They, all of them, talked at once. He listened patiently. He turned to Nona who was looking both grim and resigned.

"If *Gnadiges Fraulein*, we could the numbers run through in their order?" he asked carefully, "so I could a better idea get of the *tout ensemble*, nicht?"

"Doesn't he speak marvelous English?" asked the blonde.

A young man at the piano thumped

a chord. The rehearsal was on. . . .

Ditto, tilted back in a camp chair, watched and listened. He thanked his gods that, before his hurried exit from a university, he had taken part in, and likewise managed, some of their notable theatrical performances. The music was pretty good, the sketches fair, the girls damned pretty and most of them had grace, and, tightened up here and there, he should be able to make something out of it. What the piece lacked was a leader. Tag, he was it.

"You were—grand," said Nona, driving him back to the hotel. She said it sweet and low. She had friends in the back seat.

But she smiled at him under a friendly street light, with eyes so blue and so trusting and so unashamedly adoring that Ditto felt like the million dollars he didn't have. Boy, he'd go through with it and do a good job while he was at it. For Nona's sake. For his own.

Rehearsals went on, every night. Little by little the "Night Clubs of Thirty One" got into shape. There were rows, excitement, girls who wept and girls who quit; but Ditto, a born diplomat managed, and meantime he and Nona practised their specialty.

The time was drawing near for the dress rehearsal in the ball room for, in fact the show itself. Christmas came. "I think," said Nona's mother who had a kind heart, "it would be nice to ask Mr. von Behr to dinner. So far from home," she said vaguely—

"You'll have to come," Nona told Ditto.

He and Nona had exchanged presents, very carefully. She gave him a cigarette case. Gold it was, chaste and shining. How had she known that he had hocked his? He was unable to run to more than perfume. But he'd make it up to her some day.

Annie had written. The letter had been forwarded from Johnnie's. It was painfully written on ruled paper. His father, wrote Annie, was worried. Wouldn't admit it. "Didn't eat nothing, couldn't sleep good. Do come home, Ditto," wrote Annie, "I'm sure it will be all right—"

CHAPTER VI

DRESS rehearsal . . . It was terrible. Some of the costumes were wrong. The lighting in the silhouette scene was flooey. One girl went up in her lines—her spoken lines, her unmuttered ones were excellent and displayed to advantage—and had hysterics on Ditto's shoulder, back-stage. It was rather early in the morning that Ditto arose and stretched cramped limbs and sternly addressed the exhausted and pallid cast.

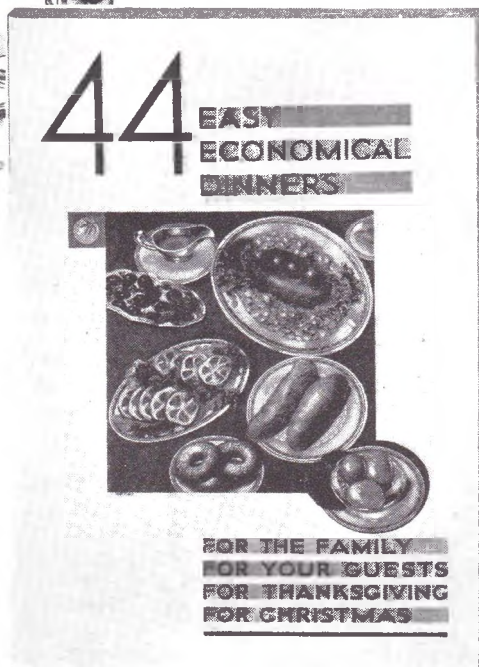
(Please turn to page 78)

MENUS for interesting DINNERS



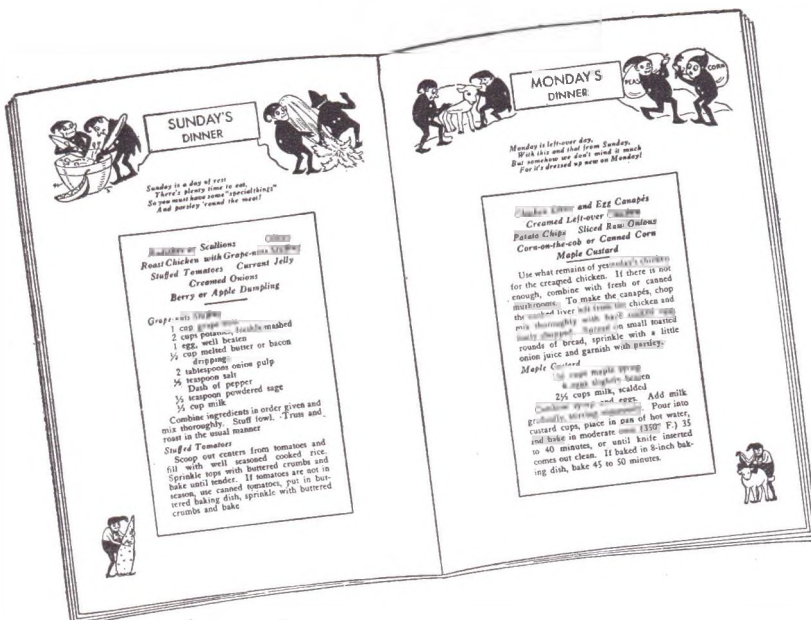
*Easy to Prepare and Serve
Economical and Delicious*

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Cooking would be fun if it weren't for the continued planning, wouldn't it? Wondering what to put with what. A new way of using yesterday's roast. A new salad, healthful and appetizing. A delicate dessert satisfying but not cloying.

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SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 76)

"You were lousy," said Ditto, and without a trace of accent. Nona nudged him, suddenly. "Ouch!" said Ditto, cherishing a rib. He recovered and looked glassily at the enervated beauties and the sullenly drooping boy friends. "You were—*shrecklich*," he uttered, sadly. Then he smiled. "But tomorrow," said Ditto, rolling his R's, "you'll be swell. Go home and get some sleep."

Day dawned, all too soon. Night fell, with a tremendous wallop. Cars started traveling around town. The hotel was one slather of excitement.

Mr. Amory at his table regarded the stage, the runway, and the first glittering chorus with some approval. It was pretty good, he conceded that. He liked the girls' costumes. They called for corsets. And Nona was—well, Nona was pretty darned cute, if he did say so himself. Young von Behr was really a likable modest sort of chap. An American in von Behr's position would have been intolerable. They did these things better in Vienna. Mr. Amory had had occasion to overhear things. Von Behr had handled several difficult situations very well. Wonder if he'd consider a job? Mr. Amory was of the opinion that von Behr could sell anything. The buyers were as a rule, women. . . .

He toyed with this idea, watching the performance, listening to the applause. He was gratified that the well-bred tumult was at its height after the specialty dance which von Behr and Nona performed together. Good-looking couple, thought Mr. Amory, who had never considered himself a snob. After all, if the boy's antecedents were all right and his record—One shouldn't hold his profession against him, should one?

Not that Nona had evinced any real interest in young von Behr. Still—

Presently it was over.

There were maternal and paternal congratulations. Large ladies and little ladies, thin men and fat men coming up to speak to him. Girls, still radiant in their heavy makeup crowding around. . . "Was I all right? . . ." "Did you see me stumble in the finale?" "Oh, Herr von Behr, I think you've been just *too* wonderful. . . ."

Once more, toward dawn, Ditto found himself in a car with Nona. But not alone. He sat back and accepted a cigarette which her father offered him. "Very neat," commented Amory, "it was the best show the kids have ever put on. What about the financial end of it, Nona?"

She murmured, sleepily, that they had counted on about eight thousand clear. "I'll make it ten," promised her father, in a burst of generosity.

Nona rested her chin on Mr. Amo-

ry's shoulder. Her eyes twinkled at Ditto across the paternal expanse of shirt front.

"If it's over ten," asked Nona, "will you make it fifteen?"

"Grasping girl!" Proudly, as if his child's avaricious instincts were the earmarks of genius, her father turned to Ditto, "I suppose you think American girls pretty darned spoiled, von Behr?" he inquired naively.

"But who could help spoiling them?" he asked gracefully, "they have so much charm, *nicht*?"

Somewhere about noon he woke, showered, shaved and dressed and strolled downstairs. Nona was at the table, superbly pajamaed. Mrs. Amory sat with her, feverishly discussing the possibility of paneling the dining room. Mr. Amory had gone to work. He was an American business man.

"Oh, so here you are," said Nona, brightly.

Ditto advanced, continentally, and kissed his hostess' hand; and then with less effect, but more sincerity, Nona's.

"I am disgracefully late, is it not?" he apologized.

Mrs. Amory, who had a mother's heart, after all, looked at him with considerable pleasure. "I didn't have you called," she explained unnecessarily, "you must have been worn out. And now, rolls and coffee? Or have you become accustomed to our dreadful American breakfasts?"

"Oh, I like them, very much," Ditto assured her, ardently, the idea of mere rolls and coffee striking terror to his famished bosom.

Mr. Amory, with amazing tact had managed to have Ditto's check conveyed upstairs by unseen hands and it lay spotless in an envelope on his dresser. Half of the three thousand, Ditto thought as he put it in his wallet.

The cocktail party began to arrive by four. By five-thirty everyone was there. Not only the cast of the recent production, but its mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles, not to mention a few extraneous boy friends. The great living room and library hummed and clattered and clinked. The Amorys' domestic staff, supplemented by caterers' men, moved briskly here and there and despite the frosty air of Winter without, the clash of ice had a gracious sound, the gurgle of liquids poured from bottles, all had a certain charm for the ear. And log fires burned.

Ditto's first suspicion rose, nebulous and faint, when Nona, remembering that some one or other was still missing from the fray lifted a telephone to her ear and after doing some impatient jiggling with that exasperating implement, announced that she couldn't get any answer, and hung up in great annoyance. Some

Spotlight

one had turned on the radio, there was a sound of revelry.

Ditto, cigarette in hand, took occasion a little later, and unnoticed, to examine the telephone himself.

No, no answer. That's damned funny, thought Ditto.

Ditto kept on trying telephones whenever he encountered one, and there were a lot. No answer. The wires, decided Ditto, had been cut. . .

In the small work room off the library which was Mr. Amory's own and over which Ditto had been conveyed the evening before there was a desk. In the desk there was a revolver.

Ditto edged carelessly toward this. He opened the drawer and at the risk of appearing to rifle his host's cigars after the well known movie fashion of continental adventurers, closed his fingers about the cool steel of the little gun, slipped it into a pocket and proceeded nonchalantly on his way.

A few moments later and he was on the upper floor. He wandered into his bedroom. He wandered out again shoeless and noiselessly. From below stairs he could hear music, laughter.

Was that a step in the hall? He looked out very cautiously.

A man, in the correct garb of waiter, was walking lightly along the hall. He slipped, as Ditto watched, into Mrs. Amory's bedroom.

Ditto put his hand in his pocket. He removed it, not empty. He followed. The gentleman in the tail coat was examining the absurd little safe, disguised as a sewing cabinet, which stood near Mrs. Amory's large and ornate bed. He had slim experienced fingers, they turned a little knob this way and that, he had a large experienced ear, which he leaned forward as he listened to the fall of the tumblers. . .

"Drop that," ordered Ditto sternly, "and put up your hands."

The gentleman in the tail coat turned. One of the caterer's men, after all, but not a villainous looking person in the least. A smooth-faced blond boy, with rosy cheeks and blue Teutonic eyes.

The invading hands were held high. The lad stared at Ditto sullenly, muttering imprecations.

"March," said Ditto.

"*Ich verstehe nicht*—"

"You verstehe all right," contradicted Ditto. "Get in there. 'There' was the bathroom. 'And stay there,' he added.

"Step on it," said Ditto and gently shoved his victim into the shower. The shower was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It had glass doors. Ditto turned on the water. Cold water.

Then he closed the shower door gently, reached in back of him and pulled up, with one hand, a bathroom stool and sat down upon it, with the gun trained.

(Please turn to page 80)

A GALLANT
SOLDIER

...but he ran
away from
milk

...BUT TRY
TO KEEP IT
FROM HIM
NOW!

Ted's quick gain in weight amazed me

—when I began giving my boy milk this delicious way

"MY LITTLE boy Ted eats almost anything I give him. But there's one thing he refuses every time—and that's milk!

"At least, it used to be that way. But since I began mixing his milk with Cocomalt he actually begs for it three and four times a day! The very first week he gained a pound.

"I've been giving Ted Cocomalt for two months now, and he's gained nine pounds. It certainly has done wonders for him."

Contains Vitamin D

Thousands of mothers have the same wonderful story to tell about Cocomalt. It's easy to understand. All the elements needed for sturdy growth in children are combined in this delicious food drink.

Cocomalt supplies extra proteins, carbo-

hydrates and minerals...without burdening the digestion. It is so rich in food value that it adds 70% more nourishment to milk—thus every glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk.

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D which helps to ward off rickets...and to build strong bones and sound teeth.

Give your children Cocomalt. Notice how their strength and energy is increased. How their appetites improve, how their nerves become steadier.

Special trial offer

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can!



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Please send me a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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Hands that don't belie the youthfulness of your face—hands that are soft and white, lovely to look upon, and delightful to touch—they are easily had with a little care.

Always, after making your toilet, rub a little Pacquin's Hand Cream into your hands. This amazing cream restores what work and weather take out of your hands. It makes and keeps the hands youthfully soft, smooth and supple. Pacquin's is absorbed readily by the skin and does not leave it sticky or greasy.



At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes. A large jar at \$1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold, Lemon, Cleansing, and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 and 10c Stores.

JANE E. CURRAN, 101 WEST 31st ST., NEW YORK

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM



SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 79)

Would some one be attracted by the Niagara and come running?

Some one did. It was Nona.

"For heaven's sake!" said Nona helplessly.

"Go downstairs and get your father. On the quiet send some one next door to notify the police. I've got our bird on ice.

Nona fled. A few minutes later Mr. Amory arrived, red in the face and out of breath. "What's this wild tale of Nona's, a burglar in the shower?" he demanded, storming through the bedroom.

"See for yourself," suggested Ditto gracefully.

Mr. Amory saw. His jaw dropped.

"Take him out of there," he demanded fascinated. "We can handle him all right till the cops come." Ditto, the gun still steady, opened the shower door with one free hand and pulled his chattering, dripping victim forth and stood him, running like a brook, on the rather dressy bathroom rug.

"Now, sir" said Mr. Amory, sternly addressing himself to the water baby, "what's all this?"

Through lips that were blue, the gentleman in the ruined—and hired—tail coat, loosed another flood, this time of language.

"Why, he's German," said Mr. Amory brightly. He turned a pleased eye on Ditto. "What's he saying?" he demanded.

Ditto listened carefully. The flood was beyond him.

"He says," interpreted Ditto wildly and untruthfully, "that he is the only support of his widowed mother and that the temptation of Mrs. Amory's jewels was too much for him. He says it's his first robbery, his first attempt at robbery I mean, and he implores you to be lenient with him, he's only an amateur."

"Boloney!" uttered the amateur, clearly, brutally, touched to the quick in his most sensitive spot.

"He speaks English," cried Amory, although where he got that notion from the insufficient evidence offered no one could say.

But one lapse had been enough, Blondie, the most expert second story man of his day, alias the Count, alias Dutch, fell dumbly into a sullen silence.

Nona flew back up the stairs, the butler and houseman, both quaking, at her heels. The police were coming, she reported, and no one downstairs had guessed a thing.

Pretty soon there were heavy steps in the hall. There was the heartening sound of an Irish accent, and six large and sturdy coppers marched as one man into the bathroom and stopped to gaze with incredulity.

"Well, if it isn't the Count!" said the cop, with animation.

He turned to Ditto.

"Was it you who nabbed him, sor?" he inquired, with respect. "There's a five thousand dollar reward out for him. He's been working Boston, after leaving New York. . . ."

As they led Blondie away—and he was no longer talking his native tongue—Ditto did some addition. Five thousand and fifteen hundred were more than three thousand. Home and father!

"'Tis the first time I iver heard tell of catchin' a crook in a shower bath," the large authoritative blue-coat was chuckling.

"It is a very good shower bath," murmured Ditto, and then, plunging, so to speak, "my old man built it."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Amory.

But Nona had them each by an arm and was leading them out of the door.

"Let's let that go till later," she demanded. "We'd better get back downstairs. It isn't possible for a station wagon and half a dozen cops to come leaping in here and get out again unseen."

It wasn't.

People were at doors and windows; people were on the drive; people were talking; asking questions. Mr. Amory appeared and quelled the riot with a majestically upraised hand. "It's all over," he said, "thanks to Mr. von Behr."

A burglar! No, not really! How too exciting! They crowded around him. Ditto still had the gun. He tossed it onto a table. Some one shrieked. "It isn't loaded," said Ditto, soothingly.

"You knew that?" asked Mr. Amory incredulously.

"Yes, I knew it," said Ditto, "but our boy friend didn't. So that was all right, wasn't it?"

Court appearances. Reporters. And Ditto's picture in the papers. . . .

Baron Traps Burglar in Bath. . . .

Ditto hadn't been allowed to return to New York. He was being lionized. He was, a couple of days later, seated with Mr. Amory in the latter's work room and Mr. Amory was saying:

"Now that all the excitement is over—I can't tell you how grateful we are to you, von Behr——"

"Call me—Bill," suggested Ditto, amiably.

Mr. Amory chewed his cigar.

"I didn't realize that you men of your class showed such spirit and resourcefulness nowadays," he said.

"Remember," Ditto told him solemnly, "the playing fields of Eton."

"Eh, what's that? What has Eton——? Oh," he perceived that his guest was pulling his leg, and went on, after a moment, "What are your plans?"

Spotlight

"I must," said Ditto, "be getting back to New York. I've overstayed my welcome here."

"No, but seriously, do you intend dancing all your life?—of course," added Mr. Amory hastily, "I realize that these things are regarded differently in Europe and that your profession—"

"I have been thinking of giving it up," admitted Ditto grandly, "it was not, in fact, the profession I would have chosen but—" he sighed—"any port in a storm."

"I understand," said Mr. Amory, appreciating the pride of humbled aristocracy, "but—I was wondering—if you would care to take a job with me—? I mean to say, I think you could sell anything, even corsets."

"Why," began Ditto, but at that moment Mrs. Amory appeared at the door, Nona behind her, making frantic signals.

"There's a long distance call for you, Baron," she said in her democratic manner, "from New York. A man. I can't understand all he says, but he insists that he wants to talk to the—the young whippersnapper who calls himself von Behr." She stopped and looked severely at her guest. "He says he's your father."

Ditto remembered the papers; and his pictures. He rose resignedly.

"Hello, Dad," said Ditto.

That was all he said for ten minutes. At the end of that time he remarked, with more resignation, "All right," and hung up. Then, with Nona clinging to him, he turned and faced the parental inquiry.

"He wants me to come home and go to work," said Ditto.

Mr. Amory held on to his illusions. For one wild moment.

"To Vienna?" he demanded blankly.

"To New York," said Ditto, giving up the ghost.

Everyone sat down. It was Nona who finally explained, with appropriate gestures.

After a long stunned moment Mr. Amory said, pallidly,

"We shall be the laughing stock of Worcester."

"Why?" asked Nona, "no one need know that *you* didn't know it, all along. Let the people who were taken in be the laughing stocks. As long as you knew—"

Mr. Amory's eye brightened, a little of his punctured dignity returned.

"He had to make the money," pleaded Nona, "so that his father would take him back and give him a job—"

"Selling bathtubs," scoffed Mr. Amory, with one last clutch after wounded paternal feelings.

"Is that any worse than selling corsets?" Nona demanded, and followed up the thrust, "when you thought Ditto was a titled foreigner you were perfectly willing to have

(Please turn to page 82)



The TWICE-A-WEEK DESSERT

*Because it's delicious
and ready-to-eat
in about 5 Minutes*

THERE are two things to consider in your dessert. It must have a real "appetite appeal", and it must be wholesome and nutritious—not merely another "sweet".

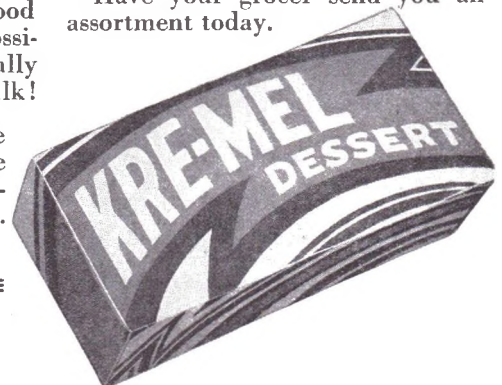
Kre-Mel is just such a dessert. For it makes the most delicious pudding, parfait, blanc mange and pie or cake filling you ever tasted. At the same time, it has perhaps the highest food and energy value you could possibly secure in a dessert—especially when served with cream or milk!

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As a chilled custard, served with gelatin or fruit dishes, Kre-Mel makes a "company dessert" that any woman may be proud to serve.

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MRS. HANSEN's happy experience in raising her daughter on Eagle Brand Milk will be of vital interest to every mother of a bottle baby. Her letter reads:

"My little girl Lilly has been given Eagle Brand since she was ten days old. She has never been sick a day.

"Now at the age of three years and four months, people admire her and comment upon her rosy cheeks and happy disposition. She won a prize over 200 other children in a health contest at the age of two and one-half.

"Two of my little girls were brought up on Eagle Brand, which I find the most wonderful baby food. They are perfect pictures of health. I give Eagle Brand credit for their start in life."

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Please send me a free copy of the new and complete 64-page edition of "Baby's Welfare." My baby is _____ months old.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address plainly



SPOTLIGHT



(Continued from page 81)

me marry him although you didn't know he'd ever asked me."

"I wasn't—no such thing—where did you ever got such an idea!" spluttered Mr. Amory.

"Don't be a dumb bunny," advised his daughter calmly, "you threw out enough hints to sink a ship. Heavy hints, like bricks. You didn't know a thing about Wilhelm von Behr, either, but you were ready to take a chance.

"A gigolo!"

"So was von Behr."

"Disinherited——"

"Not any longer. His father is taking him back. He's promised to be a good boy. And never, never dance again, except with me——"

"It's all a question of headlines," explained Ditto. "My Dad thinks that if he puts me to work I'll keep out of the papers. At that, I've provided him with a pretty good idea for advertising. 'Williams Showers are useful as well as ornamental. If you don't like bathing in them, use them for burglar traps.'"

Mr. Amory laughed. He rose and held out his hand.

"If," said Mr. Amory, "in six months, you and Nona are still of the same mind——"

In six months the home town would have forgotten.

Item from the column of that devastating gossip, Q. V.

"Ditto Williams, the scion of bathtubs, and Nona Amory, the ravishing daughter of the corset industry, are middle-ailing it this coming June at Nona's home in Worcester. Ditto will be remembered as the dancing man about town who worked for a spell at Alfred Perry's and then electrified all Worcester by his impersonation of an Austrian Baron during which phase of his career he captured single handed in a shower bath the notorious Blondie, alias the Count, jewel thief, wanted in several states. Ditto has a genius for making the front page and picking good looking dancing partners. It is rumored that he is completely reconciled with his father, to say nothing of his prospective father-in-law and is quite the most popular young man in his fiancée's home town, which can see a joke. Even on itself."

On the Go with Cornelius Vanderbilt

(Continued from page 17)

out there to recuperate. Medicos told me he gained faster there than anywhere else. Friends of mine run a little resort where for less than two hundred bucks one may live, eat and rest the six weeks to domestic freedom. 'Member the name—Indian Springs, fifty miles north of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Palm Beach, Fla.

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE and his third wife relax upon the sands. She's one of those strangely beautiful women who find their way into a brilliant man's heart every so often. Once Dudley did some legal work for me. Somehow, I didn't care for him, but I did like Edna a whole lot. And when Dudley was going through the abysmal dungeons of despair, I marveled at a blonde as attractive as Edna, sitting patiently by, waiting. If age makes any difference at all, you teenagers should get on well with five decades, *n'est-ce pas?*

JIMMIE WALKER loves Palm Springs. He has made them better known in the East than ever. Funny thing, though, I never saw him plunging in them. He seemed to spend his time visiting schools and hospitals; kissing fond parents' little ones—an old Roosevelt trick—and lapping up desert sunshine.

Wonderful the way Jimmy gets

about. A cough, a cold, a whatnot, and he takes the reins of the littlest big city in the world in hand; turns over City Hall to whoever wants it; and dashes out to recoup vitality elsewhere.

In the words of the popular song, Jimmie loves the ladies and, gosh, how they love him! Nevertheless, with all the kidding he gets, I tell you one and all who read these lines—you'll hear from Jimmie in a big way some day soon. I shouldn't be surprised to see him Vice-President of these United States!

BILL WRIGLEY owns Catalina Island, largest American offshore isle on the Pacific. He dabbles in chewing-gum and hotels too. In Phoenix (Ariz.) he's built the largest desert property in America, an edifice which resembles a prison from the outside, because it's the new German type of architecture, and gray in construction.

P. K., his son, manages many of his hotel interests. I'm told that P. K. has a good business head. Perhaps that's why the Wrigley hotels are always filled. Met Sidney Fox and Judith Wood, both striking in their ways, at Wrigley properties. Neither one chewed, either. Marsha, Judith's half-sister, is an attractive child. Think she's one of Clark Gable's latest. Though she told me she dearly loved her hubby.

Ex-Follies Girl

(Continued from page 29)

us. Always was she like a miniature on porcelain that I dared not touch for fear of breaking.

She told me of Ambassador—"He's offered me everything—but I can't." She shuddered.

"It's all so casual with men. Women are like hand luggage to them. They can be checked anywhere. If the storage costs too much, they leave their baggage."

I pleaded with her to become a film actress in Hollywood, and later, in answer to my urgent telegram, she came. Her beauty, suffused with melancholy, made it easy for me to secure her work in films.

MARY was earning two hundred a week when the news reached her that Gordon Thorne had married Helen McGinnis, a show girl, and that the wedding took place in the Thorne mansion.

A show girl being married in the house in which she had once lived. "And old lady Thorne said that I was not the type to marry her son."

It was a bitter blow. She might have become famous in the films if some spark within her had not died. Over her settled an indefinable despair.

But soon after she got the part of a nun in "The Miracle," the Morris Gest play, starring Lady Diana Manners. Mary was the fourth in a single file of nuns and the sadness of her beauty was never more accentuated than in the nun's garb.

What a juggler life was! Who could surmise that under the robe of the nun beat a heart with so much drama!

Later she secured work as "atmosphere" in a large society film.

She worked three days when the director became smitten with her beauty and rented an expensive apartment for her. To his dismay he soon learned that he could not stroke the feathers of the beautiful bird for which he had furnished the cage.

Shortly afterward I had an urgent telephone call from Mary, asking me to come to her at once. I explained that it was impossible, but would do so in the morning.

"It will be too late."

I caught her meaning and begged her to wait. After much pleading she promised wearily. As she had threatened to commit suicide before, I thought the mood would pass.

She was found dying the next day and hurried to the hospital.

A note was found, "Please cremate my body. I don't want to go home."

And another note—a last thrust at Thorne—"Be most careful as to the name M. L.—as it means so much to the press." The initials were later the clue to her identity.

She was considerate of me in dying. I had sent her many telegrams and letters. She had destroyed them.

FACTS about the LINIT

BEAUTY BATH *you should know*



Here is the way women everywhere are using Linit for a soft, smooth skin: they merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the tub and bathe as usual, using their favorite soap. Then—velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath... This soft, satiny "feel" you enjoy comes from an invisibly thin "layer" of Linit—left on the skin after the bath. The coating of Linit is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but thinly and evenly distributed over all parts of the body. ...And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is not only its low cost, but that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement—instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.



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Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

Spoiled Darling

(Continued from page 35)

cop," Pat explained, still annoyed. "Wouldn't let me make a left turn."

Rod laughed. "Found one you couldn't handle?"

"He was a big husky brute—but he was rather good looking," Pat admitted. "He's a new one, a rookie, I suppose."

"Where was he?" Elinor asked.

"At the south gate."

Rod doubled up with laughter and Elinor made a gesture.

"'At's a scream!" howled Rod. "She's talking about Randall Marsh."

Pat looked a bit disconcerted. "Who?" she demanded.

"Randall Marsh, the fair-haired boy of Marsh, Linton and Company—hydro-electric, public utilities, and what not. And you thought he was a rookie cop. What a break for him! He's in charge of their new offices here."

"Well, he was very unaccommodating," Pat declared. "I don't like him."

She went on to her box and divided her thoughts between Sloan Whitman, looking very sleek and smart on his gray mare, and Randall Marsh, understanding now why she had thought of him wearing a yachting cap. And she had mistaken him for a rookie cop—and had actually given him a dollar bill which he had accepted!

It was not until she entered the club that evening that she realized he would be there. For once in her life Pat Ayres had a queer feeling about meeting a man.

She was coming from the dressing-room, turning into the long corridor, when she collided with him at the corner. She looked up, a little embarrassed, a little angry. Fifty men in the club and it had to be he!

Randall Marsh grabbed her by the shoulders and grinned at her just as he had done that afternoon.

"Still trying to make left turns?"

Pat didn't smile. She pulled away from him and said, "Not with such a Cerberus as you on guard."

She passed by him, her head high, into the ballroom and looked about for Sloan Whitman.

Pat liked Sloan—he was a likable person. That was the trouble. Too many women liked him. The men did, too, for that matter. Therefore when it became known that the Sloan Whitmans were having matrimonial difficulties the sympathy was about equally divided. As far as anyone knew there was no man or woman directly on the horizon. Elsie and Sloan simply could not get along.

"You're looking beautiful as usual," Sloan said as he came up to her. "Terribly smart, that gown."

Pat smiled. She was pleased when a man like Sloan, who had good taste, remarked about her clothes. It made her glad that she had dressed with such care.

When the music stopped, Randall Marsh with Rod Burns was at her elbow. Rod said, "May I present our traffic cop, Randall Marsh, Miss Ayres?"

Randall bowed and Rod said, "Cops are small game for her, Ran. Better watch your signals."

"I will," said Randall. Then to Pat, "May a lonesome cop dance with you next?"

"Sorry."

"Yes, it would be like that."

"But you might cut in," Pat added.

"A sop to Cerberus?"

"Just a pat on the head."

"And not a Pat on the arm?"

"It's too early in the evening for puns. You do better with traffic. Let's dance, Sloan."

Randall watched her for a minute or so, nodded affirmatively to Rod, and turned to cut in on Elsie Whitman.

Some time later he cut in on Pat. She gave him one brief glance as his arms went around her.

"It's nice to find you just as charming in evening clothes as in sports," he said. "So many women are not."

"What an interesting observation!" she said in her best blasé manner.

"If true," he returned quickly.

Pat stiffened in his arms and thought that he was being intentionally annoying.

"Relax a bit," he said, pressing his hand against her back. "You'll find it easier."

Pat deliberately stepped on his foot.

He grinned and said, "Just relax and move your foot at the same time I move mine."

"I told you you were better directing traffic," she said. "And I'll find it easier dancing with some one else."

Pat gave him a withering glance and turned to Rod who was passing. She swung into Rod's arms and was conscious that Randall was grinning at her.

"Lord! How I hate that man!" she exclaimed.

"He's a swell chap," Rod said. "Think Elsie has fallen for him."

"She would," Pat said, and turned to see Randall dancing with Elsie.

Twice Randall cut in on Pat and each time she maintained a discreet and haughty silence.

Presently there was a roll of drums and a blast from a saxophone. The dancers began moving toward the orchestra.

"Come on," said Sloan, "and we'll find out how much money we made."

Hal Simms, standing on the orchestra dais, reported the gate receipts of the polo game, the amount of money that would go to the Charity Hospital, and read a list of names of those who had donated

Spoiled Darling

their services and money. He told the amount taken in at the parking space, and then he held up a folded one-dollar bill.

"And last but not least, ladies and gentlemen," cried Hal in the manner of a side show barker, "we are in receipt of one dollar, one whole dollar—ten dimes, twenty nickels—offered to our ver-ry popular traffic cop, Mr. Marsh, by our ver-ry charming Miss Ayres—offered, ladies and gentlemen, as a bribe. But our servant of the League refused to profit at the expense of his duty. Though the temptation was great and times are hard and the market is down, he grinned grimly and said, 'Get thee behind me, Madame Satan,' and turned the money over to the treasurer, swelling our funds to a magnificent total. We thank you, Miss Ayres."

There was a burst of applause and a gale of laughter. Pat stiffened in resentment for a moment, then joined in the laughter. She took Sloan's arm and walked across the floor. She walked up to Randall, stepped on his foot, and whispered, "I'll get even with you, big boy."

Randall stooped until his head was level with her own.

"If you were even with me I wouldn't be a big boy. I'd be a little boy," he said.

The corner of his mouth lifted in a smile and his eyes met hers for a brief moment. She stared scornfully and moved away, conscious that Sloan was smiling amusedly.

"I hope he breaks a leg," she said.

Sloan looked down at her and shook his head.

"Bad," he said.

Pat looked up inquiringly.

"Bad to feel like that about a man," Sloan went on. "It betrays your interest, darling."

She felt the color rise in her face. She turned her head and said, "Don't be a fool."

Pat was a good sport about most things, but she could not forget that Randall Marsh had put her in a rather ridiculous position. No one had ever treated her like that before and she decided that she would not let him get away with it. She had started out by being snooty and rude to him and she would not change until she had evened matters. After that she could declare a truce and meet him on common grounds—which might be pleasant.

Meanwhile, of course, there was always Sloan. . . .

For days she studiously avoided Randall. She declined Elinor Forbes' dinner dance because she knew he would be there. She dined with Sloan at a roadhouse instead.

Then, returning from tea at the club late one afternoon, the front tire of her car picked up a nail and she was forced to pull over to the side of the road. She got out, sur-
(Please turn to page 86)

FROM *Wind Swept Street* TO *Indoor Heat*



Complexions REQUIRE SPECIAL CARE *in Winter*

Use these marvelous Olive Oil preparations for 5 minutes a day and see how quickly they re-condition your skin!

● WINTER . . . the season of danger to every girl's complexion! Not alone from biting winds and tingling cold. Not alone from over-heated homes and offices. But in the *sudden changes* from one to the other.

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Begin tonight—remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Follow with a thin film of nourishing OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Cream. *Two minutes . . . that's all!*

In the morning spend *three minutes* this way: First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to awaken and stimulate your skin. Then, for protection and a perfect

powder base, smooth on a light veil of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of rouge for the lips, using either Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge, followed by color for the cheeks. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, if yours is a normal skin, or *Lightex* if your skin is oily. To add bloom to your complexion during the day use your favorite shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Dry Rouge.

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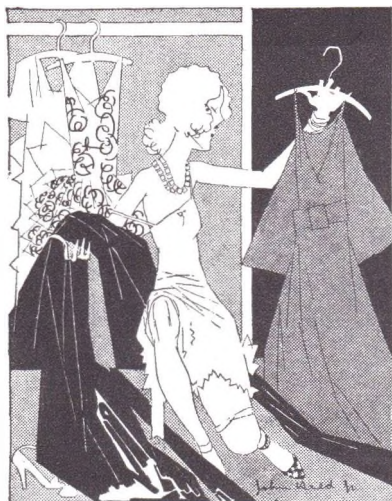
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Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Spoiled Darling

(Continued from page 85)

veyed the flat tire with impatience, and looked up at the sky that promised rain at any moment. The nearest house was the summer cottage of Rod and Ilsa Burns, a hundred yards or so down the road.

She broke into a run and reached the porch of the cottage just as the rain began to fall steadily.

As she lifted the bronze knocker the door opened suddenly. Randall, in riding boots and breeches and a shirt open at the throat, greeted her.

"Just in time," he said cheerfully. "I was about to have a highball by myself. Come in."

Pat stared at him, annoyed and, for the moment, disconcerted.

"I don't expect to stand out in the rain," she said.

She walked past him and stopped in the hall.

"Where's Rod?" she demanded.

"In town."

"And Ilsa?"

"Out of town. I'm staying with Rod over the week-end. We're looking after the Airedale puppies. They're cuddly little things. Want to see 'em?"

"No," said Pat abruptly. "I want to use the phone."

"Come in," he said when she had finished, "and I'll mix you a drink. Scotch or rye?"

"Neither."

"Well, you might as well sit down. It will be some time before they can change the tire. No need of standing."

Pat moved into the living room and slumped down into a chair.

"Do you always have to be around?" she demanded. "Isn't there any way of avoiding you? You actually get underfoot."

"Sorry," he said. "I'd hate to get stepped on—"

Pat said nothing and lit a cigarette, refusing the lighter which he held for her. She stared out the window with a complete disregard of his presence.

"Hope you'll stay for dinner," he said finally.

Pat blew a cloud of smoke and watched the rain shimmering down the window pane.

"I like you an awful lot," he said.

Pat turned her head and looked at him sharply.

"I have, ever since I first saw you," he went on. He got up and came over to sit on the arm of her chair. "You're the most attractive—"

She slid out of the chair and stood before the window. After a moment he stood behind her.

"I mean it," he said. "I've never met anyone who—"

"You can save your conversation," she interrupted.

"I'm sorry about that business at the club."

"I imagine you are," she said sar-

castically. "You put Hal up to it. I know."

"It was one way to make you remember me," he said.

She looked up and wondered how any woman could ever forget him.

"I haven't forgotten," she said significantly. "I never do."

He smiled. "All right. I suppose I have it coming to me," he said.

"You have."

There was another interval of silence during which she was aware that he was standing close to her, very still.

"The rain's stopped," she said. "Just a shower."

"Pat."

He caught her in his arms and bent his head to kiss her. She turned her head so that his lips brushed her cheek, but she remained quiet in his arms.

"Don't be collegiate," she said.

Something in the quiet way in which she said it, with a suggestion of scorn, something in the level gaze of her eyes, made him release her. He let his arms drop and said, "Sorry."

She walked through the house to the porch and, looking up the road, saw a truck and a man beside her car. Randall stood in the doorway behind her.

"Thanks for your hospitality," she said. "I can leave now."

"I'll walk to the car with you."

She made a gesture of indifference and went down the steps. As they turned into the highway she looked up at him with a smile and suddenly her manner changed.

"Sorry. I shouldn't have been nasty," she said, sliding her arm through his.

His hand closed over her fingers.

"It's my fault," he said, pressing her hand. "I took advantage—"

"Of my boner."

"Pat, you're adorable. And I'm falling in love with you."

"That's nice."

They reached the car and Pat signed a repair check and Randall tipped the garage man. She waited until the truck drove off, then she turned to Randall.

"I'm driving out on the river road. Want to go?"

"I want to," he said quickly, "but I'll have to be in town at eight."

"There's lots of time," she said encouragingly.

He climbed in beside her and said, "We'll have to be back in thirty minutes."

"There's a marvelous view from one of the hills," she said. "Maybe we won't be too late for the sunset."

"You're a swell person, Pat. By-gones forgiven and forgotten?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you're marvelous."

He slid an arm around her. She didn't seem to mind.

Spoiled Darling

"Passengers must not expect privileges," she said.

Presently she stopped on top of a hill, parking the car rather close to a ravine that ran along the road.

"How's this for scenery?"

"Swell," he said, looking at her.

She smiled and took her compact out of her bag. Leaning over the door of the car she blew away the loose powder and let the compact fall from her hand. It bounced and slid down the rocks to stop at the bottom of the ravine twenty feet below.

"My compact!" she exclaimed. "I saw it stop. Right between those two big rocks."

"I'll get it."

He got out of the car and worked his way down the ravine. After a moment's search he moved a rock and dropped on one knee.

Pat waited until he held the compact in his hand.

"If you want me I'll be at Castle Point," she called. "Hope you brought your skates."

She let in the clutch, starting in second gear, and the car rolled swiftly down the hill. Swearing softly, Randall got back to the road in time to see the car disappear.

IT was after eight when the maid called Pat to the phone.

"Rodney, Pat," said Rod quickly.

"Have you seen Randall?"

"Why should I want to see him?" Pat demanded.

"Some one at the club said he was in your car when you passed there an hour ago."

"He was," Pat confirmed.

"Do you know where he is?"

"I know where I left him—in a ravine on Lone Pine Hill," Pat said with a great deal of satisfaction.

"You took him out there and left him?" Rod said incredulously.

Pat laughed. "I certainly did. And I hope he enjoys walking home. It's just about twelve miles."

Rod snorted. "You little fool!" he exploded. "You've made him miss an important appointment with old man Chase and it'll cost him a hell of a lot of money. I hope he breaks your neck. If I don't find him I'll come over and break it myself."

Pat heard the receiver slam. She leaned back against the wall and bit her lip, remembering suddenly that Randall had said something about getting back to town at eight. Not once had it occurred to her that he had a business appointment. She slumped down in the chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Randall, what have I done to you?"

Sudden contrition shook her with a frightful tremor. For a moment she became actually weak at the thought of what she had done.

She hated herself and she hated

(Please turn to page 88)



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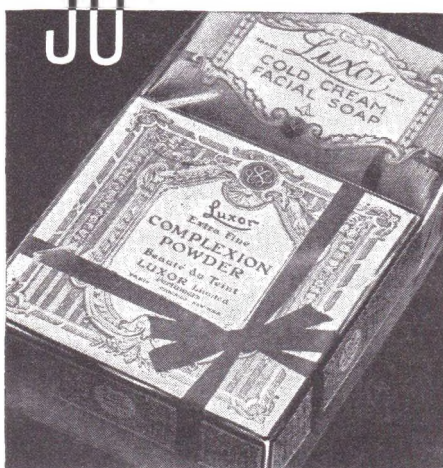
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I enclose 10c for a generous sample of
the face-powder. Check ☐ Rachel,
☐ Flesh, ☐ White.

Name

Address

Spoiled Darling

(Continued from page 87)

Randall Marsh. She hated herself because she was falling in love with him, she hated him because he had made her fall in love with him against her will.

After minutes of indecision she looked at her watch. She had planned to go to the Paysons' at Castle Point by the morning train. Sloan was going on the same train. If they went tonight she would not have to face Randall. By the time she returned things might be different. She picked up the phone and called the Whitman house. Fortunately Sloan answered.

"This is Pat, Sloan. Are you going down by the morning train?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"I'd like to go tonight—drive down. If we leave at once we can be there by midnight."

"I can't think of a nicer trip," Sloan said gallantly. "I'll be ready as soon as I can pack."

"I'll pick you up in thirty minutes."

Pat packed hurriedly, left a note for her mother, and carried her bag to her car. She slipped out quietly without disturbing the maid. She dropped the bag in the rumble seat and returned to the house for her golf clubs. As she came out of the house the second time she saw Rod's car pull up at the curb. She hurried across the lawn, refusing to look back, conscious that some one was running across the grass toward her.

"Pat!"

She whirled and faced Randall, in riding boots and breeches, dust-stained and weary. A lock of hair hung down over his right eye. She faced him with a queer mixture of apprehension and defensive anger. He smiled and extended a hand.

"Your compact," he said.

She looked at the compact, but made no move to take it.

"The score is even, isn't it? I should have known better than to trust you. Stupid of me, Pat. I underrated your cleverness." He laughed gently and continued to smile at her. "I wish you had picked another evening for your revenge, however," he added.

If he had stormed and sworn at her she would not have felt so badly about it, but his gentleness was like a caress.

"I'm sorry, Randall," she said. "If I had known about Mr. Chase—"

"You would have waited until another evening?" He laughed again. "I think that can be fixed up. You see I walked a couple of miles down the road, found a farmhouse which fortunately had a phone, and got Mr. Chase on the wire. Then I walked another couple of miles and met Rod."

Pat felt a great relief and the sting was taken out of Rod's words.

"You'll have to go riding with me

some evening," Randall said.

From a caress his words became a challenge. She looked at him briefly and turned to the car. She suddenly was furious with herself for the pity she had felt.

Then he saw the bag in the rumble seat.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"What difference does it make?" she snapped. "I told you this afternoon I was going to Castle Point."

"You aren't driving alone," he said. Then with sudden intuition, "With Sloan?"

"What business is it of yours if I am?"

He caught her arm. "You can't, Pat."

Roughly she shook off his hand and opened the door of the car. He pulled her to him and shut the door.

"You're not going, Pat," he said firmly.

"Randall Marsh, if you don't get out of my way I'll hit you with a golf club."

He laughed.

She gave him a violent shove backward and made a dive for the car. He caught her as she stepped to the running-board. He put one arm under her knees, one under her shoulders and picked her up. The golf bag upset, the clubs clattering against the car as they fell to the driveway.

"Put me down or I'll scream," she said furiously.

"Go right ahead."

"I'll bite you," she threatened.

"If you do I'll slap you," he returned.

"You little fool!" he said. "Don't you know that Elsie is just waiting to pin something on you so she can name you correspondent? If you went down to Castle Point with Sloan tonight she'd file suit tomorrow."

Pat was suddenly still. "She wouldn't dare."

"She's just desperate enough to dare anything. And she will sacrifice you as quickly as any other woman. Midnight motor trips don't make good evidence, darling."

"Just because I drove—"

"Listen, Pat. You can play with fire, but there's no need to get down and grub in the ashes. Besides, I'm not going to let you."

He carried her across the lawn and up the steps to the porch. There he sat down in a wicker chair, still holding her in his arms.

"You're just a spoiled stubborn little brat," he told her, "and you need some one to kiss you and spank you."

He bent his head and kissed her. She made no resistance. He kissed her again and suddenly she pressed her lips against his.

"Pat!"

He moved his arms and her arms

Spoiled Darling

crept up to his face. And there was a long interval of silence.

Somewhere in the house the phone rang and presently the maid peered through the screened door and called to Pat.

"It's probably Sloan," Pat whispered and started to get up.

"Just a minute—please," said Randall.

"Let him wait," Pat said and lay back in his arms.

Orchids and Overalls

(Continued from page 21)

stamp of the heel succeeded the foot-tapping, and she was gone again. Mr. Rogers sighed relievedly.

When she returned a third time, she came into the room much more slowly. The indignation, meanwhile, had all oozed away. She now had a thoughtful air about her.

"Is that what you always do when you're working on a job—kiss people?" she demanded coldly.

"Never—what do you think I am?" said young Mr. Rogers shortly, proceeding with his work.

"Then why did you happen to this time?" Coldness had thawed into curiosity.

"Hold me that awl under your foot," he ordered suddenly.

She passed it to him with a dazed stare. "Don't you even say 'please'?"

"No," he said gruffly.

"Well, I like that!" he heard her mutter bewilderedly.

But instead of being driven away, as he had hoped, she came even closer and developed a sudden interest in his work, crouching over him with her hands to her knees. "You're not a very good electrician, are you?" she commented finally.

"What do you know about it?" he said resentfully.

"Well, it takes you so long—"

"Maybe I'd get through quicker," he told her, "if I didn't have a lot of people hanging around me asking foolish questions."

"What's that little round thing there with the glass over it?" she asked sociably.

"That's the fuse," he said, "if anything happens to that, it throws the whole works out of order."

"And the lights go out all over the house and have to be repaired again?" she persisted.

"Didn't I just finish telling you?" he said, irritably.

There was a sudden cheerful glow of rose and amber on all the walls, and Mr. Rogers began replacing his tools in their kit. He rose and passed her a slip of paper. "Will you have somebody sign this slip, so I can show it at the office when I get back?"

"I'll sign it myself," she said read-
(Please turn to page 90)

LOTUS

SANITARY NAPKINS

WILL SAVE YOU MONEY AND EMBARRASSMENT!



- 1 Lotus Sanitary Napkins are manufactured under the most sanitary conditions.
- 2 Lotus Sanitary Napkin has the highest absorbent qualities.
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Modern women demand that a sanitary protection must be inconspicuous as well as adequate. ¶ Be convinced as millions of other women. Go into F. W. Woolworth Stores, buy a package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins and see the quality. ¶ Because Lotus Sanitary Napkins sell 6 for 10c and you are waited on by women clerks only in F. W. Woolworth's Stores you save money and embarrassment.

6 LOTUS
SANITARY NAPKINS

15¢ in the far West
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for 10¢

Sold exclusively at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.



Orchids and Overalls

(Continued from page 89)



Why did she win?

Her secret is **DOUBLE MINT**. A **DOUBLE MINT** Girl is always desired for kissable lips and nature's own sweet breath.

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ily, "Let me have your pencil." And using two dotted lines instead of one, she wrote Dale Lowrie Van Zandt Hamilton. "But most of my friends," she confided, "just call me Dale." And then she said a surprising thing: "What's *your* name?"

Was she going to report him to the company after all for having kissed her, Mr. Rogers wondered apprehensively; was that why she wanted his name? But he had never been a coward, and he wasn't going to be one now. "Tommy Rogers," he said, defiantly, looking her straight in the eye. And he picked up his tool-kit, slung it over his shoulder, nodded to her indifferently, and walked out.

"GO down to Park Avenue and Sixty-blank Street," Tommy, Rogers' chief told him the following evening, "they've had a blow-out. Hamilton. Seventeenth floor."

"What, again?" demanded young Mr. Rogers truculently, "I just fixed their lights for them last night."

"Maybe you didn't fix 'em as good as you thought you did," commented the chief shrewdly.

"Good," said Tommy insubordinately, "then send somebody else down instead. It isn't my shift to-night."

"I know, I know," said the chief patiently, "only it happens you were asked for by name. 'We don't care to have anyone else attend to the matter.'"

"I been with the company thirty-five years," he concluded, "and it's the first time I ever heard of a repairman being asked for by name."

Three-quarters of an hour later young Mr. Rogers, on his hands and knees once more before the Lowrie-Van Zandt-Hamilton electric meter, was swearing under his breath as he extracted quantities of sugar-coated almonds, not to mention a chiffon handkerchief, from the depths of said meter. The lights obediently flashed on once more as he did so, and none other than Miss Dale Lowrie Van Zandt Hamilton herself was revealed sitting in a chair in a far corner of the room, where the light of the torch had not reached her, staring pleadingly and fearfully over at him. The look he gave her was nothing for her to be reassured about.

"You did that," he accused her instantly, "What are you trying to do, make a fool out of me? The chief thinks I don't do good work!" And he picked up his tool-kit and prepared to depart, facial muscles working angrily.

She left the chair like a flash and was beside him before he reached the door. "I—I owe you an apology. I don't know how I came to do that. But then," she quavered, turning her face away suddenly, "I haven't known what I've been doing

ever since I saw you last evening."

Complete understanding was written on young Mr. Rogers' face, but he simply stood there looking at her, without saying or doing anything.

"Oh," she said suddenly, almost fiercely, "I'm only a girl after all—help me a little!"

"What's this all about?" he said unwillingly at last, "you think you're in love, is that it?"

"Think?" she echoed passionately, "I know I am, you mean!"

Young Mr. Rogers studied her critically from head to foot. "Look at yourself," he said at last, "just look at yourself, will you. Pretty satin shoes and ritzy lace dress and orchids on your shoulder and pearls around your neck. Why, you're just a swell!" He began to laugh, cruelly and loudly, and a little nervously, as though something inside of him hurt while he was doing it. "What would a swell like you know about love?" And turning on his heel, was gone.

But Miss Dale Lowrie Van Zandt Hamilton did not act at all as one might have expected her to act. She neither melted into instant tears nor stood staring dazedly at the door. She rang for the second maid. And while she waited, a peculiar expression made up of equal parts of grimness and determination froze itself onto her lovely face.

"Clara," said Miss D. L. V. Z. Hamilton, the instant the second maid appeared, "I want the oldest, shiniest tailor-made suit you've got. And a beret. And a blouse. And run-down pumps—they've got to be run-down. I'll pay you for them if you'll let me have them."

And then glancing down toward the fireplace she noticed a small object lying on the marble. She went over to it and picked it up and examined it curiously. It was a small screw-driver that Mr. Rogers, in his mental agitation, must have left behind. "This," said Miss D. L. V. Z. Hamilton to herself, "gives me an idea."

The following day Miss Hamilton had the electric company on the wire. "Mr. Rogers, repair department, please," she said sweetly. "Tommy Rogers? Who wants me?" his own voice answered. She felt like saying "I do, more than anything in this world." As a matter of fact what she did say was, "Oh, Mr. Rogers, you left one of your screw-drivers here and I'm keeping it for you. When would you like to come over and get it?"

"Miss Hamilton," he said gratefully, but with just a touch of irony, "you didn't have to put yourself out about a little thing like that. I don't need it; I have a new one."

What was the use? After all, there was such a thing as pride and self-respect. Warily, she hung up without another word. It could have

Orchids and Overalls

been so wonderful—but now it was over before it had even begun.

At his end of the line Mr. Rogers had remained by the phone. For her own sake, he was thinking, she ought to be cured of this infatuation. Couldn't she see that nothing could ever come of it? If, reasoned Mr. Rogers, she could be made to realize the vast difference between them—

He called her back. "Miss Dale Hamilton?"

"This is Dale."

"This is Tommy Rogers again. Are you busy on Saturday?"

"No!" she breathed, "no!" Seventeen engagements went smash.

"Well, will you come up to my house with me and have supper with the family?"

She, who had always answered invitations with a languid "I'd love to," actually couldn't find words to express her delight. "Will I!" she gasped.

"I'll call for you when I'm through work," he said, and hung up.

SATURDAY afternoon Miss Dale Hamilton donned a blue tailor-made suit which shone at places like the elbow and collar. Around her neck went a string of white coral beads for which, Clara had assured her, there was a great demand at the "five-and-ten." Her feet were encased in patent pumps veined with cracks. She also had purchased Clara's imitation alligator handbag and her three-ninety-five imitation felt hat. "Now," she commented, standing back and studying the effect, "he has no kick coming." He had none, nor had any other man either. For she looked as radiant as ever, only a little less prosperous, that was all.

Meanwhile Mr. Rogers, having doffed his overalls and donned his Saturday night gray suit, arrived at her door looking neat if inexpensive. "Ready?" he greeted her, "let's go."

"Well, how do you like me?" she said as they stood waiting for the Lexington Avenue car.

"Much better," quoth the hard-to-please Mr. Rogers, "much, much better. I only wish you dressed that way all the time!"

Arrived at 124th Street and Park Avenue, they mounted four flights of stairs, hand in hand. Mr. Rogers threw open a door dashingly, led his guest down a long linoleum-covered hall, and arrived at the kitchen, which boasted electricity. He delivered a loud kiss on his mother's round beaming face, sounding somewhat like the explosion of a small-sized firecracker, and tossed an insulting greeting to his slightly older sister. "H'lo, useless." He then drew the suddenly stage-frightened Dale into the room almost by

(Please turn to page 92)

WHY NOT GIVE A ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY?



IT CAN BE SUCH A JOLLY PARTY— and SO EASY TO PLAN — and SO INEXPENSIVE

You can make your table look so pretty with these green party tablecloths, napkins, favors and decorations! Your guests will be so merry in their green-paper hats—and with these gay noisemakers. Notice the fascinating St. Patrick's Day nut-cups, hats, horns, snapping bonbons, paper napkins, paper plates, table-coverings, as well as crêpe paper for decorating. These are only a few examples of what you can buy for such tiny prices from the big selection at WOOLWORTH'S and other 5-and-10-cent stores.

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smart women



"and make quick work of the perspiration odor problem"

There's no denying it . . . modern women face facts as their mid-Victorian forbears never did. They *face* a fact . . . and then they *do* something about it.

This disagreeable business of underarm perspiration odor, for instance.

"We all have it. We all admit it. We all must do something about it," they say. "Something more than merely be scrupulously clean."

"But why fuss about it?" they add. "Why make hard work of it? Let's dispose of it the simplest, quickest way."

And that is just the way more than a million of them are handling this bothersome problem. With Mum!

Mum, you know, is a fragrant, snow-white cream which instantly destroys every trace of unpleasant perspiration odor or any other body odor.

The thing about Mum that so appeals to these smart, busy women is that it takes only an instant when dressing to make perspiration odor *impossible* on their persons.

Just a quick fingertipful to each underarm. That's all there is to it! No time lost. No bother. You can slip into your dress *immediately*, and be on your way.

For that matter, you can use Mum any time during the day or evening—even after you're dressed. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it is soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving. Surely a test of its harmlessness!

Another thing—Mum doesn't interfere in any way with the natural processes of perspiration. It simply takes away every trace of its hateful odor.

You can't find a drug or department store that doesn't have Mum . . . because modern women everywhere demand it. 35c and 60c a jar.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

AND WOMEN DEPEND ON MUM FOR *THIS*, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in another way, too. Used on the sanitary napkin it relieves them of that fear of offending which at times haunts every woman.

Orchids and Overalls

(Continued from page 91)

main force. "I've brought company," he said. "This is Dale Hamilton. She's going to have supper with us."

"Well, now, isn't that nice," said Mrs. Rogers hospitably, "I'll have the table laid in a jiffy."

"Let me take your hat," said his sister cordially.

"I hope you like corned beef and cabbage, Miss Hamilton," Mrs. Rogers said, spreading a checked cloth.

Tommy was watching Dale closely. "I love it," she said, and looked at him defiantly.

Later she held out her plate and said, "That was delicious. Could I have a little more, please?"

Mrs. Rogers beamed proudly. Tommy looked perplexed, as though his calculations had gone wrong.

"And what does your father do, dear?" Mrs. Rogers asked afterwards, as they sat one on each side of her showing her the family photograph album.

"He works downtown on Wall Street," Dale answered, blushing.

"Janitor?" said Mrs. Rogers innocently.

"Want to go to a movie?" suggested young Mr. Rogers with surprising abruptness.

Miss Dale Hamilton clasped her hands together ecstatically. "I'd adore it!" she sighed blissfully.

"Don't forget, we're expecting you next Saturday," Mrs. Rogers called down the stairs after them.

"I'll be here!" Dale promised.

"So that's what your idea was!" she said somewhat later, in the darkness of the *Silver Star Palace*. "You thought you'd frighten me away, did you? Well, guess again. I loved it, every moment of it. And I'm coming back again—and again."

"Just who do you think you're bluffing?" he said softly.

She took something out of her handbag and pressed it into his palm. "And just to show you that I'm *not* bluffing—put this on my finger," she said, "and make me happy."

He saw something twinkling in the dim light. A diamond ring.

He took her hand and forced it in, and pressed her fingertips cruelly over it. "When I give my girl a ring," he said to her, "I buy the ring. You ever show me that again, and I'll let you go home by yourself!"

"Tommy," she said, riding home with him on the Lexington Avenue car, "it isn't because there's—some one else, is it?"

"There isn't anyone else," Tommy told her, "and there isn't you, either."

A forlorn look came into her eyes as he left her at the canopied entrance with the potted orange trees. She quickly banished it and said, as

Orchids and Overalls

she turned to go in, "I've always had what I wanted—and I'll get what I want now, too."

EVENTS, for the next several weeks, proceeded with an almost monotonous regularity. Twice a week without fail, usually on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the Hamilton ménage had electricity trouble. Strangely enough, this trouble was never reported directly to the company, it was always reported personally to young Mr. Rogers. It was noticeable that Dale never went out on those evenings.

And Saturday evenings, on the contrary, nothing could keep her at home—nor induce her to dine at home. On one occasion Mrs. Hamilton, returning from an afternoon bridge party, passed a rather shabbily dressed young person who kept her head averted in the doorway of the downstairs lobby.

But from that time on Dale used the service entrance and the service elevator on Saturdays. Clara's run-down pumps became even more run-down from dancing in chop suey restaurants, and the heavenly bliss of the back seat on top of a Fifth Avenue bus was no longer a secret to Dale.

"But if it's only the money," she said a hundred times to Tommy, "I'd leave it all. I don't want it anyway. Suppose I came with just the clothes I have on now?"

"Oh, don't torture me," he'd plead, "I wish I'd never met you."

"But you do love me, now, and you have from the very beginning. Oh, Tommy, Tommy, what are you doing to both of us?"

But Tommy was stubborn; he wasn't marrying any rich girl, not even if she happened to be the girl he loved.

"But I can't go on like this, Tommy," she said at last. "I have to have *something* to hope for, to look forward to. Won't you at least say that if I *was* poor you'd marry me?"

"If you were poor," Tommy told her, "I wouldn't marry anyone but you."

That night she cried herself to sleep. How on earth was she ever going to make herself poor, when all her father did all day from ten to five (with an hour off for lunch) was to sit and clip coupons?

ONE night at Palisades Park they came upon a gilt ring at the bottom of a bag of popcorn. "Hold out your finger," said Tommy suddenly. "Now wear this," he went on, "until I make enough money, or you lose enough, for us to be equals."

So all might have gone well for a while longer, had not the majestic Mrs. Hamilton begun to "put two and two together."

(Please turn to page 94)

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every day of your life!

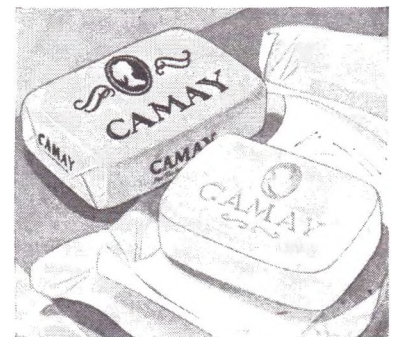
Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, an unsuspected *natural* loveliness!



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! Everywhere—eyes looking at her, judging her! How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone.



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

A light lather of Camay on the cheek—a brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—and a quick rinsing with cold water! ☆ Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *douce*. ☆ Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆ Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Camay! . . . the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. ☆ You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Camay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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Orchids and Overalls

(Continued from page 93)



**Giant 10¢ tube
gives More and
Better shaves**

The new-formula Lavender Shaving Cream combines greater economy with greater shaving satisfaction. Its microscopic-bubble lather softens the beard more completely and in less time than any other. The bristles come off as easily as the lather itself, offering so little dulling resistance that you get 1 to 3 more

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**Lavender
SHAVING CREAM**

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COMPANY**

5c and 10c Stores

10¢

50¢ Quality

50¢ Quantity

"Dale," she said sharply at the breakfast table one morning, "I don't know why, but I have an impression you've been tampering with the lights in this house. And I notice it always happens on the nights you remain at home. Of course, if you're that interested in electricity, there are other ways of studying it."

"And what," she demanded several mornings later on, "is that most peculiar thing you have on your finger? No, don't hide it, let me look at it. Why, it's brass!" she ejaculated in horror.

"It may be brass," said Dale huskily as she got up to leave the table, "but it's wonderful!"

That very evening was Tuesday, one of the fateful Tuesdays and Thursdays. "I am going to the theater with a friend," Mrs. Hamilton announced, standing in the doorway in mink. "Your father telephones that he doesn't like the way the market's behaving at all; he's spending the night at his club."

"Enjoy yourself," Dale called after her.

Ten minutes later the lights went out all over the house. Dale lifted the telephone receiver—she had been sitting beside it all along, anyway—and after getting her connection, simply uttered four words. "All right, Tommy dear."

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes there was not a sound in the house. Then the white moon of an electric flashlight made its way from room to room, and Tommy's voice called out, "Here we are!"

"Dale dear!"

"Tommy dear!"

"Wait, I'll put the lights on first."

"I just put an old glove in the box this time, dearest."

The lights flashed on again as they had so many times before, and then a third voice said: "And now, young man, would you mind going—and not coming back again? I have a few words I'd like to say to my daughter." And Mrs. Hamilton stood in the doorway, still in the mink wrap.

"Take me along with you, Tommy," said Dale at once. "This is as good a time as any other."

"Don't disobey your mother on my account, Dale. I'm not worth it." And Tommy went alone.

Mrs. Hamilton, after all, had surprisingly little to say to her daughter. In fact she only said one thing. "Keeping company with an electrician in overalls!" And when Dale had gone to her room, she locked the door on the outside.

IN the morning when she rose Dale found it unlocked once more. The breakfast table, when she had seated herself at it, resembled, as she had expected, nothing so much as a funeral board. In fact, shortly after she had taken her place at it, her

mother began to sob loudly over her grapefruit. Mr. Hamilton kept running his fingers up and down where his hair should have been.

"Oh, for pity's sake," said Dale finally, "start in and let's get it over with! I can't stand this!"

"It's not about you at all," sobbed Mrs. Hamilton noisily, "there are other th-things more im-important right now. The market crashed—we're wiped out." She looked around reproachfully, but Dale had gone.

Like many others in the city that night, young Mr. Tommy Rogers was not whistling as he proceeded from his place of work to his residence. Nor did he ascend the four flights of stairs with any great sprightliness when he had reached there. The gas jets on the landing did not even flicker as he passed lethargically by them. He trudged dispiritedly down the hallway and entered the family kitchen. And there before him sat Miss D. L. V. Z. Hamilton, between his mother and sister. She was *not* in her maid's blue tailor-made any longer, nor in her maid's cracked pumps. Quite the opposite. Her little beige shoes must have cost about as much as the Rogers' rent for one month. A light fur scarf hung jauntily over one shoulder. A little silver mesh-bag—or maybe it was platinum—dangled from her wrist. Before her stood a cup of tea, a dish of Mrs. Rogers' doughnuts, and a newspaper with glaring headlines. Behind her, on the floor, stood four or five cowhide valises and hatboxes.

"Oh, so you've come over to say goodbye," said Tommy, going all weak inside. "Where are they taking you?"

"Isn't it too bad about Dale?" interrupted his sister.

"Yes," said his mother, "why didn't you tell us she was rich, the poor dear?"

Dale stood up. She was triumphant, she was radiant. "Read that!" she said, passing him the newspaper.

**MARKET CRASHES—FORTUNES
WIPED OUT**

"Oh, I'm so happy!" she cried. "Everything has to go—the apartment, the cars, mother's jewelry. I signed my personal account over to father this morning, to help him out. Well," she demanded, shooting gold and sapphire arrows at him from under her lashes, "what's to stop us now, stubborn?"

"N-nothing," Tommy faltered, "but are you sure you're not fooling me? What about the way you're dressed?"

"Well, I like that!" she said haughtily. "That's my trousseau. No matter how poor a girl is, she's entitled to a trousseau—ask anybody."

Loveknots and Whatnots

(Continued from page 49)

it has a famous Lovers' Lane. Well, the young men and the maids of Bungay complained to the District Council that Bungay's Lovers' Lane wasn't all it should be. It was getting dilapidated and overgrown with weeds. Also the cows were getting in Bungay's Lovers' Lane and a bad-tempered bull strayed in once in a while and made it uncomfortable for spooning couples.

The District Council listened to the arguments of the young people and took prompt action. They ordered that the weeds in the lane should be cut, and that a fence with oak posts and rails should be built to keep the cattle out.

In other words, the moon once more is shining bright in Bungay's Lovers' Lane, and all is well.

IN CHICAGO, THE DISTRICT Attorney's office was told of a curious case. There was a man who was receiving a huge number of letters from women. It was very peculiar, and an investigation was made. They found the man was a college student, nineteen years old. His name is Sheldon Kline, and he says his favorite study is psychology of women. He was doing it by mail. He made love to 100 women by mail—all for science's sake.

And he declares that he has learned a lot from the scores and scores of love letters he received—long love letters, red-hot love letters.

Kline represented himself as a tea planter from India. He says that's the sort of thing that goes big with the girls—far-away romance. He explains that most women are bored to death with the routine of their lives and want to break away in imagination.

His final bit of philosophy is that love is the only illusion that women won't surrender.

IRAN ACROSS A HIGHLY melodramatic headline in a New York paper the other day. Here's the way it read:

"Grave Awaits Maid if She Shuns Cupid."

That sounded as if the maid were going to be condemned to death if she didn't fall in love and get married, or something of the sort.

The item turned out to be a good deal less tragic, but it's just as odd.

It seems that Mrs. Francis Barrett of Chicago, stipulated in her will that if her maid, Martha Youngsberg, failed to get married, why, then the maid would be entitled to a grave. That is, if Miss Youngsberg fails to get hit in the right spot by one of Cupid's arrows, Mrs. Barrett's estate is required to provide her with a grave next to Mrs. Barrett's grave. In other words, if Martha wins a husband she loses a grave.

SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap. Costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly,

but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Don't Spend It All On Me

By José Schorr

"NO, let's stay home tonight. I don't want you to spend all your money on me. . . . We can sit right here in the parlor and have a nice time without spending a cent. . . . Of course, I don't mind. Besides, we'll have mother with us to cheer us up. . . . Sure, she's home. She likes to come in and talk to my boy friends. She's a good sport that way.

"Well, if you insist, we'll go out, but let's not go down town. Let's just go to a movie. . . . Oh, any movie. I don't care. . . . I really don't. . . . Well, all right then, I'll pick one. Oooh, let's see 'Love Crushed to Earth.' It's got Buddy Roland in it.

"Oh, is that playing down town? . . . I thought it was playing up here. . . . No, we won't go to see that. I don't want you to spend all your money on me. . . . No, I really don't care if I don't see it. We can go to a movie around here. . . . Sure, and then we'll miss all the subway crowds, too. I hate subway crowds. Don't you hate subway crowds?

"There's a nice movie right around the corner. . . . I mean it. I don't care if I don't see Buddy Roland. . . . Well, all right, we'll see it if you've

set your heart on it, but I'd really just as soon see something around here. . . . Hey, the subway isn't down that way.

"Say, where are you going? . . . No, don't call a taxi. . . . I don't mind riding in the subway. . . . Honest, I don't. . . . Tell him we don't want him. We can take the subway down.

"Gee, you shouldn't have taken a taxi. I bet you think I talked that way about the subway on purpose. You know, I'm glad we're going to see Buddy Roland, after all. . . . I like to sit up close and think to myself that I'm mussing his hair. . . . Oh, I get such a thrill just sitting there and looking right into his eyes. . . .

"Oh, don't buy tickets from that speculator. The seats at the box-office are good enough. . . . I don't care if we do sit in the balcony. . . . I didn't mean you should get seats all the way down front just because I got such an awful crush on Buddy Rowland.

"Gee, you make me feel so embarrassed. You make me feel like I'm making you spend all your money on me. . . . Two-fifty a seat for a movie? Why, that's a crime. . . . You didn't have to pay him that,

darling. We could have bought seats for at least fifty cents at the box-office. . . . Well, I'm going to pay the fare back home. That's what! I believe a girl should share some of the expense. . . .

"Hey, where are you going now? . . . No, I don't want you to take a taxi home. . . . What do you mean you want to tell me something. . . . Why can't you tell it to me here? . . . Well, all right, if you have to. There's no holding you back, is there?

"Oh, you're not going to spoil it all now, are you, darling? We've had such a wonderful evening. . . . Oh, don't do that. . . . Please don't. . . . Sure, I like you, but it isn't nice to pet in taxicabs. . . . That's a nice boy, now. You'll get much farther that way. . . . Of course, I'll kiss you good night. . . . Oh, not now, though. . . . Wait till we get home. . . . Yes, I'll make it a nice long kiss. . . . Yes, one you'll remember. . . . Just as soon as we get home. . . . Yes. . . .

"Well, here we are, home already. . . . No, I didn't forget about your good-night kiss. . . . Oooh, look! Isn't that nice? There's mother waiting for us on the stoop. Gee, she's a good sport that way."

"What . . my LIPS Look PAINTED!"

"I COULD have killed Tom for saying a thing like that . . . but afterward . . . I saw just what he meant . . ."

Don't be too sure that you yourself don't offend by over make-up! Colors that look pretty by themselves may be cheap—garish—tawdry on your lips. And that painted look is one thing no man can overlook.

Be safe. Stop using ordinary lipstick—begin now to Tangee your lips. Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes color on your lips—matches your own individual complexion.

Tangee is permanent—won't smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Don't waste another minute. Try Tangee at once—if possible before you make up again. At all druggists or cosmetic counters.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

----- Miracle Make-up Set for 10c -----

GEORGE W. LUFT CO.
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c: Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name _____

Address _____

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Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge.
Special sizes at 5¢ and 10¢ stores.



Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either

Tangee rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

Tangee rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the color on your cheeks match the color on your lips.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee rouge.

Fighting Fool

(Continued from page 33)

not hard to seek. He is a suitor—an unfavored suitor—for the hand of Marie, who seemingly still hopes. But you have not told me, monsieur, the name of this man who has stood betwixt Andrea and his assassins."

"Can you not guess, monsieur?" I asked, looking him squarely and gravely in the face. "Did you not hear Andrea call me, even now, his protector?"

"You? And from what motive, pray?"

"At first, as I have told you, because the Cardinal gave me no choice in the matter touching your son. Since then my motive has lain in my friendship for the boy. He has been kind and affectionate to me who have known little kindness or affection in life. I seek to repay him by advancing his interests and happiness. That, monsieur, is why I am here today; to shield him from St. Auban and his fellows should they appear again, as I believe they will."

The old man eyed me for a moment as steadily as his vacillating glance would permit him; then he held out his hand.

"I trust, monsieur," he said, "that you will do me the honor to dine with us, and that while you are at Blois we shall see you at Canaples as often as it may please you to cross its threshold."

I took his hand, but without enthusiasm, for I understood that his words sprang from no warmth of heart, but merely from the fact that he beheld in me a likely ally to his designs of raising his daughter to the rank of duchess.

CHAPTER VII

IN the spacious dining room of the Chateau de Canaples I found the two daughters of my host awaiting us—the dark and stately icicle, Marie, and the warm golden-headed child, Genevieve.

I bowed my best now as the chevalier presented me, watching them closely the while out of the corner of my eye. Genevieve dropped me a curtsy, with a bewildered air and a sidelong glance at her sister, who remained stiffly upright, the color kindling in her stern countenance.

"We have met before, I think, monsieur," she said forbiddingly.

"I do not need to be reminded of it, mademoiselle," I answered in an attempt at courtliness.

"Yet your presence here, monsieur, suggests that need. It is the last place in which I should have expected to meet you again."

Her father swung upon her in distress. "My dear! My dear!"

She threw back her head as if to express disdain. "There is between this man and us something which should have made it impossible for him to cross the threshold of Ca-

(Please turn to page 98)

Your appeal becomes irresistible when you wear April Showers Perfume. This fragrance of attraction which scents a complete line of toiletries is also to be found in a Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water at 10c — obtainable at all "5c and 10c" Stores.



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EAU de COLOGNE

From 25c an ounce to \$3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.

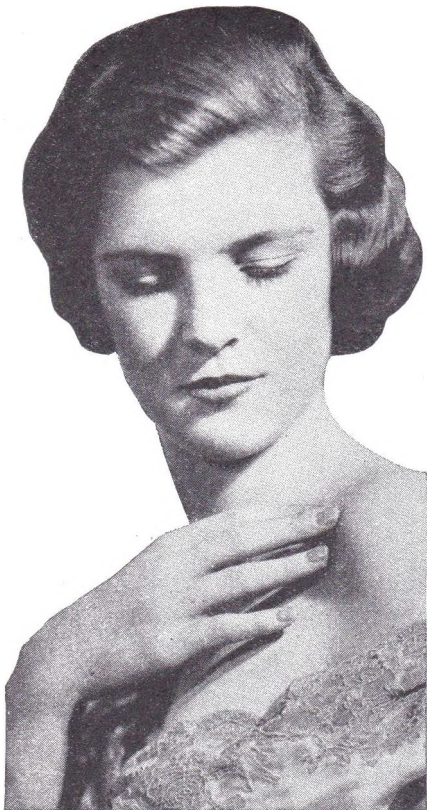


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Resinol Ointment will relieve it. Don't take chances with soreness or irritation from any source. Use Resinol. Soothing and delicate, safe and delightful for infants, yet strong and effective enough for severest cases of eczema. Prevents slight infections or inflammations from becoming serious. Resinol Soap, also, you will find an invaluable aid in all kinds of skin disorders.

Do You Have These Complexion Defects?

Enlarged coarse pores? Blackheads? Dryness? Roughness? Resinol Ointment will clear away the irritations. Resinol Soap will cleanse and refine. This simple soothing treatment has transformed many an ugly skin into a smooth, soft, velvety complexion.

No More Pimples

Study your face closely with a bright light. If your looking glass reveals even the tiniest blotch or blemish, start the Resinol Treatment today. Watch your complexion improve constantly in color and texture. Don't delay. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy — and try for yourself — today.

For a free trial sample of Resinol Soap with your copy of the new booklet on "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty", write Dept. TM2, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Fighting Fool

(Continued from page 97)

naples, even if he were otherwise such a guest as you might desire to honor."

The chevalier flushed angrily. "You allude to Eugene . . ." he was beginning, when she interrupted him.

"You know! You know, and yet you receive him!"

"I make him the more welcome," he informed her sternly.

She gave him a long stare in which surprise and annoyance were closely blended. Then she shrugged, gave me a glance such as you might give a lackey, and coldly answered him.

"In that case, monsieur my father, you increase my regrets that inadvertently I should have been the means of preserving him."

Unable longer to contain myself, I broke in at last. "Thereby, mademoiselle, I assure you that you increase my regrets at the same time." I turned to the chevalier. "You will suffer me to depart, monsieur, since . . ."

"I will not suffer it at all," he interrupted. "There is something here that needs explaining. This preservation of your life? What is this?"

I told him in a dozen words. "Mademoiselle's feelings are natural, I suppose," I ended. "I was the victim of an irony of fate when I found shelter at her hands. But I am used to fate's ironies. Mademoiselle need not, however, scorn the debt in which she has placed me, however inadvertently. It is a debt I shall be ready to discharge when called upon to do so."

To that her only answer was to turn her back upon me, whereupon I spoke again of going, to meet once more the chevalier's insistence that I remain.

The ladies received Andrea graciously, and a faint blush might— to searching eyes—have been perceived upon Genevieve's cheek.

During the week that followed I visited the chateau with regularity, and with mingled feelings I observed the object of Andrea's presence at Canaples being frustrated more and more each day, so far as the Cardinal and the chevalier were concerned.

Daily he raved to me of Genevieve, the one perfect woman in all the world, brought into it by a kindly providence for Monsieur de Mancini's particular delectation. So open grew his wooing, and so ardent, that one evening I thought well to take him aside and caution him.

"My dear Andrea," said I, "if you

will love Genevieve, you will, and there's an end of it. But if you would not have the chevalier pack you back to Paris and the anger of my Lord Cardinal, be circumspect, and, at least when M. de Canaples is by, divide your attentions equally between the two. It were well even if you dissembled a slight preference for Marie; she will not be misled by it, seeing how unmistakable at all other seasons must be your wooing of Genevieve."

He was forced to avow the wisdom of my counsel, and to be guided by it. Nevertheless, I rode back to my hostelry in no pleasant frame of mind. It was more than likely that a short shrift and a length of hemp would be the acknowledgment I should now receive from Mazarin for my participation in the miscarriage of his desires.

CHAPTER VIII

"I CRAVE monsieur's pardon, but there is a gentleman below who wishes to speak to you immediately."

"How does this gentleman call himself, M. l'Hôte?"

"M. le Marquis de St. Auban," answered the landlord, still standing in the doorway. Bidding my host to admit him, I strode over to the fire and waited.

Steps sounded on the stairs; then my door was again opened, and St. Auban, as superbly dressed as ever, was admitted.

We bowed formally, as men bow who are about to cross swords, and while I waited for him to speak I observed that his face was pale with suppressed anger.

"It happens that I have a word to say to you," he said, his voice betraying his feeling.

"I am listening, Monsieur le Marquis."

"I have been to Canaples this morning, and thanks to you, M. de Luynes, I was ordered from the house—I—Cesar de St. Auban—ordered from the house of a provincial upstart, thanks to the calumnies which you poured into his ears."

The rage that was in him at the affront he had suffered at the hands of the Chevalier de Canaples was bubbling on the surface. "I warned you at Choisy of what must happen. Your alliance with M. de Mancini is futile. You think to have gained a victory by winning over to your side an old fool who will sacrifice his honor to see his daughter a duchess; but I will tell you, sir—"

YOU CAN REDUCE

Plump women still have many admirers, but if you insist on regaining or retaining your girlish figure, send for a copy of our Twenty-one Day Diet. Address the Beauty Editor of this magazine, and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Fighting Fool

"That you hope to see her a marchioness," I put in calmly. "You see, M. de St. Auban, I have learned something since I came to Blois."

He grew livid with passion.

"You shall learn more before you quit it, meddler!"

"M. le Marquis," I said, with a calm that was entirely assumed, "at Choisy you sought my friendship with high-sounding talk of principles that set you against the proposed alliance between the houses of Mancini and Canaples. Since then I have learned that your motives were purely personal. So that it seems you lied to me."

"Monsieur!"

"I have not yet done. You have refused to cross swords with me on the pretext that you do not fight men of my stamp. You are little better than I am, Marquis; indeed, you do many things that I would not do. For instance, while refusing to cross blades with me, who am a soldier, and a man of the sword, you seek to pick a fight with a beardless boy who hardly knows the use of a rapier, and who, wittingly at least, has done you no wrong. No, my master, there are several unsavory names you might in justice call me; but you can call me neither a liar nor a coward as I am calling you."

The rage within him distorted his countenance.

"Now," I added, setting my arms akimbo, and laughing brutally in his face, "will you fight?"

For a moment he wavered, and I thought that I had surely drawn him. Then, "No," he cried passionately, "I will not do dishonor to my sword." And, turning, he made for the door, leaving me baffled.

"Go, sir," I called after him, "but fame shall stalk fast behind you. Liar and craven will I dub you throughout the whole of France."

He stopped under the lintel, and faced me again.

"Fool!" he sneered. "You'll need despatch to spread my fame so far. By this time tomorrow you'll be arrested. In three days you'll be in the Bastille, and there shall you lie until you rot."

"Loud threats!" I laughed, hoping by the taunt to learn more.

"Loud, maybe, but not empty. The Cardinal is informed of your association with his nephew in defiance of his orders. An officer of the Cardinal's Guards is on his way to Blois. He bears a warrant for your arrest and delivery to the governor of the Bastille. Thereafter none may say what will betide." And with a laugh he left me, banging the door as he passed out.

For a moment I stood stricken by his parting words. He had sought to wound me, and in this he had succeeded. But at what cost to himself? In his blind rage, the fool had shown me that which he should

(Please turn to page 100)

do 1932 Débutantes choose TINTED nails or NATURAL?



Gowns from Mary Walls, New York

Every popular deb has at least two shades, and varies them with her gown . . . says world's authority on manicure

THE POPULAR GIRL OF 1932 is way past losing sleep over whether to wear her nails bright or pale.

The deep question that every smart young thing today (and every smart old thing, too, for that matter!) is pondering . . . is which of four shades of nail polish is best to wear with which dress.

Will she lure more men from the stag-line if she wears the white satin dress with Coral nails, or with Rose nails? Or the red crêpe de chine with delicate Natural finger tips?

If you're not bright enough to work out your own finger tip color scheme yourself, you can look it up in the chart on the right.

But, whatever you do, don't be seen with the same color nails 7 nights in a row!

In other words, one nail polish is no longer enough. To be smart in any kind of youthful way, you've got to have at least two shades . . . a lighter one and a deeper one.

And, with color making your nails so much more important, you've also got to make a definite point of using a really

All Colors!

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

flawless polish. These are the known facts . . . that Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with grand lustre and dries in no time at all. Lasts for days, and positively does not crack, peel or turn white, streak or fade!

Go pick your favorite shades today!

FOLLOW THIS EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

THE VERY MOMENT
THAT HE MET HER

He Fell for Her Eyes!

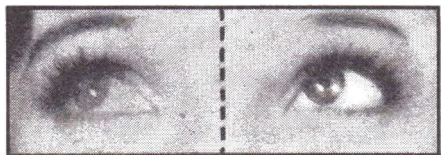


*Your eyes, too, may capture
love at first sight if kept
clear and sparkling this way*

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first . . . her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use *Murine* freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle *today!* For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine Co.*, Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! Drop *Murine* in one eye only . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Fighting Fool

(Continued from page 99)

carefully have concealed. What to him was but a stinging threat was to me a timely warning. I saw the necessity for immediate action. Two things must I do—kill St. Auban and fly the Cardinal's warrant as best I could. I cast about me for means to carry out the first of these intentions. My eye fell upon my riding-whip lying on a chair close to my hand, and the sight of it gave me what I sought. Seizing it, I bounded out of the room and down the stairs three steps at a time.

My whip in the air, I sprang after him; and he, hearing the rush of my onslaught, turned, then uttered a cry of pain, as I brought the lash about his shoulders.

"Now, master coward," I shouted, "will that change your mind?"

With an almost inarticulate cry he sought to draw there and then; but those about flung themselves upon us, and held us apart.

"So be it!" he cried, his eyes blazing with hate unspeakable. "At eight tomorrow morning I shall await you on the green behind the castle of Blois."

"At eight o'clock I shall be there," I answered. "And now, gentlemen, if you will unhand me, I will return to my room."

CHAPTER IX

BACK in my room, booted and ready to descend, there came a gentle tap at my door, and in answer to my "Enter!" there stood before me a very dainty and foppish figure.

"M. de Vilmorin!" I murmured in astonishment as he came forward, having closed the door. "You here?"

In answer he bowed and greeted me with cold ceremoniousness.

"It is concerning your affair with M. le Marquis St. Auban that I am come." And drawing forth a dainty kerchief, which filled the room with the scent of ambergris, he tapped his lips with it affectedly.

"Then, monsieur, be brief."

"It is this, monsieur. In the heat of the moment M. le Marquis gave you, in the hearing of half a score of people, an assignation for tomorrow morning. News of the affair will spread rapidly through Blois, and it is likely there will be no lack of spectators on the green to witness the encounter. Therefore, as my friend thinks this will be as unpalatable to you as to him, he has sent me to suggest a fresh meeting-place."

"Phoo, sir!" I answered lightly, "I care not for myself who comes; I am accustomed to a crowd. Still, if M. de St. Auban finds it discomposing, let us arrange otherwise."

"There is yet another point, M. de St. Auban spoke to you, I believe, of an officer who is coming hither, charged with your arrest. It is probable that he may reach Blois before morning, so that the marquis thinks

that to make certain you might consent to meet him tonight."

"Ma foi, St. Auban is indeed in earnest! Convey to him my expressions of admiration at this suddenly awakened courage. Be good enough, Vicomte, to name the meeting place."

"Do you know the chapel of St. Sulpice des Reaux?"

"I can find the place."

"Will you meet us there at nine o'clock tonight?"

I looked askance at him.

"But why cross the river? This side affords many likely spots."

"Very true, monsieur. But the marquis has business at Chambord this evening, after which there will be no reason—indeed, it will inconvenience him exceedingly—to return to Blois."

"What!" I cried, more and more astonished. "St. Auban is leaving Blois?"

"This evening, sir."

"But why make an assignation in such a place, and at night, when at any hour of the day I can meet the marquis on this side without suffering the inconvenience of crossing the river?"

"Do you fear anything?"

"Vicomte, you go too far!" I cried, my pride gaining the mastery. "Since it is asked of me, I will go."

"M. le Marquis will be grateful to you."

"A fig for his gratitude," I answered, whereupon the Vicomte shrugged his narrow shoulders, and, his errand done, took his leave of me.

On my way to the house of Canaples my attention caught sight of a horseman stationed among the trees that bordered the road. I slackened speed and rode on, watching him sharply. As I came up, he walked his horse forward to meet me, and almost at once I recognized the little sparrow-hawk Malpertuis, with whom I had exchanged pettness at Choisy.

He hailed me as I advanced, and rode forward to meet me.

"You are come at last, M. de Luynes," was his greeting; "I have waited for you this hour past."

"How did you know that I should ride this way?"

"I learned that you would visit Canaples before noon. Be good enough to quit the road and pass under those trees with me. I have something to say to you, that it were not well that we should be seen together."

"For the sake of your character or mine?"

"St. Auban might hear of it."

"Ah! And therefore?"

"You shall learn." We were now under the trees which, although leafless, yet screened us partly from the road. He drew rein, and I followed his example.

"M. de Luynes," he began, "I am or was a member of a group formed to oppose Mazarin's aims in the mat-



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Fighting Fool

ter of the marriage of Mademoiselle de Canaples to his nephew. I joined hands with St. Auban, lured by his protestations that it is not meet that such an heiress as Marie de Canaples should be forced into marriage with a foreigner of no birth and less distinction while France holds so many noble suitors to her hand. Now, I have discovered that St. Auban lied to me; another motive brings him into the affair. He seeks himself, by any means that may present themselves, to marry Marie—and her estates, while the girl, I am told, loathes him beyond expression. Vil-morin, again, is actuated by no less a purpose. And so, what do you think these two knaves—this master knave and his dupe—have determined? To carry off mademoiselle by force."

"Par la mort Dieu!" I burst out. "When do these gentlemen propose to carry out their plan? Have they determined that?"

"They have. They propose to execute it today. Mademoiselle de Canaples has received a letter asking her to meet the anonymous writer in the coppice by the river, at the Angelus, this evening, if she would learn news of great importance to her, touching a conspiracy against her father."

"Paugh!" I sneered. "That surely is too poor a bait."

"Yet I believe it adequate. She is a woman of spirit, and the letter is craftily couched. Unless she be dissuaded it is odds that she will comply with the invitation. A closed carriage is to be awaiting at this very spot. Into this St. Auban, Vil-morin, and other braves will thrust the girl, then away through Blois, and beyond it for a mile or so, in the direction of Meung, thereby misleading any chance pursuers. There they will quit the coach, and take a boat that is to be waiting for them. This will bear them back with the stream to Chambord. St. Auban depends confidently upon the legend to make himself the husband of the lady and her fortune."

A great light dawned on me as I thought of the assignation of St. Sulpice des Reaux; the reason for it, as well as for St. Auban's resolution so suddenly to quit Blois grew clear.

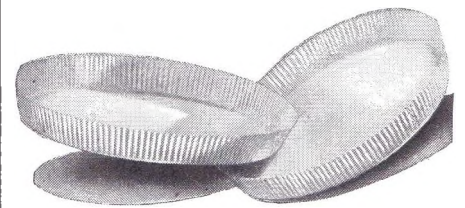
"I told St. Auban that I would have no part in this outrage," Maltreuis continued. "But that is not enough; I owe it to myself to attempt to frustrate it. You, M. de Luynes, appear to be the most likely person to encompass this, in the interests of your friend, Mancini; I leave the matter, therefore, in your hands. Good day."

And with this abrupt leave-taking the little fellow doffed his hat to me, and wheeling his horse, was gone before a word of mine could have stayed him.

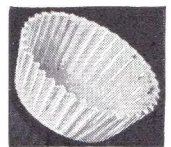
(Please turn to page 102)



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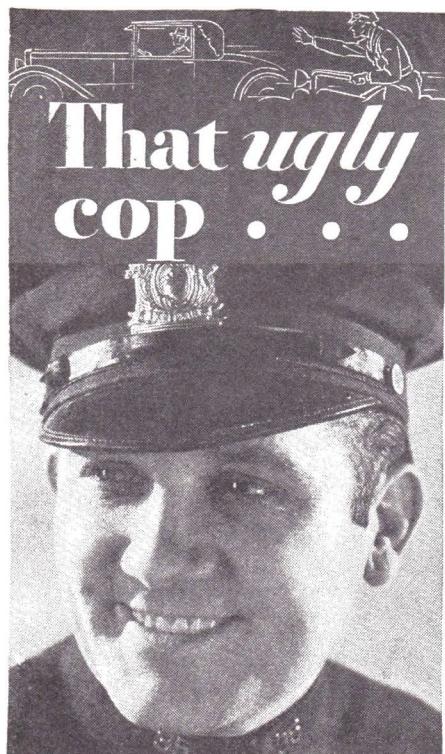
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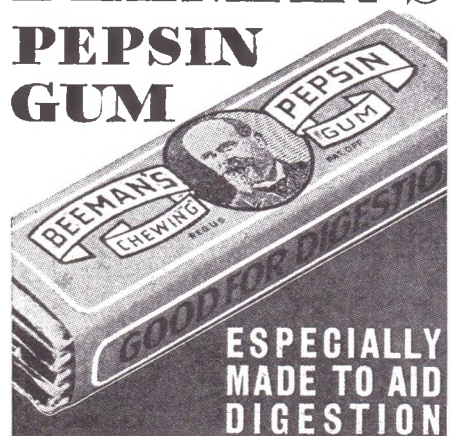


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Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM**



Fighting Fool

(Continued from page 101)

CHAPTER X

"M. DE LUYNES is a wizard," quoth Andrea, laughing in answer to something that had been said.

It was afternoon and the bright sunshine had lured us out upon the terrace.

"If M. de Luynes be as great a wizard in other things as with the sword, then, *ma foi*, he is a fearful magician," said Canaples.

I bowed, yet not so low as to miss the sneer on Marie's face.

"So pretty lady," said I to myself, "we shall see if presently your lip will curl when I show you something of my wizard's art."

And presently my chance came. M. de Canaples found reason to leave us, and no sooner was he gone than Andrea and Genevieve went into that rose garden, which I thought might well prove symbolical of their fool's paradise, and Marie and I were left alone. Of course, she, too, immediately arose to depart. But I detained her. "Mademoiselle," I ventured, "will you honor me by remaining for a moment? There is something that I wish to say to you."

"What can you have to say to me, M. de Luynes?"

I shrugged rudely. "Your courtesy dumbfounds me, mademoiselle."

"No less than does your insolence, dumbfound me," she retorted, with crimson cheeks. "You seem to forget, sir, that I, at least, am under no delusions concerning you; I know you for what you are—a gamester, a libertine, a duelist, and the intended murderer of my brother!"

Her words cut me like a whip, and, more than her words, her tone of loathing and contempt. For half that speech I should have killed a man.

"Stay but a moment, mademoiselle," I cried, with a sudden note of command. "Or, if you will go, go then, but take with you my assurance that before nightfall you will weep bitterly for it."

My words arrested her. The mystery of them awakened her curiosity.

"You received a letter this morning in a handwriting unknown, and bearing no signature."

She wheeled around and faced me again with a little gasp.

"You know the purport of the letter!"

"As you perceive, mademoiselle, and I know more. I know that this hinted conspiracy against your father is a trumped-up lie to lure you to the coppice."

"And for what purpose, pray?"

"For an evil one. Be sure of that. Shall I tell you who penned that note, and who awaits you? The Marquis Cesar de St. Auban!"

I saw her shudder at the mention of the name. Then she looked me straight between the eyes. "How

come you to know these things?"

"I may not tell you."

"You may not tell me? You need not. I can guess it." And she tossed her shapely head with a bitter little laugh. "Seek some likelier story, monsieur. Had you not spoken of it, it is likely I should have left the letter unheeded. But your disinterested warning has decided me. Shall I tell you what I have guessed? That this conspiracy against my father, the details of which you would not have me learn, is some evil of your own devising. Ah! You change color," she cried. And, with a laugh of disdain, she left me before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to bid her stay.

Nothing remained but to lay the matter before the Chevalier de Canaples. Accordingly, I went within, and inquired of Guilbert, where I might find the chevalier. He answered me that M. de Canaples had gone with M. Louis, the supervisor of the estates, to visit the vineyards at Montroix.

I called for my horse, and set out at a brisk trot for Montroix. But my ride was fruitless; the vineyard peasants had not seen the chevalier for over a week.

Back I tore at a mad pace to the chateau. Like one possessed, I flew across the intervening room and out onto the terrace. Genevieve and Andrea were walking there, deep in conversation, their heads unnecessarily close together. At another time I might have cursed their lack of prudence. At the moment I scarcely remarked it.

"Where is Mademoiselle de Canaples?" I burst out.

"She was here a while ago," said Andrea, "but she left us to stroll along the river bank."

Cursing as I ran—for it is my way to curse where worthier folk would pray—I sped back to the quadrangle and my horse.

"Follow me!" I commanded the groom. "You and as many of your fellows as you can find. Follow me at once—at once, mark you—to the coppice by the river." And without waiting for his answer, I sent my horse thundering down the avenue. The sun was gone, leaving naught but a roseate streak to tell of its passage, and at that moment a distant bell tinkled forth the Angelus.

At last I reached the belt of trees, and my fears grew into certainty. The place was deserted. When I had penetrated to the little open space within that cluster of naked trees, I had overwhelming proof that the worst had happened. Not only on the moist ground was stamped the impress of struggling feet, but on a branch I found a strip of torn green velvet, and remembering the dress she had worn that day, I understood the full significance of that rag, and understanding it I groaned aloud.



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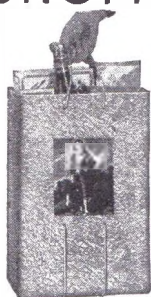
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Fighting Fool

CHAPTER XI

SOME precious moments I wasted standing with that green fragment betwixt my fingers, sick and numb in body and in mind. She was gone—carried off by a man I had reason to believe she hated, and whom God knows she was likely to have cause to hate more deeply hereafter.

The ugly thought swelled until it blotted out all others, and in its train came a fury that drove me to do by instinct that which earlier I should have done by reason. I climbed back into the saddle, and away across the meadow I went, my horse's head turned in the direction of Blois. That road at last was gained, and on I thundered at a stretched gallop, praying that my hard-used beast might last until the town was reached.

Now, as I have already said, fear for myself I have never known, for at no time had life so pampered me that the thought of parting company with it concerned me greatly. Fear for another I had not known till that hour, if we except perhaps the uneasiness that at times I had felt touching Andrea, because never yet had I sufficiently cared—

(And then, ah Dieu! As I turned the thought over I understood, and understanding, I pursued the sentence where I had left off)—but caring at last, I was sick with fear of what might befall the one I cared for. There lay the reason for this frenzied excitement.

In the courtyard of the "Lys de France" I drew rein at last, with a pull that brought my shuddering brute onto his haunches, and sent those who stood about flying into the shelter of the doorways.

"Another horse!" I shouted, as I sprang to the ground. "Another horse at once!"

Then, as I turned to inquire for Michelot, I beheld him advancing towards me, from the gateway, where he had been leaning.

"How long have you been there, Michelot?" I asked.

"Perhaps half an hour."

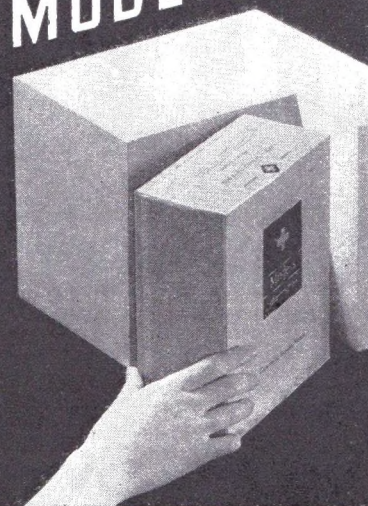
"Have you seen a closed carriage pass by?"

"I saw one ten minutes ago furiously driven. It was followed by M. de St. Auban and another gentleman who looked like M. de Vilmorin, besides an escort of four of the most villainous knaves—"

I interrupted him there. I had heard enough. "Quick, Michelot! Arm yourself, and get to horse! I have need of you. Come, knave, be-stir!"

He obeyed so promptly that within a very few minutes we were riding out at a sharp trot. As we went I briefly told him what was afoot, interlarding my explanations with prayers that we might come upon the kidnapers before they crossed
(Please turn to page 104)

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Fighting Fool

(Continued from page 103)



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the river and gotten away from us.

Then, breathlessly scanning the field between the road and the river, I espied five persons halfway across it. Two men, whom I supposed to be St. Auban and Vilmorin, were forcing along a woman, whose struggles, feeble though they appeared to be, yet served to retard their progress. Behind them walked two others, musket on shoulder. A dozen or so yards away was a coach at a standstill, and beside it half a dozen horses, of which four were riderless and held by two men who were still mounted.

I pointed them out to Michelot with a soft cry of joy.

Following with my eyes the course they appeared to be pursuing, I saw, by the bank, a boat in which two men were waiting. Again I pointed—this time to the boat.

But now, in answer to the call of their master who now perceived us, the two ruffians who had been doing duty as grooms came pounding into the field.

"Ride to meet them, Michelot," I cried. Without a moment's hesitation the faithful fellow wheeled to the left, and I caught the swish of his sword as it left the scabbard.

St. Auban was hurrying towards the river with his party. Already they were but fifty yards from the boat, and a hundred still lay between him and me. Furiously I pressed onward.

The two braves faced around to meet me, and one, standing some ten paces in advance of the others, leveled his musket and fired. But, in his haste, he aimed too high; the bullet carried away my hat, and before the smoke had cleared I was upon him. I had drawn a pistol from my holster, but it was not needed; my horse passed over him before he could avoid my fearful charge.

In the fast-fading light a second musket-barrel shone, and I saw the second ruffian taking aim at me, with not a dozen yards betwixt us. With the old soldier's instinct, I wrenched at the reins till I brought my horse onto his haunches. I was only just in time. Simultaneously with my action the fellow blazed at me, and the scream of pain that broke from my steed told me that the poor brute had taken the bullet. I disengaged my feet from the stirrups as he fell, but the shock of it sent me rolling on the ground, and the ruffian, seeing me fallen, sprang forward, swinging his musket above his head. I dodged the murderous downward stroke, and as the stock buried itself close beside me, in the soft earth, I rose on one knee, raised my pistol, and shot him through the head.

The next instant I was up, with sword out, and leaping after St. Auban, who, with Vilmorin and

Marie—careless of what might befall his followers—was already within a dozen paces of the boat.

But that craven Vilmorin did me a good service then, for with an outcry of fear at my approach, he abandoned his hold of Marie. In blind panic the fool ran to the boat, jumped in and ordered the men in his shrill, quavering voice to put off. Although they contemptuously disobeyed him and waited for the marquis, still they dared not leave the boat, lest in their absence the coward should put off alone.

As for St. Auban, Vilmorin's flight left him unequal to the task of dragging Marie along. She dug her heels into the ground, and tug as he might, for all that he set both hands to work, he could not move her. In this plight I came upon him, and he was constrained to release the girl so as to stand and face me.

Finding herself thus freed, made-moiselle came panting and staggering towards me for protection, and as she sank against my side, her struggles having left her weak, indeed, for me it was a moment of triumph.

St. Auban was bearing down upon me sword in hand. The glittering point of my rapier danced before his eyes, and drove him back again.

"To me, Vilmorin, you cowardly rat!" he shouted. "To me, you dogs!"

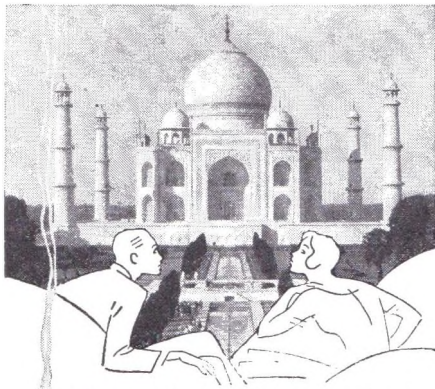
But that fight was not destined to be fought, for, as we definitely engaged, there came the fall of running feet behind me. It flashed across my mind that Michelot had been worsted, and that my back was about to be assailed. But in St. Auban's face I saw, as in a mirror, that it was no man of his who came.

"Par la mort Dieu!" snarled the marquis, springing back beyond my reach. "What can a man do with naught but fools and poltroons to serve him?" He swore fiercely. Then: "We will continue this argument," he said, "at St. Sulpice des Reaux tonight. Till we meet again, M. de Luynes."

Turning, he ran for the boat, bounded into it and there I heard him reviling Vilmorin with every foul name he could call to mind.

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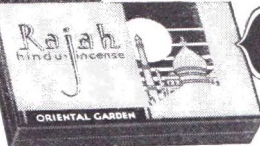


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Kisses in the Dark

(Continued from page 47)

"You don't mean to tell me," she bubbled, "that you didn't know who it was?"

"Oh, go away," said Pat, snapping off the light, "I want to think."

"Go on and think," muttered Phyllis like a receding thunderstorm. "Think your fool head off—only remember in the future to leave my men alone. If I catch you again down there by the swimming pool or if you say one single word to mother or father about this—"

So that man down by the swimming pool was Alan Tremaine! Pat stared into the friendly darkness while little excited trills ran up and down her spine. No wonder he knew how to kiss!

For Alan Tremaine was a byword. He stood, primarily, for family and millions—which was fine. But he also stood for two Reno divorces and one of the Paris persuasion besides a breach-of-promise suit—(Joy Joyce of Follies fame) back in his college days.

But oh, reflected Pat wistfully, how he could kiss. Phyllis—little cold-blooded proposition that she was—didn't deserve a lover like that. Then why let her have him? Hadn't that one evening down by the pool proved practically conclusively that she, Pat, was more suited to him than Phyllis? It had. And besides Phyllis, without much doubt, had her calculating eye on the Tremaine millions. Wasn't it Pat's duty to save a nice man like Alan from the clutches of a gold digger however beautiful? It was, clearly.

And besides there was Snag Judson. Snag was still laboring probably under the delusion that Phyllis was going to marry him. Of course it could be said—and it would be—that Pat had done her sister out of a tidy fortune by maneuvering Alan away from her. Always providing she could maneuver him. For, while Snag had money, it—like the money of the Greggs themselves—was not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Tremaine millions.

Yet Pat, examining her emotions with an analytical eye, was able to admit with perfect truth that the Tremaine millions—while convenient—were not influencing her in the

(Please turn to page 106)

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Kisses in the Dark

(Continued from page 105)

slightest. No, there was something more between her and Alan Tremaine than the lure of millions. Pat couldn't quite put her finger on it but it was greater than money—and deeper, even, than those kisses.

PAT went to sleep thinking and she woke up the next morning thinking. In fact she was still absorbed in mental gymnastics when she met Snag Judson in the lower hall. Snag was a nice youth who never exerted himself much intellectually and was, therefore, a delightful companion for warm weather.

But Pat noticed as she said hello that across Snag's forehead a scowl had grown—which betrayed the fact that he was going in for thought.

"Where's Phyllis?" he asked, twirling a racquet hopefully. "She said she'd come down to the courts—I'm playing in a tournament this afternoon."

"I don't know where she is—I think she went somewhere for luncheon—"

To Pat's surprise Snag's friendly countenance grew slowly scarlet. He opened his mouth twice to speak but no words came. Then suddenly he grabbed her arm and dragged her through the door toward a rustic summer house in the garden.

"We can talk here," he blurted after he had deposited her not too gently on the bench. "And if I don't talk to somebody, I'll explode. It's that dratted Alan Tremaine! She's lunching with him. I'll bet a cookie she is! And I won't have it! As her future husband I've got a few things to say—and I'm going to say them. Maybe I'm not modern—maybe I'm an old mid-Victorian fossil—" Pat got an idea that he was quoting. "But I won't have it!"

"Won't have what?" Pat slipped in an innocent word.

"Won't have Phyllis playing around with that Tremaine—" here Pat was somewhat surprised to hear Snag use a word she had always thought limited to truck drivers and elderly golfers.

"How do you know she's playing around with him?" she asked calmly—but a beautiful plan was slowly, like a phoenix, rising from her mind.

"Know it? Everybody knows it. All you've got to do is watch them look at each other. He looks like a sick pup and she looks like a cat that's just been given a bowl of cream. I tell you I won't stand it!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Pat practically. "Do you want to give Phyllis up to him?" She waited for his answer breathlessly. On it hung her entire future.

"Give her up! Do I look like the kind of man who'd give up the girl he loved to a—" Once again Snag soiled his lips with that truck-driver term.

"Well then," Pat smiled seraphically, "as long as you don't want to let Alan have her—I'll help you."

"You'll—" Snag stared at her.

"I'll be your little guardian angel," agreed Pat. "I'll fix things so that Alan will never bother you again—at least for a long time. And all you have to do is manage somehow to keep Phyllis away from home till—oh, eleven o'clock would be all right. But midnight would be better. Take her out driving and pile up the car—take her out sailing and drown her—I don't care. Only keep her away till midnight—and Alan will be out of her life forever."

"Pat! Do you honestly mean—?"

"Only if you ever open your mouth I'll kill you," said Pat. And she walked away through the garden with a light heart. . . .

Pat was a slim ghostly flutter of chiffon as she ran over the lawn toward the swimming pool. He was there—a tall, broad shadow, waiting.

"Darling!" He took her in his arms. Pat quivered and sank without a sound into the bottomless pool of her emotions.

"Sweet—sweet—sweet—" It was minutes—or maybe hours—later. Alan was holding her in his arms like a baby, murmuring wonderful things into her hair and the soft, fragrant hollows of her throat. Pat was speechlessly happy. As happy as she ever expected to be this side of Heaven. And maybe the other side.

"When are you going to marry me, darling? I can't wait—I can't—And there's no reason to when we love each other so."

This was the moment Pat had been waiting for. The moment she had banked on when she had promised to remove Alan forever from the life of her elder sister Phyllis. So she raised her face in the warm summer darkness and she wrapped her slim young arms around Alan's bending head and she told him, among other things, that she'd marry him any time he wanted her to.

"Angel!" He was transported with bliss. "You mean it? You mean you'll marry me now—this minute? We can drive to—Greenwich or some place—Canada—the moon—I don't care where. But you'll marry me?"

"Yes," said Pat. "I'll marry you."

"Darling! My brave darling," he gathered her closer in his arms and Pat nearly died of ecstasy. "But—" he held her off and in the darkness she could see his face, a dim white blur, lifted to hers. "Are you sure, sweetheart, you realize all you're doing? Do you realize that your family may—"

"Raise hell?" suggested Pat gently. "Yes, I know they will."

"And you don't care?"

"No," said Pat, "I don't care."



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AT MOST WOOLWORTH STORES
METAL TEXTILE CORP., Orange, N. J.

Kisses in the Dark

And in that moment she knew she didn't care. She knew that nothing mattered, nothing in the world but this dim figure beside her in the darkness. She caught her breath in a little suppressed chuckle. She had gone one better than falling in love at first sight. She'd fallen in love without any sight at all. For actually she had never seen Alan Tremaine face to face. She knew him by rotogravure pictures and reputation only. And she loved him and was going to marry him. And she wasn't going to end in the divorce court either!

But suddenly, as Alan was leading her across the lawn toward the lane where he had parked his car, she stopped with a little choked gasp. Oh, what a nut she'd been! This thing couldn't go through. How could she expect to drive on the open highway without Alan seeing her? How could she expect to go through the marriage ceremony without having him realize that she wasn't Phyllis? She was a fool.

"What's the matter?" Alan had stopped when she had and now he took her in his arms. "Darling, you're not changing your mind? You're not weakening?"

"No," said Pat. "No—but—you will! Oh, Alan—I'm—I've been such an awful little fool!" And to her supreme disgust she burst into a flood of tears.

"Darling—darling—" Alan fished out an enormous handkerchief and mopped her face. "What is the matter? Tell me, sweet—there's nothing on earth I can't fix for you—tell me—"

"Oh, it's—it's nothing—I mean it's everything—I mean—" Pat took the handkerchief and blew her nose sharply. "I—I thought everything would be all right if—if we got married—"

"And so it will," Alan assured her ardently. "Come on, darling—"

"But it won't," blubbered Pat. "It—it can't be—because I'm not Phyllis! I'm—I'm just Pat!"

For a minute that seemed to Pat like all eternity the warm darkness echoed their complete silence. Then Alan laughed.

"So *that's* who you are! I've kissed every girl within a radius of ten miles trying to find you."

"You—you mean—" Even in the darkness he could see Pat's eyes shining like stars.

"I mean all of that—and then some. I'd gotten so darn sick of kissing girls trying to find you—and when I kissed you tonight and discovered you'd come back to me again—I'd—I'd have hit you over the head rather than lose you."

"Alan—Alan—" Pat took a deep breath. "You don't even know what I look like. I—I have freckles and everything—"

"You're darn right you have everything," said Alan. "Come on or we'll never get married."

DIP IN



DIP OUT

and away goes

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Can crystal-clear, pure water destroy the youthfulness of your skin? Most assuredly—and especially in winter . . . Water removes the skin's natural moisture; washes away the softening, protective oils. The dried skin quickly roughens . . . becomes red and chapped in winter . . . Now in just two minutes, at a cost far less than half a cent a day, women can preserve the youthful texture of their skin . . . Italian balm banishes dry, chapped, red and rough skin forever from women's worries. Quick-acting, quick-drying. An internationally famous skin specialist invented it. It contains 16 scientifically selected ingredients. Take home today a long-lasting 10c, 35c, 60c or \$1 bottle. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Campana Corporation, Batavia, Illinois.

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Permanently Destroys Hair

The Romance of the Flying Sphinx

(Continued from page 57)

for better or for worse, for life—or for death—he knew that the rest of his given span would be spent in following the ever-elusive horizon of the skies!

The next few years he spent in intense concentration on aviation and its various scientific aspects. Thus, it was not long before he became one of Norway's finest flyers—and one of its most famous ones.

And such had been his absorption in his work that he found no time to play. Other men might spend their youth in the gay palaces of pleasure—they might while away their hours in the society of women fair and glamorous. There were no women in Bernt Balchen's life.

Perhaps it was only because he was too busy. Perhaps it was because he was of that race whose members have been known through all the ages as "one-woman" men. Perhaps it was simply because deep in his soul was the all-encompassing need for one woman and one love—no lesser affection would do.

Beneath his deep silences, beneath his casual taciturnity, was a crying heart-hunger for a slim, grave girl with calm yet laughing eyes... somewhere in the world, Bernt was sure that such a girl was waiting for him!

THAT girl was Emily Sorlie. Sitting in a modest home in Brooklyn, she would read the numerous accounts of Balchen's frequent accomplishments and her heart would beat a little faster, her eyes would glow more warmly.

Little did she dream that she would ever meet him—but she was proud—oh, so proud—of her fellow-countryman...

For Emmy Sorlie was born in Norway, too, in Oslo, which is in the southern section of that land.

Ever since she could remember, Emmy had wanted to come to America. During her childhood, which was just like that of other children in every country in the world, Emmy dreamed of faraway America, a land of magic and of opportunity!

When she was only twelve years old, she began to study English, to prepare herself for a migration she had determined some day to make. Her parents did not oppose her. If she wanted to carve for herself a career in a strange land, she should be allowed to do so!

Therefore, one day in 1925, Emmy Sorlie arrived in this country to live with her aunt in Brooklyn. In a short time she obtained a position as a nurse in a dental office, which she held until her marriage to Balchen.

"I liked America from the very first," she explained. "There is such an atmosphere of freedom here—one knows that anything may be accomplished—nothing is impossible!"

During that year of 1925, when

Emmy Sorlie came to America on the trip which was to lead her to love and romance, Bernt Balchen was still in Norway. But those events were beginning to happen which were destined to bring him to this country—and Emmy.

In 1926, Commander Richard E. Byrd went to Norway to complete plans for his flight to the North Pole. He wanted to confer with Amundsen, the world-famous explorer, who knew more than any living man about the vast icy wastes of the Arctic regions.

When he had talked to Byrd for a few moments, Amundsen told him, "There's a man here you must take with you. That's Bernt Balchen!"

The rest is written in the pages of history.

Byrd sent for Balchen and it required only a few moments' talk to convince both men that they could work together successfully. Bernt agreed to go with Byrd. And, upon the conclusion of that flight over the Pole, Commander Byrd made arrangements for a leave of absence from the Royal Air Force for Bernt Balchen and brought him to America.

For Commander Byrd was even then planning a flight across the Atlantic Ocean—and he wanted Balchen to go with him. As it turned out, that was one of the wisest decisions Byrd was ever to make.

In 1927, when Byrd's giant tri-motored airplane, "America" was landed at Ver sur Mer, after its successful crossing of the Atlantic, it was Balchen who sat so steadily at the controls—Balchen whose unflinching strength and nerve had piloted the craft on its hazardous journey—Balchen who had brought the little crew to its "happy landing" on a flight that had made history!

And then one night, Emmy went to stay with some friends from Norway who also lived in Brooklyn. They had told her that they would be out during the evening, and if she arrived before they returned, their maid would let her in and she might retire without waiting up for them.

Thus it was that Emmy entered a lonely house—she sipped the glass of cold milk that the maid brought her, she nibbled at some little Norwegian cakes and then, after reading the latest accounts of the doings of Byrd and Balchen, she went to bed.

Scarcely had she gone to sleep when her hostess returned and dashing into her room excitedly, shook Emmy by the shoulder. "Hurry up, get dressed!" she could hardly speak coherently, she was so thrilled at the honor that was hers. "Guess whom we brought home with us!" she went on. "Bernt Balchen!"

Emmy could hardly believe her ears. It seemed impossible that such

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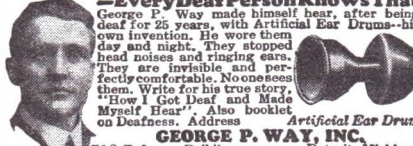
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The Romance of the Flying Sphinx

a great man—the pride of Norway—the bravest hero of them all—was here in this little house.

No wonder that Emmy Sorlie's hands trembled as she rose and dressed to meet the idol that had so long been enshrined in her heart. No wonder that she worried over the fact that she had with her only a simple little business frock.

But she need not have worried. Her very simplicity, her lack of affectation, her natural diffidence, were the qualities that Bernt Balchen had been seeking. They were the attributes which had been so sadly lacking in the thousands of girls who had thrown themselves in the path of the famous flyers.

They did not say much to each other that night—nor in the days that were to follow. They were not given to words.

But they found a steady warmth in being together—they understood those unspoken things which mean so much to quiet, idealistic souls. For two glorious, halcyon weeks, they were together whenever time would permit. And then, Bernt Balchen went to Norway.

For two months Emmy Sorlie had no word from him. Two months of suspense, of wonderment—of cold and clammy fear. . . . What if she had misread the message which showed so plainly in his eyes? What if those secret, inner things which had meant so much to her, had no echo in his heart? What if she had been building a house of cards which was even now crumbling to the dust?

But when Balchen returned to America, the first thing that he did was to telephone Emmy Sorlie. To him, the two months of silence had no significance. Surely, he had told her in the only language that he knew, that he loved her and would come back to her. Surely, she had no need for fear. . . .

A few months later, in March, Emmy Sorlie went to Chicago to visit a brother who lived there. But before she left, during those last moments of her tearful good-bye to Bernt, the silent, world-renowned aviator found his voice. . . . He asked her to marry him when he returned from his forthcoming trip to the Antarctic.

When the glorious words had come to his lips, Emmy Sorlie had not dissembled. She was above such petty subterfuge as pleading indecision. Bernt Balchen was the one man in all the world who was meant for her—she had known it from the first—and she was too brave to conceal it. So, as the train pulled out, Emmy had, locked safe in her heart, the knowledge that in the not-too-distant future she would become the wife of Bernt Balchen!

(Please turn to page 110)

OH, MAMMA, I'M SO SORRY I SPILLED THAT BERRY JUICE—AUNTIE JEAN SAYS YOU'LL NEVER GET IT OUT—

YES I WILL, DEAR—I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT WILL DO IT IN A JIFFY—

BUT MAMMA, THAT'S WHAT YOU USE TO TAKE THE COLOR OUT OF MY OLD DRESSES, ISN'T IT?—

YES, IT'S WHITE RIT—IT TAKES ALL COLORS OUT OF FABRICS PERFECTLY AS WELL AS SPOTS AND STAINS FROM WHITE GOODS—

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Just name your shade (see list below) and send 50c to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Dept. 33.

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The Romance of the Flying Sphinx

(Continued from page 109)

Then began another of those periods of silence.

From March until the following September, Bernt Balchen was in the United States except for that memorable trip which he took with the late Floyd Bennett to Greenley Island to rescue the German flyers. Yet Emmy Sorlie, in Chicago, received no message from him.

Another woman—a smaller woman—would have rebelled at such treatment. But Emmy understood Bernt Balchen and believed in him. She was determined to give the man she loved the sort of love he wanted in return. . . .

The following September, Bernt set out with the Byrd party for their two-year expedition to the Antarctic. No word of farewell came to Emmy in Chicago. No word came of their progress as they made their way to the South Pole. In all the two years he was gone, Bernt Balchen sent his fiancée not one single word or message.

"And you didn't mind?" I could not help asking her.

"At first," she admitted, "but I had to get used to it. He never writes or sends messages. It wouldn't be like him."

And such was the soul of the girl, that never for a moment did her love and trust waver. She believed in Bernt—and she knew he believed in her. That was the spirit of which their love was made.

No one of Balchen's companions during their two years of isolation knew that over in Brooklyn lived the slender, fair-haired girl who was to become his wife. And Emmy Sorlie did not take part in the triumphant parade up Fifth Avenue.

Instead, on the day Bernt Balchen returned to a hero's applause, Emmy went to work just as on other days.

It was not until several days later, when the first flush of excitement had died down, that she heard from him.

She was again staying with the friends at whose home she had met Bernt. He telephoned and quite as if he had seen her only the week before, asked her to go with him to the dinner the Norsemen's Lodge was giving in his honor that evening.

A few hours later he called for her and when he took her in his arms, Emmy Sorlie knew once and for all, that she had been right in letting Bernt love her in his own way. She knew that his love for her would always be greater because she understood him and loved him as he was. . . .

Bernt wanted Emmy to marry him at once. But this time it was Emmy who decided to wait. "I knew that I was going to marry him, but though he wanted me to make it right away, I thought we should wait awhile," she told me.

Emmy herself cannot explain why she demanded this. I don't think she understands it, herself.

But I think it was because, deep in her heart, she wanted those few months of real courtship—those little attentions, those telephone calls—the casual visits that mean so much to every woman.

At any rate, they waited from June until the following October when, without telling anyone except Mr. and Mrs. Peter Siccaldi, their witnesses, they slipped away from the Fokker Airport where Bernt worked—and still works—to Englewood, and were married.

Theirs has been a much interrupted honeymoon.

They have had very few evenings to themselves since their marriage. Bernt is such a busy man, what with testing planes during the day for the Fokker Aircraft Corporation, and making speeches at meetings and dinners at night. And neither of them likes this public life. Unlike Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Mrs. Balchen is not interested in learning to fly. And unlike Charles Lindbergh, Bernt Balchen is not interested in teaching his wife to pilot a plane.

I asked Bernt if he thought he would ever again go away on one or two-year expeditions. And I asked him, too, if he would send Emmy messages if he did.

"Well, I don't know about that," he answered me, though he smiled at his wife as he spoke. "If you have confidence in each other, you don't have to write or send messages."

When Bernt Balchen speaks, you cannot help but believe in him and his philosophy. One realizes his deep knowledge of the essence of loyalty and friendship. To him their values are quite apart from the inadequacy of words.

And as one talks to him, one understands Emmy Sorlie's acceptance of this silent man. One understands how he has imbued her with his own confidence that his thought and love of her have no need to be transmitted through the channels of letters and wireless. She knows that she is in his heart and that should content her.

Today—any day—you can go out to Hasbrouck Heights, and you will see a row of planes, their delicate pastel pink and yellow wings making them seem like giant dragon flies in the brown grasses of the Jersey meadows. Aloft, one is droning through the mist of the sky. Quite probably that means that Bernt Balchen is testing a plane.

And in an apartment on a hill, near enough to the airport to be within the sound of this droning, Emmy Balchen is busy taking care of her young son and waiting again—but this time only for the man she loves—her husband—to come home to dinner. . . .

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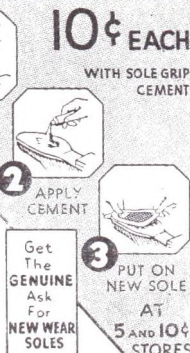
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FITS ALL SHOES. ...
MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Build Up Your Future Glory Now

(Continued from page 62)

instructions and my hair looked all right. I guess I'm lazy but I'll have to get to work now."

Her hair was dry and rather thin, although not a very bad case. A vigorous brushing for five minutes—followed by a scalp tonic massaged in with the fingertips was the first treatment I gave her. Then, once a week, olive oil rubbed in before the shampoo.

SHAMPOOING isn't necessary as frequently for dry hair as for oily hair from the standpoint of appearances, but frequent shampoos will increase the circulation and health of the hair and bring the natural oils up to par.

Two soapings are generally necessary or three—if you live in a large city and are up against the dirt and grime. Then when all the soap is removed rinse your hair in cold water if you are a hardy type and then in lemon juice or vinegar.

Of course the chief end and aim of all the time and trouble you spend on your hair is the finished effect.

Long or short, straight or waved, a woman's hair is the one beauty feature that can change her whole personality according to the way it's dressed.

The old time long-haired tresses seem to have gone forever and the boyish bob of a few years ago is no longer generally popular but only worn by those whose features accord with it. The favored length now seems to be just short of the shoulders—short enough to wear as a bob and long enough to put up when the occasion calls for it.

For many of these the hair is worn straight until the ends are reached. But the ends are always curled—even for the hair that is rather longer than the usual—and pinned to the head in little "sculpture curls."

ONE of the favorite coiffures of the women who come to the salon is a widely waved hair dress set a little on the slant, ears exposed, although not too noticeably, and ends done in ringlets or sculpture curls. The one-sided hair dress started by the Eugenie hats has hung on even though the hats have passed and curls are sometimes set only on one side.

But of course the effect of any coiffure is spoiled when the hair is dull and colorless, too oily or too dry, or is flecked with dandruff.

If you wish additional information on the care of the hair or any other beauty ill write to Annette, care of THE ILLUSTRATED LOVE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and she will be glad to help you. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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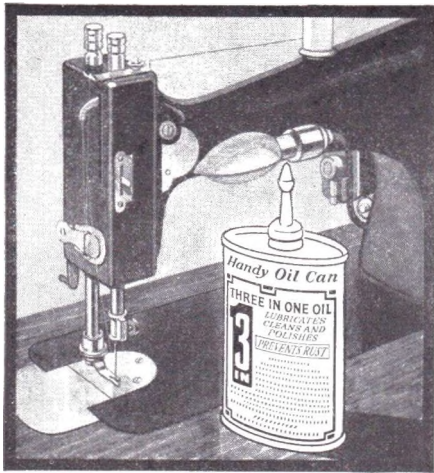
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Oriental Madness

(Continued from page 27)

clinging to him when she told him of her grief, filled him with an immense protective tenderness. He told himself that he would not rest content till he had extracted her promise to go to his mother in America, and thus put an end to what seemed an abominably unnatural situation.

Perhaps—who knew?—it might be upon another footing that he would present her to his mother. Dick realized he had never known what love was until he met Lois again. It seemed as if all the intervening years had been barren and wasted.

He was pouring out his coffee when a page-boy came up to him with a letter.

"Just been left, sir," the boy said. "Bearer said it was very important."

Dick tipped the boy and hurriedly tore open the envelope. It was from Lois. She was sorry, but it was impossible for her to see him that day.

"I should have liked to come out with you very much," the letter ran, "but I am afraid I shall not be able to do so. I have very many things to see to during the next few days, so that I shall have no spare time."

He read it over and over again, and scrutinized the signature: "Yours sincerely, Lois."

It seemed odd, after what had passed between them last night, that the letter should be couched in such a formal tone.

Only a short twenty-four hours ago and she had been only a dim memory; now he felt it impossible to live through the day without seeing her again. "I'll give her a surprise," he thought. "She can't possibly have so much to do that she cannot spare me a few minutes."

He went to a garage and hired a car for the remainder of his stay, and soon drew near the high wall enclosing Hwa Chang's estate. He slowed down, running along at a gentle speed until he reached the massive iron gates which gave access to the garden.

She was there against a background of azaleas and roses. Quickly he leaped from the car, went up to the gate, and whistled.

He whistled louder; then saw her look in his direction and run towards him.

She twisted the heavy handle of the gate, tugged it open, and then put both her hands in his, with gladness shining in her eyes.

"Dick! It's wonderful to see you again. What a lovely day! But you're early. I wasn't expecting you till eleven."

He masked his surprise, and slipped his arm through hers, hurrying her towards the car.

"I just couldn't wait so long," he said. "How delightful you look! Come on! Let's get off on our own somewhere. My dear, you've no

idea of the thousand and one things I've got to say to you."

"But I must tell Hwa Chang we've gone. He wasn't too pleased with life last night when we got home."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he was curiously grumpy, and sent me off to bed as if I were a naughty child. And there wasn't any work to do after all. At any rate, if there was, I didn't see it."

"We'll fight out our differences with Mr. Hwa Chang when we get back," he said softly. "Meanwhile, we can't afford to waste any of the precious minutes."

He clicked home a gear, and away they went along the winding road, throwing up a cloud of dust, and with the speedometer mounting steadily to fifty. Soon they had left the house far behind, and they came at last to the banks of a river with tempting little paths leading down to the water.

Here Dick pulled up the car. They alighted and walked along the river until they came to a shady place. There he drew her down on the grass by his side and took her hands.

"Lois," he said earnestly, "I want to talk to you."

"Talk on," she said gaily, "I want to listen."

"But you don't know what I'm going to say." His ardent gaze was full on hers.

"I—I can guess." Her face was flooded with lovely color.

"I love you," he said. "Does that sound too sudden for you? These things don't go by time, you know. I realized that last night when I met you again."

"And I love you, too," she said simply. "Oh, Dick, oughtn't I to say that? Ought I to pretend I don't? Am I being too easy a conquest for you? I'm not very subtle, I'm afraid."

He drew her to him.

"You blessed darling," he murmured. "You're all the more precious for being so frank. Did you know that you're the most wonderful creature in the world?"

"I'm not in the least," she said softly. "Still, it's nice to hear you say so."

"And you'll marry me?"

"Oh, Dick dearest, I will, if you'll have me."

"If I'll have you!" he repeated with tender scorn. "You've made me feel so happy that I don't know what to do with myself."

"But I haven't got a penny, you know. I hardly know how I shall be able to pay my fare to America."

"We'll manage that somehow. I'm not exactly rich, but I have some sort of income besides my pay. We needn't worry about money. All the same I'm surprised, if your father was successful out here, that he didn't leave enough to see you through a few months, at least."

Oriental Madness

"I was surprised, too," she agreed. "But Hwa Chang had the whole matter in hand, and he said there was nothing left after everything had been settled up."

"That made you more or less bound to fall in with your father's wish that you should go and live with the Chinaman after his death," said Dick meaningly.

"I suppose it did. But don't speak in that funny way of 'The Chinaman'. I'm sure he's been awfully good to me, and I could hardly hope for a better guardian."

"It was about Hwa Chang that I wanted to speak to you," said Dick soberly. And he took from his pocket the note he had received that morning.

"Read that," he said quietly.

As she read through quickly and the full force of its meaning dawned upon her, Dick felt her fingers close convulsively around his.

"But I never wrote that!" she gasped. "I can't make it out. Surely—"

She gazed at him with a bewildered expression.

"It seems pretty obvious to me, darling. Hwa Chang doesn't want you to know me, and he doesn't scruple to descend to deceit and lies in order to keep us apart. Well, I wonder how he'll take it when he hears that we've not only met, but that you've promised to marry me?"

"Dick, I'm frightened," she said, her eyes dilating a little.

"Nothing whatever to be frightened about," he assured her. "It has all turned out splendidly. I shall ask the Woodwards to give you shelter for a few days. Then I shall book your ticket home—wire the mater—and make all the preparations necessary. If Hwa Chang doesn't like it, he can lump it."

"I don't think we ought to judge him too harshly," put in Lois, the cloud on her face lifting a little. "After all, we don't know for sure that he wrote that spurious letter. There may be some other explanation. I'll ask him about it when we get back—and don't you think, Dick darling, that we ought to make a start? He'll be expecting me for lunch, and I feel that I ought to play fair with him so long as I'm part of his household."

Dick reluctantly got to his feet.

"Perhaps you're right," he said.

"Thank heavens, it won't be for much longer." He held her slim form in his arms and kissed her passionately. "Say that you love me," he whispered. "Say it again."

"I do, Dick, with all my heart," she murmured, her pulses tingling with ecstasy and her eyes like stars.

THEY reached the gates of Hwa Chang's garden and found them wide open.

"Looks as though we were expected," commented Dick lightly.

(Please turn to page 114)

"10c for that window shade?"



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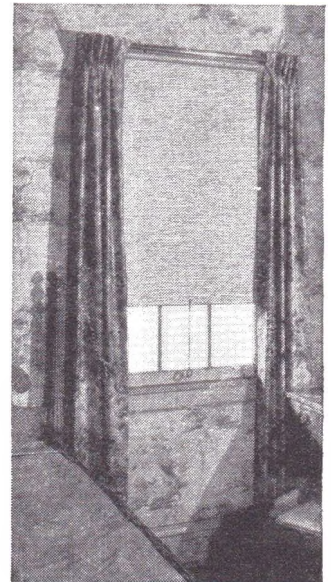
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Oriental Madness

(Continued from page 113)

"May as well drive in, I guess."

Hwa Chang stood on the shaded veranda, just below the front door which was also wide open. He came slowly down the steps, a pleasant smile on his face.

"I wondered where my little ward had gone to," he said, as Dick helped Lois out of the car. "Did you have an enjoyable run? It would have been more considerate to have told me of your intention before you left."

Lois stood confused and embarrassed. She felt that, to some extent, the Chinaman's reproof was justified.

"It was my fault," put in Dick cheerily. "I was passing, and saw her in the garden, and persuaded her to come, just for a little while."

"It was charming of you to take compassion on her loneliness," Hwa Chang said. "It's a pity that your stay is so short, otherwise you might be able to see her frequently."

"Oh, but I propose to do that," continued Dick. "Lois and I have become engaged to be married. So that makes everything easy and straightforward, doesn't it?"

The Chinaman's expression was unmoved.

"I have lived too long," he said, "to be surprised at anything I hear. But your courtship has been rather swift, hasn't it?"

He transferred his gaze to Lois and looked at her searchingly. "You know, of course, Lois," he went on softly, "that you are not of age, and that you will require my consent to such a marriage."

"Oh, but you'll give it, won't you, Hwa Chang?" said Lois, running up to him, and taking hold of his arm impulsively.

"We must see," he said slowly. "I do not anticipate that there will be any difficulty." He turned courteously to Dick. "You will not object, I feel sure, to telling me enough about your circumstances to satisfy me that I shall be handing over my ward to a fit and proper person."

There was something so smoothly insolent in the Chinaman's tone that Dick began to feel his blood tingling.

"With the greatest pleasure," he replied. "Providing," he went on, "that you will let me have a look at the document which entitles you to make such a request."

The Chinaman spread his hands. "Why not?" he said. "I shall be only too pleased. In view of the delightful nature of your news, would you not give us the pleasure of your presence tonight at dinner, when we can celebrate such a happy occasion?"

"Thanks," he said shortly, "I shall be very pleased to come."

"At eight o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock."

Dick turned to Lois.

"Till tonight, then." He bent and

kissed her lightly on the lips.

Hwa Chang stood aside for Lois to precede him into the house.

"I shall not be taking lunch with you," he said softly. "I am too occupied with a number of things. But shall we meet, in my study, at seven tonight?"

At his hotel, after partaking of a rapid lunch, Dick went to the desk and made an inquiry of the clerk.

"Do you by any chance know," he asked, "of an American doctor named Askew in the town?"

"Askew?" repeated the clerk. "He is dead."

"Dead?" Dick repeated.

"Yes; he was rather—déclassé, you know—he had given way to drink and used to frequent a hotel in the lower quarter of the town. Most of his patients were among the natives. He was found stabbed in the streets a few weeks ago."

Dick reflected for a few moments. The occurrence was certainly a sinister one. It might be that such a tragic end had nothing to do with Hwa Chang. On the other hand, any information about Barclay's death which the doctor might have been able to give would not now be forthcoming.

AS he drove up to the unlighted door of Hwa Chang's residence a servant met him with a courteous bow and ushered him into a dimly lighted dining room, furnished partly in Oriental style, partly in European. The room was empty. The servant, with a respectful salaam, withdrew.

Elaborate tapestries decorated the walls, interspersed with ancient weapons which gave a hint of the savage ancestry of his host. Occupying the center of one wall was a squat idol on a dais with beetling eyes and repulsive countenance. A golden lamp burned before it. Just to its left was a closed door, with a carved lattice work in its upper half which showed segments of blackness, as though the room beyond were in complete darkness.

Dick turned as the slide of slippered feet over the parquet floor reached his ears. The curtains through which he had just passed were parted, and Hwa Chang appeared. With a start Dick realized that he was in full Oriental garb.

"You are punctual, Mr. Studdy," he said. "May I welcome you to my humble home? I have a disappointment for you at the outset, I am afraid. Lois is not feeling very well. She pleads a headache and asks you to excuse her for dinner. But she promises to join us for a little while later. Will you be seated? I have a choice of cocktails to offer you, but perhaps you would prefer a whisky and soda?"

If Dick had any apprehensions about there being any suspicious

Oriental Madness

element in the liquid, it was allayed by Hwa Chang drinking first. There was a faint hint of mockery in the Chinaman's eyes as he toasted his guest.

"To our better acquaintance," he said.

"Assuredly!" said Dick. "That's exactly what I'm hoping for."

All the time his brain was busily occupied with the reason for Lois' absence. He did not believe a word about her not being well enough to be present. He was sure that Hwa Chang was at the bottom of it, but he resolved to be wary and patient, and not on any account to be caught napping.

During dinner he ate sparingly, and yet he knew that he could not reveal his suspicions that he might at any moment be poisoned.

At length the servants were dismissed, and Dick was left with the aroma of coffee rising from the tiny cup on the tray before him.

"We take sweetmeats with our coffee, Mr. Studdy," said Hwa Chang, leaning forward and proffering a dish piled high with bonbons of various kinds. "Would you not care to try one? I am a perfect glutton for them myself," and he consumed several with evident enjoyment. Dick was putting one to his lips when he heard a faint cry. Quite definitely a cry, which hardly broke on the ears before it was suddenly checked.

He lowered the sweetmeat and looked rapidly about him. His glance went swiftly to Hwa Chang.

"What was that? Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly some bird or other creature outside; the garden is full of strange sounds at night. Come, let me offer you a liqueur. I can warmly recommend—"

"Will you *listen*?" ordered Dick in a voice which made men on the quarter deck leap as if shot.

"I think you must be mad," said Hwa Chang quietly, though at last anger was flaming in his eyes. "Are you accustomed to addressing gentlemen like that? It would perhaps be better if we terminated an interview which is proving unpleasant to us both?"

"It can terminate just as quickly as you like," said Dick, with the gloves off his politeness now. "All I ask is that Lois shall be brought here, whether she's not feeling very well or not, and I shall ask her to come away with me. I think she has been long enough in this peculiar household."

"Oh, you think that, do you?" said Hwa Chang softly. "Let me tell you, Mr. Studdy, that you are exceeding your privileges as a guest and unless you consent to go at once, I shall summon my servants to turn you out."

"You may try," said Dick dangerously. "But you won't succeed un-
(Please turn to page 116)

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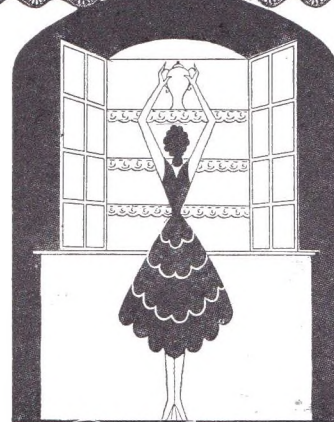
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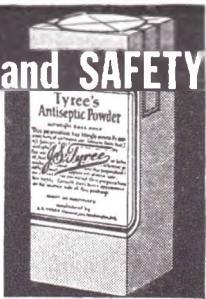
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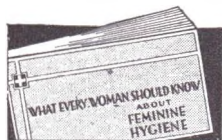
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Color of my hair

Oriental Madness

(Continued from page 115)

til you have carried out what I demand."

The Chinaman's features were palpitating with wrath, and Dick derived an enormous pleasure from having shaken him out of his habitual calm. Nevertheless, his ears were still strained for a repetition of that curious sound.

Again it came, and this time more like a moan than a cry. Involuntarily the Chinaman looked over his shoulder, and like a flash Dick was on his feet.

The Chinaman's eyes had gone to the door beside the idol.

With a rush Dick had reached the door and was straining at the handle and driving his shoulder at the woodwork with all his might. It was immovable, locked.

The Chinaman hissed through his teeth and clapped his hands.

Two servants entered the room noiselessly and Hwa Chang spoke to them gutturally and pointed at Dick.

Dick turned, whipping his automatic from his pocket. And now his face was white and set, and his eyes blazed with a cold fury.

"Order those men back, Hwa Chang," he said in a warning voice, "or, by gad, I'll drill a hole right through you."

The Chinaman drew a deep breath and folded his arms impassively in his robe. He spoke in his own tongue again, and the men fell back quickly.

"You are providing a dramatic climax to a singularly disappointing evening," he said. "Will you explain your amazing conduct?"

"It's perfectly simple," said Dick. "Open this door, bring Lois to me. Unless I'm satisfied that no harm has come to her, I shall put you through it, and I'll make my peace with the American Consul afterwards. Now, no hanging about. Do what I say."

But Hwa Chang stood immovable.

"I want your authority for this outrage," he said. "Unless I receive it, I do nothing."

Dick laughed through clenched teeth. "Bluff!" he said. "You know it's bluff. If you want my authority, here it is. I know you put an end to Mr. Barclay for your own purposes. I can guess what those purposes were. To get Lois in your power. You bribed a poor, degraded, drunken doctor to give you a false death certificate."

"You forged the document which purported to give you charge over Lois' future. You've done so much dirty work that your name will be mud in the district from now on, and if I can get the evidence I'm seeking, you'll swing! Is that enough? Now, will you open this door? If you don't, I swear I'll blow you to blazes, and that pair of yellow-faced ruffians with you."

There was a berserk frenzy in his

eyes, and there was no doubt that he would have carried out his threat if Hwa Chang had not surrendered.

He inserted a key and the door swung open, inwards.

In the dim small room Dick saw a form bound by rope in a chair, a gag tied about the mouth, and Lois' desperate, terrified eyes staring at him imploringly.

"I thought so," he said, metallically. "Get back, Hwa Chang," and he backed slowly into the dark room.

His left hand brought out a knife and he opened it with his teeth, still keeping the men covered. Then, standing beside the chair, he cut quickly at Lois' bonds.

Hwa Chang watched them malignantly. His face had turned sallow; he seemed to shake with fear.

"Now, dear, hold my arm," urged Dick. He gestured with the pistol and the menace in his face was such that the others retreated to give him a clear path. In a moment they had reached the curtained exit, had passed through to the hall, and Dick had tugged open the outer door and they felt the night breeze on their faces.

The sidelights of the car were still burning. He thrust Lois into the front seat, got in beside her, and started the engine. In another moment they were speeding along the high road and Lois was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Oh, Dick, it's been dreadful!" Lois said. "He let me dress for dinner, then met me in his room and said I should have a wonderfully diverting evening seeing how he entertained you. His face was like a devil's. He had me tied in that chair, just where I could see and hear you, and he told me, at the end of the meal, he would poison you with those sweets. If they had failed, he would have succeeded in some other way."

"Afterwards, tomorrow, he was taking me to another estate of his, far up country. White people never penetrate there. He would have given out that I had disappeared, and did not know what had become of me. The authorities daren't interfere with the big personages out here. There would have been an end to me, except for you."

"But you know I love you, darling," murmured Dick. "You know I would never have let you stay there. I spotted his dirty game almost from the first moment. Now you're going to the Woodwards, where you will be safe until the boat for America sails. I'm going to apply for extended leave myself, and we'll arrive almost together. Then we'll find happiness—together—and—"

Dick stopped the car, and the rest of the words were lost somewhere around the region of Lois' lips.

A St. Patrick's Day Party

(Continued from page 63)

sugar and cream again. Add unbeaten eggs and extract, and then mix in baking powder sifted with three cups of flour and salt, mix thoroughly, adding enough flour to make a thick dough. Chill, roll as thin as possible and cut in fancy shapes appropriate to St. Patrick's day and bake in moderate oven.

Dublin delight is any delicious well-chilled gelatin dessert that should be served in deep-stemmed glass dishes.

Tipperary canapés. Cut white bread or wholewheat bread in thin slices and then cut in shamrock shapes. If you cannot get a cutter of the right shape cut the shamrock from a piece of heavy cardboard and laying this over the bread slices as a pattern, cut the edges with a sharp small knife. Toast the bread on either side and spread with any desired canapé spread such as fish paste, chopped hard cooked eggs, creamed cream cheese, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Lamb shillalahs are nothing more than rather thick rib lamb chops.

Midget murphies are small baked potatoes.

Kelly greens is another way of saying spinach. To keep it from losing its fresh green color, cook it in rapidly boiling water with the cover off the pan, and cook just long enough to make it tender.

Erin jelly. This is made from green mint jelly. Warm the jelly in the glasses just enough to make it liquid and then pour it into a small flat pan so that it is about one inch thick and when it has set again cut it in shamrock shapes.

Shamrock salad. Cut the top and ends off sweet green peppers. Remove seeds and wash thoroughly and then stuff with cream cheese that has been mixed well with a little cream, set in the refrigerator and when ready to serve cut in slices about one-third of an inch thick and place one or two slices on lettuce.

Frosted patricks. Make small cup cakes. Then cover tops and sides with white frosting, and let stand until glazed. Color some white frosting green with artificial coloring matter. Have it just stiff enough so that it will force easily from a rosette tube, but not stiff enough to run. You can buy the little rosette tube at almost any cooking utensil department but if you have none you can use the end of a match with fair success. Work the green frosting in designs on the cakes.

County Cork cream. Buy or make plain vanilla ice cream. Have some coarsely chopped walnuts or pecans, allowing one cup for every four portions. Ice cream should be well frozen and cut into cubes or oblong pieces and rolled in the nuts just before serving.



Actual photograph of Miss Florence Lawrence after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

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The Royal Outcasts

(Continued from page 15)

rooms of a great film laboratory, sometimes for months on a night-shift, drawing down the huge stipend of twenty dollars a week.

Russia, crowns and diadems, were no more. But what of it?

"Think," she laughed one night when her princess sister, Natalie, came home tired and discouraged after a hard day's work in the studio, "what we would have missed if there had been no revolution in Russia! We would have been on the Moscow estate this very minute, imagining that the world ended at its boundaries. But now, why, the whole world is ours, darling! We have only to reach out and take it!"

The whole social world of Hollywood, at any rate, was at their feet. It was a strange life these two real little Cinderellas led. Working girls by day, they had only to change their street frocks and the drab grubs became butterfly princesses of glittering Hollywood nights. Snobbishly exclusive motion picture society received them with open arms, something that happens rarely. On the ballroom floors or in marble pools of the most beautiful homes, aboard private yachts, in the smartest restaurants, always the two lovely sisters were the center of gaiety, the life of the party.

Perhaps the secret of their success lay in the true democracy of their hearts. For in the morning they returned to their workaday world, smiling brightly at their other friends, less illustrious but no less dear to them.

But the fairy part of the princesses' story is just beginning. It started one night when Princess Olga met a tall, reserved young Englishman at a gay Laurel Canyon house party. He was amusing himself by seeing America and, like a number of other wise and wealthy young men, decided to see Hollywood first. At first only a casual, fleeting friendship like dozens of others the lovely girl had made, it grew into a whirlwind romance with a cyclonic marriage as its climax.

Not until the young Briton's proposal was accepted, did Princess Olga learn whom she had promised to marry. That she loved him was quite enough for her and that is the true fairy tale part of the story. But, in addition, the quiet handsome young Englishman just happened to be the son of the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Vickers of London, the armament and battleship people who produce everything that enables Tommy Atkins to uphold the prestige of the British Empire.

And so a twenty-dollar-a-week film-laboratory real princess suddenly found herself a member of one of the wealthiest and most prominent English families.

But with Olga gone, Hollywood lost most of its charm for the Prin-

cess Natalie. A shadow lengthened over her days. It was not long before she felt that she, too, must be moving on. But that she was moving toward the prince she never suspected, any more than did the loyal friends who came to see her off towards her unknown destination. There were tears in the eyes of many as the train pulled out into the night. They felt that Hollywood would never see her again. She was a Golitzine. And Golitzines always go forward. They never double back.

No, Princess Natalie will not be back in Hollywood. She sailed for Europe to visit the sister to whom she is so devoted. On the way back she decided to stop off in New York for a while. Its whirlwind life appealed to her vital, ambitious disposition. And now she has found her prince, a real one, as real as her own princess self.

For Princess Natalie has recently married His Imperial Highness Prince Vassily Alexandrovich of Russia, nephew of the late Czar. His father, Grand Duke Alexander Michailovich, was first cousin of the Czar, and his mother, Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, sister of the Czar, is cousin to King George V. of England.

This marriage would have caused a world-wide sensation a few years ago for it unites two of the noblest and best-known families of Europe, the Golitzines and the royal Romanoffs, who ruled over all Russia for three hundred years. Yet the Princess Natalie and her Prince Vassily Alexandrovich declined invitations from Buckingham Palace to have their marriage solemnized in London.

It is in America that they have found new life and happiness. And it is in New York that the lovely young Princess Natalie has decided to live with her Prince Charming.

To be sure these two royal daughters of Old Russia never had a chance to play princesses on the silver screen. But the film ends just the same, like all good movies, with a fadeout of a girl in a boy's arms. Today each is cast in a happier role for, princess or commoner, every girl wants most of all to be a sweetheart and a wife.

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PETROLIN

Week-end Girl

(Continued from page 53)

"You're just waking up," he explained. "Easy and lazy. That's the pose. What's that chain?"

"My good luck charm."

"Take it off. I don't want any intrusion of color there."

Some inner consciousness warned her against compliance. That jade talisman of defence of which she had boasted to Chub Bevier lay cool against her skin.

"I'll fix it so that it can't be seen," she said, and opened the jacket at the neck, to slip it lower. A light which he had placed above struck out a rosy gleam from the soft rise of her breast.

"Hold that," he said sharply, and fell to work with that absorbed fervor which always acted upon her like a spell.

At the first breathing space she stretched and sniffed the air like a kitten.

"What is there about this place that seems so familiar?"

"Perhaps you've been here before," he suggested, looking up quickly from the disposal of his implements.

"Not unless it was in a former existence."

"Then I'll take it for a portent that you're going to make it familiar by coming often. Rested?"

She nodded. He arranged another pose and set to work again. The next words he uttered were:

"Do you know it's after midnight?"

"What of it?"

"Recess is what of it. Supper is what of it. I'm hungry and tired." He went out and she heard him banging about the refrigerator. Soon he was back bearing a tray set forth with iced oysters, ale, and sandwiches. They ate in great good fellowship, after which they smoked contentedly for a while.

"Could you stand an hour more?"

"Of course. I'm not doing the hard work."

He busied himself about the couch, putting out all the lights but one red-shaded bulb above and behind her. "You're asleep this time. . . . No. Turn a little more toward me. I want the curve of the cheek against the pillow. Is that comfortable? Hold it."

So comfortable was it that Vennie felt herself lapsing into authentic slumber. She recovered herself, regained the pose, slipped again. Once . . . Once more . . . How many times? . . . His deep quiet voice lulled her. "All right. Let yourself go." Yes, it was all right. He was painting. And she was so sleepy! Then the voice was nearer, softer. "Vennie, little Vennie; you're going to sleep here." She tried to open her eyes. Had she opened them? All around was darkness, warmth . . . strong arms

(Please turn to page 120)



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Week-end Girl

(Continued from page 119)

about her, hot lips pressed to hers . . . Panic.

"Ike! Don't! Please!"

His laughter was low and confident. "Vennie! Little sweet! You're going to stay. Aren't you?"

"No. I can't. I mustn't. You mustn't."

"You know you want to."

"No. I don't. I want to go."

He said reasonably: "Why? Because of Ladden? You don't want to cheat? Is that it? Why, even his two wives cheated poor Ladden."

"It isn't because of Laddy," she said desperately. "It's because of me, myself." (But was it? Or was it because of some one else? . . . No, she would not let herself think back.)

"Vennie, darling," he whispered, "will you leave Ladden and come and live with me? I'm terribly in love with you."

"But I'm not living with Laddy," she cried. "I'm not living with anybody."

The small light was switched on. "I want to see your face when you say that"

"Well, I'm not," she averred obstinately. She blinked in the redness of the glow. "I don't care what you think."

"Am I to understand," he inquired suavely, "that you belong to that supposedly extinct species, the virgin?"

Vennie giggled, as much from nervous relief as anything else.

"Are they so extinct?"

"That's what I'm waiting for you to tell me."

"Suppose I said yes, that I am one?"

"I won't suppose any such thing until I hear you say it."

The hot compulsion of his look confused her, made her dizzy. Weakly she said:

"Sophia'll be sitting up for me. She always does."

He rose to his feet. "I'll telephone for a messenger, darling. You can send her a note."

"All right," she breathed. At least that would get him out of the room, give her a chance to rally her resistance against the claim of his eager and dominant masculinity.

"You won't run out on me?" he said doubtfully.

"How can I? My clothes are in there."

Her clothes! If she could put them on again, she would feel more sure of herself, more competent to summon back the forces of defence which were slowly ebbing from her. As soon as he was in the hallway, she got to her unsteady feet. Which door was it that led to the room where she had undressed? She crossed the space, turned a knob. ("Hello! Hello!") She could hear Ike's impatient voice at the telephone.) The door stuck. She gave

it a determined yank, it yielded, and there fell forward upon her a welter of male belongings that crowded the closet to bursting; squash bats, skates, a hockey stick, a shooting jacket, part of a fishing rod, a heavy ulster, and a tennis racket that rolled at her feet.

When Grayson returned he found the girl, rigid and staring at the handle of the racket which she held. There were five notches cut in it. His arm went around her.

"What's up, Vennie?"

"Ike, whose apartment is this?"

"Mine, of course."

"Does—did some one else share it with you?"

"No. I sub-leased it from Chub Bevier, if that's what you mean."

So that was why, by some subtle sense, she had felt the place familiar. It was impregnated with Chub's personality. She could not stay now. Such a thing had become unthinkable. But there was Ike Grayson to reckon with.

"Where's the note? Haven't you written it?"

"No, Ike. I'm going home. Please don't try to stop me."

"The devil you are! What kind of game is this?"

"I know I must seem a rotten sport. But I can't."

"I've heard that before, my dear. But I really didn't think you'd go in for the usual, banal drama. It doesn't go."

"I'm afraid it's got to go."

She gasped as he retorted: "You won't be so afraid after a minute."

In his arms again, convinced by the formidable power of his muscles, she realized the futility of physical struggle. Limp and flaccid she let herself be carried across the room. The scarlet draperies of the couch seemed to flame out toward her before they claimed her and the darkness snapped down like a closed door.

"Ike! Please. My jacket is choking me."

His little laugh of triumph was not unexpected, nor his reply: "Take it off, then."

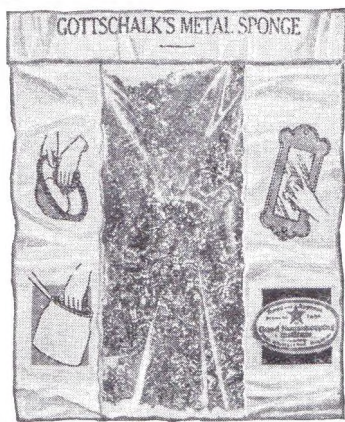
"How can I? Your arm—"

He half released her. Her hand crept down to the jade charm, in reality a tiny flat phial. She drew it out, closed her eyes tight, held her breath hard, thrust it under the face so close above hers, and pressed the spring.

She felt a choking sob convulse his body. With a violent twist she writhed away, still determinedly constricting her breath, fumbled for and found the light, ran across the room, and threw open both windows. Grayson had rolled to the floor and lay there, fighting suffocation.

Taking a deep inhalation she ran back to him. With the couch drapings she fanned away the paralyzing fumes which had lain, more potent

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Week-end Girl

than any djinn of Arabian tales, compressed in that small talisman of jade. A wet towel from the bathroom, and ammonia which she found, did the rest. He was presently able to get back on the divan with her help. But there was no more peril to woman in Isaac Grayson that night.

She dressed and came back to him. "You win," he croaked. The old vanity of the successful male returned upon him. "You're the first one that ever did," he added, and Venetia was contemptuously thankful that she had been saved from being another addition to the list of his easy conquests.

"Good-night," she said. "You'll be all right in the morning." Her chemist husband had explained fully the alarming but temporary effects of the combination gas which he had devised. Her captor looked so woe-begone that she added gently. "Don't be sore at me, Ike. I—I just couldn't."

"I'd like to know why," he growled. "You were ready enough to stay at one time."

"You wouldn't understand if I told you" said she jauntily. (But did she understand, herself, fully?)

The next day she received his check. He was sport enough for that, at least. No note came with it. So he was not quite sport enough to accept defeat with a laugh at himself. She returned the check, and in so doing could not resist a touch of feminine malice.

"It was Shakespeare, that quotation on your door" she wrote. "Macbeth, pent-house and all. I'll never tell anybody how the next line goes. Look it up for yourself."

He did so with impatient curiosity. Perhaps it would afford a clue to what he might expect of her later, for the magnificent Isaac was one who never gave up hope of women. He found the quotation in the trilogy of the witches.

"Sleep shall neither night or day Hang upon his pent-house lid," "He shall live, a man forbid."

"A man forbid!" Isaac Grayson, the successful painter and lover of a score of recognized beauties! He swore long and heartily. Nevertheless he took some comfort in the intimation that she would not betray him to the mockery of his associates. Cynical though he was about woman-kind, he felt that he might trust Venetia Carr.

Soon you will be able to see fascinating Venetia on the screen. WEEK-END GIRL is now being made into a star Fox picture. Watch for it!



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O.O.McINTYRE'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

THIS MONTH THE FAMOUS COLUMNIST

Delves into the past

Discovers the best-dressed actor

*Confesses his weakness for red-heads, blondes
and brunettes*

Triumphs with a critic who can act

AT A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY PARTY at Rube Goldberg's House That Laughs Built, one night recently—a brownstone, incidentally, within a stone's toss of Charlie Schwab's Riverside Drive mansion, and I'd like to heave a dornick at those iron puddler statues on the front lawn, wait a minute this sentence is getting out of hand!

Here's a fresh start: At Rube's party, attended by celebrities, says he, building himself up, I thought of the days when the cartoonist and I worked on the old Evening Mail. (A few bars of "Hearts and Flowers," professor.)

Rube was in the first flush of his prosperity, making more than \$1,000 a week even in those days. I was a \$35 a week copy-reading obscurity on the outer rim of the copy desk.

One day I found myself at the Fulton Street editorial shop, five miles from my 72nd Street hall room, four flights up and all the way back, without a penny for lunch or subway fare home.

In those days I was too shy to borrow, but inquire about that shyness later. Just ask any of the boys! Well, anyway, hungry as a starved dog, I set out after the 5 o'clock edition to walk home. In front of the Evening Mail was Rube in a high powered green car ready to bowl northward. I was going to ask him for a lift, but didn't and reached home exhausted and with a swell set of hurty feet.

There wasn't much to that one. Let's try another.

GIRLS—AND WILL THAT PLATINUM blonde in Row A, Chair 6, quit tittering at your withered old pappy?—the best-dressed American actor is William Gaxton. So far as I know, he's never been in the movies, but if he ever is, ten will get you twenty that Clark Gable, Clive Brook and Adolphe Menjou will do a little nail-biting. Gaxton knows how to wear clothes like nobody's business, including Aunt Etta Whipple's. His vests are the dinky, sawed-off sort that hit him at the wishbone. His trousers balloon around the hips and fall into graceful pleats. His hat has a dip that beats the Prince of Wales' and his hair "en brosse" is the best coiffure since that of the late and deservedly beloved Valentino.

THE ROMANTIC OLD CLAREMONT INN, perched high on a knoll overlooking the dazzling Hudson, has become a retreat for young lovers. It is said that sixteen gallants popped that certain question to that certain girl in these historical surroundings this Winter. And Grant's Tomb near by is another famous tryst. It is where the blue-collared Flo Ziegfeld proposed to the coy Billie Burke some years ago. Miss Burke's daughter Patricia, by the way, is nearing the débutante stage. She may follow her mother's steps theatrically. She is also a red-head.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL RED-HEAD IS MRS. Will H. Hays, wife of the cinema czar. She was born in a small town in Indiana but has lived in sundry world capitals and is stately, apple-cheeked and altogether a vision. And make out Bill isn't proud of her.

I AM WEDDED TO MY PREFERENCE IN blondes. It ill becomes me to speak of favorite blondes, yet I'll speak right out and say that Mary Boland, the actress, next to a certain party, has the most beautiful head of blond hair in these here United States, stranger.

AND SOMEHOW I'VE NEGLECTED THE brunette. At the moment I'm running a temperature over Helen Gahagan, an actress. She can also top high notes like a regular she Caruso. Am I for her!

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MUCH-HOOTED critic in the case of Alexander Woollcott is complete. Producers have hooted for years: "If you critics know so much about the stage, why not act in public?" Well, Mr. Woollcott is doing that very thing in "Brief Moments" with Francine Larrimore and he is doing it superbly. He does not have to worry about his future. Mr. Woollcott is headed for stardom or I am wrong again as usual.

This is all for this time. Love and kisses and all that. Oh, yes, have you heard that little country girl, Frances Bowden, on the radio?

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WHY PAY MORE WHEN YOU CAN BUY

THESE FINE QUALITY COMBS

AT WOOLWORTHS

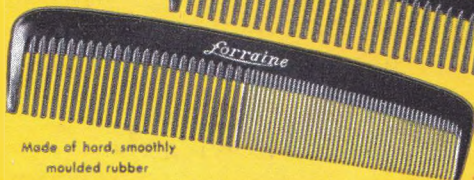
POCKET
COMB

BARBER
COMB



BOBBIE
COMB

DRESSING
COMB



Made of hard, smoothly
moulded rubber

Lorraine Combs

"You like them **FRESH**? So do I!"

You don't have to tell the woman who has switched to Camels the benefits of a *fresh* cigarette.

She knows all about it—that's the reason she stays switched.

She has learned that the fine, fragrant, sun-ripened choice tobaccos in Camels have a perfectly preserved delicate mildness all their own.

She knows by a grateful throat's testi-

mony what a relief this smooth, cool, slow-burning *fresh* cigarette means to sensitive membrane.

Camels are fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack because they are *made* fresh, fresh with natural moisture and natural flavors — they are never parched or toasted.

If you don't know what the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat so as to avoid parching or toasting means to the smoker — switch to Camels for just one day—then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH