

SING SING'S GREATEST DEATH HOUSE STORY *By WARDEN LAWES*

True Story

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

MAGAZINE

January

15¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

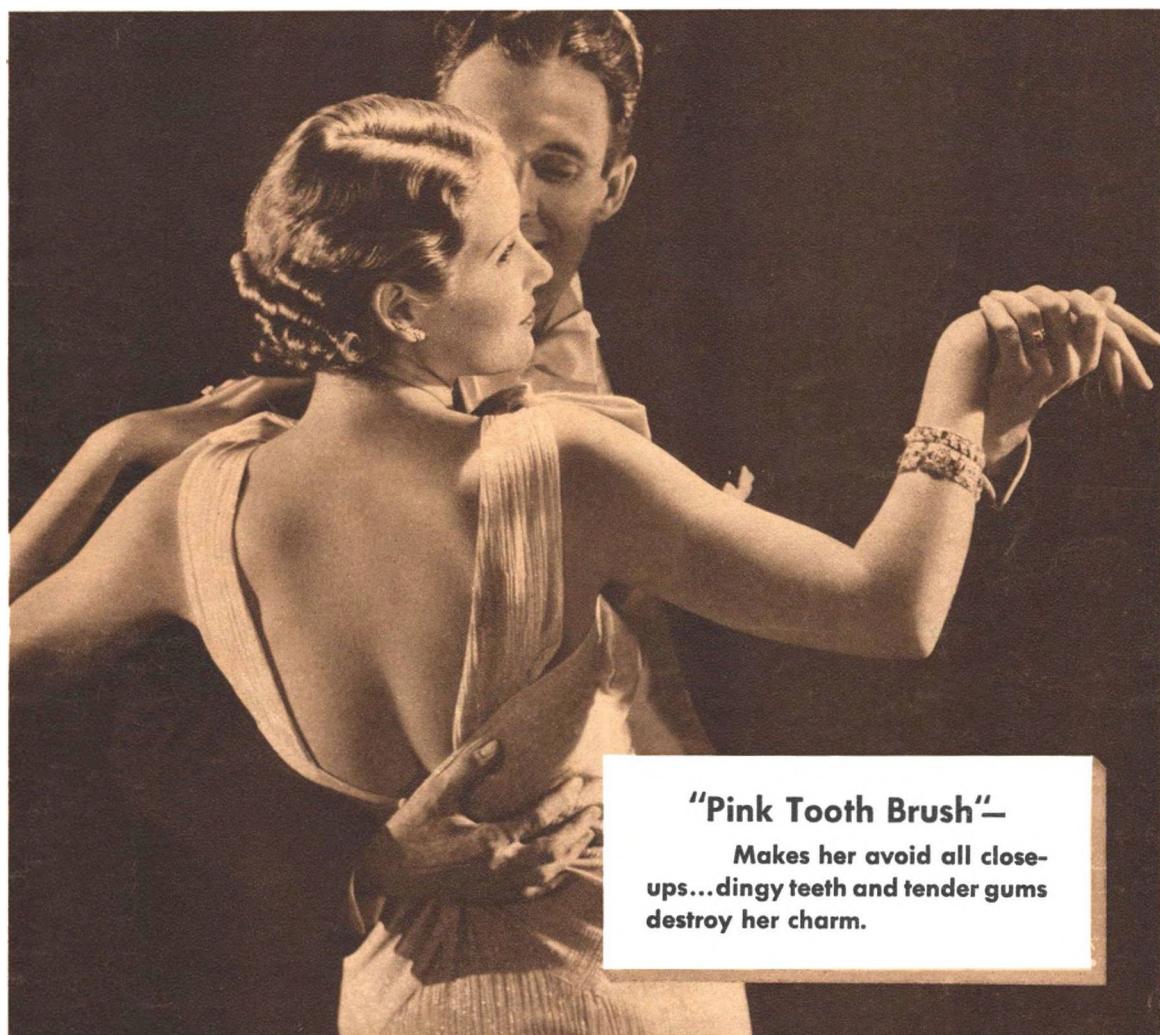


\$10,000.00 in CASH PRIZES for Your True Stories

Missing Page

Inside front cover

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, afraid to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile will be the magic thing it should be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-15
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

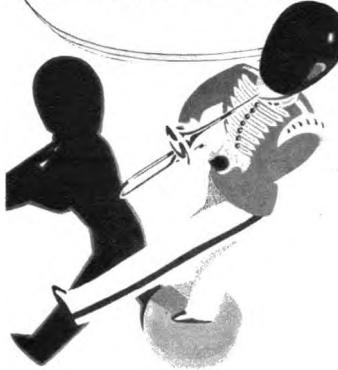
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Christmas
Greetings
from
LONDON



On Christmas Day and every day throughout the year, you'll get many a thrill from this smart new PHILCO 66B. For, properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, it will bring right into your home, Yuletide greetings from many foreign lands and delightful entertainment from cities all over the world.

This powerful little PHILCO is a spectacular value—value such as only PHILCO can give! Think of it! For only \$39.95—a genuine PHILCO with truly sensational performance and excellent tone. And its handsome cabinet, fashioned of choice woods carefully selected for beauty of grain, makes it a radio you'll be proud to own. No wonder thousands and thousands of people are buying PHILCOS this Christmas!

Your PHILCO dealer will gladly demonstrate any of the many new 1935 PHILCOS and explain his easy payment plan.



PHILCO
66B
\$39.95



PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

HOME RADIOS \$20 to \$600
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Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations. Also PHILCO'S Program from EAO, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

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THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

TRUE STORY

magazine

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The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE and, except when otherwise stated, fictitious names which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the stories, have been used.

Photography by the Macfadden Studio

Published Monthly by TRUE STORY PUBLISHING CORPORATION
Editorial and General Offices: Macfadden Building, 1928 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Harold A. Wise, President; Wesley F. Pace, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Advertising Offices: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Harold A. Wise, Director of Advertising. Chicago Office: 333 North Michigan Avenue. J. L. Mitchell, Mgr. Boston Office: Statler Building. M. B. Hayes, Mgr. Detroit Office: Fisher Building. George Wiley, Mgr. Entered as Second Class Matter April 23, 1918, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Dunellen, N. J.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year in the United States and Canada. \$2.00 per year in U. S. Possessions, Newfoundland, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries, \$3.50 per year. Price—United States and Canada, 15 cents per copy.

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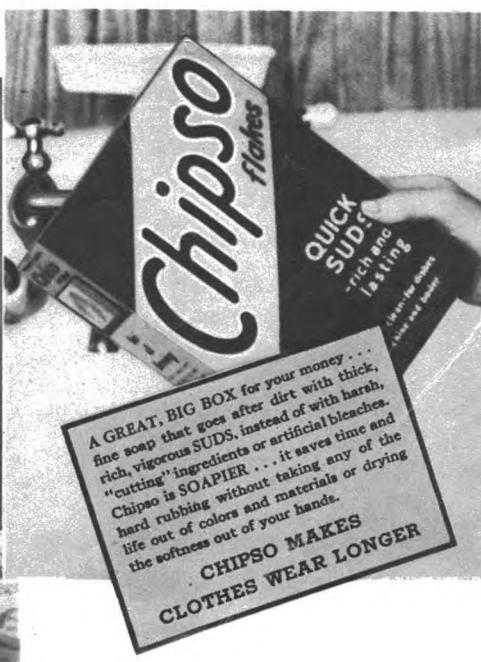
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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



UNFADED COLORS . . SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES . . DURING 6 CHIPSO YEARS"

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. JOHN BOYLE, JR., WASHINGTON, D. C.



The POWER of Friendship

EDITOR'S NOTE

Mrs. Frederic M. Paist is President of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association and is a prominent leader of national social activities. She has been in intimate contact with the young women of this country for many years, and probably knows more about our young womanhood than any one else in the United States. She is also executive vice-chairman of the National Committee for the Mobilization of Human Needs, of which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is chairman, and enjoys the distinction of being the sister of two former cabinet members: Ray Lyman Wilbur (President of Leland Stanford University), who was Secretary of the Interior in President Hoover's cabinet, and Curtis D. Wilbur (now Judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals), Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Coolidge.



From a life devoted to the helping of girls through their most dangerous years, comes this revealing message which is both an inspiration and

a challenge

HELEN was a girl who seemed unable to keep a job. She came to us because she had no work, but we quickly understood that her unemployment was not the real trouble. The secretary questioned her. The usual questions were answered in the usual way, father, mother, relatives, etc.

Then the secretary probed deeper. Her home was in a cheap flat. The father? He worked, but earned little. How much did she earn when she had a job? She named a sum sufficient for her needs, but there were the other children, and her weekly salary was hardly handed over to the mother before it was spent. And how much did she take for herself? Very little—just enough for lunches and carfare. How much did she spend on clothes? Not much, for the money was needed elsewhere. Did she have any recreation? Well, not much, except an occasional movie with her mother. Didn't she go with girl friends? No, she knew a few girls, but she didn't go out with them. Why was that?

Here the girl became embarrassed and it was difficult to get her to answer. Finally, after some effort, the secretary learned that she could not go out with the other girls because she did not have the proper clothes.

A little more investigation completed the picture. Lack of clothes made Helen very sensitive. She was ashamed to meet any one socially, and so she stayed at home. This caused her to brood. She grew melancholy, then embittered and uncongenial. When she applied for a job she made a poor impression, and even when she was employed she appeared to be a misfit in the office, and was soon let out.

A way had to be found to restore the girl to a normal,

By MRS. FREDERIC M. PAIST

President of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association

healthy state. She could not do this herself; her strength had to come from others. After some persuasion she joined a dramatic club a group of Y girls had organized. The leader of the club made a special effort to interest the girl in the play they were rehearsing, and gave her the impression that her help was needed.

The reason for influencing Helen to join a dramatic group was to rid her of self-consciousness through public, or at least semi-public, appearances. The other girls did all they could to make the new member feel one of themselves, and by slow degrees the girl acquired a new spirit. A fresh light came into her eyes, a little flush to her cheeks, a ring to her voice. She began to walk home with the girls and paid less attention to her clothes. She and some of the club members found interests in common apart from the dramatic club work, and she visited their homes. Her clothes, which previously had merely hung on her, now actually appeared smarter.

IN about six months Helen was a happy, healthy specimen, and when a job was found for her she had no difficulty in keeping it. She now commanded a somewhat higher salary, and the clothes question was adjusted satisfactorily.

As President of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., I have seen many girls like Helen come into our associations. I have witnessed a constant procession of our young womanhood, some bright and happy, others sorely laden, and our relations have often been more intimate than the relations between mother and daughter. From these contacts I have learned that what is most essential to a girl before she finds (*Continued on page 107*)

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private BEAUTY CONTEST



BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a

dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

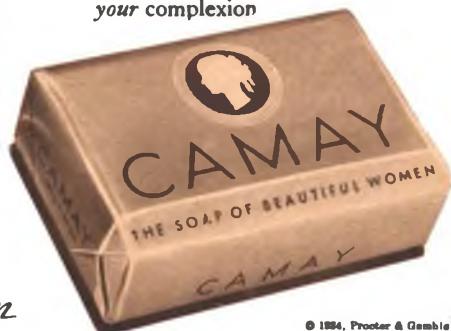
Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is

wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women



© 1934, Procter & Gamble

HOME PROBLEMS FORUM

TRUE STORY readers talk frankly concerning love in marriage. Also, a new and vital in-law problem growing out of the times we live in

ROY and Gertrude love each other. Roy wants very much for them to be married. Gertrude is afraid, however, that on Roy's small salary, life will be a hardship and love will disappear. There is another man interested in her, a wealthy man, much older than Gertrude. She does not love him, but she certainly does not dislike him. Which shall she marry, she wonders, the man she loves, but with whom she may have to go through a period of hardship, or an older man who can give her comforts and even luxuries? Roy's plea is that conditions can not always remain the same for him, he is certain he will prosper in the future. He loves Gertrude too much, however, to try to persuade her against her own wishes.

Read the first prize-winning letter here printed.

First Prize Letter

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

Whoever said, "All things come to him who will wait," did not realize what spiritual comfort these words would bring to those of us who falter on the steps of life. Perhaps we would be like Gertrude, wondering about the future, and gazing through darkened windows, or we would be like Roy, hopeful, and never missing a single stray sunbeam. It is Roy who is confident of future happiness, and Gertrude who thinks of married life with Roy as a possible struggle with poverty.

How well I can understand the situation! I sometimes think back too, and wonder what would have happened if I had married Richard instead of Bob—Bob who was my childhood sweetheart, and who had nothing to offer me but love—and hope.

I was born and raised in a small Southern town, and enjoyed life with all the joy of a care-free



existence. I was called the belle of the town, and had suitors galore, if I have to say it. Among the others was one named Richard, whose father was the richest man in town. Richard was kind and considerate, but I only liked him in a sisterly sort of way and though he had everything to offer me in the way of comfort, I refused him for, even at that time, I loved Bob.

Then things began to revolve about my life; my parents died suddenly in an accident, and their insurance barely paid for their funerals. I was left destitute indeed, with no prospects for the future, but instead of grieving outwardly I left for New York City, and began to build anew my tangled web of life.

The New Problem To Be Solved

Can you help Phyllis and Fred? Is there a happy way out of their dilemma? Maybe you know just the right solution from your own experience. Read their interesting letters on page 11.

TRUE STORY Magazine offers three prizes, \$15.00, \$10.00 and \$5.00, for the best three letters of advice to these two perplexed people!

If you are confronted by a problem you do not seem able to solve, why not write to Mrs. Willman of the Home Problems Forum, and let our readers help you from their own experiences? No letters to the forum can be returned.

BOB quickly followed me to New York, and without a thought of poverty or of anything but the nearness and dearness of his love, I married him at the City Hall.

After that, I can barely think of the years of 1932 and 1933 without wild despair. We were both working at the time we were married, but it was not long before Bob lost his job, and, two weeks later, I was dismissed from my work. The agony we experienced! We had not, like Gertrude and Roy, parents on whom to depend, nor the security of food and shelter. We had

nothing but mutual love and hope and courage, and we kept on going.

When our funds were exhausted we used to try the letter shops, addressing envelopes; and the dollar or so we'd make in a day would pay for our shelter at night in some dingy rooming house, where they charged for lodging by the night.

On the days that we could not find hand-addressing to do, or my husband could not go around distributing circulars, we sat in the libraries, reading all day long, for we rarely had money enough for food in those days.

And before we'd go to the squalor of the rooming house, we would buy a bag of peanuts, the cheapest and most filling food, or a loaf of bread, and eat it in one of the city parks.

ON warm days we used to sit in the parks after looking for work, until our clothes were so shabby that we looked like the inhabitants of the Bowery, on New York's lower East Side.

To keep our spirits up, we'd recite poetry, or quote from books we had read, and even when the sun was so hot that we almost cried from the heat, we'd plan for the time when we'd have a home—a place where we'd have refuge from the heat, cold and rain. For rain was a miserable enemy.

On Sundays, when the libraries were not open, and it would rain, we had to stand in doorways, miserable, shivering, just waiting for the night.

But enough of this. It would take many more pages to write all the happenings of those days, and then, one glori-

ous day my husband secured a job, a steady job that meant everything to us—a home, hot meals, security.

In the meantime, Richard came up to visit us. He is still smug and secure; his father is still the richest man in our town, but when I contrasted my feeling for him—a feeling of respect and liking—with that of my love for Bob, I had no feelings of regret for the misery we went through. I'd do it all over again.

Can Gertrude tell of such poverty of which I have written? At least, hasn't Roy a job, and hasn't she her parents near her? Would they see her hungry? Would they rather see her happily married to Roy, some one near her own age, instead of an older man?

And can youth and middle age combine and get the full glory of youth to youth? Can they weave the same dreams, and build together the glorious castle of a full and useful life together?

HOW can I tell you, Gertrude, of the joy of being near the one you love, anticipating his return from work every day? Is it not better to do without the little vanities, the little knickknacks that mean nothing at all in later years, than to marry some one without love, and find that you have missed a beautiful thing?

We put into life what we get out of it, in the long run. So I can only hope that both of you will find happiness in the same way that Bob and I have found it, along the simple road of life.

MRS. L.S.

THE Second and Third Prize Winners in the October Home Problems Forum Contest:

SECOND PRIZE
MRS. H. C. McNICOL
Minneapolis, Minnesota

THIRD PRIZE
LAURA WILSON
Dorchester, Massachusetts

The New Problem

In spite of their love for each other, Phyllis and Fred feel they have a problem which should be settled before their marriage. Fred's mother is a widow, and he has provided for her ever since his eighteenth year when her small income ceased. As soon as he was able, he took out a very large insurance policy with his mother as beneficiary, and somehow, in spite of the bad years that followed, has managed to keep it up.

Now Phyllis feels that, after they are married, the policy should be changed in her favor. She will always take care of his mother, she says, but she feels she should be guaranteed as much protection as Fred's mother had when her husband died. It is out of the question, at present, for Fred to take out more insurance, but he plans to do so as soon as it is at all possible. He owes this policy to his mother, he feels, especially since she is old and without means of support, quite unable to shift for herself if anything should happen to her son.

(Continued on page 11)

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

HEAR JOHNNIE IN PERSON
Tune in Tuesday Nights
RADIO'S SMARTEST MUSICAL SHOW



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette



CLAIRE DODD

DAUGHTER of a wealthy family, Claire Dodd traveled much in her early years, and a good part of her schooling was received in Europe. She never thought particularly of herself as an actress. Drawing was the art that intrigued her most. But while visiting in Hollywood, she took a screen test at the suggestion of a friend. Then she went East and forgot about it, until one day a telegram arrived requesting her to report for work in Ziegfeld's picture, "Whoopee", starring Eddie Cantor. When the picture was finished, Ziegfeld offered her a small rôle in his new extravaganza, "Smiles", starring Marilyn Miller, so she returned to New York for a stage career. When "Smiles" closed, she returned to Hollywood, the possessor of a nice, neat contract with Warner Brothers—First National Studios. Her latest pictures are "I Sell Anything", and "Babbitt".



A most important statement
to those who want white,
lustrous teeth:

5 people out of 7 do not change from Listerine Tooth Paste

WE can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: "At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly."



NEW DOUBLE
SIZE 40¢



If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

STRANGER *than* FICTION

Dead Man's Blood

THE piercing scream of a woman, followed by a terrific crash of metal, jarred me out of sleep. There was a moment of silence; then the groans of a man and woman in mortal agony came through my window. I jumped out of bed and looked out.

At the side of the road which passed in front of my house, the wreck of a roadster was twisted about the trunk of a giant oak tree. A woman, thrown half through the windshield, was struggling feebly to free herself and, thirty feet away on the ground, hurled there by the deadly force of the collision, the body of a man twitched spasmodically.

As I hurried out, I thought grimly of the fate which brought this accident to my doorstep. I was the only doctor within fifty miles.

I attended first to the woman, shattering the glass whose jagged edges held her imprisoned. Blood spurted from deep gashes in her head and neck. I carried her into the house and stretched her out on the sofa. Then I ran to bring in the man. The twitching had ceased, and his breathing had almost stopped. I swung his limp body over my shoulder, staggered inside with him, and placed him on a bed in the adjoining room. His death was a matter of minutes.

A swift examination of the young woman, who was extraordinarily beautiful, indicated that her life was ebbing fast. I stitched up the gaping wounds, and stopped the flow of blood.

BUT she had already lost so much of the precious fluid that I gave her a half hour to live, at the most. I made her as comfortable as I could; then watched her sink into the delirium that comes before death.

At first her lips moved soundlessly, but soon words began to make themselves clear.

"But . . . Clyde . . . I don't want . . . I've changed my mind . . . "

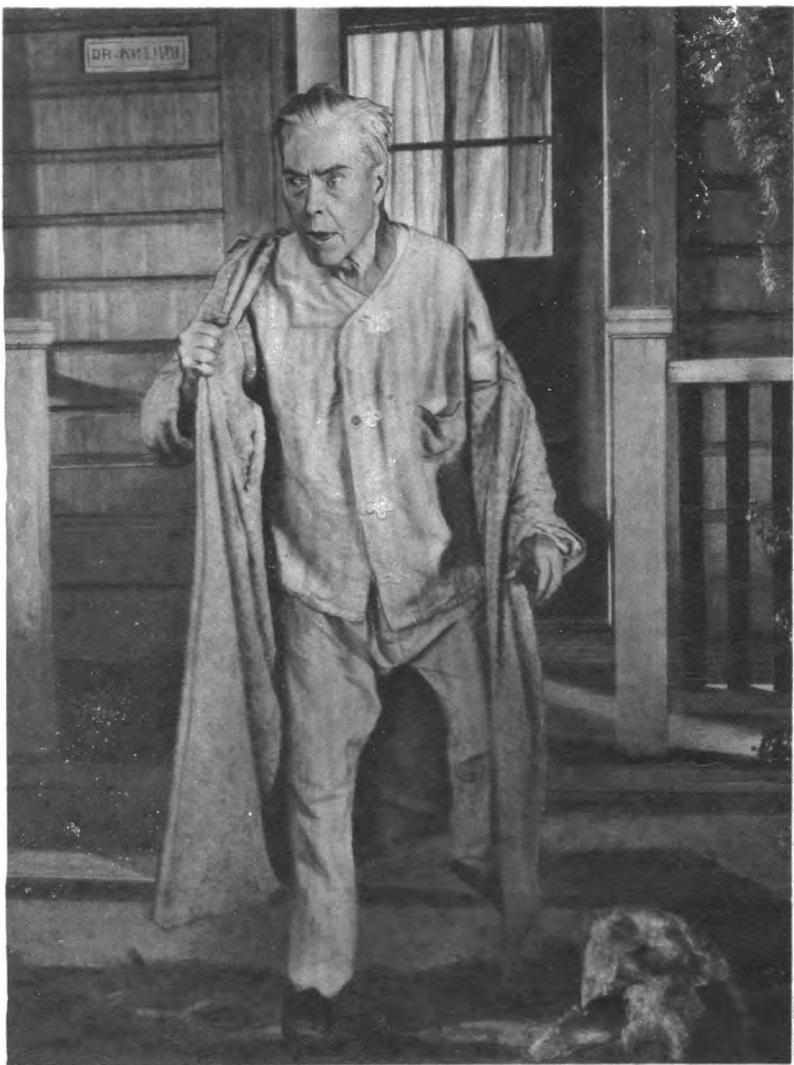
I bent close to her.

"Please . . . Clyde . . . turn back . . . I can't hurt Howard . . . I thought . . . but I can't . . . I can't."

Her lids fluttered open. Her eyes stared upward, glassy and unseeing.

"We must turn back . . . there's Dickie, too . . . my son . . . Dickie . . . Please, Clyde, turn back . . . turn back . . . turn . . . "

She suddenly lapsed into silence. Somehow I was tremendously moved by her broken speech. I visualized the struggle she had made to force the man, now dying in the next room, to turn back. She had probably grasped the



Poignant dramas, astounding experiences and stirring revelations told in a few words

wheel in desperation—and then the crash. In an impulsive moment she had run away, but now she wanted to 'go back to her husband, to her son.'

I pulled myself away to look at the man in the next room. His breathing had stopped altogether. He was dead. I returned to the side of the woman.

AS the seconds ticked by, I was maddened by my helplessness. I felt that here was a life that had to be saved; that I had to save it. I had watched death overtake the living many times before, and I was hardened to it. A doctor didn't dare to feel. But now I was lost in the shame of my futility.

Was there no way to save her? Had I done everything possible? A blood transfusion might help. But it was impossible to find a blood donor in time.

My mind started to go over the *(Continued on page 116)*

Home Problems Forum

(Continued from page 7)

What is your reaction to this problem? Where does a man's loyalty and insurance go first, to his mother or to his wife?

Or perhaps there is some middle ground which Phyllis and Fred have overlooked; some compromise they have not the experience to recognize.

Phyllis Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

For several months I have been watching your department for a problem like mine. At last I have decided to write you and see if you can help me. Fred has promised that he will write too, because both of us are very anxious to get this matter settled, and to hear what other people will say about it.

I hope you won't think me a gold-digger, or a person who likes money too much; but, after all, we do have to think of money, at least most of us do. And I always think it is sensible to bring such discussions into the open. Fred and I have been engaged for a year, and expect to be married in the spring. We would have been married before, but Fred got another cut in his salary. However, just recently he was raised again, and now we are really making definite plans for our marriage.

That is why this argument of ours has come to the surface again. It wasn't really an argument before. I knew the condition existed, but didn't really pay much attention to it until we began to count our assets and budget our money.

LET me say here that Fred and I really do love each other. Nobody who knows us could ever doubt that. I don't think it is necessary to tell you of our feeling for one another, except just to assure you that both of us feel that our lives lie side by side. I wouldn't even go so far as to say that if our problem isn't settled satisfactorily, we won't marry. It might come to that, of course, because if people begin to argue about one thing, unless they keep their heads, they get off into all sorts of quarrels. I am certainly praying and hoping that this won't happen, yet I would like to have the whole difficulty settled before we set up our home.

Please don't think that I doubt Fred's love for me. I am certainly in a position to know how devoted he is, and how thoughtful and considerate of me. And just because he is a man who always thinks of the future, and because he is concerned about my welfare, I must confess that his attitude has me completely puzzled.

I am twenty-three years old and Fred is twenty-six. We are not children, as you see. We know our own minds. We have both had our hard sledding in the past few years, have had others dependent upon us and have been compelled to work pretty hard.

Fred carries quite a bit of insurance. To be exact, it is \$15,000. He has carried this policy since he was twenty-one years old and took it out when he had a very excellent job, and could very well afford the premiums. Even he doesn't know how he managed to hold on to it through these years, but he has never missed a

(Continued on page 15)



*If everyone in this office
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic (as used in recent tests)*

there should be 50% fewer colds!

*New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with
500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.*

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



DIANA LEWIS

BEFORE she was sixteen, Diana Lewis, charming brunette of the Paramount lot, had a full-fledged movie contract. She comes of a theatrical family. Maxine, her sister, now married to the popular juvenile, Donald Cook, and she appeared together in vaudeville; and her brother J. C. Lewis, Jr., is a successful composer of popular music, having written the music for "Shim Sham Review", in which Diana was being featured when Paramount signed her last spring. Watch for her, playing opposite W. C.

Fields in his latest, "It's a Gift"

What Do

Our Readers Speak Out

And Don't Miss "The Power of Friendship" on Page 4 of This Issue

Please accept my sincere thanks for the splendid article by Edwin Markham. It is my hope that you will continue to publish short essays of this type. They, too, typify the purpose of the magazine, as so clearly explained in Mr. Macfadden's editorial.

BERNARD C. SMITH.

How glad I was to turn to "Is Life Worth Living?" by Edwin Markham with its cleansing effect, to realize there is so much good still in the world. As the months pass by, I keep buying your magazine to read of courage of all types, and I feel I am not the only one to have had difficulties along the road of life. Today TRUE STORY has become a friend. What more can I say than that?

JANET A. ROSS.

Story Covers

I would change the cover design. TRUE STORY Magazine has been printing cover designs of beautiful girls ever since the magazine was first started. These covers have become monotonous. I would suggest that one of the illustrations that always accompany the stories, be reproduced in color on the front cover, with the most appropriate quotation taken from the story that it illustrates. This would be sure to catch the eye quickly and hold it.

EDNA CHERRY.

They're Back Again! Turn to Page 51

What happened to Billy and Betty? I miss them more than I can say. My fourteen-year-old daughter used to grab the magazine to read about them the first thing. Can we not have them back again?

MRS. J. A. BELENGER.

Yes—just one thing is missing. Billy and Betty. Their escapades furnished many a laugh for my two sons, read as bedtime stories. Bring them back and I'll say, personally, that from front cover to back cover TRUE STORY is perfect.

MRS. ETHEL PICHIOTINO.

First Story

Two weeks ago yesterday the postman left a letter for me and in it was your check in payment for my story. That, in the words of Kipling, "is magic." I am just getting my breath back and, with the first gasp, I want to thank you and say how pleased I am to be one of the vast TRUE STORY family. So know that in California there lives a stanch supporter of all Macfadden Publications, and particularly of TRUE STORY, since it is going to publish my maiden effort.

Alice L. Smith.

You Think?

About Their Magazine

"I Live Them!"

On an exceptionally depressing evening when the dinner dishes seemed dirtier than usual I left them standing in the sink and went to a nearby drug store, and bought a TRUE STORY Magazine. I sat down and read "The Wife Who Wanted to Play". Tears streamed down my face. I read it again. Then, I went into the kitchen to wash the dishes, and the little flippant butterfly who humbly and willingly admitted sorrow and failure in the end stood at my side. She said, "You wouldn't give it up—the drudgery—for all the empty amusement I have had." And I knew I wouldn't. That is how your stories strike me. I live them.

MRS. L. D.

Clearing Up Rumors

The pleasure of reading my first TRUE STORY Magazine was one of the big thrills of my life. I have bought many of them since that glad day, and find the thrill always repeated.

It has been a revelation to read the real stories of world-famous personages that have been shrouded by conflicting rumors.

Gladys Marie Hobart.

Beacon of Light

I have a confession to make. I never was interested in TRUE STORY enough really to read it myself, but it was in our home. My son accidentally broke his neck and back in June, diving. And while convalescing, he asked me to read TRUE STORY Magazine to him, as the sight of his eyes was impaired, too. I did it, reluctantly at first, but when I saw the help it brought him and myself, unconsciously at first, I told him I never knew anything about the book before. It surely inspired him to hold on as nothing else did. The doctor said his was a case in one thousand—where the patient lived. He is still in the neck-brace, but the cast came off six weeks ago, and he is walking, riding and laughing. Surely "Faith points to the stars, doubts show up only the shadows," as "Little Mother Booth" quoted.

Also, "God give us memory that we may have roses in winter." I needed help as much as my son did, as the accident nearly killed us both.

Mrs. F. H. Berry.

As a whole, TRUE STORY Magazine to me is a beacon of light on life's pathway. Every story is a lesson of usefulness and helpfulness, for which I am duly grateful and sincerely thankful.

Robert Wearne.

Very Important IN A LAXATIVE FOR WOMEN



It must be Gentle!

STRONG, powerful "dynamite" laxatives are bad for anyone. But for you women...they're unthinkable!

Your delicate feminine system was never meant to endure the shock of harsh, violent purgatives or cathartics. They weaken you. They often leave bad after-effects. *Madam, you must avoid them!*

Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative for every member of the family, but it is particularly good for women. That's because while Ex-Lax is thorough, it works in a mild and gentle way. Why, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

And Ex-Lax checks on the other important points, too: It won't cause

pain. It won't upset digestion. It won't nauseate you. It won't leave you weak. And what's very important—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

And Ex-Lax is so easy to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate.

All the good points of Ex-Lax are just as important for the rest of the family as they are for women. So millions of homes have adopted Ex-Lax as the family laxative.

Keep a box of Ex-Lax in the medicine cabinet—so that it will be there when any member of the family needs it. All druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



WALTER JOHNSON

HOLLYWOOD'S latest acting discovery, Walter Johnson, got into the movies somewhat differently from most leading men. He was an executive in a Paris-New York firm specializing in artistic lighting for public buildings. While superintending the installation of the lighting of the famous Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza in New York, a Fox Film executive, impressed with his appearance and manner, suggested he take a film test. It was a success, and although he had never previously given a thought to a film career, Johnson gave up his business and journeyed to Hollywood. His first appearance was in "Charlie Chan in London".

He is now being featured in "The White Parade" with Loretta Young and John Boles.

Home Problems Forum

(Continued from page 11)

payment, and somehow has always come through at the right time. He is the only son, and his mother has been a widow for about ten years, so he always felt that as soon as he could, he wanted to take out some insurance in her favor. He has an older sister who lives about a thousand miles away. She has a large family, and simply can't send her mother anything. And so, ever since he was able to work, he has been supporting himself and his mother. Perhaps it is just a little unfair for me to put it that way, because until Fred was eighteen his mother had a small income, but the income stopped at that time, so everything was on Fred's shoulders. He is an architect, and when he was twenty-one he got this job with a large construction company, with interests all over the country. They liked his work so well that within the first year he had several raises in salary, and so felt justified in taking out this large policy.

Naturally when Fred and I first found out that we loved each other, we didn't talk about income or money.

Of course, I didn't ask him about his assets, and we were too gloriously happy to think about it.

It wasn't until we began to get down to actual plans for our marriage that he mentioned this insurance policy to me. I don't know whether I was right or wrong in thinking that he would transfer the policy to my name just as soon as we were married. In fact, that is one of the points on which I'd like to hear from your readers. Is it right for a wife to expect her husband's insurance to be for her benefit? Hasn't she a just claim on any such money, or do you really think that I am talking out of turn when I feel that the policy should be made over to me?

I AM not anticipating anything horrible happening to Fred. But, on the other hand, I think people should be sensible enough to plan ahead.

Most of us don't have to look very far to find women who have been left penniless—often with small children, and no way to earn a living—just because the man wasn't thoughtful enough, or because the woman wasn't sensible enough to insist that some provision be made for her. I really don't think it is mercenary or cruel to discuss such matters sensibly. If Fred had no insurance at all, perhaps I never would have thought of talking to him about the whole thing.

But the fact remains that he has this \$15,000 policy, and he insists upon keeping it in his mother's name. He has many arguments in favor of that course, and I am going to let him tell you about it himself. Of course, I understand that if anything should happen to him, his mother would be left in a pretty bad way. She couldn't count on any help from her daughter, unless their circumstances should change through the years.

I am very fond of Fred's mother. We get along perfectly, and I would certainly

always see to it that she didn't want for anything. After Fred and I are married she is going to keep up a small apartment for herself, and we have already made provision in our budget for her allowance. That will continue, no matter what happens. And I guess you know, Mrs. Willman, that supporting another apartment, however small, is going to mean sacrifices for us.

I don't want you to think that I begrudge this sacrifice. Fred's mother is a wonderful woman. She, herself, made many sacrifices so he could get an education, and she is certainly entitled to the best we can give her. In fact, another problem we have to face is to see that she doesn't stint herself too much in order to relieve our budget, because she would do without necessities so we need not give her so much money. I certainly don't want her to do that. She ought to have comfort, and some luxuries too.

However, it seems to me that, in the normal course of events, Fred's mother will not outlive him. Of course I can't state that I shall outlive Fred either. After all, we never know. Yet I do feel that when a man carries insurance his wife should be the beneficiary. If Fred could afford to take out another policy in my name, that would be all right. But we can't think of doing that now, and we don't know how many years will pass before he can afford it. With the premiums on the policy he now holds, the allowance to his mother, and the fixing up of our own home (which last is going to take my savings, too), another policy, however small, is absolutely out of the question.

FRED says he simply will not hear of changing the beneficiary. I know that if he talked to his mother she would tell him to do it, because she has very strict notions about the obligations which a husband and wife owe each other. She knows that if it hadn't been for the little income her husband left her she would have had a mighty hard time seeing Fred through to his eighteenth year.

But he won't talk to his mother. He has his own reasons for that too, and it has got to the point now where he doesn't even want to talk to me about it. He just shuts up like a clam the minute I mention it, and his attitude is that I must take it or leave it, because that is the way he has decided. Now that isn't like Fred. In every other instance, I can discuss almost anything with him. He is reasonable, and he thinks clearly.

I am not the kind of person either, who always wants her own way. We have compromised on lots of things, sometimes I go Fred's way and sometimes he goes mine, and usually we find a solution which pleases both of us. But in this one case he is just determined that his mother shall have all his insurance, and I shall have nothing.

(Continued on page 120)



When baby's head is STUFFED UP!

When baby has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep, but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Mistol Drops

Use MISTOL
DROPS for
your
children...
they'll like it.



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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

FOR LAUGHS TURN TO PAGE 51. You will chuckle, with pure unadulterated joy when you read another startling adventure of Billy and Betty.

True Story Magazine

To Your Unconquerable Soul

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

YOU may be down, but you are never out," says the Salvation Army. And that is the right attitude.

We all have our troubles at times. There are no exceptions.

The poor, the rich, the high, the low—it makes no difference what your position in life may be. There are periods when troubles harass you to such an extent that you are almost ready to give up.

For the moment, life has lost its attractions. You see nothing but gloom before you.

It is at such times that you have an opportunity to show what you are made of. Keep the thought in mind: "I may be down, but I am never out."

That is the time to arouse your fighting spirit. Here is something to fight for that is worth while. No matter how insurmountable the difficulties may seem, you must assume the never-say-die attitude.

I WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST BREATH. Say it over and over again. Keep that thought in mind. Let it spur you on to resist with every spark of power within your soul and body.

There is always a way out, no matter how dark and impossible the situation may appear. There is light ahead if you refuse to admit defeat.

And the fight that you make at such times represents a force of tremendous value in your life.

Real character is built by surmounting difficulties.

A man of strong character has been through many fights with himself and with others. But remember, the hardest and fiercest conflicts are usually those that go on within your own soul.

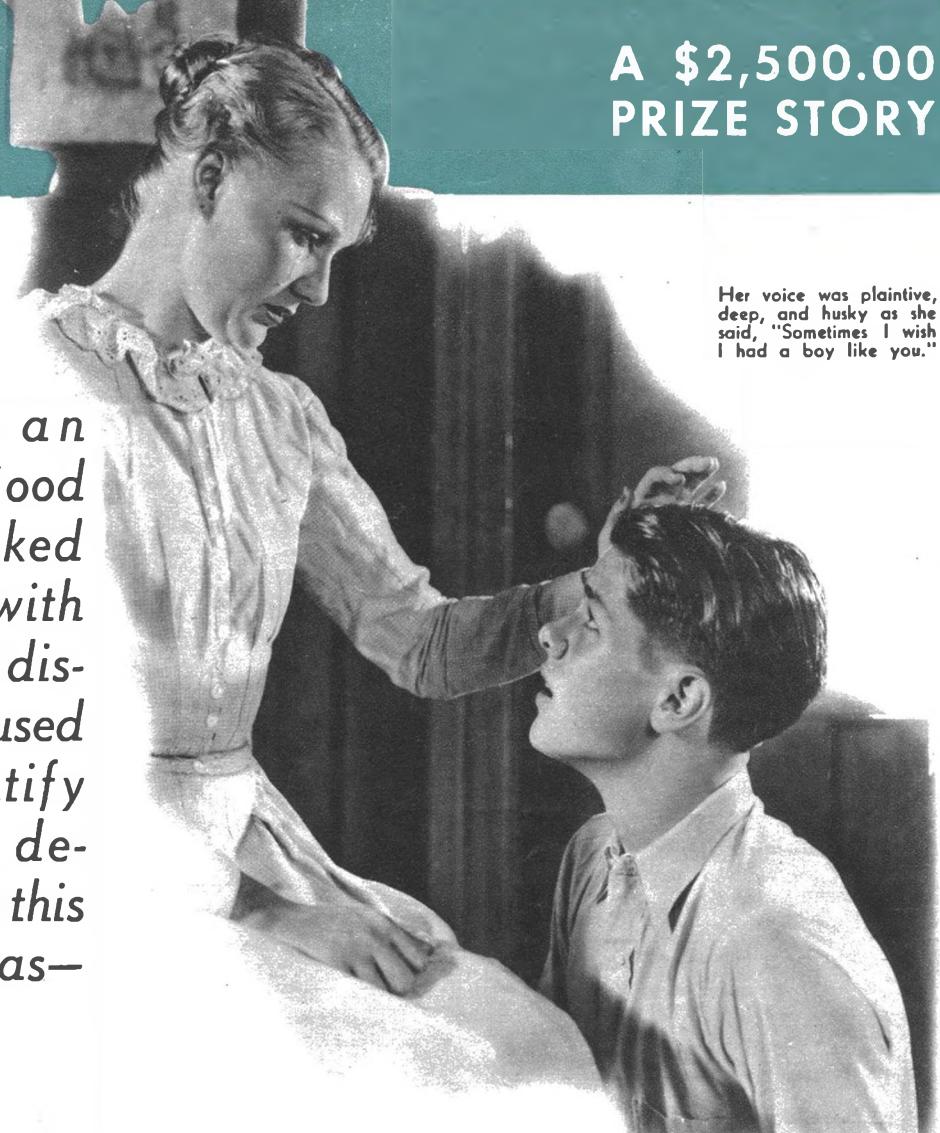
If you can win out in your fights against the perverse side of your nature, you are indeed a conqueror.

Therefore, develop a keen fighting spirit. It is always useful. It will help you to build character. It will help you to arouse within yourself the particular ability and power which are necessary if your life is to be one of accomplishment.

And when trouble comes, don't think that you are the exception. You are one among millions. And whether you go down or whether you survive, depends upon your own fighting ability.

No one can help you. You must struggle through your own difficulties. And when you are able to play a "lone hand" like this in the game of life, you are indeed to be congratulated. For you are sure to come out among the winners.

A \$2,500.00
PRIZE STORY



Her voice was plaintive, deep, and husky as she said, "Sometimes I wish I had a boy like you."

She was an outcast. Good women looked upon her with horror and disgust. Men used her to gratify their base desires. But to this boy she was—

Inside the SOUL of a **SHAME WOMEN**

I WAS just about twelve years of age when *She* came to town. My first knowledge of her was through my parents; but only in a vague and indirect manner. It seems to me that mother and Dad always spoke mysteriously when I was about, keeping an ever-vigilant eye on me, so that to an impressionable youngster such as I was, life seemed full of dark, unexplained secrets. I know of no greater mistake parents can make than this.

I was sitting on the steps just outside the back door, shortly after supper, when Dad spoke.

"Ma, she's livin' over in the old B Street house."

Mother gasped, then tchicked her lips in unfeigned disapproval.

"Well, better on B street, where she's not apt to be meetin' with decent, God-fearin' people, if she must pick our town for her home. Of all places, why here?"

Dad left that unanswered. Both pondered for some time over the newcomer. I remained ever so quiet. Here was a new deep secret that intrigued me. A new inhabitant was rare, and when that newcomer was a lone woman, surrounded by an aura of mystery—well, I just had to hear more.

My hopes were not unrewarded, nor did I wait long. "Pa," mother said, over the clatter of the supper dishes, "just who is she? Don't you know somethin' about her? All the women-folks over at the Aid this afternoon was wonderin' and askin', but not a soul knew a thing."

Dad spoke with slow, deliberate words, each one emerging with such hard finality that I knew his mind had long ago been made up and no power on earth could change it.

"They call her 'Old Daryell's Daughter.' She's been livin' up to now over in —; before that she was in the city. Talk is, she got into some kind of trouble there and scampered home to her good-for-nothin' father."

"You don't mean she's the daughter of that old drunkard we hear so much about?" Mother was becoming more and more interested, although she would have steadfastly refused to admit that, had she been so accused.

"Yep, the same, Ma. Only he died couple weeks ago." Dad stopped and spat contemptuously. "And now she lands here!"

He said the last as if the whole thing had been planned thus, just to irritate him.

Mother made that peculiar clucking sound again, but said no more. She knew Dad would add to his tale.

"Some of the boys at the shop told me today—"

"Wait, Pa," mother broke in.

She came to the door. I had had no time to make a getaway.

"Awfully quiet, ain't you? Now you get along out there and do your chores before it's time to come in and study!"

As she went back, I heard her say, "Quiet as a mouse, that boy. He was takin' in every word."

I hurried out into the yard to do as I was told. There was no answering back or making objections when either Dad or mother told me to do something. They were ardent believers in the spare-the-rod-spoil-the-child philosophy.

But I turned over and over in my mind what I had heard. An inner glow of excitement warmed me. This woman, this newcomer, alone in a house long vacant and shunned, was, to say the least, a person to be seen.

Why did Dad and mother speak of her so resentfully? What kind of a looking woman was she? No one I had ever seen or heard of before had caused so much comment. I promptly planned to visit that old house on B Street before many weeks went by.

However, I had to bide my time. I must be very careful about this. If I should be found out—well, I probably understood my parents better than they understood me.

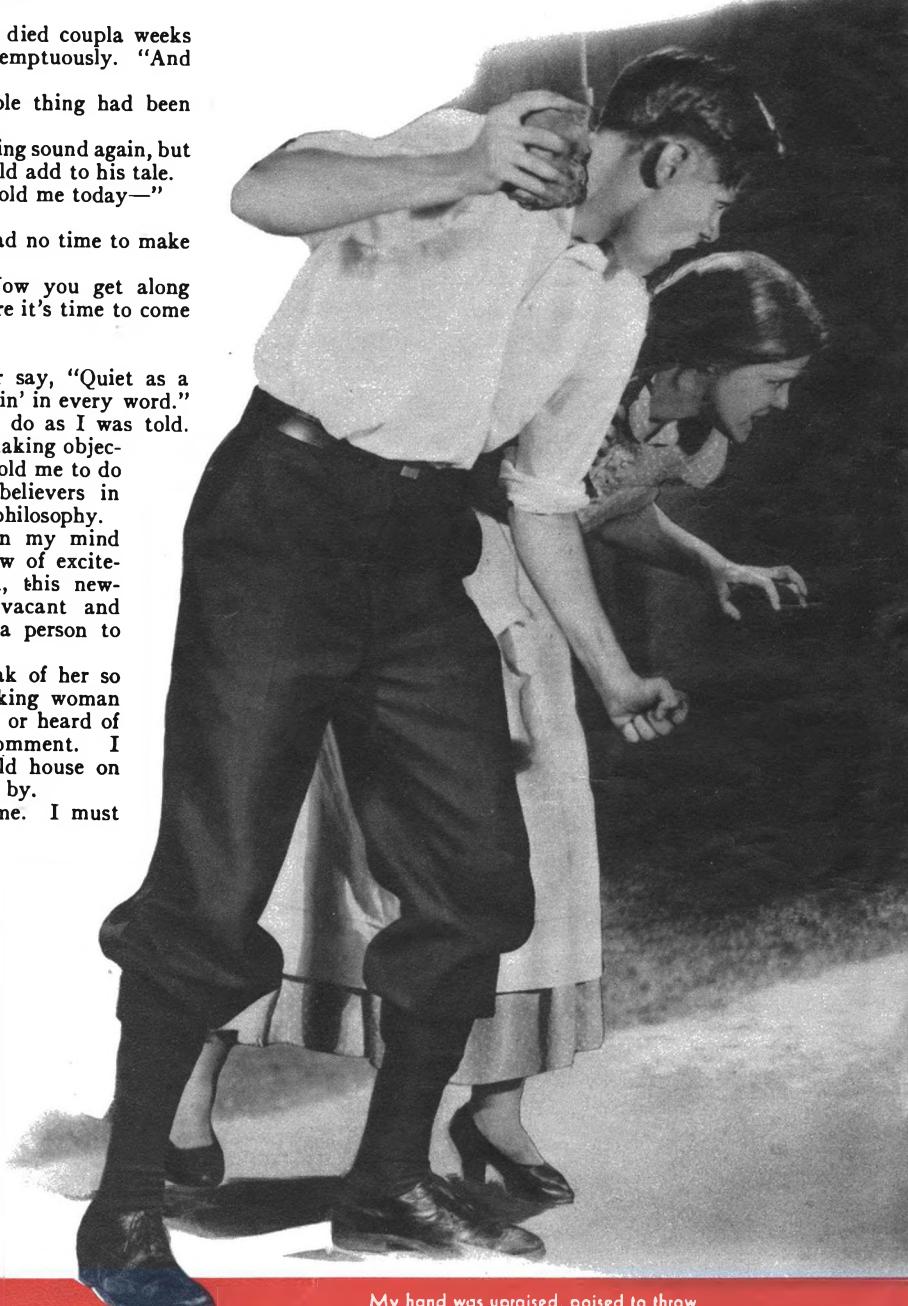
One Friday afternoon, school was out early, so a pal of mine and I went nutting. His father drove us in his surrey over to the woods where the nuts were plentiful. On the way back our path led us directly past the house on B Street.

It was a dilapidated, weather-beaten frame shack, just a block or two within the city limits. No one had lived there for a long time. I suppose no one could possibly have wanted to live there. It stood so alone,

the dark woods forming a grim and portentous background, the nearest house two blocks away, as if even houses shunned its company.

My heart picked up a racing tempo as we neared it. I didn't dare tell my companion what I knew, or what I hoped to see. In fact, I did not know myself. I only knew that here, in this desolate spot, lived a woman, all alone, disliked by my folks, spoken of slurringly by the townspeople, and known by the peculiar name of "Old Daryell's Daughter."

There was no sign of life as we passed. But barely were our backs to the house when a door slammed. My pal glanced around. Slowly I turned to look. There she was!



My hand was upraised, poised to throw

How shall I describe her? It has been many years ago since I beheld her standing, one arm akimbo, on the rickety old porch of that house. Yet I still can see her as though it were only yesterday. In my mind's eye the picture of her remains with unmarred clarity, yet my powers of description lack miserably in effect.

She was not young, yet she was not old. Her skin was fairer than any I had ever seen, so unlike the bronzed,

rough skin of our women. The golden-red glint of her hair in the autumn sun added a warm and glowing luxuriance to her. She was rather slight of build, and a tightly fitting calico dress caressingly hugged the curves of her figure.

To me, she was the most striking creature I had ever seen, and not to be compared with the women I had come to know and accept as a daily part of my life.

SHE stood there, smiling, while I literally gawked. My comrade kept nudging me to move on. Hesitantly, I edged away.

Then she spoke, "Well, boys, won't you come and get acquainted?"

Her smile was most disarming, and the friendly warmth of its genuineness seemed to envelop one.

But I, fighting back the urge to answer her invitation, stuck true to the town creed. Perking up my head in the haughtiest manner, imitating to (Continued on page 93)



Then she looked at me—looked at me from those worn, miserable, crucified eyes

SING SING'S GREATEST DEATH HOUSE STORY

He was condemned to die in the electric chair. A girl could save him. But this boy loved her too much to reveal the whole truth. He would go to the grave. Then after he was gone, she would learn that—



No GREATER

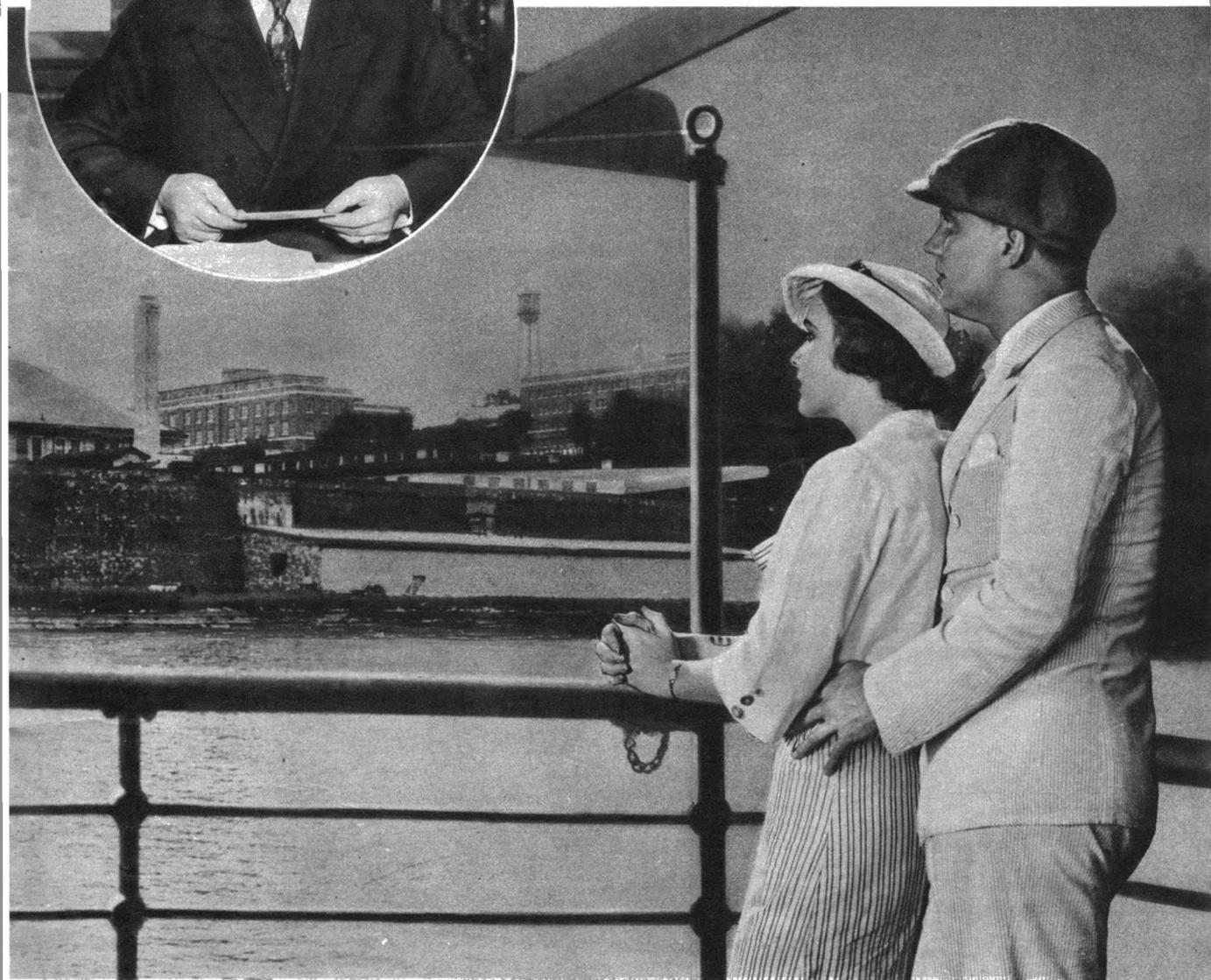
OVER one hundred thousand persons, convicted of crime and banished by society, have passed through the gates of Sing Sing to pay penalties for their offenses against the law.

I have been warden of the prison since 1919. Yet, in those fifteen years, a comparatively short time, I have been commanded by the courts to execute 310 men and five women. After commutations of sentences, re-

By Warden LEWIS E. LAWES



EDITOR'S NOTE: Warden Lawes has been in command at Sing Sing, the world's most famous prison, since 1919. He is the author of those remarkable books, "Life and Death in Sing Sing", and "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing", the latter being the inspiration for the successful movie of the same name. The warden also appears regularly on the air and has developed a vast radio following. Here, as everywhere, he constantly carries on his crusade against capital punishment.



"I could cry," Neysa said, gazing at the prison, "every time I realize there is such a thing as a death house"

LOVE

versals of judgment, transfers because of insanity, and suicides, one hundred and ninety-two men and two women actually paid the supreme penalty.

It is not easy to look upon a fellow human being going

to the death house; and I have found myself unnerved and shaken in the final moments, more so than some of the condemned men I have seen in that last walk of their lives—the trip from the "dance hall" to the chair. But

the law requires me to remain in the execution chamber while the powerful electric current burns out the vitality a higher power gave them.

My conclusion is that capital punishment is futile; the worst scar of a past savagery; a hideous practice clung to erroneously by an unthinking civilization.

If any normal man could see what I have seen, his conclusion would be the same. On the radio, and in my published writings, I have frequently decried this distorted concept of society.

It has always been true that many of those I have been commanded to electrocute, knowing their hours would soon elapse, unbared their souls to me.

The drama, the unspeakable pathos, the hell on earth of these moving scenes with condemned men will ever recur in my memory. And I wish that just one instance from their unhappy recollection could be adequately reconstructed. If such were possible, my faith in the people of New York tells me the death penalty would be swiftly forever abolished.

Far from being cheap and lurid accounts of their descents on downward pathways, the stories told by many of those I have seen go to the chair, have taught me the deeper meaning of courage and sacrifice and love and loyalty.

It is inspiring to see a fellow man purged of every petty prejudice and vicious impulse. It does something to you which words cannot portray. There must be reverence for some of them; especially those who have made their peace with earth, and who stand at last noble and clean and fearless in the pristine beauty which hopes for nothing but justice in the world beyond.

BUT society takes no account of those. Society insists they be killed. The same society which perhaps refused them jobs—which took no account of their youthful social defections. The society which provided no place for them kills them.

I have been asked to tell Sing Sing's greatest TRUE STORY. Naturally, I have changed names and made the alterations necessary to protect the original character. But I hope that all who bear with me, wherever you may be, will derive spiritual gain from the story of Johnny Morton.

Johnny came to Sing Sing while I was away from Ossining. I had been in Albany on important legislative matters, and therefore did not see him when he arrived. But the final details of his trial had been widely published in the newspapers, although I had been too busy to follow them closely. All I knew was that he was a twenty-year-old youngster who had been convicted of conspiracy in a robbery involving murder.

I came back from Albany late one afternoon, going at once to my office. This is the message which awaited me:

DEAR WARDEN:

The few days I have left will soon be gone. There is something of great importance I would like to see you about. No one but you can do it for me. Please, Warden, come as soon as you can.

Respectfully,

JOHNNY MORTON.

I read it carefully a second time. Down at the foot of the hill by the river, I could see the old Sing Sing from my windows—the long gray building containing the old cell block; farther to the right, in the last rays of the sun, the death house.

Dusk was falling, and I was already due at home. I had not seen my family for several days, and they were waiting for me. There was no word in the message which hinted what I could do. Perhaps my immediate attention was unnecessary. Yet how could I be sure of that? Too often I had seen men in the death house attach transcen-

dent importance to a triviality, or which seemed so to me.

I turned to my secretary who had just come into the room. "Has Johnny Morton had any visitors?" I asked.

He reflected a moment, trying to recall.

"Just his mother," he said, when he replied. "She was ill, I remember. There was a man with her—a minister, they said; but he didn't ask to see the prisoner."

"**T**HEN you haven't heard from his lawyer—don't know of any petition being sent to the Governor for a reprieve?"

"So far as I know," he answered, shaking his head in the negative, "the kid's not asking for any."

I lifted the telephone receiver and asked for a connection with my home. A moment later I told my family in a few words that I would be delayed. Then I cleared my desk and started to the death house.

Going down the hill, I turned over in my mind what little I knew of the case. I had read a story on the train to the effect that the boy had taken the death sentence stoically.

In my time at Sing Sing, I had received

"What about Friday
—payroll day?"
Rickey Tresca asked
me in a threatening
tone. "Some tellers
have as high as
thirty and forty
grand!"



many strange requests from condemned men; some of them had been impossible of fulfillment. The denials always caused me regret; but usually the requests were of a simple nature.

I recalled the prisoner whose last request had been that he be permitted to wear a white shirt to the chair; another had wanted nothing more than a sheath of red roses. He had wanted to give them to his foster mother in her final visit, so that his last act on earth would be the keeping of a sentiment he had commenced in childhood, and which had been continued through the happy days before his fatal step in crime.

One particular instance of the early days of my warden-ship came back to me now. It was the prisoner for whom I had broken the rules. He had asked a day or two before his execution that I give him two ounces of whisky a few moments before his time came to go to the chair. I had procured the whisky at the hospital. We stood waiting for the last moments to arrive. I held the whisky in my hand. It was then that the prisoner had noticed how nervous I was.

"YOU drink it, Warden," he said impulsively. "You need it more than I do." And I did drink it.

These curious and moving incidents came back to me, going down the hill; even as the guard unlocked for me that door from which so few men have ever returned.

"Lo, Warden!"

"H'yah, Warden?"

"You didn't hear anything—did you, Warden?"

A number of the condemned men greeted me from their cells as I walked down the corridor. The guard who had preceded me was waiting at a cell near the end of the tier.

"This is Morton, Warden," I heard him say. Then I saw Johnny Morton, the youngster who had sent the message.

He had removed his outer shirt and was sitting on the

edge of his bunk, staring toward the door. I caught a glimpse of his frank blue eyes, broad, youthful forehead, and his well-cut chin and straight nose. There was nothing of the criminal about him. In the light from the corridor, his arm and shoulder muscles glistened, and I noted at once his fine physique. He got up as I neared the cell door. He was pale, distraught and inclined to be nervous, but I could tell that he was grateful for my visit.

"Hello, Warden," he said in a low intoned whisper.

I TRIED my best to smile. Under the circumstances, I could not say I was glad to meet him. Instead, I said: "Hello, Johnny. How are they treating you?"

"Okay, I guess, Warden," he replied tensely. He was regarding me with polite scrutiny.

"I came right down, Johnny," I began. "I'm just back from Albany, you see. Now, how can I help you?"

He was still looking intently toward me, as though trying to come to some decision. It seemed that I could see the doubt dissolve from his face.

"I guess I'm beyond help, Warden," he said finally, and in that same hoarse whisper. "That isn't exactly what I wanted—"

"Then what is it?" I persisted.

"I want you to square me with my mother," he declared. "Square (Continued

on page 82)



The SECRET Locked in

I HAVE been reading recently the story of a Chinese mother. In its poetic lines was human motherhood, shorn of all the inhibitions of civilization, brought down to the primitive. In that Chinese mother I recognized a true picture of myself as a child, a born mother.

Since childhood she had always loved a child. Within her father's house the oldest girl, She looked upon the moon-faced babes and smiled. All wee things made her girlish sense whirl. She loved her tiny silk-worms when they spun, Her downy ducklings breaking from the shell, Her new hatched chickens warming in the sun. What tide it was that surged she could not tell, She only knew she felt the current swell.

As a child I associated with Ah Sing, our Chinese cook, and so I shall not be lonesome, I know, when I sail in the near future to live in China.

Ah Sing had married, long before my birth, a squaw of the Piute Indian tribe. To them, at intervals of a year or so, came half-Chinese children. This family, dwelling in a log tepee sort of building in the rear of Mawnee Inn, were my first associates. I grew up with a knowledge of Indian nature lore, mingled with the wisdom of the Orient. Later, when I was to nurse back to health my son, Noel, this knowledge came to my aid.

MY birthplace and childhood home was in a railway settlement high in the snowy Sierras. My father was an engineer, driving a powerful giant of an engine which helped pull the Overland trains over the summit. He was a huge, blond man, as powerful and bulky as his engine.



"I am the father of your little boy," he said

My first sentient wakening to consciousness was there on that engine, taken for a ride, perched high in the throbbing locomotive cab, with pine trees and firs whizzing past, as we coasted down the grade. Black oil

My Husband's HEART

*If only
she had
known the
real cause
of the
barrier
between
them,
before
that day
when her
husband-*



*My heart almost stopped
beating. An agony of
apprehension stabbed it
through and through*

smoke, escaping jets of white steam, whistles and bells, and echoes chugging from peaks and canyon sides; these are my earliest memories.

My mother was the owner and hostess of the Mawnee Inn. She was a tireless little woman of ceaseless activity. I wonder how she ever took time to bring me into the world! I only know she turned me over to Rosa Lee, eldest daughter of Ah Sing and Lulu, the Piute wife. One hears much debate on the subject of racial intermarriage. This family was an argument for the affirmative. Never have I seen, before or since, such a charming family. The half-Chinese girls are all beautiful creatures,

even now; most of them married to Indians. As girls they were lovely indeed, with clear amber skin, regular features and luminous eyes. The boys have returned to their ancestral home in China, and one of them is a great general in the Chinese army. One boy, the youngest son, remained, and now owns the Mawnee Inn. He comes into this story later.

What a glorious half-wild, free childhood was mine! My intimate comrades were these Indian-Chinese children. From that contact I learned many of the eternal verities. The Indians have no form for God, for all is God to them—the air, the rain, the sun, the mountains.

I used to dance with my friends upon the pine-needled ground, stamping down in rhythmic sway and sacred tramp, unto the living core of earth. On the other hand, I learned to talk in homely, human proverbs, for nine-tenths of the conversation of Ah Sing was made up of them.

On skis and snowshoes we ranged the wintry forests, unafraid.

On garbage-can lids we tobogganed down the steep, icy inclines. We knew the tracks of deer, elk, bears, and cougars as well as those of the wee fur-bearing wildlings who left their tracks about the shallow springs. We children all wore priceless coats of squirrel, marten and mink.

In the spring appeared the gorgeous, uncanny Sierra snowplant. Always Ah Sing, in early spring, had one of these strange fleshy plants set high in the kitchen, as if it were a red Buddha in a shrine. Most of the Indians made the snowplant an article of diet, like asparagus, but Ah Sing forbade his wife to defame the weird plant. We gathered mushrooms of a hundred kinds. Later we searched for red larkspur, wild blue iris, and spotted lilies. We gathered prickly gooseberries for delicious jam. In the fall there were pine nuts slipping out from the huge cones.

I LEARNED a curious Chinese method for catching trout, one not practiced even by the Indians. I learned from the Sing boys how to put my chubby pink hand carefully under the surface of the clear water, hiding behind a willow bush. Gently I wriggled a forefinger, like a little pink worm. Soon a rainbow or a Dolly Varden would come to investigate and to nibble. All I had to do then was to clasp him about his wriggling, slippery body. We called this "tickle trout-ing."

Always we had baby things to cuddle; kittens, puppies, chipmunks, bear cubs, fawns, gray squirrels and unfledged nestlings that fell from the shelter of their nests. Always we carried the smaller Ah Sings strapped, papoose or Chinese fashion, upon our lithe young backs. At seven I started to school—for we had our rural school under the great state system.

Our teacher, when I started, was a Miss Dyer; Harriet she is now to me, an eminent principal of a city high school and a nationally-known writer for educational publications. Then she was a pretty young girl, gaining experience, to complete her teacher's course. She became in time almost an elder sister to me. To her I owe my entire education.

Until the death of my mother, Harriet returned every summer to the inn at Mawnee, and gave me private lessons all summer long, after I had completed the course of the local school. I was thirteen when she brought

along with her the young woman, Mrs. Freda Owens, whose baby became the son I thrice earned.

Freda Owens was a girl of nineteen. Her eyes were large, wistful and blue. I was too young at the time to understand her condition—especially as the fact of coming motherhood was negligible to Mrs. Ah Sing. One day there was a year-old for "Baby," and the next day there would be a wee, new-born infant to take Baby's place in the family.

Freda was irritable, sullen and plaintive, by turns. Harriet and my mother were always tender with her. Her baby was to be born in October, and her young husband, far away in China with an importing company, would return for the event.

I overheard mother talking about Freda with Harriet. She had inquired as to Freda's relatives.

"I became acquainted with her, Mrs. Thornton, only because she lived alone in the apartment next to mine. Her parents died of influenza a week apart, less than a year ago. Mr. Owens had this position in China, and thought it best to marry Freda at once, so that he could be in a position to look after her. He, too, is alone in the world, although distantly related to Freda. He expected her to continue with her college course; but I suppose they didn't count upon a little bare-footed stranger."

Seeing me near by, mother and Miss Dyer changed the conversation. That is how I first learned of my little son-to-be, for Freda did not wait until October to bear the little boy. The child was born prematurely, in August, with my mother and Ah Sing's wife in attendance. The physician, summoned from San Francisco the next day, was too late. He said his presence would not have saved the young mother.

SOME time elapsed before cabled instructions arrived from the young father. He wired his lawyer to come to Mawnee, and attend to the funeral. Freda's peaceful young body left the mountain resort in a casket, but because the doctor had insisted that it would mean death to the tiny boy to remove him, my little son was left behind.

The moment I looked upon the wrinkled, red little face of this small wisp of humanity, the mother-heart in me, yet a child, claimed him for my own. The wife of Ah Sing deposited him, a few minutes old, upon my lap with instructions not to let him be chilled. Wrapped up in blankets I held him until I was dreadfully sleepy. Then I took him into bed with me. That is where they found the baby, quite forgotten in the excitement of the passing of the young mother.

The doctor from San Francisco showed the little nurse how to feed him with a medicine (Continued on page 113)



My MOTHER'S Man

"You draw me like a magnet," he cried. "I've tried to stay away but it's no use. You're in my blood. What have you done to me?"

"Betty, you understand how I feel." His voice was low and tense. "You feel it too, don't you?"

WHEN I was six months old, my father deserted my mother who was only sixteen years old at the time. It was necessary for mother to go to work. She left me in care of my grandparents, with the promise that she would return for me as soon as she could get a position. She then caught a train for Chicago.

My mother had a lovely singing voice, and I have been told that she was a stunning looking girl. She got on well, singing in vaudeville and at night clubs, but, although her salary was very substantial, she never sent for me. In fact, I never saw her until Grandmother died,

and my fate would have been less cruel if I had gone on through life without ever meeting her.

As far back as I can remember, both of my grandparents were in ill health, and there was always the problem of trying to make our small income cover our expenses. Grandmother was often confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and I nursed her to the best of my childish ability.

I grew up, hardly knowing how to mix and play with other children of my age. Even as a small child, there could be no after-school games for me. I must rush home

and wash the breakfast and lunch dishes. Then, if I had no home studying to do, I would crawl into bed, completely worn out. The next morning, as usual, I would get up early enough to get breakfast, make the beds, and straighten up the house before leaving for school. This was the general routine of my life all through my grammar-school and high-school days.

I often loitered a few minutes on my way home from school to watch other children on roller skates, or playing handball, tag and other games of childhood. Then I would hurry on home with tears running down my cheeks, for the idle, happy hours of childhood were not for me.

When I was fifteen, my grandparents received a letter from mother stating that she had married again. Grandmother was pleased, for she felt that, at last, mother had found real happiness. A few days later, we received a large photograph of mother and her new husband. I was delighted with the picture of mother. She was rather plump, with beautiful blond hair and a doll-like face. Her name was Dolly, which seemed to suit her perfectly.

Her new husband was tall and dark, and had a happy, boyish smile. I was sure I would like him very much, although I couldn't imagine myself calling him father. He didn't look at all like the fathers in our small town.

As I look back now, I wonder if my opinion of mother's husband as I saw him in the picture could have been a form of childish intuition—at any rate it was, in a sense, prophetic.

THE following year Grandfather died.

Mother was visiting in the Far West at the time and was unable to come to us. The weight of the tragedy fell upon my sixteen-year-old shoulders, for Grandmother, a semi-invalid, was prostrated with grief. After the funeral, she took to her bed, never to walk again. This added a new worry. I felt that I should quit school so that I could be with her during the day, but she was determined to have me finish my commercial course, so I would be capable of supporting myself.

Our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Hill, was Grandmother's most intimate friend. She was in and out of our house on an average of once every hour during the day, to care for Grandmother's wants. So, through the kindness of Mrs. Hill and Grandmother's determination that I get an education, I finished high school.

The spring I graduated, Mrs. Hill's nephew came to spend the summer with her. He was a tall, clean-cut young man, with blond curly hair, and the sweetest disposition of any one I have ever met.

One day I was out in the yard weeding the flower bed when Mrs. Hill and Ralph came out into the yard.

"Betty," Mrs. Hill called, coming toward me, "I want you to meet my nephew, Ralph. He is spending the summer with me."

"How do you do?" I managed to reply. "I hope you are going to enjoy your visit."

"Oh, I'm sure I will," he said, and he was still looking into my eyes.

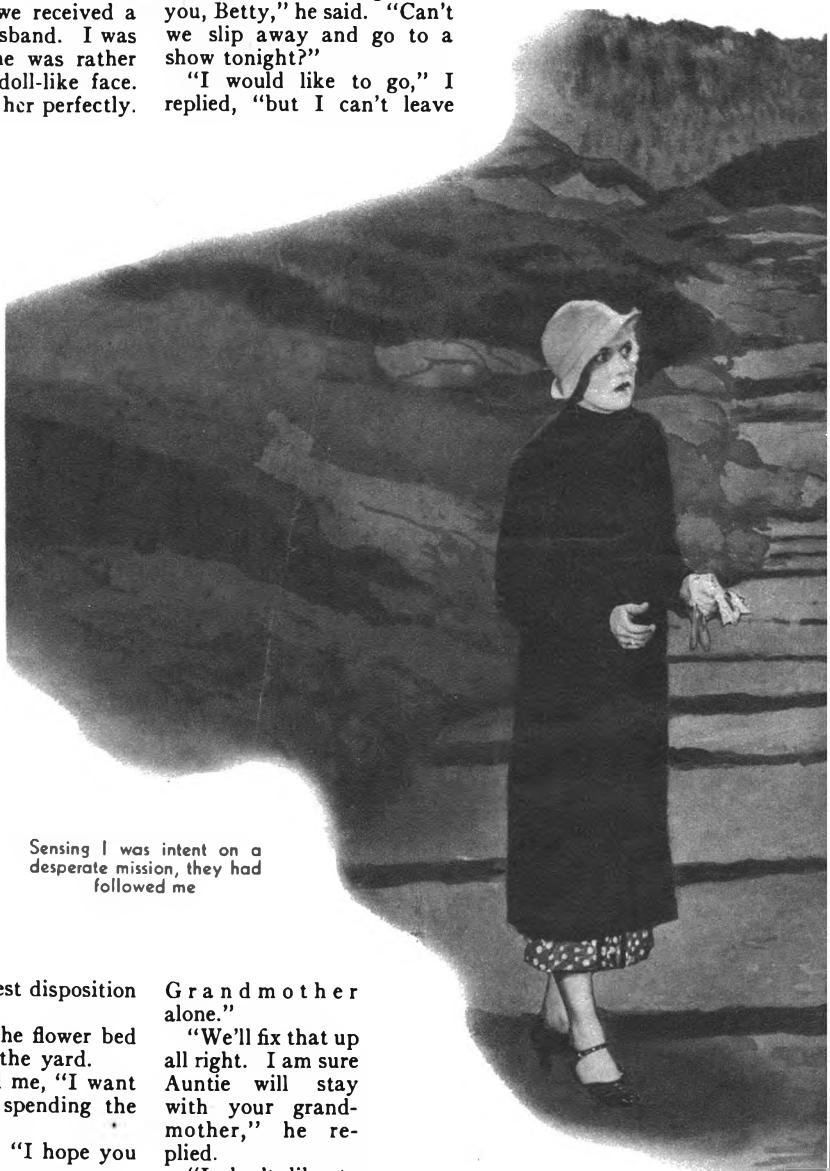
I was in a state of utter confusion when Mrs. Hill went in to see Grandmother, and left Ralph and me alone. I had never had a boy friend and couldn't think of a thing to say to him. I hardly knew how to talk to the boys and girls I had gone to school with, let alone a stranger. He seemed to sense my embarrassment, for he started

talking about my flowers, and offered to help me with them. I soon discovered that he was very easy to talk to, and it was so exhilarating to learn that a young man enjoyed my company enough to stay and work with me. Oh, it was a grand new experience!

So, for about two hours, Ralph and I weeded and worked among the flowers, laughing and chatting like two happy children. I was happier than I had ever been in my life. It takes so little to please one who has known few pleasures.

JUST before I went into the house to look after Grandmother, Ralph took my hand in his and smiled into my eyes. "I have always wanted to meet a girl like you, Betty," he said. "Can't we slip away and go to a show tonight?"

"I would like to go," I replied, "but I can't leave



Sensing I was intent on a
desperate mission, they had
followed me

Grandmother alone."

"We'll fix that up all right. I am sure Auntie will stay with your grandmother," he replied.

"I don't like to have her do it. She has been doing so much for us the last few years. It isn't right to impose on people," I said, wanting to go more than anything else in the world.

"Don't worry about that. She'll be doing it for me this time so that I can take my lady friend to the show," was his reply.

I didn't in the least resent the fact that he had called me his lady friend. He had openly shown me that he admired me. I had never had a beau, and it was very thrilling to have a man address me as his special friend, even though I had known him only a few hours. But he was so guileless and lacking in subterfuge that I felt I had known him for years.

There are no words to describe the romantic excitement I reveled in all that afternoon and evening. I had suddenly grown into a young woman; had become, for the

first time in my life, acutely sex-conscious. Here was a young man who liked me well enough to desire my company for the evening. It was fortunate for me that his intentions were honorable, for I (Continued on page 65)



I was so frightened, I nearly dropped my baby

Three-Ring

In the Preceding Installment:

MY mother was a circus performer, a trapeze artist. She died from an accident early one spring, while training for the coming season. I arrived just after she passed away. Her insurance policy had lapsed, so I found myself totally destitute. There was only one thing to do, join the circus.

I became the assistant of Dick Leslie, the animal trainer. My act was to put a little honey bear, Snookums, through a series of tricks. One night the bear came down with pneumonia. Dick arrived with Fred Coyle who, we all thought, was a veterinarian. He went along with the circus, saving Snookums' life. Then we learned that he was a regular medical doctor. This amazed us, as he signed up with the circus to serve as its regular vet.

A great friendship sprang up between Fred and me. This aroused the jealousy of Gwen, the snake charmer, who also fancied herself a man charmer. She had had a number of previous violent affairs, and the circus folk considered her a dangerous woman. I could see they were a little worried about me after Gwen started out to make Fred.

Then one night as we were traveling through central Tennessee, I awoke in the wagon which served as my sleeping quarters. I had an uneasy feeling that I wasn't alone. I took down the flashlight from above my bunk and swinging around, turned the white circle of light over the room.

Something stirred. I fixed the light upon it and stared; stared at the distended hooded head of a cobra, a living body of green, coiled horror, painted with fangs.

I could make no sound. I couldn't move. Paralyzed with terror, I could only watch it sway toward me.

The Story Continues:

CROUCHED in my bunk, my finger clamped on the flashlight switch, I watched the snake. As if hypnotized, my lips opened, but no sound came out except the thin, frightened whistle of my breath.

I swayed from side to side, like a rocking Buddha. The cobra, his spotted hood gleaming in the circle of light, swayed in time with me. The open jaws seemed to grin at me, as if the thing would mock me before it eventually killed me.



GIRL

If I only could release the switch to plunge us into darkness, but I had forgotten how to move my fingers. I could only draw more and more into the shadow of the bunk until my back was pressed rigidly against the wall of the wagon.

The snake stopped swaying. Slowly it recoiled, the awful hood puffed wider, the fangs darted—

There was a rush of feet, a gasp and the canvas door curtain of the wagon swept down and enveloped the cobra.

At that moment the flashlight dropped from my hands and I fell back sobbing, on the pillow. In the dark, voices rose excitedly.

"Find the light, find the light!" a man's voice commanded.

"Mahru! Mahru!" I recognized Gwen Gourna's shrill voice, as she screamed for the Hindu boy.

Flashlights darted, then the swinging bulb over my dressing table went on, throwing a harsh, unnatural light over the interior of the wagon. Dr. Coyle was standing by the light, his eyes wide and almost black in contrast to his ashen face. Kneeling in the doorway, Gwen gripped the edges of the curtain that writhed and billowed over the snake. Her voice calling for Mahru rang with as much terror as my own.

"Did he get you?" Fred Coyle almost barked, dropping down beside me on the bunk.

My teeth were chattering so wildly I couldn't speak. Fiercely he caught my shoulders and shook me. The violence brought me to myself. At that moment Mahru appeared, gathered up the canvas curtain and went out. Gwen almost crept to the side of the bunk.

"Is she all right, Fred?" she whispered, as if her last bit of strength were gone.

Before I could answer them, Fred pulled aside the sheet and lifted my bare arms with professional speed.

"He didn't hurt me," I managed at last, "b-b-b-but I was so frightened!"

"What a squeak!" Gwen shuddered with relief. "But I still don't know how he missed you."

"The thing kept swaying," I sobbed, "As if it were hypnotizing me. I swayed with him. I couldn't stop."

"That explains everything," Gwen stood up. "A snake can't hit a moving target and he kept moving with you. You must have stopped just as we came in."

"I did," I shuddered, as the awful iciness still possessed me. I wanted to ask how the snake got there, but my quivering lips couldn't form the question.

"Get her some liquor, Gwen," Fred said brusquely, but under the sharpness of his tone, there was a tremor.

Quickly he wrapped me in a blanket and held me close to him, until the warmth of his body, the assurance of human contact, comforted me. I clung to him gratefully. Slowly my sobs died down and a warm peace succeeded the cold fear; a warm peace and a sweet sense of belonging in the curve of his arm, against the smooth, strong breadth of his shoulder.

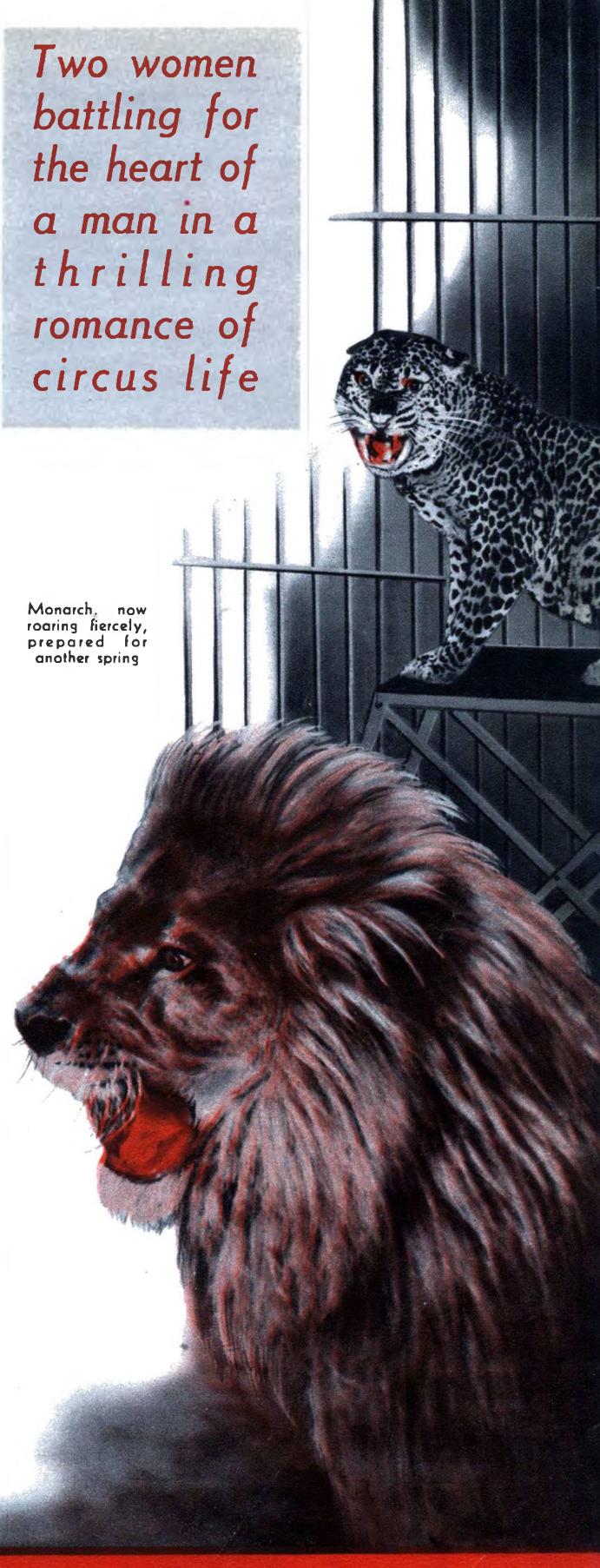
"What would I have done," I managed presently, "if you hadn't heard me?"

"Heard you?" he repeated, then added hastily, "of course we heard you and saw the flashlight."

We heard you—we saw the flashlight.

*Two women
battling for
the heart of
a man in a
thrilling
romance of
circus life*

*Monarch, now
roaring fiercely,
prepared for
another spring*



The confusion of my mind lifted like a fog as the words penetrated. They—Fred Coyle and Gwen Gourna—had heard me. Gwen's wagon was next to mine. My wrist watch said three o'clock. What was he doing in that section of the circus lot in an overnight stand? His quarters were at the other side of the grounds near the animals.

I looked up at him. His eyes were troubled. His mouth was grimly tight.

"You saved me," I said slowly, steadily, now.

"Don't talk about it!" he turned his head away resting his cheek against my hair. "If I hadn't! Oh, Babe . . . if I hadn't, it would have been the end—the very end—for me!"

"Here's the liquor," Gwen came in quickly, and Fred rose, steadying himself with a hand against the upper bunk.

Gwen poured some of the stuff into the metal cap of the flask and handed the bottle to Fred.

"Better take a drink yourself!" she suggested.

Fred took a quick drink from the bottle, as I gulped down the burning liquid that scalded my throat and melted the dreadful chill that gripped me even yet.

At that moment, I had the feeling that Gwen was running the show. Something in the sidewise glance of her yellow-green eyes at Fred; in the quick way she rearranged my pillows and straightened my sheets.

"Come on," she directed. "We'll get this girl to bed before the whole show is awake."

But through her words I heard the swift beat of footsteps and the velvet richness of Dick Leslie's voice, sharp now, and carrying clearly in a whisper.

Fred Coyle straightened up and thrust the bottle into his back pocket. Gwen sprang away

from the bed and pulled her polo coat closer about her. For the first time I noticed that she was wearing pajamas.

Dick came up the steps of the wagon at a bound, his tall slim figure filling the place as, with lowered head, he came through the narrow door.

For a moment, his clear gray eyes seemed to devour me, sweeping over me as if he couldn't believe I was safe. His gaze made me conscious of my low-necked, sleeveless chintz pajamas. I was disturbingly aware, too, of the touch of his lean fingers on my cheek, my



Every muscle of her body under the caressing silk seemed to relax. She was like one of her own cobras

shoulders, my arms, still warm from Dick's touch. I saw Fred look questioningly—almost beseechingly—at Gwen.

"Thank God you're safe!" Dick whispered. Then, turning fiercely to Gwen, "How did this happen?"

"How should I know?" she retorted. "You don't suppose I go around turning them loose, do you?"

"Don't get excited," Dr. Coyle said quietly. "Naturally Dick would want to find out if he could."

It was an act between those two; they were concealing something—protecting each other. And then, as I saw the question rising in Dick's eyes, I plunged in.

"Gwen was as scared as I was," I said excitedly, catching

Dick's hand in mine. "I made an awful fuss, and she sent for Dr. Coyle the minute it happened. In the dark she didn't know whether or not I was hurt."

"Dr. Coyle got here very quickly," Dick said acidly. "But, of course, a good doctor is always on duty."

Fred winced as if he had been slapped, and only a warning look from Gwen stopped his swift movement of anger.

"And now," Dick was saying to me, "do you think you can sleep? Are you afraid to be alone?"

"I'm not," I assured him. "I'll lock the door this time."

"I think it would be better if Gwen stayed with her, Dick," Fred Coyle suggested quietly. "She's had a bad fright, and shouldn't be left alone tonight."

I began to protest, but with a brief nod of agreement, Gwen began making up the bunk overhead.

"Thanks, Gwen," Dick said, standing stooping in the low door. "Good-night, Babe. You're coming, Doctor?"

"Right with you!"

Fred followed Dick to the door with one backward glance that seemed to dart from Gwen to me. Gwen latched the door after them, and then gulped down the brandy that remained in the tumbler.

"WHAT a night!" she said, shuddering over the drink. I glanced at my watch. Four o'clock!

Gwen dropped off her coat. She was wearing silk lounging pajamas, which clung to the full, beautiful lines of her body. Unlike many circus people, her muscles were not over-developed. Ella Howard's arms and shoulders showed the effects of years of training in a tumbling act. For all of my mother's lithe beauty, her arms and legs showed muscles like steel bands. Dick was almost pathetically thin—the price for an agility that matched the lions and tigers he trained.

But Gwen had none of those things. Her arms and shoulders were fully rounded and soft. Her hands, powerful enough to lift a twelve-foot (Continued on page 72)

Looking at her,
I understand that
no man would
want to believe
that any one so
desirable could
be so treacherous



She was gentle, sweet, beautiful and charming. Yet he hated her—this woman his father loved

DOLORES came into our family when I was seven. My father brought her home and presented her to us—my sister, aged six, and myself—as our second mother. I have learned since that it was her wish never to be referred to as a stepmother. We were to call her mother, and I resented that. I resented her very presence. I resented the fact that she was so young—only nineteen—so beautiful, and so alive with vigorous health. My own mother, as I could dimly remember her, had been a colorless little invalid with pain-racked eyes and useless limbs. I resented most of all that another should share my father's affections.

My father was a farmer and, during his two years of widowerhood, had devoted himself almost entirely to us—to me. I had recognized very early that I was his favorite. He would leave Elsie, my little sister, to amuse herself as best she could in the big old house, take me by the hand and go out into the fields to direct the farm hands, or himself take part in the work.

On several occasions he spoke tentatively of engaging a housekeeper, so he could spend more time with his crops, and thereby dispense with one of the men. But I objected. I wanted him to continue preparing our meals, bathing us, and personally caring for us in every way. I was afraid he might grow less affectionate toward us—toward me, rather.

I was jealous of everything he said or did, in which I was not included. My father thought that was love and it delighted him. It fed his vanity and his pride in me. But I know now that it was pure selfishness on my part.

When I was of an age to start to school I rebelled. All day away from my father—and Elsie at home? I wouldn't think of it! He might grow to love her as much as he did me. He might even love her more, and that possibility tortured me. No, I'd not go to school until Elsie could go, too; and of course I had my way. The next year we both started.

One evening when we came home from school a great shock awaited us—awaited me rather—for Elsie was delighted.

FATHER had brought a new wife home. He had done his courting in the daytime while I was in school. By stealth, as it were, for he knew I would put a stop to it, if I had known about it. Imagine a father catering to the whims of a seven-year-old son like that! Of course it was ridiculous, but it was a fact.

"This is your new mother, children," he said apologetically, "and I want you to obey her and love her, for she is going to love you."

"I don't want to love her!" I flared. "And I don't want to love any one but you, Daddy."

The truth was that I didn't want him to love any one but me, and now this pretty girl was his wife.



Daddy broke into a grin as little Elsie made up for my rudeness

Daddy frowned, a little worried and perplexed, but he broke into a grin as Elsie made up for my rudeness. "I want you to love me," she said, eager to ease the wound I had made, "and I'm going to love you too, mother."

Dolores dropped to her knees and took my little sister in her arms. And from that moment they were closer friends than any natural mother and daughter I have ever known.

I WAS disconsolate, but I had to make the best of things. I made up my mind at once that, even though I must call her mother, I would never allow Dolores to be a mother to me. I neither needed nor wanted a mother, I reasoned. I just wanted my father, and now this woman had come and, child though I was, I could

A House Divided

"I want you to love me," Elsie said, "and I'm going to love you, too, mother."



see that father loved her. I remember planning to behave in such a manner that she might leave. I would make life so miserable for her that she would have to leave, I determined.

I realized, however, that my objective would be worse than lost if my father were to know my plans, so I acted accordingly. Children are sometimes very shrewd and calculating. Unfortunately for us all, I was exceptionally so and crafty as well.

But Dolores was patient with me, and uncomplaining. I have since wondered if she did not know the work-

ings of my mind as well as I did, myself. All my efforts to discourage her seemed to leave no impression. She settled herself to sewing, churning, baking, carrying water, tending chickens, and the thousand other tasks that is a farm wife's daily routine.

She seemed never to tire, was always ready to interrupt her work to meet the demands of two lively, growing children, to give us those little though vital attentions that every mother is loved for. It was as if she had set out to be conqueror in that silent battle I waged against her with only the dauntless weapon of kindness.

In a sense, she succeeded; for soon I did not want her to leave. Not that I felt any kinder toward her, for I did not, but I enjoyed the comfort that she gave to our home; the orderly house, the clean, neatly made beds, clothes, always clean and mended, in our chests; the savory meals she set before us; the raisin cookies with which she always kept the great stone jar filled, and the countless other things that would ordinarily win the stoniest heart. But they did not win me.

"We could have had all these things from a hired house-keeper," I reflected bitterly, and was furious with myself that I had ever balked such a plan. I hated Dolores because my father loved her, and I never overlooked an occasion to let her feel my hatred.

As the years passed Dolores tried many methods to win me. She tried persuasion; she appealed to my sense of honor (a quality which was sadly lacking in me); she punished me. All to no avail. I am sure, however, that if she had had the co-operation of my father, there would have been little difficulty. For, secretly, I admired her. She was so lovely and sweet, so untiring in her efforts to make us all happy. I found myself wishing more than once that she had been my own mother and admitting that, in such a case, I would certainly have loved her. But she was only my stepmother, and that hateful fact could not be altered.

One morning as we started off to school and Elsie had kissed her an affectionate good-by, Dolores put her arms around me. But I turned my face away and wriggled from her embrace.

"Sonny-boy," she said coaxingly, "don't you love me a little bit, dear?"

"Naw!" I answered sullenly, "Why should I love you? You're only my stepmother."

"But I want, and try to be your real mother," she insisted, her voice husky with unshed tears. "Won't you let me?"

"My real mother is dead," I flung at her as I took up my lunch and books, and strode from the house.

"Howard, I think you're the worst boy in the world!" Elsie upbraided when she caught up with me. "Mother won't tell Daddy on you, but I'm going to. You have no right to treat her that way."

"What way?" I asked in an injured tone. "She asked me if I loved her, and I told her I didn't. I don't. Father wouldn't want me to tell a lie, would he? Go ahead and tell him, tattletale. I don't care!"

But I was somewhat worried. What would my father say if he knew that I hated Dolores? How would it affect his love for me? Perhaps I had better modify my behavior. But I was to learn that very day that my father,

We all stared at them unbelievingly



was, in a sense, my ally.

The little Moore children who lived on the farm across the road from us told me that day at school of an occurrence in their home that morning so unusual that I related it at the supper table that evening.

THE three little Moore children had an elder brother named Bill, a half brother, really. Bill had been but seven when his father, a widower, had married his present wife. Bill was grown up now, a big fellow of about twenty. It was well known in the neighborhood that he did not get along very well with his stepmother. That morning, during an altercation, he had struck her, inflicting a wound that demanded a doctor's care.

I watched Dolores' face as I related the sordid affair. Her eyes grew dark with horror.

"Terrible!" she breathed when I had finished.

"Oh, not so bad," my father remarked casually. "She's only his stepmother, you know, dear."

Dolores looked at my father as if she could not believe her ears. Then she went very white, as if every drop of



Their entrance sobered everybody

"I wish you hadn't married Dolores," I said in an aggrieved tone one day when father and I were alone together, a few weeks later. "I wish you had hired a housekeeper instead."

"Why?" he asked, a hint of suspicion in his voice. "Isn't—isn't Dolores good to you?"

"Well," I answered evasively, not daring to tell an outright lie, "I guess she's as good as any stepmother. I guess they all pick on boys. With a girl, it's different. She likes Elsie."

"**W**HAT do you mean, son?" he asked worriedly, almost bristling, "Surely Dolores doesn't—er—pick on you!"

By this time I had worked myself up to such a stage of self-pity that I burst into tears, and could not answer. But my tears served my purpose to greater advantage than any words could have.

My father put his arms about my shoulders and, between grim lips, said, "That's all right, honey. I'm glad you told me. You're my son and I'm going to see that things go better for you from now on."

And they did go better for me. That is, better for the further fostering of my jealous nature, for the selfishness that my father's favoritism had created in me. I knew that I still held first place in my father's affections, and I played up to that knowledge for all I was worth.

Thereafter, when he was present, I assumed an eagerly obedient and complaisant attitude toward Dolores that quickly changed to insolence and (*Continued on page 118*)

blood had drained from her face. She laid her napkin beside her plate and, without a word, left the table. Elsie cast a wrathful glance at father as she arose and followed Dolores.

FATHER went on eating as if nothing were amiss. I'm sure he did not realize the ghastly thing he had said, how he had unconsciously revealed his regard for stepmothers in general; had forgotten for the moment that the woman he loved was his children's stepmother.

But I knew then just how solid was the ground I stood on. I knew that I had only to remind him of the relationship in moments of stress.

"I WOULDN'T let myself get interested in Hugo Carley if I were you, Rachel," admonished prim Cousin Sarah.

"What is wrong with Hugo?" I demanded, my pulses leaping at this direct challenge.

"Oh, nothing any one can prove, I guess. But most folks think he's just a good-looking wastrel."

"Name one definite thing against him," I flared.

"There's plenty of hints that he likes his liquor and his cards. Others say he never passes by a good-looking girl, unless he has to. Where there's smoke there's fire, and where there's fire, it's easy for a little girl to get her fingers burned!"

"Besides—think of your father's standing if people should talk. And most of them are talking already!"

Then with the self-satisfied air of one who has performed an unpleasant but just duty, she stalked off. I was furious.

"They shan't slander you, Hugo. They shan't! I won't stand for it!" I sobbed wildly when she had gone.

Lies! All lies! They were jealous of Hugo because he was so handsome, so peppy and dashing; oh, so different

from the staid and quiet men I had always known. Tall and dark, he had that knack of wearing clothes that made him look well-dressed, no matter what he had on.

And he seemed to get such lots of fun out of taking the "parson's daughter" riding in his shiny, new buggy.

As for me, he had opened up a whole new world for my eager eyes. Shut in within the narrow confines of the country parsonage, with no one about but my invalid mother and my quiet, preoccupied father, it is not much wonder that my exuberant young spirits should find joyful release in the company of gay Hugo Carley who had never had a serious thought in his handsome head.

And now they were trying to poison my mind against him! They must think I was very easy to persuade. The summer just about past swept before my mind in breath-taking panorama.

SUCH sweet hours together! The sweetest I had ever known. Pretty horses, shining, new yellow-gearred buggy, soft moonlight and balmy breezes. And we two—just drifting along!

Sometimes Hugo let me drive, and then he placed his arm lightly across the back of the seat behind me. He had never caressed me. He had never folded me to his breast, even when the very air seemed surcharged with electrical impulses. Not even when my heart fairly turned somersaults within me because of his nearness and his dearness. Not even when his dark eyes met my blue ones with a reverent, worshipful light in their shining depths.

His very aloofness and his evident reverence for me drew me to him as his eagerness could never have done. I could have died for him—and gladly. But give him



There are no words that can adequately describe what I felt at that moment

EASY

up? Never! What did I care if the gossips did talk?

And my lover continued so courteous, so thoughtful and considerate. How was I to know that I held his soul in the palm of my hand? I, who didn't know the simplest truths of life? Who really didn't know much of anything when he was near, except that I loved him?

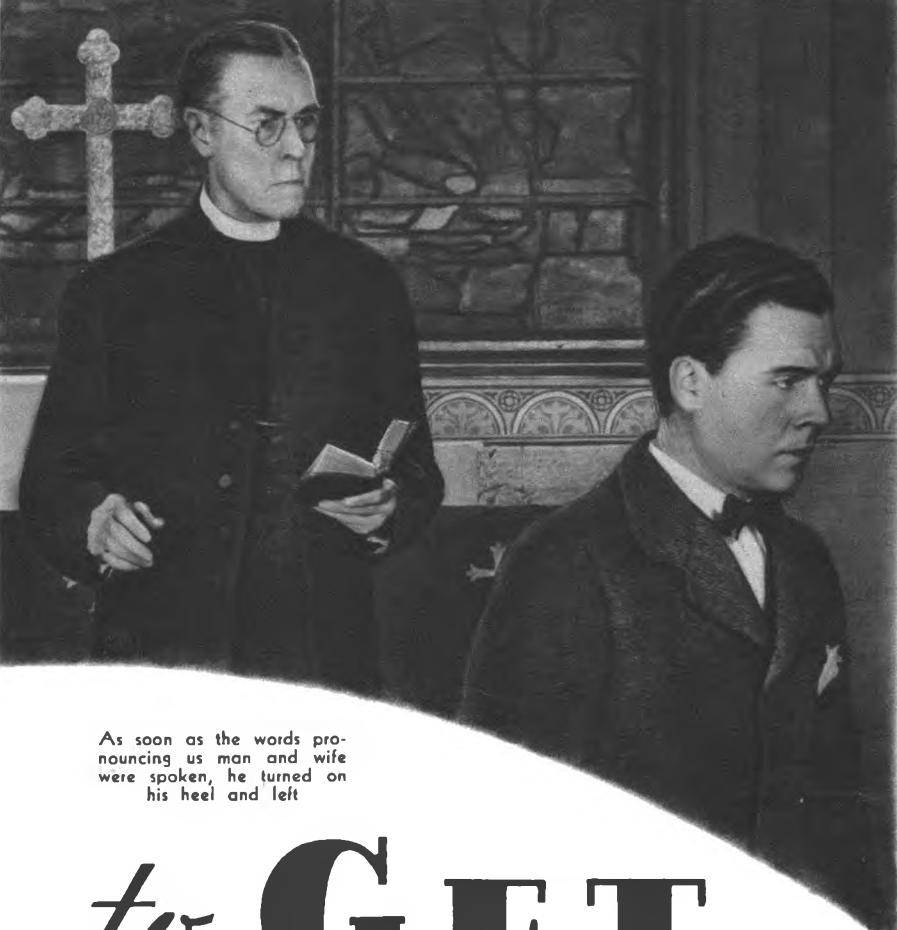
And Sunday night I was to go riding with him after church. He had said, so softly:

"I shall have something to ask you Sunday night, dear."

NO one had ever called me "dear" before. I tingled from head to foot as I recalled his look and tone. Oh, I was so young, so happy, so confident of the future! A future that held only Hugo Carley. For I loved him with that vital, breath-taking love that passes all human understanding. I would have given up all hope of heaven just to spend my days on earth with Hugo. He was my life. I lived only for our evenings together. Away from him I was morose, uneasy, and discontented. If he were near, my soul was soaring on wings of almost ethereal happiness.

All day that eventful Sunday, I day-dreamed about my lover. Surely, tonight, he would take me in his arms and tell me that he loved me. Tonight he would ask me to be his wife. Tonight he would kiss me. My cheeks burned at the thought. I had never had a kiss—a lover's kiss!

I didn't understand the queer emotions that tugged at my heartstrings all that day. Seething with an unnatural excitement, I stopped on the lawn outside the church and waited eagerly for Hugo's coming. Vera and Fay, two new girl friends, waited for me. They



As soon as the words pronouncing us man and wife were spoken, he turned on his heel and left

to GET

would never have presumed to laugh and chat with the "parson's daughter"; but "Hugo Carley's girl" was one of them!

"Look, Rachel! Hugo has a new horse tonight. Oh, isn't it a beauty? I wish Jesse would buy a new one once in a while."

The horse was a dashing little chestnut thing with white stockings and a blazed face. It arched its neck and pranced, as Hugo steered it toward the row of hitching posts.

"Whoa, Gypsy, whoa!" He talked to it in low tones, as if wheedling a stubborn child.

And then he stopped for a moment's chat, slim, straight and handsome, his dark eyes glowing into mine with a hungry, worshipful light. After tonight we would belong to each other. Tonight!

It was a balmy autumn night with a full moon. A night made for lovers, and lovers' promises.

There was that queer fever in my blood. How could I stand it to go inside and listen to my father's voice for a full hour when my whole heart, my whole being, were calling out for Hugo Carley? When all I wanted was to be clasped to my lover's heart; to feel his hot kisses on my lips? Oh, I loved him! He must kiss me tonight.

SUCH tumultuous feelings were running riot inside me. I was not myself, or I couldn't have done what I did.

"Let's sit in the back pew tonight, and when father starts his opening prayer we'll tiptoe out and take Hugo's new horse for a little ride," I murmured to the two girls.

"Oh, do you dare?" both gasped in the same breath. "Of course I dare," I declared boldly, conscious of their

"When I marry a girl," he told her, "she isn't going to be all mauled and tarnished when the wedding bells peal out." Yet he was the very first man even to kiss this girl who loved him as few men have the fortune to be loved

admiration for my nerve in taking such a liberty.

But I was trembling in every fiber as I untied the beautiful filly and clambered into Hugo's new buggy between the two girls.

Gypsy was more than I had bargained for. How was I to know of the treachery in her pretty little head? When I found I couldn't possibly hope to hold her down I turned her onto a side-road that led up a long, steep, mountainous hill. About half-way up the almost perpendicular incline, she stopped dead still and refused to move. We coaxed her, and we urged her. We had never seen a balky horse, and all three of us were trembling and weak.

"**M**AYBE if you hold the lines and I hit her with the whip she'll go again," said Vera at last.

"All right. Wait until I get a good grip in case she jumps," I replied shakily.

I pulled the reins up tightly. Vera stood up, took the whip in both hands, drew a deep breath, and laid a terrible welt right across Gypsy's back. Quicker than greased lightning, Gypsy's shod heels flew up, one sharp cakh catching the large bertha collar on Vera's new dress, and tearing it all the way down the front.

Pandemonium reigned in that buggy. Gypsy's heels never stopped. She kicked the dashboard to splinters, and we three stood up in the seat, our backs against the top, screaming for our lives.

Then we heard galloping hoofs and racing wheels, and there were Hugo and the two boys who had Sunday night dates with Vera and Fay.

My heart turned to lead as I saw Hugo look at the ruins of his shiny, new buggy. (*Continued on page 60*)

SPOILERS of Women

In Preceding Installments:

THE traditions of our family seemed to have taken root and flourished in following the healing art. My father's father had been a surgeon in the Civil War. They had all been medical pioneers from Great-grandfather Nydahl down to my own father. I, too, was destined to follow the traditions of my family.

While I was going through my internship, my sister, Janet, came to a fashionable finishing school which was only a few blocks from the hospital. Soon she was running in and out of the hospital as if she belonged there. Everybody loved and adored her, and most of the internes lost their hearts to her.

Then Jake Spovani was brought to the hospital, acutely ill with lobar pneumonia. He was the chief of the underworld—the crowned head of all the rackets. He had two brothers, Pete and Tony. When I met Tony, I was amazed to learn who he was. His face was almost classical in type, with that passionate, romantic kind of masculine handsomeness which brings women to their knees. And Janet proved an easy victim. I objected strenuously to Janet's going with Tony, but she openly defied me. The man completely infatuated her. When I persisted in opposing the friendship, she went away without telling me. For four months I searched vainly for her; then one day she came back. Tony was through with her. He had thrown her out, and she was expecting a baby.

A terrible fury possessed me. I wanted to go out, find Tony and kill him; but Janet held me back.

The child was born; a charming boy. But not even for the sake of her child was Janet willing to carry on. One day I came home and found she had taken her own life.

I now lived only for revenge. I went to Tony's apartment, intent on killing him. But Fate had intervened. Some one had cheated me of my revenge. I found Tony lying dead on the floor with a knife in his back. As I turned to leave, the janitor of the apartment appeared. I was arrested and charged with the murder of Tony

Spovani. I only regretted that I was not the killer. I was tried and found guilty. However, the jury added a recommendation for mercy, in view of the notorious reputation of the murdered man.

In prison they discovered I was a physician, and put me on duty in the hospital. The work was easy, but its very monotony soon became dreary torture.

After ten years in prison, the real murderer confessed, and I found myself again a free man. I immediately went to the woman with whom I had left my little nephew.



One of the miners carried out Bob's dead partner

*Was he condemned to
be an eternal wanderer?
Must he go on forever
paying for that one
mad gesture in his past?*



Working rapidly, I prepared rude splints for the injured man's legs

He was a fine, upstanding boy, and welcomed me joyously, believing that I had been in South America.

I took Bud with me and went to the little town of Bear Creek, where I again took up my practice. Here I was getting along splendidly. No one knew of my past.

Then one day a dope fiend came into my office. I told him I couldn't give him the dope he wanted. He got up and glared at me, and as he left, he threatened to reveal my past to the whole community. He had been in prison with me. What would happen to me and Bud when the truth got out? How would my patients treat me?

The Story Continues:

PERHAPS I should have stopped long ago, so far as my story is concerned; perhaps I should stop now. Yet, after all, this has come to be almost the chronicle of my life, and to end it now would be to omit the one happy chapter of an otherwise futile and dreary existence. So now, with the kind indulgence of my readers, if there be any, I shall go on to tell the events which occurred after I threw the dirty bum out of my office.

I remembered him too well, the (*Continued on page 109*)

NE'E'R-DO-

"Dat is Papa you vant," she said.
"He come quick.
You de new teacher,
no?"



He had expected to be a dashing outlaw, but found himself only a cat's paw, a stool pigeon, a drunken babbler. Then one day he looked into a pair of entrancing eyes and—

I WAS born on a Western cattle ranch, the son of a prosperous stockman. The rope was my earliest toy, and raising beef for the market my childhood heritage. Father was a member of a Christian church, and cards

were never allowed on the ranch. For all of his objection and careful oversight, I learned poker from the cowboys he employed.

Shortly after my twentieth birthday father caught

WELL

A TALE of LOVE'S MAGIC POWER



"Yes," I answered,
"Mrs. Ives sent me to
teach your school."

me playing in the local speakeasy and told me I was a disgrace to the family and he wanted to see no more of me on the ranch. He allowed me to take a saddle and pack horse, a load of "chuck" and a bed, and advised me to

get work as far away from the home ranch as possible.

I rode for three days in a southerly direction, camping at night wherever I could find grass and water for my horses. On the fourth day I rode up to a ranch and

asked for work. I stayed there until after the fall round-up. Then, with other discharged cowboys, I rode to town where the painted females of the dance hall and the card sharps got our summer's wages. One by one the boys went broke and drifted back to their various ranches, there to "sweat" until spring (that is, do odd jobs for their board until they should be employed at regular wages).

I HAD some luck with cards and my winnings supported me until nearly spring. At last I lost my last dime and again saddled my horse and drifted. I was a competent cowhand and easily found work on a ranch where I stayed until after the fall round-up. Then I drifted to the nearest cow town and repeated last winter's debauch.

I continued this mode of living for four years. Twice I lost my horses and bed roll, and twice I won others to take their place. Three times I was sent to jail. Once I was





"If you ever tell that story," I barked, "I'll hang you by the neck instead of the feet!"

charged with assault with a deadly weapon. The other times, were for just plain drunkenness and fighting. I always drifted South and always chose a new town to spend the winter. The fifth spring after I left home I found myself far out in the grass land of one of the South-western states. I hired to the Z-Bar ranch, of which Jake Baufman was foreman and owner. Baufman was a large, whole-souled cowman whose only religion was justice and fair dealing. He drank very moderately and played penny ante for the sport of the game. He was strictly honest himself, and the first person who had come into my life who seemed really to trust me.

FROM the first day I met him I loved Jake Baufman as I never loved any other man, before or since. I had been riding for the Z-Bar for about two months when Baufman hired three men who came there dressed as cowboys. He must have seen they were not cowhands, for he assigned them to his boss irrigator. One of the men we dubbed Curly on account of his hair which lay in tight waves. This one seemed to be the leader of the trio. Later, a fourth stranger arrived. This one came in a high-powered car and claimed to be a

"lunger". Jake gave him a room and let him stay. He had a hacking cough, but otherwise seemed well enough.

I hardly got acquainted with any of them until Jake made me straw boss of a fence gang and gave me the three irrigators for a crew. We were some miles from headquarters and took our beds and chuck along, but I thought of them only as "tenderfeet", and kept on as best I could.

WE had been out nearly a week when one night at the camp fire, Curly mentioned bank robbing.

"It would be mighty easy to hold up the bank in Center-ville and there is a first-class chance to make a getaway in those mountains to the West," I told him.

"Looks easy to a feller like you who has spent his life in the mountains, but take mugs like us and they would get lost and starve to death," Curly replied.

"Say, it would be a lark to turn a trick like that," I boasted. "I know the mountains and the trail. I wouldn't get lost if I had never been there before. I got lost in Chicago once, but never in the mountains. But I wouldn't know how to open the bank safe if they led me to it and gave me a key. If I could get in with some one who did know, we would grab the cash and vamose!"

I thought these men were tenderfeet, and was trying to shock them or rather impress them with my daring. Nothing more was said on the subject until the next night.

Then Curly opened the subject by saying, "Young feller, if you want some one to crack that crib in Center-ville, right here are three old hands, and there are two more in the gang. If you will furnish the getaway we will split the swag six ways."

I gasped in astonishment. What could I say? I half believed they were only coming back with another bluff. I was not going to take it, so I came back with a bigger

one. "If you really know your onions, I am game to join the gang. Give us your plans."

"Very simple," Curly said. "We old hands will cut the telephone line from the ranch to town and Tuesday morning we will take old Baufman's car and be on hand when the bank opens for business. We will take the loot quietly if we can, but if any one reaches for a rod or doesn't do as we tell him, it will be just too bad. The rest of it is up to you."

It was getting serious, and I began to see that Curly was not bluffing. I began to think why not? It would be a more interesting game than poker, and just as honest—the way most of us played cards. But one part of the plan offended my conscience and I objected.

"I won't stand for your taking Jake's car. He is my friend and employer. You can take the Lunger's car, it is better than Jake's, anyway."

"Aw," spoke one of the other men, "we don't want any old women in our gang."

"Button yer trap," Curly commanded. "I'm bossin' this gang."

"We will take the dude's car, if you say so."

"But this mug oughter know what happens when a guy welches or crosses," the dissatisfied man objected.

SLICKER, you are spoutin' like a dick to a snitch," Curly angrily retorted. "Keep yer trap shut, I'm telling ye for the last time. Now this goes for the whole gang. These cowboys are not guerrillas. They never need a guy put on the spot for them. Their rods and ropes don't work like tommy guns. They are always looking for a scrap, and don't give a rap which side they are on. We got this mug if we treat him level, but there is a dozen at Baufman's we ain't got. Now, cowboy, give us your end of the game."

Here then was the showdown.

I must either go on with the game or be a quitter. I was about ready to leave the Z-Bar anyway, and it would be a new experience, and more exciting to be racing for the Mexican line ahead of the officers of the law, than loafing around town.

My plan sounded as simple as Curly's, and I said, "Tomorrow is Saturday. Pitch in in the morning and we can finish this fence before noon. Then you jays hoof it to headquarters, and if any one asks where your horses are, tell them they strayed away and you could not find them, and I would not look for them.

"No one will think it strange that you could not find anything, for the boys all think you are a bunch of tenderfeet. Sunday I will jump Jake for giving me a crew that the (Continued on page 100)

Amelia watched me closely as I said "S" over and over again





It all began in the mind of a jealous woman who never dreamed that it would end in—

There was still a mile or more to go, and the heat was licking at his heels

LOVERS Must TRUST

DEEP in my heart of childhood there grew a great love. It was my love for trees; those tall, mighty trees of the forest of western Oregon where I was born.

Coupled with that love I harbored a great fear. Even today the faint, sweetish odor of burning resinous wood sends a shiver over me as I am carried back in memory to witness the destructive power of flame among the stalwart hosts of trees upon a mountainside.

Yet life was to bring me a love far deeper, a fear more deadly.

My ancestors had the good judgment to settle upon gentle slopes where the labor of clearing was rewarded with fields easy to till. Encircling our two hundred acres of rich tillage stood the majesty of the forest yet unconquered. And, far away, the mountains touched the sky.

Our house was built near the center of the clearing because of a living spring that bubbled there beneath a mossy, shelf-like rock.

It had no claim to beauty, that gray, weathered structure of boards straight up and down, but it looked like

a home. Its chimneys were wide, and along its rude front veranda were boxes where nasturtiums and petunias vied in gay blooming all summer.

Back of the house were the sheep sheds, the poultry houses and the barn, all rude and weathered, but none the less useful for that.

The men of our family were not exclusively farmers, since trapping and hunting offered rewards to the skillful in fall and winter. The logging camps proved a temporary lure, when crops were disappointing and needs unduly great.

SEE us now in memory that last summer we were all at home. Six of us around the plentifully spread table in the big kitchen. Father was at the head, big and cheerful, and as weathered as the homely buildings of his farm. He measured something over six feet in his stockings.

Mother sat across from him, a tiny mite of a woman with big, brown eyes and a crown of heavy, dark hair that made her face seem smaller by contrast.

Phil, big brother of us all, was twenty-one that summer, and we were proud of his having secured a foreman's job in a logging camp for the coming winter. There was a sadness in our pride, for we knew that he would likely never live at home again. Sometimes I saw tears in mother's eyes as she looked across the table at her first-born. Phil was father's image and as full of cheer as father.

Next to Phil, sat Danny, slender but muscular, our farmer boy. Mother's large, dark eyes were alight in his serious face. Sometimes I had pangs about Danny. I feared he had longings he kept hidden. Once I asked him about it, but he vowed he had no dream but to follow father's wishes and be as good a farmer as Grandfather Winston, who had cleared our land.

LITTLE sister was close around the corner from Dad, where he could pinch her cheek or reach over to draw her to his knee at the end of the meal. Our "Goldilocks" was ten. It was a shame to call her Goldy, when she bore mother's lovely name of Agnes.

At mother's right was my place. I was next younger than Danny. It's not easy to describe oneself. I was seventeen that summer, and fully grown.

All added up, I must have been something like this: mother's dark eyes (for which I gave thanks always); so much hair, like hers, that I never knew what to do with it and berated her for it. A tendency to the height of the Winstons, so that I was slim and agile, but with a



muscular development that often gave me the best of a wrestle with Danny who was an inch shorter than I.

I shall begin this story with a certain supper time in late summer. I had ridden that afternoon over to the crossroads settlement, where a considerable group of mail-boxes clustered at a corner, and brought home the mail. There was only the weekly paper from the county seat, and a letter for father.

"It's from Portland, Dad," I said as he leaned back in his chair with that contented expression of the well-filled man, turned the letter over speculatively, and asked Goldy for his glasses.

Though the meal was finished, nobody was likely to leave the table until the contents of that letter were revealed. Interesting communications from the outside world were rare enough to be relished by all the Winstons.

"Yes," said father rather absently, as he completed the reading of the single page, "it is from Portland. Remember, mother, old Doc Lawson who used to come up to hunt deer? It's from his nephew. He wants to come up for deer this fall. Says he'd like to get hold of

Uncle Tommy Hite for guide, same as his uncle always did."

"Mercy!" mother exclaimed. "And Uncle Tommy dead two years!"

"They ain't heard," Dad said. "It's a real nice letter, speakin' well of Uncle Tommy. This fellow says Doc Lawson is feeling too old to follow deer trails any more, but he wants his nephew to have the best guide in Oregon."

"My, that would have tickled old Tommy!" mother said as if she regretted the old man's having passed beyond the need of compliments.

"Plenty more guides," consoled Phil as he pushed back his chair.

I'LL take the job," offered Danny. "I'll lead the tenderfoot to as fine a buck as Uncle Tommy Hite ever popped over for the doctor."

"Doc done his own shootin'," conceded father, in fairness to the absent. "But there ain't no reason why you can't go up in the mountains with this guy when he comes, Danny."

I began to pick up the dishes, having decided that there was no interest for me in the letter from Portland. My mind was full of a great dream, and a hopeless dream it seemed at the same time.

I had finished the course in our rural school and was eager to go to high school, but that was out of the question. There was no such school within fifty miles, and there were no family funds to send me away.

I had gone on with high school studies due to the great kindness of my teacher, Miss Emily Olmstead, who had boarded with us the five years she taught the Deer Run School, a mile from our home.

My dear (Continued on page 121)

"Oh, you dear,
bad old Lenny,"
I murmured

"Can't waste a drop!"

He isn't going to miss any of it—not he! It tastes too good . . . so up goes the edge of the bowl . . . determined clicks of the spoon . . . and mother makes a mental note to give him Campbell's Vegetable Soup often!

Lucky decision, both for him and for her . . . since this soup just teems with vegetables . . . he gets the full benefit of their right-out-of-the-garden goodness . . . and she has an ideal answer to one of her child-feeding problems—vegetables in a form he always likes.

Especially is she gratified to know that Campbell's make their soups with such infinite care and patience . . . such minute attention to all the niceties of the kitchen . . . why, even she could not be more particular!

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

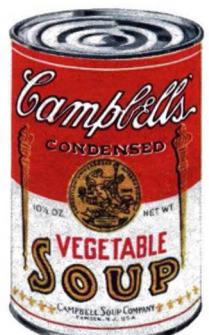
21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Noodle with chicken
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consomme	Tomato
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Soups forever,
And our colors, Red-and-White—
They give us vim and vigor
To take the field and fight!



Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

STYLISH and ECONOMICAL



537—Three Dresses—One Pattern—This pattern can be carried out in three different ways. The main sketch shows a youthful, simulated two-piece dress carried out in smart woolen, appropriate for office, school or college wear. The small full sketch shows one of the smartest of tunic dresses with interesting loose-hanging sleeves that add greatly to its dressiness. The other small sketch shows a straight-line dress with short sleeves. However, if you prefer, the sleeves may be long. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, 40-inch bust.

616—Individual Tailleur—Perfect tailored lines and dash mark this smart and youthful-looking sports dress. It's equally lovely for the office or for the college girl, and indispensable for out-of-town wear. Of soft angora-finished woolen in bottle-green with brown velvetine. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, 40-inch bust.

600—Smart Sophistication—Mother must allow growing daughter's styles to be a little more sophisticated this season. This pattern offers a

two-piece dress with plain woolen blouse trimmed with the plaided woolen that is used for the skirt. The blouse has the favored shirt-waist collar. Plaits supply fullness to the skirt. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

685—Flattering for Larger Women—This model was designed for those who feel they can support a few slenderizing lines. From shoulder to hem, it gives the figure height and slenderness. It is a splendid dress for casual day-time wear that will do honor to any occasion. The original was of black satin-back crépe with the softly-falling revers of the shiny surface. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46-inch bust.

THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER DEPARTMENT

HOLY MACKEREL

A whopper of a fish story that solved, of all things, both Billy's and Betty's Christmas present problem



THE great Christmas problem for Billy and Betty White was not thinking up what they, themselves, wanted. That was easy. They could always think of a thousand times as many things as there was any chance of their getting. No, Billy's and Betty's big problem had always been finding the money to buy presents for Mother and Dad and Baby Alice and Uncle Bob, and Jerry and their other boy and girl friends.

But this year everything was as easy as pie. All they had to do was go to the bank and draw the money out. How did it get there? Well, that's a story going back to Billy's and Betty's summer vacation.

The White family lived so near the sea, and so far away from the mountains, that vacations weren't much of a problem to them. They went to the seashore.

The very day after they arrived, Billy got up at four o'clock in the morning, and took a trip with Captain Mayo in his fishing smack. They chugged down the cove for about fifteen miles, and then out into the open bay for four or five miles.

As they approached the big circular net enclosure, Billy's excitement rose. Captain Mayo drove the boat at half-speed through a narrow entrance to the inside of the weir.

"How do the fish get in?" asked Billy.

"How did we get in?" countered Captain Mayo.

"Maybe it will," said the Captain, "and then again, maybe it won't."

"Then why don't the fish get out the same way?"

"'Cause they're too dumb," explained the Captain with a wink. "Just like some young fellers I know!"

From then on Billy kept his mouth shut, and learned by watching. He'd never seen so many fish in his life.

But really he hadn't seen anything yet. After they'd finished with the first weir, they went on to a second. And after the second, a third. When they were through, the boat was three-quarters full of fish!

"DO you always catch as many as that?" Billy asked respectfully.

"When they're running, we do," replied the Captain.

If Billy had been talking to any one but Captain Mayo, the boy would have explained patiently that fish swim and do not run, but Billy was so impressed by what he'd seen that he kept still. Besides, he had something to figure out.

"Let's see," he mused. "About two tons of fish—four thousand pounds—at

ten cents a pound. Why, good gosh! Four hundred dollars for one day's work! You *do* get ten cents a pound for them, don't you, Captain?"

"That depends," explained Captain Mayo. "When we get a lot, we get a little; and when we get a little, we get a lot."

BILLY didn't know much more than he had before he asked, but that didn't stump him at all. He decided right then and there to become a fisherman himself. And, furthermore, he'd conjure up a boat somehow, and be his own captain! He'd get a sea cap too—exactly like Captain Mayo's.

As they drew up to the cold-storage wharf, Billy spied his sister. He could tell at a glance that she was excited about something; but he was so full of his own importance and excitement that he wasn't particularly interested in what she might have to say.

As for Betty, she tried to tease him by holding back her news.

"Catch anything?" she asked with an air of boredom.

"One or two little ones," said Billy casually. "Look!"

Betty peered into the boat, and her eyes fairly popped. She was so amazed by the number of fish that she couldn't have told Billy her own news right off, even if she'd wanted to.

On the way home, Billy talked so fast she couldn't get a word in edgewise.

HOW much money have you saved up?" he demanded.

"But, Billy, Jer—"

"How much?" the boy insisted.

"I tell you Jer—oh, well—about four dollars. Why?"

"Good!" exclaimed Billy. "Then you can have a quarter-share in my boat."

Betty blinked. "What boat? We already have a boat."

"Pooh!" said Billy, "that's not a boat. That's only a dink. I'm going to get a real boat—one with a motor in it. And then I'll make a lot of money fishing. I know just the boat, too. Old man Taft will let me have it for three dollars."

"Now I know you're crazy!" exclaimed Betty. "You mean that big old dory down on the beach? Why, there's grass grow-

ing through it! It'd sink like a rock."

"I'll fix it!" insisted Billy. "Two dollars worth of boards will do the trick."

"How about a motor?"

Billy looked at Betty scornfully. "Women have no imagination," he said dryly. "How about that old flivver over at the dump?"

"It won't work!"

"No, but the motor in it will—or at least it will when I get through with it!" Billy puffed out his chest.

Betty didn't know whether her brother was kidding or not. "It would be just like him," she thought, "to think he could do something like that. And it would be just like him, too," she had to admit against her will, "to be able to do it."

ANYWAY, Betty decided it was high time to change the subject.

"Jerry's coming," she said.

"What!" thundered Billy.

"Jerry's coming," repeated his sister. "Why, you little dummy," wailed Billy, "why didn't you tell me before?" He forgot his fisherman's dignity, and let out a war whoop. Jerry Andrews was one of his very best friends.

"I tried to," insisted Betty. "He'll be here in about a week. His family's taken

the Small cottage. If you would give that big mouth of yours a rest once in a while, maybe a lady could tell—ouch, that hurt!"

After all, though, Betty must have really believed in her brother. For that afternoon, he went over and bought the old dory from Mr. Taft. And he didn't buy it with his own money, either. He hadn't been saving any.

Thereafter, day upon day, Billy worked on his boat. Betty stood around, handing him tools and offering moral support.

One of the most interested spectators was Captain Mayo. It was his habit, every afternoon when he returned from his work, to stop off and see how the work was progressing.

"How's fishing?" Billy hailed the skipper with his customary greeting.

"Not so good," replied Captain Mayo.

Billy looked up startled. "How come?" he asked, worried.

"Shark," said the Captain simply. "It's the second morning he's torn our nets. He eats what fish he wants, and the rest all get away through the hole. The same thing's been happening all along the coast."

Suddenly, Captain Mayo frowned, coming closer. "Look here, boy, you can't do that! Those ribs are rotten. You can't nail good boards onto rotten ribs! They'll have to be changed."

"They can't be changed," said Billy. "I haven't enough money."

"Then," insisted Captain Mayo, "you'd better wait till you get enough. The end of that keelson is rotten, too. If you ever hit anything, the whole bow of your boat might fall out!"

"Aw, it'll hold all right."

"Maybe it will," said the Captain, "and then again, maybe it won't."

Whereupon he went on his way.

BETTY looked after his retreating figure then turned anxiously to her brother. "Do you think it'll hold?"

"Sure, it will!" Billy set one of the new planks in place, and drove the first nail. "Look at that—just like new!"

Betty was only half convinced. It certainly did *look* all right—but Captain Mayo usually knew what he was talking about.

That evening at the dinner table, Mr. and Mrs. White were all agog over the stories about the shark. Billy just grunted. He wanted them to be agog over his boat. There was something to be agog about!

Finally, Billy steered the family around to his subject, only to have his mother lay down the law. Imagine letting her son go gallivanting around the bay in a leaky old tub with a huge shark loose! Not a chance!

"But it's not a leaky old shark—I mean tub!" protested Billy. "It's—"

"Are you sure of that, son?" interrupted Mr. White, calmly.

Billy glanced at Betty. She didn't utter a peep.

"Of course I am, Dad," insisted Billy. "Why, it's the strongest, soundest, dryest, most seaworthy—why, I fixed it myself!"

"How much?" asked Mr. White. He understood his son pretty well.

Billy hesitated. Betty stepped into the breach.

"I've already put four dollars into it!" she said.

"Shush!" said (Continued on page 77)



Billy tried to give a speech of thanks, but all he could do was grin

"They still have the Skin of their teens"

Dermatologists Report

"Freshness and Tone of much younger Skin."

Mrs. Henry D. Phelps has a very fine skin," reported the dermatologist of the skin of Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, granddaughter of the late W. K. Vanderbilt. "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away lines and discolorations," she says.

"No Blemish of Any Kind,"

said the dermatologist of the skin of Katrina McCormick. "It has unusual delicacy of texture." "Pond's Cold Cream," Miss McCormick said, "keeps my skin clear."



Katrina McCormick



Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps

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COMPARE your skin with that of other women your age. With the skin of women you know to be older—or younger—than you are.

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But even as early as the 20's your skin begins to age—unless you give it the extra help it needs.

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You don't need expensive creams and lotions. There is one single cream that answers all the vital needs of your skin—Pond's Cold Cream.

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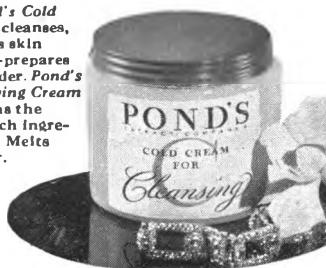
this world-famous cream. Use Pond's Cold Cream as they do.

Every night let it melt into your pores—dissolve dust, make-up, grime. Pat in a second application—let it linger a few moments. Know the full, rich benefits its youth-bringing oils can give.

In the morning, again smooth it on, then make-up will cling smooth, fresh, through the day.

Send right now for the generous 3 days' supply we have for you. See this one cream make your skin clearer—finer—smoother. See it soon become gloriously fresh, young.

● *Pond's Cold Cream* cleanses, corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* contains the same rich ingredients. Melts quicker.



THIS ONE CREAM FIGHTS OFF THESE FAULTS

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Send for Generous 3-Day Test

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. A, 46 Hudson Street, N.Y.C.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder

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HOME DYEING

By
HELEN DAVIS



Each season brings to light a new crop of seasonable and fashionable shades of home dyes to help make new dresses from old ones

HOME dyeing of clothing, upholstery, rugs and other articles is quite the vogue again, with a lot of new angles that make it much more effective and helpful than ever before.

In the old days, when we decided to do a job of this kind, we were limited in our choice to a certain number of standard colors. Nowadays, we no longer think in terms of those limitations, for it is possible by mixing the standard colors to obtain any shade we desire.

For instance, one of the very fashionable colors this year is known as "alpgreen." It is a particularly charming green, more vivid than any of the standard shades, and for some reason the textile manufacturers have used it almost exclusively on very expensive fabrics. I decided that this color would be highly becoming to my daughter, a high-school girl, but I could hardly afford to buy the only suitable fabrics which were offered me in the stores. So I took a sample of one of the cloths and set about trying to match it from my stock of home dyes. After a little experimentation, I found that I could produce a perfect result by mixing one part of standard orange dye with two parts of standard emerald green. So, in no time at all, her last year's frock had been transformed into a new one, in the most dazzling and

Clothing, upholstery, rugs—these are but a few things the home dyer can brighten from the dazzling choice of colors now available

up-to-date color of the year.

Another of my successful experiments was producing the shade known as "Georgia peach," a very delicate color, by combining one part of pink and six parts of nude.

HOWEVER, I am not recommending haphazard experimentation in mixing dyes. After I had tried it several times, with mixed results, I found that success is more difficult than might be imagined, because the colors produced by different dye manufacturers vary.

But all the uncertainty can be taken out of one's experiments by following instructions which every dye manufacturer prepares from time to time, and is glad to supply on request. Therefore, if the home dyer will follow the formulas prepared by the manufacturer whose dye she is using, she will get much better results than if she does some experimenting of her own.

In all kinds of home dyeing, much better results can be obtained if old colors are removed from the cloth or fabric with a color remover. Practically all dye manufacturers distribute a color card which may be used by the customer in selecting the color required, but these color cards are based on an original material with no color. Many women, of course, dye articles which already have some color in them, and if this is done, it is more difficult to get a uniform result. However, you can buy in any drug store an inexpensive color remover, which will quickly take any color out of the material, with as little trouble as the boiling of water. The dyeing can then be done on a material which has no color, and the result will be much more satisfactory and uniform.

COLORS in lingerie are particularly easy with the ordinary household dyes. Fashion just now dictates six different lingerie shades, none of which can be produced from the ordinary standard dye-colors. But with a little skillful mixing of dyes, a perfect result can be obtained.

Cream white, in the dyes which I
(Continued on page 56)



Avoid experimentation in mixing dyes, especially the dyes of different manufacturers

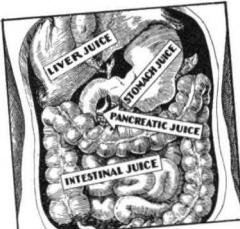
THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER DEPARTMENT

"It is an entirely *new* 'strain' of Yeast... much stronger, quicker-acting!"

explains
DR. R. E. LEE

—prominent Director of
Fleischmann Health Research

... speeds Digestive Juices, strengthens "Insides"—
important tests show!



In 25 leading clinics in America and Europe, the new, "XR" Yeast has been tested on hundreds of stubborn cases. Doctors report: "Never before such results from yeast!" "Remarkable!" "Patients often feel better in one to two days!"

The reason is: Hormone-like* substances abundant in this new yeast stimulate vital digestive juices and the muscular action of your entire digestive tract!



DR. G. ROSENTHAL,
noted physiologist,
says: "XR" Yeast
twice as effective."

DR. LEE, authority on
Yeast for Health, is in
touch with medical sci-
entists the world over.
He says: "This new
yeast amazes doctors."

**Corrects constipation, indigestion
and related skin troubles far faster. Rich
in hormone-like* substances. (Newly
added Vitamin A helps combat colds, too!)**

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? Everybody is talking about the new, "XR" Yeast. From the hundreds of questions, Dr. Lee answers these:—

1. Just what is "XR" Yeast?

It's a new, stronger "strain" of fresh yeast—a new variety—discovered by a famous bacteriologist in a great U. S. medical college. It acts more vigorously... *faster!*

2. What is its Importance to Health?

A majority of common health troubles come from a slowing up of your digestive juices (see chart) ... and digestive action.

*"XR" Yeast, through its richness in hormone-like substances (natural body "activators") stimulates these juices to flow faster and strengthens the digestive muscles from the stomach on down.

Your food is thus better "churned," di-

gested—moved through your body faster. Indigestion, "stuffed" feeling after meals—constipation—run-down condition usually soon go!

3. Does it contain any Drugs?

No! It's a food. Entirely unlike cathartics, which act by irritation! The new, "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you... corrects constipation, etc., naturally.

4. Will it clear the Skin quicker?

Yes! By clearing you out "inside," it purifies your blood—and this means a healthier skin and complexion! Actually,

your skin gains "tone." Pimples, etc., disappear in much shorter time.

5. Do Colds occur less frequently?

"XR" Yeast combats colds by cleansing the system—and by supplying newly added Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin! Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is also rich in Vitamins B, D, G—four vitamins!

START TO EAT IT NOW!

... 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Eat Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast regularly and after you've got quick results... until you're thoroughly well! Buy 9 cakes (for the first 3 days) and start now.

"Acts Quicker!" says Mrs. Kinner

"It is more efficacious," writes Mrs. Mahel Kinner, Staten Island, N. Y. "Several years ago my doctor pre-
scribed yeast to 'regulate' me... my improvement was remarkable. Lately, I felt sluggish and nervous again. I ate the new, 'XR' Yeast... now feel wonderful. It acts quickly."

*(As good as ever
for baking)*



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS



The home dyer should carefully follow the directions of the manufacturer whose dye she is using

ordinarily use, requires equal parts of yellow and French ecru. Crème de Rose takes one part of tan and two parts of pink. Italian turquoise needs one part of yellow and eight parts of light blue. Lemon tint is made from one part of light green and two parts of yellow. Oyster white results from one part of silver gray and three parts of nude. Strawberry pink is made with equal parts of rose-pink and orchid.

Hosiery shades are also fairly simple, even the most delicate of them. Biscayne requires one part navy blue and four parts dark brown. Clearsan takes one part light brown and two parts orchid. Gunmetal needs one part navy blue and four parts orange. Liqueur is made from equal parts of dark brown and orchid. Nudawn wants one part of orchid and twelve parts of silver gray. Smoke brown comes from one part navy blue and two parts dark brown.

Each season brings to light a new crop of seasonable and fashionable shades. The new colors for any particular season are pretty well determined beforehand by certain leaders in the textile field, who publish a list of them and also decide upon names that will dramatize the beauty of the new colors and increase general interest in them. Most of the dealers in household dyes have lists of these new shades, with formulas for producing them by mixing various colors.

With some types of household dyes, the mixing of colors is easier than with others. For instance, there is one dye on the market which comes in tablet

form, and the tablets are scored like milk chocolate into quarters, which permits the user to break the wafers into halves or quarters, thus insuring perfect proportions. Measuring out powder dyes is almost as easy, however.

Studies of home dyeing in typical American households show that 65 per cent of the dyeing that women do is clothing, 15 per cent is curtains, and the remaining 20 per cent is for miscellaneous purposes.

The dyeing of upholstery, for instance, is relatively unimportant, although it is quite an interesting hobby, particularly when applied to old pieces of furniture that would have to be discarded otherwise, but which, with a little brightening, may be made presentable enough to occupy an obscure place in the attic playroom or the summer cottage.

MOST upholstery has to be brush dyed, because the articles can't be dipped. For brush dyeing one uses a medium-sized brush with short, stiff bristles. For old rugs a large scrubbing brush is fine.

I wouldn't advise any woman to attempt brush dyeing for any upholstered furniture that is really valuable. My point is that it is quite a job to get the dye applied evenly with a brush. If a woman dyes a dress and it doesn't come out the right color, she simply uses a dye remover and does the job over. But with upholstery this can't be done. If the dye doesn't come out even and correct the first time, there is only one remedy, and that's to re-upholster the furniture.

In this brush dyeing, it is always best to use a hot solution of dye and to be sure that it stays hot throughout the process which, for a large rug or sofa, may take half an hour or more. The best way to be sure of a hot solution, uniform at all times, is to keep half your dye in a pan on the stove, while working with the other half. As soon as the latter begins to cool, put it on the stove and start working with the former.

Mixing of colors is particularly useful in upholstery, where the requirement may be a brighter or a duller shade, or merely to freshen or subdue the previous coloring. To restore a faded fabric, the usual procedure is to use a stronger dye solution of the same color or a contrasting one. Take taupe-colored fur-

niture, for instance: This shade is a mixture of brown and gray, and it can be freshened beautifully by brush-dyeing with red or blue, red giving a rose taupe, and blue giving a dull, rich bluish-taupe.

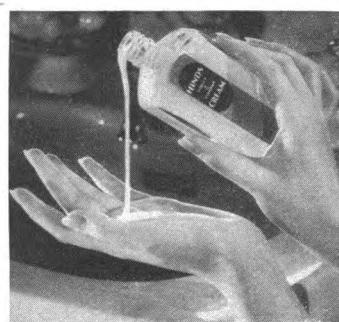
In dyeing upholstery, it is always best to try out your dye-mixture on an inconspicuous corner of the material, letting it dry in, before undertaking the final job. And, in brush dyeing, it is wise to use a slightly lighter color than you want, because if you get the fabric too dark, there's no remedy, whereas a too-light result can have a second coat at any time. Brush dyeing should be done as rapidly as possible, working with the weave of the material, which may be slightly moistened with a damp cloth to help the job along.

For mothers with little girls anxious to help them about the house, I would suggest, when dyeing that they do as my grandmother did and let the youngsters participate. It's fun and excellent training.

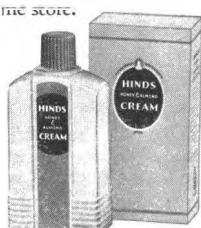
My grandmother, a past master in the art of home dyeing, used to give me the leftovers from the mixtures of her dyes, to use in experimenting on my dolls' clothes. Some of my early efforts were no doubt atrocious but one of the proudest moments of my girlhood was the occasion when I won honorable mention at the county fair for an exhibit of my dolls' home-dyed dresses—the item which attracted the eye of the judges being a Fourth-of-July costume in red, white and blue, although a much more artistic job was a doll's night gown in a delicate pastel peach tint.



There's a real thrill in bringing an old garment to new life through home dyeing



Rich creamy Hinds soothes chapping quickly—gives you smooth hands. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your druggist, 10¢ size at the dime store.



WINTER-COLD slows the action of your oil glands. House-heat dries your skin. And your poor hands, in and out of water all day, are robbed of precious oils. They become dry, rough, chapped—but not if you use a rich penetrating cream, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds relieves chapping *quickly*—restores a lovely soft texture. Hinds *soaks* the skin

with rich soothing oils, like Nature's own skin-softeners. Yes, Hinds is so effective because it's more than a "jelly," it gives more than a temporary "coating." It lubricates richly, deeply. Use it during the day, also at bedtime.

Regular use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream this winter will give you summer-smooth hands—thrilling to touch!

Relieve Chapping — win thrilling smooth hands with HINDS CREAM

*Honey &
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No. 10. A glamorous Sunday night dress of the new Acetate rough crêpe so much in demand. The high round collar ties at the neck of a back slit just enough to be smartly daring. Rows and rows of shirring form the abbreviated sleeves. Trimmed with bright metal clips and buckle. Colors—jade green, lacquer red or black. Sizes 12 to 20. **\$4.95.**

No. 11. Answering that "what to wear" problem, a chic model in Acetate rough crêpe. The gracefully draped crêpe collar is edged with looped soutache fringe, and fastens at the back with self-covered buttons and looped buttonholes.

National blue, brown, green or black, all with white trimming. Sizes 14 to 42. **\$5.95.**

No. 12. A cleverly tailored little dress of wool-faced Angoraco backed with cotton for longer wear. Note the smart pleated back. The collar and cuffs are edged with silk plaid in harmonizing colors. Buttons and a belt buckle of metal. Your choice of navy, green or brown. Sizes 12 to 20. An exceptional value at **\$2.95.**

No. 13. You'll feel exceedingly well dressed in this smart little model of the new Acetate rough crêpe. And you'll particularly like the detachable cape with inserts of three rows of taffeta. Two swanky large buttons set with rhinestones trim the bodice. Colors—brown with green, black with green, or blue with white. Sizes 14 to 20. **\$6.95.**

Edith Bacon

TRUE STORY SHOPPING SERVICE

WILL BUY THEM FOR YOU



No. 15 \$5.95
Celanese Taffeta
with
Acetate Crêpe



No. 16 \$3.95
Knitted Woolly
Mixture

No. 17 \$7.95
Acetate Pebbled
Crêpe



No. 18 \$5.95
All-silk Canton Crêpe

No. 14. If you're going South, you'll surely want this dainty frock of durable Rayon print. Collar, cuffs and bow in white Celanese taffeta with buttons and belt buckle also in white. Prints with predominating colors of rose, navy or jade green. Sizes 12 to 20. A modest price for a dress so rich in appearance. **\$2.95**

No. 15. You'll just love this enchanting Sunday night dress with its tricky square-cut, puffed sleeves. Acetate rough crêpe with top of checkered Celanese taffeta. The flower is hand made of self-materials. Belt is trimmed in front with a metal ornament, and adjusted at the back with a self-covered buckle. Crimson, jade green or black. Sizes 14 to 20. **\$5.95**

No. 16. It's both smart and practical. Equally suitable for office, school, street or sports. A knitted woolly mixture with diagonal stripe effect. Will not sag or stretch. Its slenderizing lines flatter the larger figure. Ascot collar and pockets of all-wool plaid. Belt buckle and attractively arranged buttons are of metal. Predominating colors of green, goldenrod or flame red. Sizes 14 to 22. **\$3.95**

No. 17. For those who follow fashion closely—a tunic frock in a most becoming design. Made of Acetate pebbled crêpe. Rows of cordings are cleverly worked on the collar and cuffs. Unique novelty bow of fabric woven with bright metal. Brick red, moss green, peacock blue or black. Sizes 12 to 20. **\$7.95**

No. 18. Here's a model that really flatters the larger figure. All-silk Canton crêpe (weighted) with collar of metallic dotted Celanese taffeta. Shoulder caps and fagoted sleeve inserts are all-silk satin. Two-toned belt with metal buckle. Metal-tipped silk cords tie at the neck. Navy, cocoa brown or black, trimmed with white. Sizes 38 to 48. **\$5.95**

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I am enclosing \$..... Please or- der for me Model No.	
Size.....	Color.....
Name.....	
Street and No.	
Town.....	State.....
135	

TRUE STORY SHOPPING SERVICE

Easy to Get

(Continued from page 39)

It had been his greatest pride, and he had kept it almost as bright as a mirror. He didn't meet my eyes, and a great fear surged through me. He was angry with me. He didn't love me any more. This was the end of it all.

He grabbed Gypsy by the ear and by the bit, and she quieted down, as docile as a lamb.

"Vera and Fay—you get in with Frank and Jesse," he commanded crisply, "Rachel will stay with me."

They obeyed with alacrity, and the sound of their wheels was heard receding in the distance almost at once.

Without one word to me, Hugo led Gypsy to the top of the hill and tied her to a young maple tree that was in the full glory of its autumnal coloring. The golden moon couldn't even penetrate its haunting shadows.

STILL no word from Hugo. Was he so very angry? Was this, indeed, the end of all my beautiful dreams?

Weak with the reaction from the fright I had received, and sick with the fear that I had lost Hugo forever, I hardly dared meet his eyes when he at last stood before me, tense and silent. He was bareheaded, and his black curls gleamed in the moonlight as they rippled back from his white forehead.

"Well, well," he mused aloud, but speaking as if to himself, "who'd have thought it? I thought she was a snow-white angel, and here she is nothing but a little devil. Skipping church and stealing horses!"

Suddenly, with a gay, reckless laugh he pulled me out of the buggy, held me tightly against him, and crushed his lips to mine in a long, lingering kiss.

He led me out of the moonlight into the enticing shadows of the maple. Again he kissed me. Again—and again! Wild, passionate kisses that robbed my head of reason. Kisses that made me his forever, no matter what the future might bring. Kisses that I was soon returning with an ardor that surpassed his own!

Oh, I didn't try to think! Who can be coldly analytical, who can reason sanely when clasped in the embrace of the one being who means more than earth or heaven? The force of my love for Hugo swept me off my feet. I am not excusing myself. I think I would, in my delirium, have sacrificed my whole future life for this one hour alone with my lover, even if I had known the penalty.

But I didn't know! All I knew was that I loved him. That I was his, to do with as he pleased. And so it was that my lover found me "easy to get." I had never heard those three hateful words then. I wouldn't have understood their heinous meaning if I had!

When he took me home at last, I could already sense the change in his manner toward me. Gone was all the humble homage and the reverence I had grown to expect from him. All unwittingly, in my ignorance, I had shattered my own cup of happiness and destroyed the faith in womanhood that had been making a new man out of Hugo Carley!

He was hurt, puzzled and disappointed,

all at once, and a very demon of perversity had entered his soul. He hadn't asked me the question he had told me he was going to. Not one word of love had he spoken.

A few weeks went by. He seemed to avoid me. He made no mention of marriage, and he was slipping away from me. He who had been so completely mine!

A dead weight settled about my heart. Then a newer and a graver danger faced me. One that I had never even considered.

No words can describe my desperation the night I went to Hugo and made my final appeal to him. I told him the truth. Our misdeeds had overtaken us, and I was to become a mother.

He turned on me with a snarl, as if he were at bay.

"Listen, Rachel! From the time I was a kid I swore I'd never marry any girl who was easy to get! You had me going—once. I was crazy about you. I worshiped you. There was nothing in the world I wouldn't have done for you. You seemed just like a pure little angel, too good for this world. I never dreamed it of *you*, the daughter of a preacher. Raised on religion. Oh, I loved you once. I would have loved you yet, if you hadn't proved to be just another 'easy to get' girl."

"Hugo, Hugo," I moaned, "do you mean you don't love me any more?"

He faced me unflinchingly, his features set and rigid.

"**L**OVE! Bah!" he sneered. "I used to believe in it, once, but I have had my eyes opened now. If you were like that for me, right from the word 'go', how do I know that you would not be just as easy for some one else? How could I ever trust you? I can't even respect you."

"You must marry me, Hugo. I can't face this disgrace alone. And I love you. Only you—only you! There could never be any one else," I pleaded.

"I can't marry any easy to get girl!" he snapped, a new note of contempt in his voice. "I'm through! Any one that is easy picking for me is just as easy for the next guy."

"Hugo, I love you. It was because I loved you so much that I gave myself to you. I couldn't bear for any one else to touch me—ever. I love only you. And you *must* marry me."

"When I marry a girl," he stated roughly, "she isn't going to be all mauled and tarnished by the time the wedding bells peal out. That isn't the kind of love I want to face every day of my life."

And he left me. I grew violently ill, but I was frightened to death to see a doctor. When my father finally insisted that he was going to call one anyway, I broke down and confessed the bitter truth.

Poor father! He was crushed, defeated, and humiliated to the dust. Holding me tightly to him, his white locks close to my curls, and his tears mingling with my own, he showed me the first display of real affection I had ever known from him.

"Poor little girl! Poor little lamb! I wasn't a very good shepherd, was I? I sent for your Cousin Sarah, and asked her to warn you, and then I thought my duty was ended. Oh, my poor little lamb!"

Then he looked up quickly. "Does he—does your lover—know this?" I could only nod.

"Then why doesn't he marry you?" he demanded in stentorian tones.

How could I tell him that it was because my lover thought I was just another easy to get girl? How could I destroy my fine old father's faith in me, his only child, so completely? I couldn't! I could only sob. My remorse was almost more than I could bear when I saw how cruelly my father had been wounded. In a few minutes, he had aged years.

The next morning he came to my room and smiled with feigned cheerfulness.

"Dress up in your prettiest, and come over to the church. There will be a wedding there at ten o'clock."

"Not mine?" I faltered tearfully.

"Of course."

"Does he—does Hugo want me now?"

"Why shouldn't he?" Oh, the grimness in his tone!

IWAS an unwanted bride. I, Rachel Richards, who had always been just a little bit prettier, a little bit daintier, than any of the other girls who came to our church. I, who had raised my eyes to heaven so devoutly as I sang in the choir or led the Sunday school praying. What madness had possessed me? Yes, still possessed me when I thought of Hugo Carley.

For I still loved him. I told myself passionately on the way over to the church that he was mine, mine, *mine*! I would be so good to him that all his old love for me would come back.

But when I met him face to face, and saw no answering light in his eyes, no softening and no tenderness, I was as nearly dead as I could be—and still live.

An aged couple, father's steadfast friends, were the only witnesses to my strange marriage. Like one in a daze, I made my sacred marriage vows. Vows that meant so much to me, and so little to my husband.

For as soon as father had spoken the words that made us man and wife, my husband had turned on his heel and was gone. In less than a minute, it seemed, we heard wheels racing at breakneck speed down the road. I was deserted at the altar!

No, there are no words that can adequately describe that terrible ordeal. I would have welcomed death gladly, then and there; and when I saw the compassion in the kind faces about me I mercifully fainted away. When I awoke I was in my own white bed at home.

Father resigned his pastorate. We moved to another state, far away from the scene of our disgrace. Far away from the husband I had never seen since my wedding hour.

Here my father bought a small tract of land, and settled down to wrest a living from the soil; working early and late

at hard, unaccustomed labor. He gave up all his former work. He felt that he could never preach again. And I had to stand helplessly by and know that it was all my own fault; though no word of reproach ever left his lips.

When my fine, healthy son was born, I called incessantly for Hugo.

"Wire her husband to come at once," said the kind doctor, and only when I thought he was coming, did I relax. I think I would have died but for the lingering hope that sustained me.

But Hugo didn't come. Not even afterward, when he had been apprised of the birth of his son.

When I grew stronger I wrote to him. A long letter, born from the love that was still tugging at my heartstrings. I pleaded with him to come for me, or else to come and live with us. I wanted him so much that it was actually a physical pain. But he didn't respond.

BABY Hugh was the living image of his daddy, and I loved him with a wild, fierce, unreasoning love. He slept in my arms every night. When he was ten months old I sent his picture to Hugo. How any one could resist that smiling baby face, I couldn't see. Least of all, his own daddy!

But my handsome, impulsive, warm-hearted lover had turned into a granite man. His heart, if he had had one, had turned to ice.

Then, in despair, I wrote to Hugo's mother, whom I had never seen, sending her one of baby's pictures. I must hear from my handsome husband, or die.

The blessed mother! She answered with a warm, friendly letter that transformed me from an automaton into a bundle of nervous energy. She wrote, in part:

"Hugo is my stranger son. His father and I cannot understand him, nor his motive, in holding out against you. We feel positive that in his heart of hearts he loves only you. We are sending you money, and if you can bring baby and come to us we will try to bring this trouble to a head."

I went at once. Mr. and Mrs. Carley met me with a warmth of welcome that bewildered me. They went into raptures over baby Hugh, their only grandchild.

"We didn't tell Hugo you were coming. We wanted to surprise him," explained Mrs. Carley.

"Little girl, you are very young," stated Mr. Carley seriously, "and of course you are timid about asserting your rights. But I want you to tell Hugo right from the shoulder that you are not going to live on your father's charity any longer. Mother and I are going to turn our boy out. We are going to tell him that he has a wife to support, and that it is up to him to get out and do it, like a man. We never fully realized how spoiled our boy is."

"Hugo was always so good looking," sighed Mrs. Carley. "Our other boys are so gawky and bashful."

"Yes, but either one of them is worth a dozen of Hugo," rejoined her husband testily.

That night I met my husband again. His mother sent him in to me, in the tiny parlor where I was waiting. He stopped short, when he saw who was facing him.

"Rachel—you here?" he stammered.
"Hugo!" Oh, I couldn't keep the pain from my voice.

"What do you want here?" he demanded roughly.

Yes, I was very young. I didn't have the ability to assert myself, as I had been told to do. If I had, I would have won his admiration, whether I had his love or not. But when he saw me start to cry, he shrugged his shoulders disdainfully and walked out.

"Why don't you talk things over with your wife?" I heard Mr. Carley demand angrily. "See here, young man, you're not going to bully that frail little girl any longer. Even if she weren't the mother of your child, I should think you'd be proud of such a sweet young wife."

"She has given me a lot to be proud of," sneered my husband nastily.

"Any man in his right mind would appreciate her."

"I guess she won't be so hard to get, if any one takes a notion he would like her," insinuated Hugo darkly.

"That's just enough out of you," thundered Mr. Carley. "I'll not have my daughter-in-law insulted by any man, even if he is my own son. Rachel was only a child. You were old enough to know better. I can see virtue and goodness, even if you can't. I've bought the Maye house, and I'm going to deed it to Rachel. And I expect that you will move into it with her, and get out and support your family like a man. That's final, if you are going to continue to be a son of mine."

"Oh, very well, father. Anything you say," he agreed, in a mocking tone that smote my heart.

FROM then on he threw a cloak of mocking cynicism over his shoulders. Even when we were alone together, at last, there was a gulf between us that I could not bridge.

Young and inexperienced in the ways of the world I could not hope to cope with this man's cynicism. I could only weep bitter tears into my pillow.

There are no night hours so long as those when you lie awake beside a sleeping husband whose love has turned to hate, praying and pleading with God to give his love back to you. Night after night, this was to be my bitter potion.

He finally condescended to notice baby Hugh, and was even tender with him. It was only I who was the unwanted chattel!

He didn't love me, and I was to learn that marriage without love can crucify a woman's spirit and break her heart, as nothing else under the sun!

Then his father and mother were taken away in a double tragedy that rocked our tiny inland hamlet. Hugo was the most unconcerned of any one. Could nothing pierce his armor?

"Whom are you going to run to with your sniffles now?" he asked me brutally. And I felt that he was relieved that they were gone because they had constituted themselves my protectors. How he hated me!

Sure enough, as soon as their influence was removed, he ran wild. Before long he was out every night, gambling with a set of men in an old barn nearby, losing money faster than he could earn it. Once, he had thought of providing for the wife

at home with a new baby every year. But now he had forgotten even that.

One night a storm was brewing. I was deathly afraid of thunder and lightning. Seeing Hugo's repeating shotgun hanging on the wall, a desperate plan entered my head. I would bring my husband home to me tonight. Perhaps I would even scare him out of the wicked pose he had assumed.

Loading the gun carefully, I carried it out into the blackness. Holding it tightly I began shooting into the heavens. One, two, three, four shots! One for each baby; one for myself. Would Hugo think what I wanted him to think? Would he come flying home to me through the impending storm? Oh, would he?

He did come, fairly flying. His face was ashen, and beads of perspiration stood out on his brow.

"Rachel, what have you done? Are you hurt?" he gasped.

THINK he would have taken me in his arms; I think the gulf between us would have been bridged, had we two been alone there in the night. But his cronies had followed him.

"I guess everything is all right, fellows. She was just afraid of the storm. I'll go back with you and rake in that jackpot, and then I'll come home."

About a half hour later he faced me, arms folded across his chest.

"Thought you'd make a laughing-stock of me in front of the boys, did you? I might have known that any one as easy to get as you were isn't usually so easy to get rid of! I hope you enjoyed your little joke!"

And, turning on his heel he went to bed. But he took his gun away, and I never saw it again.

From that night on, he was more lost to me than ever. And from pinching poverty I had to stand face to face with almost actual starvation. For six weeks the children and I lived on potatoes only—not even a slice of bread to go with them. One other time we lived for days and days on a gruel I made by boiling flour and water together. And still a fierce pride inside me refused to allow me to go to the authorities, or appeal to my father!

I had made my own bed. I would lie in it!

Hugo gambled away everything we had. One cold winter day he even gambled away our only heating stove.

In order to exist I took in washing, scrubbed floors; even acted in the capacity of midwife, in order to buy fuel and food. But the little home that Mr. Carley had so generously provided was needing paint, our furniture was falling apart, and everything, including myself, looked a wreck.

My teeth were decaying, my clothes were almost a minus quantity, and I went barefooted all summer long, in order to have shoes for winter. I had the feeling that I was growing into a hag. And still I lived on!

My handsome lad, Hugh, was nearing twenty when I saw that something was seriously wrong with him. He avoided my eyes, acting altogether queer and unlike himself. Several times I saw him in earnest conversation with Hugo. But he didn't confide in me!

One night I saw him writing some letters, which was unusual for him. By stealth I noticed that he hid them for the night under the table cloth. My mind was made up.

Long after midnight I arose and went downstairs. The letters were sealed, stamped and addressed. One was to a boy of whom I disapproved—a wild, dissolute fellow. The other was addressed to "Miss Mary Frame," a name I had never even heard.

I must find out what was the matter with my son. What kind of secret was ruining his young life? I had a right to know. I was his mother, and at what a cost!

I lighted a fire and put the teakettle on. Like a thief in the night I got my son's letters out and steamed them both open.

The one to Neil was easier to open, so I read that first.

DEAR NEIL:

I'm in one heck of a scrape. That girl I told you about is in trouble, and she expects me to marry her.

Dad says for me to skip out, because, he says, there is no sense in a fellow marrying a girl that's so easy to get, and he's staking me to a trip west. You've always coaxed me to go some time, so if you'll meet me in Dubuque Monday morning, we'll hit the trail for Cheyenne in my little old Lizzie. See you Monday.

HUGH.

With wildly beating heart I opened the other letter.

DEAR MARY:

It's too bad you had to get yourself into trouble like this. I don't think you need to put all the blame on me. Seems to me you were pretty easy to get. But I'll come to see you Wednesday evening, and we'll talk things over. I can't get up there before then.

HUGH.

I knew my boy was lying! He had no intention of seeing her Wednesday, or any other time. He was just throwing her off the track so he could make his getaway. A great rage consumed me! Oh, what a cruel, cruel world for any girl who gives herself to love before the wedding ring is placed on her finger—who loves prematurely.

I must help her, somehow, whoever she was. I was to blame, too! I had brought forth this son out of my own weakness to be some other innocent girl's undoing! What, oh, what could I do?

WITH infinite care, I glued those letters shut and replaced them. I must do something, but what?

I rose early, trying to plan my course. The address on Mary's letter gave the name of a town more than twenty miles away, and I was not one of those loved and honored wives who had a car at her command. My only means of transportation was a poor, decrepit, old horse, which was less able than I.

I knew for certainty that another child would announce his arrival within a few months. I was hardly fit physically to have any new trouble come upon me at this time.

"Myrna darling, I want to go to see a friend who needs me. Can I trust you to stay home and care for the little ones today, and even tonight, if I don't come home?"

"Not tonight, mother," she protested.

"Don't stay away all night. We would die with worry."

"I'll be home if I can. But don't get scared if it happens to get late."

I drove my poor old Dan to a heavy growth of timber, unhitched him, and tied him up. I had to take him to escape suspicion.

Then I walked onto the highway, and when I saw a beautiful sedan coming, I walked into the middle of the road and hailed it. The driver drew up with a screeching of brakes and looked at me angrily, at first.

"I almost ran over you!" he grumbled.

"Please, sir, I have a very dear friend at Bridgeport who needs me at once, and I will certainly be everlastingly obliged to you if you will give me a lift."

He looked at my poor, cheap clothes, and I felt my face burn with shame; but in a mollified voice he said:

"Jump in, lady, I am going right through Bridgeport."

The miles flew away so smoothly that I was hardly settled in the big car before we were there. And I was lucky enough to find Mary almost at once.

"I am Hugh's mother," I said simply, when she came to the door. Her great blue eyes looked into mine with a frightened appeal and I gathered her to me. For a moment we cried together.

Oh, she was altogether lovely, this fatherless, motherless girl whom my son was planning to desert. No one could look in her sweet face and clear eyes, and doubt her innate purity of soul. My heart went out to her in a great understanding wave of sympathy when she told me the old, old story of how she loved my handsome lad so very much, and how, in a weak moment, she had been easy to get.

MARY, meet me in Dubuque Monday morning at eight o'clock. Have you enough money to get there?"

"I have eleven dollars," she answered frankly. "And I can get along on that."

"You have ten dollars more than I have," I rejoined bitterly, hating my poverty as I had never hated it before.

I was lucky, after all. I caught a ride all the way back to the woods where Dan was tied, and I was at home again before the afternoon was well under way.

I didn't have any chance to talk to my boy. His father seemed to be shadowing him. With a sickening fear I saw Sunday come, and nothing had been done.

Sunday afternoon Hugh came in, and started feverishly to pack his clothes in an old grip.

"Where are you going, Hugh?"

"I'm going to Texas," was the short reply. Lying again!

I started to cry. He fidgeted awkwardly.

"Aw, shucks, mother, I'll only be gone a few weeks. I want to get out and see the world."

"Where are you going to stay tonight?"

"Dubuque."

The words slipped out unintentionally, I saw, but I was quick to grasp at the straw.

"Take me with you as far as Dubuque, Hugh. Please! Just for tonight! I've never been there and, besides, I want this one last night with you before you

go away. Do take me. Please dear!"

He wasn't as hard as his father. And he didn't know that I knew about Mary.

"Well, all right," he agreed grudgingly. "But I don't like the idea of your hitchhiking it home tomorrow, and I won't have time to bring you back."

"Don't worry about that," I beamed. "I'll get home all right. I will just enjoy getting away for once."

But Hugo was frankly suspicious of my sudden longing to go to Dubuque.

"What are you butting in for? Can't you let the kid go in peace?" he demanded angrily.

"Of course," I answered, innocently, "but I want one last happy evening with him to remember."

But that night in Dubuque I went to my boy's room and, sitting on his bed in the semi-darkness, I pleaded with him as only a mother can plead.

"Dad said you wouldn't care about her anyway. He said your father was a preacher and she is of a different religion that you don't like," he defended.

HUGH dear, there is no religion that I don't like. Just the minute we dislike some one else because his religion differs from ours, we are forgetting the greatest commandment of all; the one that says, *'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy soul. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto the first, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'* What her religion is doesn't matter to me, son. I have been to see Mary. I know that she is sweet and good. That is all that is necessary, in my eyes."

"You've been to see Mary?" he exclaimed incredulously and, for a moment, I thought he was relenting.

But soon his young voice grew bitter with the hurt that was in him.

"She was pretty easy to get, mother. I didn't want her to be like that. I didn't want to get her in that way. I was crazy about her until then. But Dad says you can't trust any easy to get girl!"

"Easy to get! Easy to get! I wish I could find the demon that originated that phrase! Hugh, let me tell you a few things."

And, in low, tense tones, I told my son the tragedy of my life.

Don't think it is easy for a mother to debase herself—to cry out her shameful secret to her own child. Oh, it was like tearing the heart out of my body! But I told him all, emotion for emotion, just as it had happened to me. I gave him a vivid word picture of what my love had once been like, and what it had brought me. And I ended by telling him sweet little Mary Frame's story, just as she had sobbed it out against my bosom.

"And, oh, dear, how she loves you! She believes in you, and she trusts you."

He was crying, unashamed now. He put his arm about me and sobbed as if he were my own little boy again.

"You are right, mother. And I do love Mary. I was hurt because she didn't stay on the pedestal where I had placed her; but I understand better now. I'll be good to Mary always, mother, and I'll never say the words 'easy to get' again."

And so they were married the next morning, the wistful, tremulous, little

girl and the shiny-eyed, grown-up boy who really loved her. And to this day, they are happy. Oh, so happy!

They took me home; then went to Mary's town. I dreaded meeting Hugo, at the same time I welcomed the encounter. Something had happened inside me. I was different tonight.

"How'd you get home?" he greeted me brusquely.

"Hugh and Mary brought me."

"Hugh—and who?" There was a rising flame of color in his face. For the first time I faced him unafraid.

"Mary—his wife," I said coolly. "Hugh was married this morning."

"Hugh couldn't get married," he blazed. "He isn't of age."

"I know that. But I am his mother, and I signed for him."

"You—you—you easy to get—" And he spat out an ugly epithet at me as, with his open hand, he struck me across the cheek and mouth. Then he went out the door.

The little ones were crying. Myrna was angry. But I stood there in the middle of the floor where he had left me, trembling from head to foot.

Hugo had struck me! I fairly burned with fury. No longer was I meek and mild.

EASY to get, was I? Easy to get! The three cruellest words in our language! For twenty years they had been dinned into my ears! For twenty years I had been paying the penalty for being easy to get!

Twenty years of punishment and repentance for one sin—the sin of loving—not too well, but *too soon!*

I clenched my hands in grim determination. I had paid my price, but now I was done paying! I had been easy to get once, but I would show Hugo that I was easy to get no more.

I saw lights flash in the old barn. I knew that the gamblers, the revelers, the hooch peddlers were there to begin their night as usual. Hugo was with them. I was crazy, I guess.

I put the youngest child to bed, and I left the others staring after me in uneasy silence, and went out into the night. I took Hugo's ax with me. My eyes burned and my face smarted from Hugo's blow, as I stumbled through the darkness to the old barn.

I splintered the rotten old door. There they were, a dozen or more men, Hugo Carley in their midst, cards in their hands, piles of silver and paper money on the table before them. Not home-brew or near-beer, but the illicit product of the hooch peddler and the gangster; the stuff that ruins a man's body and warps his soul. To cap the climax, I saw my heating stove. Then I saw red!

Marching into their midst I smashed every bottle, every jug, I could find. Liquor flowed everywhere, and the air reeked with the odors. As a finishing touch I smashed my heating stove to bits. If it couldn't warm my children and me, it wasn't going to warm the demons who had taken it from me.

The men had vanished into the night. They hadn't stayed to see the extent of the damage. When I didn't see any more liquor to destroy, a reaction set in and I went home.

Hugo was not there. I sat by the old kitchen stove all night, ill and miserable. I was aghast to think that a girl with my gentle rearing should forget herself and revert to a savage so completely. But I knew that never again would I be meek enough to submit to the indignities of my past life.

About eight o'clock I heard voices. I saw Hugo emerge from the store, followed by a motley crowd. Instinct told me he was up to some new deviltry.

Never even glancing at our house, he went to the barn. Soon he was nailing a sign to the barn, and in glaring headlines I read plainly:

EVERY NATION IS WELCOME IN THIS BARN EXCEPT CARRY NATION

For one moment I was stunned. He had dared do this to me! Hugo Carley, whom I had once loved! For whom I had crawled in the dust for over twenty years. For whom I had once been easy to get.

Something thudded at the door. I opened it to see a youngster scooting back to the store. A shiny new hatchet lay on my step. The crowning insult of all!

I hated Hugo Carley that moment, as I had never loved him. A reckless demon took possession of me! He had thrown down the gauntlet; I would accept the challenge. I would show him up to the village as he had done me.

Taking my only good sheet and a can of black stove pipe enamel, I printed in great letters:

EVERY STATE IS WELCOME IN THIS HOUSE EXCEPT THE STATE OF MATRIMONY

Walking boldly outdoors, I nailed it on my little house for all to read.

This was the end of it all. Mechanically I let the children go to school. The three youngest were left with me. Then I hitched poor Dan to the old buggy; and, loading the three in with me, I started out.

I MEANT to go to a lawyer and put my case in his hands, but I was hardly able to think clearly. Events had happened so rapidly. First, Hugh's marriage, and now this.

As we drove along a sign said, "Side Road." There was the long steep hill, and at its top was the maple tree under which I had once dreamed of happiness. I turned Dan, and climbed the hill. I would see once more the place that had been the turning point of my life.

Yes, the maple was still there, majestic and beautiful, all unconscious of the havoc its once friendly shade had wrought.

I sat there for a long, long time. The children played around me, so sweet and contented, all unconscious of the numb misery in their mother's heart.

I finally decided that I would get my lawyer to advise me where to go tonight, and how to obtain the custody of all my children. I couldn't, just couldn't, let Hugo Carley have a single one. They were mine—all mine! I had earned every one.

"Let's go to town and buy some ice cream," I said as gayly as I could. The three came with a hop, skip and a jump.

I kissed each sweet little face in turn, as I wiped it with my handkerchief be-

fore putting the darling owner in the buggy. How adorable they were! Jerry, with his daddy's dark eyes and dark curls; Jane with her sweet seriousness shining from her blue eyes, and little Ralph, who was so roly-poly and cuddly. Tears blinded me as I thought of the tragedy of it all. My poor babies, who had never known a real home, and who were now to face the blank wall of uncertainty with me!

"Don't cry, Muzzie. We're going to have ice cream!" said Jerry, looking at me in amazement that I could cry when such a treat was in store.

"Don't you like ice cream, mother?" said Jane sweetly. "Cause if you don't, I don't want any, either."

"Me wants ice cream," wailed Ralph, at this.

I hugged them all again, smiling through my tears, assuring them that I wanted ice cream too, and we were going to have some, just as soon as Dan could get us there.

Poor old Dan wasn't to blame for what happened. The hill was almost a mountain, and when the buggy started to push him, he began to trot. Going over a waterbreak in the steepest part he fell, and the last I knew we were all in the air, and the buggy was going over Dan's head. The old, rotten shafts had broken when he fell.

WHEN I came to, I heard voices as from a great distance gradually growing nearer. I kept my eyes closed, dazed and dizzy, with a terrible roaring in my ears.

"Will she live, Doctor? Did she stand the operation?"

"She stood the operation fine. But if she gets delirious and feverish again, it's going to be pretty hard on her. All we can do is to hope for the best."

"Oh, Doctor, if you'll just save her, I'll be willing to work all my life to pay you back."

I heard Hugo sobbing, but I didn't really believe it. Not even when I heard the doctor tell him kindly:

"I don't usually make a practice of this, but you may stay by your wife's bedside tonight, if you wish, Carley."

I felt Hugo's kisses rain on my face and I felt so queer and unreal. I was trying to grasp the fact that I was not myself, and that Hugo, my husband, cared. But I didn't want him to know that I was conscious. Not yet! My brain was clear on that point.

"If she gets delirious and feverish again." The doctor's words hummed in my mind.

With strength born of twenty years and more, of cruelty and suffering, I decided to get delirious and feverish again. Hugo was to be by my bed tonight. Hugo was in a chastened mood.

Well, I would make his punishment complete. I would tell him everything that had been eating at my heart and mind for more than twenty years. Delirious and feverish again!

And it wasn't hard to do! Just to think of the injustice of it all brought on a fever.

"Easy to get!" I moaned, "easy to get! Hugo said I was just another easy to get girl! And still I loved him. For over twenty years I loved him. Oh, what a fool I was!"

And I launched into a tirade that was destined to teach him never to breathe those three hateful words again. He didn't dare call a night nurse in to hear me, and he tried frantically to quiet me, telling me over and over again that he loved me. That he would spend the rest of his life making up to me for what he had done to me. But once I started, I was terrible.

Sometimes I laughed like a crazy woman, crying out:

"He'll find out! Hugo'll find out! I've paid the penalty for twenty years! It's his turn to start paying now."

At last, in sheer weariness, I slept. When they tried to awaken me, I knew enough to pretend that I was in a coma. Some instinct kept whispering that I was punishing Hugo Carley as I had never been punished. That his soul was in mortal agony, and that his remorse was eating him up. Still I didn't pity him. I wanted him to suffer more, more and more!

But when the doctor said, "Her case baffles me. She doesn't seem to want to live. If she isn't better by tomorrow, I'm going to call in a specialist," I knew my pretense was at an end.

THAT night I opened my eyes. Such a change Hugo stood by my bed in the little white hospital room. I hardly knew him. Haggard and chastened, he bent over me.

"Darling, are you awake? Do you know me?"

"You are Hugo Carley," I stated wearily, and turned from him. His hand caressed me. I couldn't imagine what had changed him so.

Every day he sat by my bed, silent and sad. No one else was allowed in the room.

Later, Hugh and Mary came; then Harry and Myrna.

I begged for the little ones. But Hugo always put me off, saying:

"In a few days, dear; not yet."

A sudden fear smote me, as I remembered.

"Are they all right?" I demanded.

"Yes, they are all right, dear. Rest now."

"Ralph? Oh, Ralph! Bring Ralph to me at once. I want to see that my baby isn't dead."

They brought Ralph. For a few days I was contented, in a way, but somehow under a cloud. Then I commanded them to bring Jerry and Jane. It was the moment they had dreaded, and I saw it in their faces. Hugo grew as white as death.

"We will bring Jerry and Jane," he said, and started for the door. The nurse held my hand, as if taking my pulse.

Soon he returned but, instead of Jerry and Jane, he brought Dr. Westall. Between them they told me!

Oh, I can't bear to think back! For my two innocent darlings were sleeping in the churchyard, had paid with their sweet young lives for the wrong committed more than twenty years before.

It had taken the cruel, needless death of his two sweetest children, and of his unborn babe, to open the floodgates of Hugo Carley's heart. He was abject in his misery and his repentance. But

I was too stricken to heed him. He didn't seem really to matter at all any more, he who had been my all, now that my darlings were gone.

For weeks I lay there, my life hanging by a thread. My strength was almost too frail to survive the blow that had fallen.

When at last they took me home it nearly killed me to see the vacant places. This, then, was my added punishment!

Then Hugo came to me, with tears in his eyes—Hugo, once adamant—and with emotion in his voice.

"Rachel, I have been selected as the foreman over a large road job out in Iowa. It will last five months, or longer. I don't expect you to live with me again—that would be asking too much. But if you'll let me see you and the children once in a while, so I will know how you are, it will help a lot. I can't ask you

Sunday I was to decide whether I take Hugo back, or send him away! I felt a great tenderness steal over me as I thought of his loneliness and his remorse. After all, who was I to pass judgment?

After he went I had tried to pick up the threads of my life. Only in hard, unceasing toil could I lose myself. The children had been so wonderful!

We had wrought marvels with our little home in the past six months. We had painted the outside, repaired the fence, bought a lawn mower and clipped the heretofore scraggly lawn. Inside, we had papered every room, painted the woodwork and put up gay little curtains that were a joy to behold. We had mended our old furniture and lacquered it to a shining newness to match the color scheme of each room.

The dentist had done wonders with my teeth. My bobbed hair lay in soft waves about my head. I knew I looked fifteen years younger, in spite of the endless ache in my heart. It is simply wonderful what a little money can do, if spent wisely!

I saw Hugo coming, when he was still a long way off. At sight of the shining, freshly painted house he stopped, staring. Then he came on haltingly.

I saw his joy at sight of the children. I saw him catch Ralph to him and kiss him convulsively, with tears raining down his cheeks. And I saw his eyes wandering to the house, a searching—wondering. I saw his look of bewilderment at sight of Myrna, his daughter, now almost a young lady, so sweet and dainty in a new, well-fitting dress. And then I could stand no more. I fled!

I couldn't meet him before the children. I heard his step coming—not the quick sure step of the old Hugo, but the slow faltering step of the stranger who was uncertain of his welcome.

AND then he was in the room and I heard his quick breathing!

"Rachel! Rachel! My only love!" he murmured.

We were sobbing in each other's arms. Long years of misery and misunderstanding were washed away in the briny tears of repentance, and the future was lighted by the great glow from the fires of mutual love which had never been really dead in our hearts.

Then, as if by tacit understanding, though no word had been spoken, we arose and, hand in hand, we climbed the hill to where two grassy mounds, side by side held the dear forms of the little, innocent darlings who had died that we might live. And there, kneeling side by side, arms about each other in the gathering twilight, came the moment of great understanding that was to guide us throughout the future.

Each year we are together grows sweeter. Our love for each other burns with a clear undying flame. We tell each other that only people who had more than twenty years of hell can really appreciate heaven!

But from the depths of my heart I am writing this story to you girls who are standing on the threshold of life. And I plead with you, beg of you, and pray to you, "Never, never, never let yourselves be easy to get. The penalty is too great!"

Plagiarism Is Literary or Artistic Theft

So widespread has this evil become, that the publishers of TRUE STORY Magazine take this means of announcing that they will prosecute to the limit of the law any person or persons found guilty of this offense.

Stories submitted to this magazine come through the United States Mail. Before acceptance the author sends through the mail an affidavit, sworn and attesting to the fact that the story is an original literary composition.

The check, in payment for an accepted story, also transmitted through the mail, when endorsed by the author, contains a similar warranty as to authorship and originality.

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Those who have been or shall be guilty of such practice will be prosecuted to the hilt. Any co-operation from our readers is invited.

The publishers of TRUE STORY Magazine will not permit you to be cheated.

even to forgive me—my sin has been too great!"

And he was gone! I wanted to call him back. I wanted to tell him that the old love wasn't dead—that his suffering had wiped the slate clean. But he was gone! And I hadn't said a word, or made a gesture to stop him!

He sent us money regularly—more money than I had ever seen. I wondered how he managed to live on the tiny amount he kept back.

Six months had passed when he wrote:

"I'll be home Sunday for your decision about our future. Whatever it is, wherever you go, I shall try to provide for you so that you life will be easier. I have forfeited all right to any part in your life, and I shall abide by your decision and know that I deserve all the contempt you cannot help feeling for me."

My Mother's Man

(Continued from page 29)

would have been as putty in his hands. I dressed very carefully for my first date. With nervous fingers I combed and set my hair in becoming waves. When I put on my Sunday dress I noticed for the first time how shabby it looked. How I longed for a new dress—one that would match my high spirits and the romance of the occasion!

From our first evening together, Ralph was my steady beau. He spent almost every evening with me, and once or twice each week Mrs. Hill stayed with Grandmother so we could go out to a show or dance. But, as the summer wore on, poor Granny grew weaker and more helpless. The doctor warned me that it was only a matter of weeks, and that nothing could be done for her. I would not go out evenings after that, for I feared something might happen while I was gone, and Ralph and I spent our evenings together in our shabby living room so I could be near Grandmother.

One evening he took both my hands in his and kissed them. "Betty," he said, "you must know that I love you; that I have been in love with you ever since the first time I saw you out in the garden. Do you remember?"

Did I remember! My life had been so barren and empty. He was the first man who had ever noticed me, and he had shown me so plainly that first day that he was interested. Yes, I remembered and I had loved him, too, almost from the first.

"I AM buying the Shaddock Garage, Betty, and will soon be a business man, and a resident of this town. Do you care enough, Betty? Will you marry me?"

Does any woman ever forget her first proposal? I doubt it. I'm sure she doesn't if she loves the man. I can remember every word that was spoken—and that intoxicating first kiss.

So Ralph and I became engaged. We were very happy, but as Grandmother steadily grew worse, I devoted my time entirely to her, and Ralph and I saw very little of each other. But he was always ready and at hand to do everything in his power to help.

On a hot day in August Grandmother quietly passed away in her sleep. Ralph and Mrs. Hill took charge of all the details. They wired mother, and the following morning Mrs. Hill, who stayed with me, told me that mother was downstairs.

All my life I had waited for that day—the day I would meet my own mother. From the things Grandmother had told me, I grew up believing my mother to be one of the most wonderful women living.

I had expected to see a pretty, doll-faced, plump woman. But instead, my thirty-four-year-old mother weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds, and had the appearance of a woman well past middle age. There had been so many things I longed to say to the mother my fancy had created, but I found it impossible to respond to the motherly hugs and kisses of my real mother.

"You poor, dear child! My darling!"



Are the 7 stains spoiling the beauty of YOUR TEETH . . . YOUR SMILE?

A BRIGHT, sparkling smile—disclosing a bright sparkling teeth . . . there's a remedy for any situation.

And you can have a smile like that . . . even though your mirror tells you that your teeth now are dull, discolored.

For Science says dull teeth are only stained teeth, and that these stains can be removed—with the right sort of toothpaste.

You see, here's what happens: Everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves 7 kinds of stains on our teeth. (See list below.) At first, these stains are but tiny, invisible deposits, but they gradually build up, unless removed completely, until finally all the world can see them.

And very often these stains do build up, no matter how faithfully you brush your teeth. Because most toothpastes—having only one cleansing action—can not remove all 7 stains.

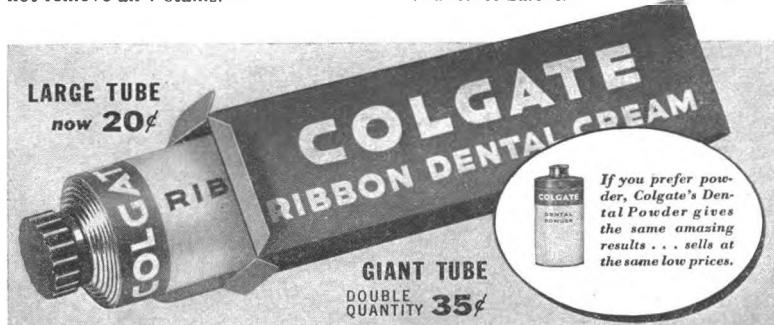
But two actions get every single stain off—and Colgate's Dental Cream has both. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Double Your Money Back If—

Try a tube of Colgate's. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J. . . . and twice what you paid for the toothpaste will be mailed you. Could anything be fairer?

Science classifies the hundreds of tooth stains into these 7 major groups—

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Cereals and other starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco Smoke.



My own precious baby girl!" she crooned over and over as she took me to her bosom. I kept reminding myself that she was my mother, but I could not rid myself of the feeling that here was a stranger rudely intruding upon my bereavement.

The next few days were bitter anguish to me. Mother dispensed with Mrs. Hill and Ralph as if they were inferior hired help, and immediately set to work changing all the arrangements we had previously made.

She even decided to have the funeral service held in a different church, as she didn't like the "moldy appearance" of the old minister who had long been a faithful friend of Grandmother's. I remonstrated with her about it, for I knew that Granny would wish to be buried from her own church.

"Now see here, Betty," she replied determinedly, "I know what I'm doing, and I don't want any interference. You are only a child, and you don't understand these things."

I believed, if dear Granny knew, she would understand. It seemed sacrilegious to quarrel about it, so I let mother have her way.

A FEW days after the funeral, mother and I had a long talk. I had told her nothing about Ralph and, although she had met him, she has not guessed the true relationship between us.

"Now, Betty, there is nothing to keep you here," she said. "I want you to come to Chicago and live with me. I will try to make up to you for all you have missed in the past."

"But there is something to keep me here," I said. "The strongest reason possible."

"What do you mean?" she asked in surprise.

"Ralph Hill," I replied. "We are going to be married."

She put her arms about me and kissed me. "He seems like a nice boy, but you must come and stay with Jack and me for a year, first. You are still young and can wait. If you still want to marry Ralph then, we'll give you a real wedding. I must have at least a year of happiness with my little girl first. We must get at your packing right away."

I resented her attitude. If she wanted her "little girl" so badly, why hadn't she thought of me when I was a child and needed her? Ralph and I loved each other and wanted to marry, and she, who had done so little for me, wanted me to abandon my own happiness to please her.

"No," I replied, "I promised to marry him as soon as I was free, and I don't want to wait."

Mother argued with me for some time, pointing out the advantages I could enjoy in the city. Jack was well-to-do, she said, and could give me anything I wanted.

When she saw I was determined to marry, she lost her temper, and we had a serious quarrel. She had an indomitable will and was in the habit of getting her own way, but she struck the wrong note when she reminded me that she was my mother, and I owed it to her. True, she had brought me into the world and was in the physical sense my mother,

but surely in the spiritual sense she was like any other stranger. What had she done to earn the rights of motherhood?

Before she left, we had patched up our quarrel and she had made me promise to come to see her as soon as possible, but I wondered, as I saw her train pull out, whether I would ever see her again. I remember very clearly thinking that it wouldn't make very much difference if I never did.

A couple of months later, Ralph and I were married, and we were very happy. He had purchased the garage and was doing very well. For the first time in my life, I didn't have to count every penny several times before I dared spend it. We made friends with a few young married couples, and had parties and bridge games together very often. Ralph was proud of me and of the way I kept our little home, immaculately neat and attractive. We each tried in every way to make the other happy. I do think our marriage was one of the most unselfish and sincere alliances imaginable.

People often say there is no perfection in this life, but it did seem that our union was something very nearly perfect. Perhaps we were too happy, too satisfied with our lives. At any rate, it was too wonderful to last.

The summer after we were married I had a little secret to whisper to Ralph.

"Darling, that is wonderful!" he exclaimed when I had told him. "I'll work harder than ever, and when the little fellow comes we'll do everything we can to make a real man of him."

"But what if it is a girl?" I asked.

"That won't make any difference," he replied. "But I have a feeling that the first one is going to be a little Junior. We'll have a girl later."

He had been gentle before, but from that moment on he became the most devoted, attentive lover a woman could wish for. He put me immediately under a doctor's care, and insisted that I have everything I wanted. He was not going to allow any complications to develop if they could be prevented. He would often make me lie down after dinner while he washed the dishes. I was getting wonderful care, and I felt exceptionally well.

THE little, new life was expected in February, and that winter was one of the coldest I can remember. Christmas came and, with it, a heavy fall of snow, followed by freezing weather. I seldom went out of doors those days; the weather as well as my condition preventing it. That was our second Christmas together, and what fun we had, trimming a tree and preparing for the holidays, as if we were still a couple of children with the fever of Santa Claus in our veins. Ralph and I cooked the dinner together. He insisted on doing most of the work, with me to supervise. I look back on it now as the only tranquil happiness I have ever known. Our love and devotion to each other had not changed one whit in the year and a half we had been married, and we had seemed to belong together from the very first.

One evening in January, the burden I was carrying seemed almost too much for me, and I was very restless. I wanted to go out somewhere—to get away from the house to which I had been confined.

We had a closed coupé and I begged Ralph to take me for a ride. He consented when I assured him that I would dress warmly enough.

Oh, if only he had been less willing to please me; if only he had refused to take me out that night! But, being the kind-hearted gentleman that he was, he humored me.

We drove far out on the highway—and how we enjoyed that ride in our cozy, heated coupé! If only I could end my story here and say that we are still happy and together, it would save me the heartache of recalling those terrible days that followed. But I must continue for, without it, there would be no story.

The snow was piled high on each side of the highway, and as we drove along, it looked so beautiful whenever the glare of the lights struck it. We both were exhilarated by the ride, and Ralph began talking of his son, and what he would say when the young fellow wanted to borrow his dad's car. On and on we talked, weaving a fantastic tale of the future and what we meant to do for our children.

"When you say the word, we will turn back," Ralph finally said.

"I've had a wonderful time," I replied, "and I am ready to go back any time."

"We'll turn back when we reach that bend ahead," he said.

WE had almost reached our designated turning point when two cars flashed into view. They must have been running a race, for they were traveling abreast and were bearing down upon us with tremendous speed. Ralph slowed down in hopes that one of the cars would drop behind, and give us our right-of-way. Instead, they came head-on, blowing their horns wildly.

"The fools must be drunk!" Ralph muttered. He told me to hold on tight and drove off the highway into the deep snow, just before the two cars whizzed past.

Ralph bundled me up in his overcoat, against my will, and set to work digging the snow away from the wheels with a pair of tire irons. I was worried about him—he already had a bad cold—but he insisted he'd keep warm working and, without heat in the car, I'd soon be chilled.

I was so snug and comfortable that I dozed off to sleep. A couple of hours later he got into the car and we drove home. He sneezed almost incessantly, and when we got home I discovered that his trousers and underwear were wet, and his shoes were saturated. I made some hot lemonade for him, but all night long he chilled, and the next morning he could hardly speak.

For several days the doctor and I worked over him as he hovered between life and death. He was fighting the greatest battle of his life—a losing fight against pneumonia. One evening the doctor said Ralph was a little better, and urged me to get some rest.

"Lie down here beside me, sweetheart," Ralph begged, "and snatch a little sleep. I want you here—close to me."

I was so tired that I dropped off to sleep almost at once, and didn't wake up for several hours. How kind Fate would have been if I had never wakened from

that sleep. For when I did I found that Ralph was dead!

Do I need to go into detail? Do I need to tell you what my reactions were? No, I feel sure you can picture a woman, about to become a mother, losing the only person who had ever shown any real love for her. And I loved him so-needed him so! He had died because he had wanted to be kind to me, because he had been too good to refuse to gratify the whim of his wife. I felt that I, who loved him so much, had killed him.

I went about in a daze, unable to eat or sleep, blaming myself for Ralph's death. I wanted to die, too. I nursed the idea constantly, until finally I convinced myself that I would die.

But, instead of dying at the birth of my child, as I had hoped, I came through it as well as any normal, healthy woman could. But still I was determined not to live. I refused to see the baby, the boy that Ralph had wanted so badly, and the only medicine and nourishment I took was literally forced upon me. I lay with my face to the wall, refusing to see or talk with any one.

I cannot guess how it would have turned out if it had not been for Mrs. Hill. She came in one day while I was asleep, and laid the baby in my arms.

WAKING me, she said, "Isn't little Ralph a beautiful baby? He's as nearly perfect as a baby can be."

"Take him away," I said. "He's so much a part of Ralph."

She paid no attention to this, but showed me his tiny hands and cute little feet. That was all that was necessary to break the ice in my heart. Over and over I kissed the little hands and feet, crying as I had not cried since Ralph's death.

When mother arrived, a few days later, she took matters into her own hands. Instead of taking my grief over Ralph's death seriously, she was elated because I was free to go with her. She won me over eventually by her seeming delight in my baby, for from the first moment I had held him close to me I knew that I still had a part of Ralph to live for, as well as the baby himself.

When I finally promised to go to Chicago with her, she was delighted. Why was she so anxious to have her grown daughter with her? She had never evinced the slightest interest in me until Grandmother's death, and she had seen me for the first time, a grown young woman. I didn't think much about it at the time, but I was later to expend much thought on the subject.

I shall refer to mother's husband as Jack, for he was never a father to me in any sense of the word.

To say I was surprised when I met Jack is putting it mildly. I was shocked—stunned! He was a tall, dark, handsome young man who had yet to see his thirtieth year—six years younger than my mother. He was immaculate, both in person and wearing apparel, and untidiness about the house was, to him, a disgrace. How he and mother ever happened to marry is beyond me, for they were certainly the most unlike in type of any two people I can imagine. My wonder at their union grew with each passing day, for they seemed to have absolutely

nothing in common in their tastes.

Jack was very kind to me and, conversed with me very sociably when mother was around, but when we chanced to be alone, he seemed to put up a wall about himself and would busy himself with the evening paper, completely ignoring my presence. I thought at first that he didn't like me, and was only polite to please mother, but I soon discovered that this was his attitude toward all other women.

I later learned the reason for his strange behavior. He had come from a family to whom the home meant everything. He had grown up to worship his mother and adore his sisters, and to him a divorce was a disgrace. When he and mother were married, just five years before, she was a stunning, young-appearing woman with a great deal of cultivated charm. Their courtship had been short, and they had really known very little about each other when they were married. Mother had allowed her lazy disposition to master her, and had grown fat and sloppy. He usually found her still in her kimono when he returned home in the evenings from the office. She wouldn't go out in the evenings, because of the effort of dressing.

He loved to go to shows, and now and then wanted to mix with other people at parties, but mother usually had her way and they spent the evenings alone—she reclining on the divan, dressed in a soiled kimono.

He realized shortly after their marriage that it had been a mistake, but he tried in every way to make her happy. The wall of reserve he placed about himself was his protection from temptation. So he spent every evening alone with her, except for his usual walk about the block for fresh air—an absence of about ten minutes.

AN irresistible force, something over which I had no control, seemed to draw me toward Jack from the moment I first saw him. I refused to listen to an inner warning, as if my conscience were trying to tell me that there was danger, but I smugly reminded myself that he was my mother's husband and, therefore, nothing could come of it. What a fool I was, to play continually with temptation!

I was not at all well when I went to live with mother and Jack, but I was soon doing all the cooking, and keeping the house in immaculate order. The refrigerator, so covered with soot and dust that one could write a short story on it, and the grease-smeared stove were unbearable to me.

Mother had a subtle way of wishing she had home-made pie for dinner, hot biscuits for breakfast, or pop corn and fudge in the afternoon. She would openly hint for any number of things, and I soon found myself working from early morning until late at night, caring for my baby, cooking and cleaning house, while she curled up on the divan and read cheap novels. It would not have been so bad if I had been well and strong, but I seemed to be gaining strength so slowly, and every exertion tired me.

Just as she had overruled every one else at the time of Grandmother's death, and at the birth of little Ralph, so she

ruled every one connected with her home. She was very active when it came to making plans for others to carry out.

She made a great fuss over the baby, and loved to hold and cuddle him, but not once had she ever given him his morning bath and, no matter what I happened to be doing, she would call me to come and change his clothes. She loved him when he was sweet and clean, but, although I was doing all her work, she never lifted her hand to help me keep him fresh.

It pains me to write such things about my own mother, but unless I do, you will not understand my callous indifference later on. I do not expect nor merit your sympathy, but I do want you to understand.

There was one thing about mother that I could never quite understand. She would call Jack on the phone at least once, sometimes several times, every day, and would talk to him in the most endearing manner one could imagine. She would rave to me most of the day about her wonderful husband; but the minute he came into the apartment at night she would snap at him, nagging him the entire time he was around. She made Sundays and holidays almost unendurable for all three of us. Jack was still a young man with the buoyancy of youth, and she had seen so much of life that she wanted only the relaxations of an old person. She fiercely envied him his youthful desire for life. She was always accusing him of having affairs with other women, although he spent every evening in the week with her. He had quit attending his lodge meetings shortly after they were married, because it always caused a quarrel when he went out.

ONE evening, after I had finished washing the dinner dishes, I came upon Jack bent low over the baby's crib which we kept in a corner of the living room. He was gently whistling a tune under his breath. He thought it was mother who stood behind him, and in the few minutes that passed I learned something of the innermost soul of the man.

"Dolly," he said without turning, "I'd give anything to have a little chap like this of our own. Why can't we, Dolly? It would give us something to live for—something to look forward to."

I have never heard a voice so full of despair and tragedy in my life. He sounded like a condemned man, doomed to die.

"Don't be cross, Dolly," he said, when he got no answer. "I know how you feel about it, but won't you try to please me this once?" He paused a moment, then concluded almost fiercely, "I've got to find something to brace me up. I'm losing my grip."

Ralph's death had not made me cynical, but as the days had passed and I noticed the lack of fair play on mother's part, I began to wonder if there was any real happiness in life. I had witnessed so much tragedy; then when I had found happiness, Ralph was snatched from me. And now Jack, who tried so hard to do right, was not getting a square deal.

A sudden revulsion toward mother came over me. "And so," I said, "you are whistling to keep up your courage?"

Jack whirled around and gasped, "Oh,

it's you, Betty! I thought it was Dolly."

At last I had caught Jack without his usual reserve. Some spirit of meanness that I did not know I possessed made me take advantage of the situation.

"Trying awfully hard to make a go of a bad proposition, aren't you?" I said.

"Why, Betty, you mustn't—" he began, but I interrupted him with:

"You don't have to pretend to me. I've seen too much. I know what you're going through."

"Betty," he said, and again his voice held that note of despair, "I've been trying to get up courage to tell Dolly how I feel about having a child for a long time. Just now, while I was looking at your baby, I impulsively blurted out my feelings. It's a good thing it was you, instead of Dolly."

"I would have something to say about my home if I were a man," I stated.

"Not if you were married to Dolly," he replied. "But we have no right to talk this way. She is your mother, and my wife."

"She's only my mother because nature willed it so, not because of any effort on her part to be a mother to me," I said.

BETTY, I never have spoken a word against Dolly before. Will you help me forget that it happened just now?"

"Will you do me a favor, too? Help me get a job?" I asked, and explained that I had been rapid in both shorthand and typing in school, and I would like to get work in an office.

We were interrupted by mother's cross voice. "Jack, must you stand there mooning over that baby every night? I never saw anything so disgusting in my life."

We both turned, and there mother stood in the doorway looking daggers at Jack and me. She had heard our voices and, jealous of attention Jack gave any one but herself, had come to interrupt. It was impossible for her to hear what was said, for we were speaking too low.

"Mother, I've just asked Jack about my possibilities of going to work in an office. I have a son to support, and I must get started pretty soon."

For a moment she looked stunned, then she came over and put her arms about me. (What a superb actress she would have been!) "My dear girl," she said, "I don't want you to have to buck the business world. It's not an easy life at all. I want you to stay here with me. I'll take you about, and you can meet lots of fine young people. Some day you will meet a nice young man who will give you the kind of home you want. You'll fall in love again—most people do."

I had already been with mother three months, and Jack was the only person I had met. It was easy to see why she wanted me to stay. I was too valuable as a servant, and a good listener when she felt like talking. As to falling in love, I was already enamored of Jack, and from the way he had looked at me there by the baby's crib I felt sure he cared for me.

I must get away. The very fact that he affected me so, made it impossible for me to stay and see him day after day.

"No," I replied, "I want to go to work. I must make a place in the world for

myself and my boy as he grows up."

Thus another argument started. For sometime we sat and talked, mother saying that I should stay with my baby and care for him; that it would not be fair to go to work and leave him to the care of others. Her argument didn't help any. What right had she to talk like that? She had abandoned her child entirely, and I only wanted to be able to support mine. I would have him with me evenings and week-ends.

"Now, Betty," she finally said, "I want you to promise you will stay with me."

"I'm going to work, mother, even if it's only at a soda fountain," I said determinedly.

Mother jumped to her feet and glared at me. "You are the most ungrateful person I've ever known! Here I am, willing to share everything I have with you, willing to give you a home and a chance to be with your baby, and you walk out on me! All I ask is that you stay here and you won't even do that for your own mother."

"But I have my own life to live, and I must do it the way I think best," I said.

"What do you know about life or how to live it?" she sneered. "Well, let me tell you this—I won't play nursemaid for your baby while you pound a typewriter." With this she flounced into the other room, locking the door after her.

I never loved Jack with the beautiful, spiritual love that had existed between Ralph and me, and yet every word and action from the moment I first met Jack seems to be indelibly written on my mind.

Jack looked ruefully at the door through which mother had passed. "I'll have to coax her for about three hours before she'll open that door," he said.

"I'm sorry, Jack," I said, putting my hand on his arm. "I didn't know it was going to cause so much unhappiness for you, but mother is old enough to act a little more like a grown-up."

"You're right. I'm through coaxing her. She can stay there until she is ready to come out," Jack said grimly.

DERHAPS it was what I said to Jack, or perhaps it was just as the old saying goes, "The worm will turn." At any rate, Jack did not once ask her to come out. We spent the evening in the living room, talking and laughing just as if the woman, pouting in the dining room, didn't exist. He dictated several letters to me which I took down in shorthand and then read them aloud to him. He said I was quicker than the girl in his office, and that I could probably get a good position.

"Betty," he said, just before he went to his room, "I don't want you to worry. I've been happier since you and little Ralph came here than I've been for several years. I know, too, who has been cooking the delicious meals and keeping the house spotless, and I want you to know I appreciate it."

Mother remained locked in the dining room all night. I don't know whether she pouted all night, or whether she sat up in a chair and slept. But I do know that when I woke up she was out in the kitchen getting breakfast.

"I thought you might like a little extra nap this morning," she said, smiling sweetly at me. "Come, have breakfast

with Jack and me. It's all ready."

Throughout the morning mother helped me with the work, and at lunch she suggested that we see a play then current at one of the Loop theaters. There was a woman, Mrs. Smith, living in the building who would take care of children afternoons and evenings for a small sum. I felt no compunctions at leaving little Ralph with her, for she was a kind, motherly soul, who had raised her own family.

After the show we met Jack, and had dinner downtown. Mother was being sweet to me—too sweet. I felt as if I were being bribed.

That was exactly what she was trying to do, for that evening she asked me if I didn't think it would be much nicer to stay with her than to go to work. When I said I intended to work, she controlled her anger. She was a resourceful woman, and she started making arrangements to suit herself.

"Jack," she said, "didn't you tell me that Betty is quicker than Miss Dean? Get rid of Miss Dean, and take Betty on as your secretary."

I put up every argument against such an arrangement that I could think of. I wanted to get away from daily contact with Jack, but again mother was interfering with my life.

JACK argued that Miss Dean knew the work, and understood how he wanted everything done, but mother was jealous of pretty, blonde Miss Dean, and finally got her way. She had tried to get Jack to dismiss this girl for a long time, and she finally succeeded by telling Jack that he should be willing to give "his own daughter" a start. Poor Jack! What chance did he have with her?

If only I had gone to an agency and secured a position as other girls do, things would have been different, but instead I went to work for Jack.

I moved into a small apartment about two blocks from mother's. Each morning I left little Ralph with Mrs. Smith, and called for him in the evening.

Was it love or merely a physical attraction that Jack had for me? Whatever it was, it was stronger than my will. Each night I determined that I would seek work elsewhere at once, and every night I prayed for strength to put temptation aside, but the next day found me in his office, thrilling to the touch of his hand as it brushed against mine and almost overcome with weakness when our eyes chanced to meet.

While taking dictation one day, I dropped my pencil and we both bent to pick it up. Our eyes met and I saw everything in Jack's eyes that I felt myself.

He must have read something in my eyes, too, for he said, "Betty, you understand how I feel. You feel it too, don't you, Betty?" Then I was in his arms, receiving and giving caresses to my mother's husband.

I had just finished putting little Ralph to bed that night when Jack came. He took me into his arms and for sometime we were blissfully unaware of anything but ourselves.

It was always to be like that with us; when we were together, nothing else in the world mattered—our loved ones, honor, decency, nothing! And when we were apart there was always that deter-

mination that it should never happen again, but we were too weak to carry it out. Almost at once Jack fell into the habit of coming to see me each evening, instead of taking his customary walk, and some of these visits lasted two or three hours.

There were too many prying eyes about the office, so Jack secured a position for me with another firm. Miss Dean was out of work at the time, and was glad to return to her former position. So every one was satisfied but mother.

"Betty," she said to me one Sunday afternoon, "why did you get a new position? I'm sure Jack is not on the square with me, and I think it's that Miss Dean."

I tried to assure her that there was nothing between them, and that I left because I could get more money at the new place.

"There's something wrong. Jack used to take his walk and come right back. Now he often spends two or three hours at a billiard hall. He used to be so good to me. Now if I get angry about anything, he just puts his hat on and walks out. He doesn't seem to care whether I make up with him or not."

With this she broke down completely, and sobbed. I had never seen her cry, and it frightened me to see her so utterly broken. Crying didn't seem to go with her terrible temper and strong will. I determined then that I would never see Jack again. If he came to see me I wouldn't answer the bell.

THAT night mother had a slight heart attack and we called in her physician. He warned her about overeating, and said it was impossible for her organs to function properly with so much excess fat.

Mother's terror of death that night was terrible to see. She clung to Jack and me as if our presence could save her.

"I don't want to die. I'm so afraid. I won't die, will I?" she said over and over. We sat with her all night, assuring her that she would be all right in a day or two. Jack was very gentle with her, and his grim face assured me that he, too, had resolved to end our clandestine relationship.

Neither Jack nor I had slept a wink when we started for work that morning. He was the first to break the silence as we rode toward the loop. "Betty, I can't go on this way any longer. I can't go on deceiving Dolly. As long as I live with her, I've got to do it on the square."

"You're right," was all I could say.

"Not that she deserves it," he said fiercely. "She hasn't done one thing to try to make our marriage a success. Do you know that since you left she has cooked dinner just once."

"Do you go out every evening?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said bitterly. "She won't dress to go out. When I get home she phones the restaurant around the corner and has the porter bring up dinner. Later he calls to remove the dishes. How I'd like a good home-cooked meal with some hot biscuits!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him over for dinner, but I caught myself in time. That was all over, and I intended to live up to it.

We made the rest of the trip in silence, both determined to keep faith. But

HERE'S WHY "THE SNIFFLES" WERE HEADING FOR BOBBY



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sistance is low and a cold strikes without warning, then Va-tro-nol helps throw it off in its earliest stages. Or, if a head cold is fully developed, a few drops of Va-tro-nol will quickly clear clogging mucus, reduce swollen membranes and give comforting relief!

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several evenings later Jack knocked at my door. His face was haggard and drawn and he had the appearance of a man mortally wounded.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he said.

Mother had phoned the office when he was out to lunch. Miss Dean was busy with a valued client at the time, and couldn't talk to her either, so mother decided that they had gone to lunch together. She had nagged Jack about it and when he denied it, she had grown violently angry. He stood it as long as he could, then he came to me.

Did I let him in? Yes, dear reader, I did. I couldn't send him away when he had come to me like that. We made no more resolutions after that but drifted along, seeing each other night after night for three years.

I often felt remorseful and bitterly ashamed of myself. One night as I put little Ralph to bed, I realized that I was hardly fit to touch his innocent little body. How degraded and loathsome I felt! What would the father of my son think if he knew I had become the paramour of my own mother's husband? What wonderful plans we had made together just four years before! What a fine man we had wanted our son to be!

WHEN Ralph put his chubby little arms about my neck and kissed me good-night, I tucked him in and hurried from the room lest he see the tears in my eyes. I wanted to start all over—to live decently so he could be proud of his mother. But it was too late. I was caught in the web of my own making.

When Jack came in that evening he took me in his arms as usual. "My darling," he said, "you draw me like a magnet. I've tried to stay away, but it's no use. You're in my blood. What have you done to me?" Then he kissed me, and all my regrets vanished. To be in his arms a few minutes was worth a lifetime in hell.

"Jack," I said, drawing him to the divan, "I must talk with you. I hate to tell you this, but I'm in terrible trouble. I'm going to have a baby."

"A baby!" he gasped, a look of horror on his face. "Oh, what have I done!"

He jumped to his feet and paced back and forth for some time. "Why couldn't it have been you, Betty, that I married? Oh, if only you were my wife and we were going to have a baby, how proud I'd be."

He knelt down on the floor beside me and buried his face in my lap.

"I can't go on like this, Betty, and I won't give you up. I'll talk to Dolly. She'll give me a divorce. She'll have to. I'm going to keep you, Betty, and we'll have our baby just the same."

I finally calmed Jack and we curled up together on the divan, and tried to figure out what to do. We were so absorbed in our conversation that we didn't hear the door open, and mother walked in on us. She just stood staring at us, as Jack and I jumped guiltily to our feet. I have never seen such hatred on any one's face as mother's reflected as she stood there.

"So you are—a worthless scoundrel—after all," she said to Jack. "I knew it, but I—I—didn't think it of my own—daughter—"

Those words are seared on my soul.

I awoke from my dreams still hearing them, for they were the last words she ever uttered. Jack caught her as she collapsed. We phoned the doctor, but it was too late. He said her heart had been so overtaxed by the great weight she had put on, but Jack and I both knew that we were the direct cause of her death.

Whether mother had followed Jack, and had debated all that time whether to come in or not, or whether she had been lonesome and decided to call on me, I shall never know. I do know that I forgot to lock the door after Jack arrived, and mother came in and caught us in each other's arms.

How it hurts to recall those days of anguish that followed! How I stood the strain of those few days before the funeral I can't tell, for Jack didn't come near me, and I had to spend them alone with my conscience.

After it was all over Jack came to see me. His face was drawn and haggard, and he kept saying over and over, "We're murderers, Betty, murderers!"

I tried to talk to him, but he insisted that the only way to forget was to get drunk. He took four pints of liquor from his topcoat and coat pockets. "Come on," he said. "We'll throw a real party—just us two murderers!"

Jack didn't leave my apartment for the next week. He drank himself into insensibility and then slept off the effects on the divan. As soon as he woke up, he'd start again. When his liquor was gone, he phoned for more. For a week Jack, whom I had never known to take a drink before, never spoke a sober word.

How it makes my heart ache to recall those next few weeks. Jack would disappear without a word of explanation to me or to the people in his office, and would show up three or four days later, bleary-eyed, unshaven and disheveled. There were times when I thought I must be dreaming. I could hardly believe that the immaculate, even-tempered Jack could be the dissipated, sneering man who went on wild debauches to forget the face of a dying woman.

When I asked him where he'd been, his reply would invariably be, "Just trying to forget."

MOTHER'S face haunted me at times, but I had another worry that kept me from brooding as Jack did. I tried to convince him that we had to think of the future. I was going to have a baby, and not only would the baby carry a stigma for life, but little Ralph would share the disgrace. When I mentioned the subject to Jack he asked what difference it made. "We can't get any lower than we are now, so why worry?"

I began to be afraid of Jack. He was brooding so much that I felt it might affect his mind.

One day I received a letter from Jack. When I opened it I received one of the most terrible shocks in my life. Jack had written that he could go on no longer. The picture of mother's face kept coming before him both day and night. By the time I would receive the letter he had written, he would be dead. He had planned it so that it would look like an accident, and he begged me to destroy the letter and let no one guess the truth.

He enclosed five hundred dollars in the letter and wished me luck. Luck! And I had brought those who loved me nothing but tragedy.

I am not going to describe the "accident" that killed Jack, for it was a peculiar case, and some of you may remember it.

I went to the morgue and saw him. Beyond a doubt it was Jack, free at last, I am sure, from the haunting memory of mother's face. Poor weak, sentimental Jack!

After that I was desperate. I not only had the face of mother haunting me, but I was not free one moment from the sight of Jack's mangled body. It came between me and the typewriter, as I worked. At night I would dream that Ralph was pointing an accusing finger at me. Then I would see mother as she stood before us on that fatal night. In those horrible dreams I seemed always about to step on Jack's mangled body before I saw it, and would wake up screaming and wet with cold perspiration. Is it any wonder that I soon broke down completely?

ONE day while typing, a picture of Jack came between me and my work. I screamed wildly and fainted. I was taken to the hospital and another life was snuffed out, for I lost my baby. For several weeks I was too ill to care whether I lived or not.

Fortunately little Ralph was with Mrs. Smith, and when I did not call for him, she phoned the office and learned of my illness. The dear, good woman brought him to see me as soon as I was able to have visitors, and assured me that she would take good care of him.

When I was able to go back to work, my position was satisfactorily filled, so I joined the ranks of the unemployed. Search as I would, I could find nothing to do. You who have walked miles and miles a day looking for work in these days of depression know what I went through.

Little Ralph began to lose weight from lack of proper nourishment; then the day came when there was nothing to eat. If you have seen your own baby hungry and have had nothing to give him, you have suffered the bitterest of agonies. I stood in the bread-line so I could keep little Ralph alive, but he was often very hungry.

The bitter irony of it all! I had always blamed my own mother for failing me, and I had failed my son. If I had been living decently all the tragedy could never have occurred and I would probably still be working. In any event, mother and Jack would have been alive and able to help me.

My spirit broke when I was ejected from my apartment because of unpaid rent. Perhaps one of the charitable organizations could have helped us but, homeless and starving as we were, it didn't matter to me whether we went on trying or not. To secure a position was impossible, and I could see no hope for the near future.

I took Ralph and started for the lake. The nearer I got to it the surer I felt that I was doing the right thing. My brain seemed numb to everything else. I would save my baby from life's unavoidable, as well as self-inflicted, tragedies.

There is a place along the lake shore where the drive is built up above the lake, and the waves dash in against the breakwater. It was therethat I took little Ralph. I had him in myarms and was just ready to jump, when a hand closed firmly over my arm, and another gripped my shoulder. I was so frightened that I nearly dropped my baby in the water. I turned and met the solemn gaze of a kind-faced young man, and near by stood a pretty young lady.

They had seen me hurrying along, and something about my actions made them fear I was intent on a desperate mission, so they had followed. They asked me if there wasn't something they could do to help me. Their kindness was too much for me. I sank down on the stones and sobbed.

THEY took us home with them and gave us the heartiest meal we had had in weeks. When Ralph went to sleep I told them my story from the beginning, omitting only my name.

"Why don't you go to your husband's aunt?" they asked.

Why, indeed? I had grown so far away from thoughts of Ralph and decency that it had not occurred to me. She had cared for me almost as if I were her daughter, but it had been two or three years since I had heard from her, and I had not thought of going to her for help. They persuaded me to wire her and her reply was: "Come, dear girl, and make an old lady happy. Love."

I am going back to decency and to thoughts of God, and I am going to be the kind of mother that my son can look up to with pride.

IS YOURS A "NAGGING HUSBAND"?

We hear plenty about nagging wives. People don't say much about the nagging husbands, but millions of wives know them. Do you live with a husband who repeatedly sneers at you and belittles you? Are you picked to pieces to make a Roman holiday for his relatives? In any case, you'll find this situation among your friends and relatives, duplicating the amazing and very human story in the great January PHYSICAL CULTURE, under the title, "My Nagging Husband." It will make your blood boil—and will open the way for readjustments in any similar problem.

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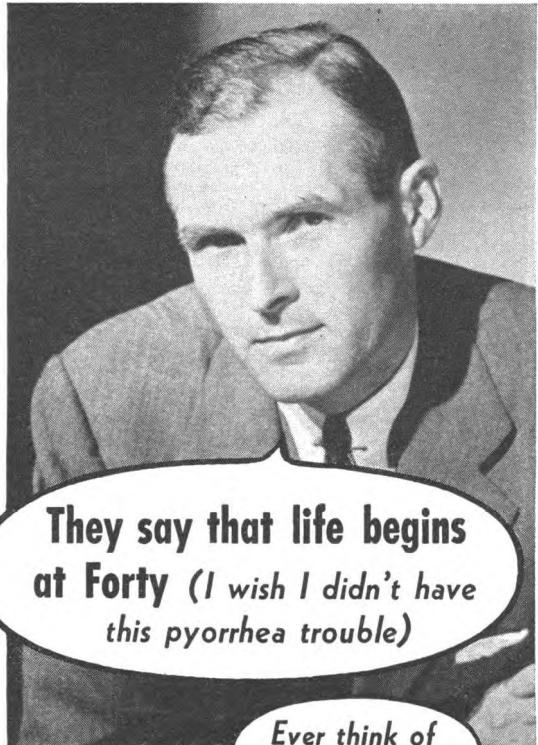
And then there is this whole problem of "falling in love". Is your "love" a neurotic manifestation? Lawrence Gould, consulting psychologist, says that this stormy emotional upheaval means nothing as to suitability for mating, and yet it has great practical value and you had better not marry without it.

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On sale at all news stands December 5th



**They say that life begins
at Forty (I wish I didn't have
this pyorrhea trouble)**

**Ever think of
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Don't wait for bleeding gums. Don't wait till you are forty. Even small children may use Forhan's Toothpaste with perfect confidence. Its texture is smooth and its flavor pleasing. It will not scratch. It is known to old and young from ocean to ocean and in many foreign countries. Besides, Forhan's is more than a toothpaste; it is a protection. If you are serious about your teeth and your children's teeth, use Forhan's. Don't leave a way for pyorrhea to get started.

If you are under forty, look ahead! Give your dentist a chance to help you. Ask for prevention service, not just repair work. Thousands are doing this every day—all around you! Half the adult teeth lost are due to this creeping gum disease, pyorrhea, but naturally people don't talk about it! Remember, you are no different from others. Nobody is *sure*.

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*Serious thought about teeth
and gums leads to the use of*

Forhan's

Three-Ring Girl

(Continued from page 33)

cobra, were deceptively soft in appearance.

I watched her, fascinated, as she lit a cigarette and stretched languidly. Every muscle of her body, under the caressing green silk, seemed to relax, from the smoothness of her arms stretched above her tawny head to the scarlet gleam of her painted toe nails, glimpsed through gold cloth sandals. She was like one of her own cobras!

Looking at her, I suddenly understood a lot of things. It was as if my fright had sharpened my vision—cleared my mind. I could understand why Fred could love this woman; why men would be deceived by her, as Beck, the owner of the show, was. No man would want to believe that any one so desirable could be so treacherous. It was only a woman who could measure her.

"**A**LL right, Babe?" she asked, as she switched off the light and swung into the bunk over my head. In the darkness her white arm gleamed faintly as it dangled over the side, the cigarette merely a bright flicker between her fingers.

"It was nice of you to stay," I said. "I will feel better with some one here."

She didn't answer immediately, then:

"Why did you tell Dick Leslie that I sent for Fred tonight?"

I hesitated. I was afraid of Gwen. I knew too much about her to underestimate the damage she could do. I knew why I had said it. I couldn't lie to myself. There was no explaining it; but there was no denying it, either. I loved Fred Coyle. I was shielding him from something—from having Dick Leslie know more of the bitter truth about him.

"Well, didn't you send for him?" I stalled innocently. "Why else would he be over here at three o'clock in the morning?"

Now it was Gwen's turn to hesitate. I knew she thought me an inexperienced baby, and judging by her standards, she was right. But I wasn't as stupid as she thought.

"Of course," she said presently, her tone lazily confident and a little relieved, "I sent for him."

The cigarette moved up and down in a bright arc. She sent for him. That was true enough, probably. Would he always come when she sent for him? He had everything, education—that was evident; charm—everybody in the show liked him, from Dick, the best animal man in the business, to the lowest hustler; good looks—only too evident; ability—Al Nesbitt, the manager, and every animal man in the show agreed that he was exceptional.

Of course, he was a surgeon doing veterinary work in a mud show. It was another step down—all the steps he was taking were in the wrong direction. But how could you stop him?

I started at the sound of a faint knocking.

Gwen moved quickly, and leaned over the edge of the bunk toward the door.

"Who is it?" she called in a whisper.

"Madam," I recognized Mahru's—the Hindu boy—sibilant voice, "have you

the key to the cobra's trunk?"

Gwen dropped quietly to the floor. Then I heard the jingle of keys. Quickly she opened the door.

"Here," she whispered.

She closed the door and stood still in the darkness. Then she stole over to my bunk. I closed my eyes as she bent over me. Quietly she went back to bed.

I didn't move. The whole picture was clear to me now; much too clear. Now I could see why Gwen and Fred had been so terrified; why they were relieved when I had turned Dick's attention away from the snake. Not only had Fred been with Gwen, but somehow, in some way, the snake had not been locked up. That was what he meant by the end—the very end—for him!

Pale light filtered through the small windows before I fell asleep.

Dick was waiting for me at breakfast.

"You're sure you're all right?" he asked me for the dozenth time.

"So all right," I assured him, "that I'll be ready for a work-out as soon as the parade gets in."

"You're game, Babe! The swellest little trouper I ever met."

"Thanks, Dick," I smiled at him gratefully. "That's the best compliment I could have."

As I spoke, Mickey Hart sauntered up to the table and joined us. I liked this hard-boiled, fast-talking publicity man who followed so closely in Gwen's train. There seemed no limit to the variety of men she attracted.

"Where's the big reptile woman?" he asked, as he sat down on the long wooden bench opposite us.

"Sleeping," I said.

"I want to catch her or Doc Coyle this morning and see how they made out with the cobra last night."

"What about the cobra?" Dick asked.

"**O**H, the doc and Gwen went off last night after the show, to examine the thing's tonsils—or something. Doc seems to know his stuff. I thought I might be able to get a story out of it for Memphis. A little new publicity wouldn't hurt her act."

"I've got the best snake story of the season for you," Dick said, leaning across the table toward Mickey. My breath caught in my throat as he went on: "Gwen rescued Babe from the cobra when it got into Babe's wagon at three o'clock this morning."

Mickey whistled softly.

"Gee, what a gal!" He saluted me solemnly. "You work in a cage with lions and sleep with snakes. And what a story! You're the kind of folks to have breakfast with."

Glowingly he embroidered the story as he ate ham and eggs. Dick, over his usual tall glass of milk, listened quietly. I made a pretense of eating as I watched them.

Then suddenly Mickey stopped talking, his coffee cup poised in midair.

"Say," he demanded, "where were Gwen and Doc Coyle when that thing got out?"

"That," said Dick quietly, "is what

I'd like to know, and if I find out—"

"Well, you leave it to Mickey." He slammed down his cup, his blue eyes were snapping, his broad underjaw thrust out. "He'll find out!"

Dick watched his stride out of the mess tent without a word. He never spoke of that night again, but somehow I felt that he knew I had had much more of a part in it than I ever told.

That morning, for the first time, I went into the practice arena with the cats—two lions, a tiger and a black panther—and without a protecting fence. Our act was working up.

But all through the day, from the parade to the last trick in the ring with Snookums that evening, my thoughts were with Fred.

It was as I was leaving the dressing tent that night, headed for my wagon, that I saw him. He was waiting for me.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, and fell into step beside me as I walked past the rank of wagons.

The night was warm, and the air was fragrant with a suggestion of lilacs. At the other side of the wagons, the buzz and hum of the crowd rose and fell.

"I'M glad you came," I said. "I wanted to tell you that Mickey Hart knows something about last night."

"What does he know?" Fred asked in a strange, tight voice.

"It isn't what he knows, it's what he guesses," I stumbled on unhappily. "He wonders how the snake could have got out. I know that Gwen didn't have it locked up."

Fred cursed softly under his breath.

"She didn't," he said bitterly, "but it wasn't her fault. We both forgot. That's why we were so terrified. We suddenly missed the thing—and then we saw the flashlight in your wagon."

He shivered.

"Fred, why don't you quit the show when we hit Memphis?"

"Why, Babe?" He stopped and looked at me in the full light. "Do you want me to go away? I thought you liked me a little."

"I do," I said with more honesty than he realized. "That's why I want you to go. Don't you see, Fred, it's just what you told me about myself? You don't belong here."

"I believe you mean it."

We had stopped in the shadow of my wagon.

"Of course, I mean it," I rushed on. "You shouldn't be here at all. Al Nesbitt knows it, too. He thinks he's helping you by keeping you here. But he isn't; the way of living; the people—everything is wrong for you."

"That means Gwen, too?" His hand dropped on my arm and drew me closer to him, facing him. "I know she is. She's poison. But even poisons have their uses—and she's a glorious drug. But you wouldn't understand. Anything else would be much too good for me. Even she is too good for me!"

His voice broke unsteadily and I half drew back. I wasn't afraid of him, and yet there was something alarming about

him that attracted me, even as it frightened me.

"You mustn't say that," I forced myself to sound confident. "You know you write your own price tag in life. If you say poison's too good, then it is too good. But everybody else says that is under-valuation for you."

"If it only were as easy as it sounded," he smiled at me.

"It can't too hard," I protested. "You said once that imagination makes cowards of us. Why don't you imagine brave things—lovely things?"

I was talking, instead of whistling, to keep up my courage. His hands on my arms burned with a fierce intensity, and even in the shadow of the wagon I could see the dark gleam of his eyes.

"Brave and lovely things are not for me," he murmured huskily, "brave and lovely things like you."

With a sweep of his arms, he crushed me to him and kissed me long and hungrily. As swiftly as he had caught me, Fred released me, so swiftly that I swayed.

"I'm sorry," he whispered hoarsely, as his hands steadied me. "Forgive me if you can. But you see now, I'm not worth anything—your confidence—any one's belief; much less a faith like yours."

ABRUPTLY he strode off and was lost among the wagons. In another minute I might have dreamed the whole thing, except that my body burned with a sweet fire where his arms had held me, and my lips quivered from the pressure of his.

Lying in my bunk that night, while the truck rolled over the highway, I was torn between a strange elation and a fierce unhappiness. I began counting the days until we would reach Memphis, when I could have a real talk with Ella. Surely she could help me!

A week later we arrived in Memphis where we would play until Saturday night—a long stand for us—and the whole show was grateful. It meant three mornings without a parade, and Dick was taking advantage of it to get in some good work on the act.

All I could think of was a talk with Ella, and relief from the hum of wheels in my ears at night.

During the week between Johnsonboro and Memphis, Fred avoided me. Monarch, the lion, had indigestion. But treating a lion is not a one-man job, so when he came to see the cats he brought Tim, our chief animal man, and half a dozen handlers. Except for a friendly greeting, he said nothing to me.

After the first night performance in Memphis, I went down to the hotel to find Ella. A lot of show people were stopping there, taking advantage of the days and nights free from wheels. I saw Gwen in the lobby as I sent a boy to page Ella.

At last I found her, having supper with her husband in the coffee shop. Like most gymnasts, they had a light snack between shows, and a real meal after the last performance.

"Come here and sit down, child," Ella greeted me, her dark eyes warm with earnest friendliness. "I've been watching you out of the tail of my eye for weeks. I thought we'd never get together."

"That's the way it is in this opy."

Leo Howard's great hand gripped mine. "All work and no talk."

I was so happy I had to blink back the tears. It was so good to be welcome; to be with friends.

Eagerly Ella asked me about myself, my grandmother, the act. After supper Leo went off to find some Memphis friends, and Ella and I went up to their room.

"Now," she demanded, tossing her hat on the bureau, and drawing me down beside her on the bed, "what's really on your mind, Babe? Is it Dick?"

"No," I began hesitatingly. And then I burst out in a rush, "It's really nothing that concerns me at all. It's about Fred Coyle, the new vet."

"And Gwen?" Ella stated and asked, with a wise lift of her dark brows. "Yes, I've seen them together. He's a good-looking lad, but he's drinking his head off. I saw Al Nesbitt coaxing him out of the bar down the line last week. He's probably another one of the fellows that's all brain and no backbone."

"That's what Dick thinks," I agreed, "but I can't quite believe it. He seems different."

"Sure, they're all different! He's probably told you the story of his life, and how misunderstood he was."

"No, he hasn't. I don't know anything about him except that he's so kind and unhappy. He doesn't seem to belong in a show."

Ella smiled ruefully.

"You can sympathize with that, can't you, Babe? I watched you at rehearsal the other day. Your mother would be very proud of you, if she could see you standing there among all those cats. But it doesn't mean anything to you, does it?"

"Of course, it does," I protested. "I want to help Dick—to put over a good act."

"Sure!" Her smile was wise and tender. "But it doesn't mean to you what it does to him. Do you realize that Dick loves you?"

"Ella!"

THAT'S always the way. Everybody knows it before the fellow most concerned."

"You're wrong," I said excitedly. "Dick is just interested in building up a good act."

"Of course he is, and he's too good a circus man to love outside the show. But I've known Dick Leslie for ten years, and I've never seen him like this before."

I couldn't answer. I knew that Ella was right. I knew, too, that I'd known all along that Dick loved me, but I was afraid to admit it.

"I'm sorry—" I began, when a man's voice thundered angrily through the wall from the next room. Ella perched her head on one side, listening.

"Gwen's in there," she said softly.

Even as she spoke, we heard Gwen's voice, shrill with the awful anger that was the dread of the show.

"I'll see whoever I please," she screamed, "and you won't tell me—"

"Won't I?" shouted the man. I recognized Mickey Hart's voice, blurred with fury. "You've got away with a lot on Jim Beck, when he's not here to watch you; but he'd like to know about runaway cobras while you were—"

"You—" Gwen's shriek mingled with the crash of some heavy object falling.

Ella got off the bed slowly, and went to the telephone.

"Better get Al before some one's killed," she said with indignation, as she jiggled the hook.

Screams, curses and slams of furniture echoed from the next room. The walls seemed to quiver. Ella's voice went on in a quiet undertone beneath the racket.

"He'll be over," she said as she replaced the receiver. "Don't look so scared, kid. They won't shoot."

Fights have always frightened me and, with each scream, my terror mounted.

"Please, Ella," I begged, as she sat down on the bed again and listened to the quarrel with complete attention, "please go stop them. He'll kill her!"

"Listen, Babe," she laid a gently reassuring hand over my cold fingers, "I learned to mind my business in the old days when a shout of 'Hi, Rube!' was a sign for anything from a brawl to a murder. This isn't Gwen's first fight, and I haven't seen the man who's big enough to kill her yet. In fact, I'd bet even money on her matched against Dick's black panther."

Suddenly a complete silence fell, and we heard Al's low, matter-of-fact cussing. It hadn't taken him long to get there. Gwen's answers were quieter. There was no sound from Mickey at all. I sat back wearily against the pillows, as tired as if I had been in the fight.

FIVE minutes later a quick, low rap sounded at the door and Ella opened it to Al Nesbitt. He was mopping his brow with a dingy-looking handkerchief. He came in without a word and dropped down on the stiff-backed chair by the bureau.

"I'd rather hear 'Lion loose,'" he panted presently, "than stop Gwen in a fight."

"She and Mickey?" Ella half asked, half stated.

"Yeah, and all over Doc Coyle. And him so drunk he wouldn't know a bull from a chimp."

"Where was he?" Ella asked. Surely they could both hear the pounding of my heart.

"In her room. He's one of these drunks that goes out like a board. Some day he ain't going to come to at all."

"This'll be nice if Jim Beck hears about it."

"Don't I know it!" Al groaned. "I'd lose two good boys. For all his drinking, this doctor is swell. He knows more about animals than any regular vet I ever had. And Mickey is a good publicity man. But he's as jealous as hell. And I can't have a killing in the show. One or the other will spill the dirt to Beck, and Gwen'll have 'em both fired for annoying her."

"Wouldn't you think Beck would get wise to her line some time?" Ella asked disgustedly.

"Mebbe he will," Al shrugged, "but I doubt it."

He stood up unsteadily on his bowed legs.

"Why don't you try to do something with Dr. Coyle?" I suggested timidly. "Dick thinks he's a great doctor, too, if he'd only stick to his work. Perhaps he'd listen to you."

"He won't listen to me." Al shook his head dolefully. "I've tried. But why don't you work on him yourself?"

"Go on," Ella pushed him out of the door. "One shooting in the show will be plenty."

The next morning, at rehearsal, Dick was annoyed. He and Barney Chester, who worked with the monkeys, had spent two hours with a sick chimp before they could get Fred awake.

But, as usual, Dick put all trace of annoyance aside when he handled the cats; always the same velvet voice, the swift, smooth motion, the perfect patience. That morning, we tried, for the first time, the untamable act with the four cats in their places.

Dick slid open the catch on the small door at the back of the performing cage. He stood at the right, and I moved toward the door from the left. Monarch, from center right, was to spring at me. Dick was to leap between us, thrust me through the door and follow me, before Monarch hit the door.

THE lion had already been trained and timed in that leap for years. But this had to be a trifle slower, a split second probably, but a split second can mean a lot. Neither Dick nor I thought Monarch would intentionally hurt us, but there is deadly poison in a lion's claw. One accidental scratch may be fatal.

I was coldly alert. It was as if I had built an icy wall around my imagination, to protect me from thoughts of what could happen.

The act came to an end, the animals leaping and bounding about according to their routine. Standing in the far end of the cage I could stretch out my hand and touch the leopard's tail. Finally they were prowling around, the panther, the leopard, the lioness, and then Monarch.

This little parade had to be accomplished quickly. It must look to the audience as if the animals had got out of hand, and ran around in no particular order. However, Dick wanted the three cats to pass the door so that they were on their way around the cage in a wide circle when Monarch, coming up behind them, made his leap at us.

Panthers and leopards attack with a death stroke to the back of the head, and it is good always to keep these two pets in front of you. By working out the routine in this way, Dick had them at the other side of the cage when we made our dash.

The cats had passed! I moved from the right of the door. Then at an almost invisible signal from Dick, Monarch sprang. The very air seemed to vibrate with the body heat of the great beast. Six hundred pounds of destruction whirling at me. His jaws open so that a whole cavern seemed to be descending on me. In that incredible flash, Dick was between us. Monarch, now roaring furiously, prepared for another spring. Then three swift side steps, and we were out of the cage, with Monarch's great body flattened against the iron bars.

I reeled drunkenly as I stood clear of the cage, my heart pounding wildly at the sudden release from frozen terror. I leaned against a center pole of the tent and moistened my stiff lips with my tongue. How—how could I ever go

through this, twice a day, for months?

Dick had called, "Good girl", but had immediately hurried over to see Barney Chester about the chimpanzee. He was a showman first, and a devoted friend second.

Walking slowly, to keep command of my legs, I went toward the door. I had just stepped from the shadow of the canvas into the bright sunlight when Dick caught up with me. He slipped his arm under mine.

"I don't like the looks of that chimp," he said gravely. "She's in pain. Barney's worried."

"What does Fred say?" I asked.

"Acute indigestion, he thinks. He seems to be helping her now, but a lot of good he'll be if he gets drunk. One more session like last night, and he'll have to go."

"Perhaps," I said thoughtfully, "it would be a good thing for him if he did."

Dick darted me a swift side-glance, and did not answer immediately. Then: "Gwen would probably object, but Mickey would be thankful. It's a pity. Coyle's a smart man and a nice fellow, but not smart enough to take care of himself."

Dick was always smart enough for that, I reflected, as I changed for the afternoon show. He was one of those strong people who always do the right thing for themselves and for others. Not that I thought it made him happy. Perhaps wisdom doesn't bring happiness but only a little less needless hurt.

It was Saturday night, our last in Memphis. I had changed and was going across the backyard from the dressing room when Tim, the animal man, came toward me in a rush, his long chisel face longer and more startled than usual.

"Babe," he demanded excitedly, "have you seen Doc?"

"No. What's the matter?"

"Hell's poppin'. The chimp's in convulsions. And Al's almost got 'em. Says she'll have to be shot. Barney and Dick are just about crazy. I'm afraid to go back till I find Doc."

I THOUGHT quickly. I named half a dozen places Tim might try, but he'd been to all of them.

"Try the bull pen," I suggested. "I think that little elephant was laid up today. In the meantime, I'll look around."

I dashed across the back yard to the connection, and through to the ticket wagon. At that hour I could usually find Mickey around there. He came out at my urgent signal.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Will you do me a big favor?"

"How big?" he grinned.

"Lend me your car for about an hour?"

"Can you drive?" he countered.

"Absolutely—and straight."

"Okay," he took out his keys and handed them to me. "You know—the green buggy with the paint off the side. See that you bring it back no worse than you took it out."

"Thanks!" I almost snatched the keys. "I'll do something for you sometime."

"And say," he called after me, "don't be too late. Memphis is no town for you to be running around in, by yourself."

I waved to him as I ran down to the parking place.

Five minutes later, I was in front of the Central Hotel. I knew Ella and Gwen would be on the lot. I entered the elevator and went to the fifth floor, my heart stifling me.

At the door of Gwen's room, I hesitated, then tapped softly. No answer. I knocked again and rattled the knob.

Then, with my ear pressed against the door, I heard a faint grunt. I banged harder, glancing nervously down the hall. What if a chambermaid should discover me?

At that moment, a voice mumbled thickly, "All right—all right!"

The door opened, and I pushed in as agilely as if I were going out of the practice cage. I slammed the door behind me. Standing in his stocking feet, in rumpled linen trousers and shirt, was Fred Coyle. His dark hair was mussed, his face flushed, his eyes heavy with sleep.

"Babe," he stammered, "what are you doing here?"

He sat down heavily on the bed and stared at me.

"You've got to get out of here," I snapped, "and quick! You're wanted at the show. The chimp is in agony. Convulsions, Tim says."

"Then it is appendicitis!" Fred blinked at me stupidly as if some one else had made the statement.

"PLEASE pull yourself together," I begged. "It's after ten. The others will be coming back. If Al or Dick find you here in Gwen's room again—or find me here—"

"That's right!" He stumbled to his feet. "Say, how did you know where I was?"

"I didn't. I just followed a hunch. But never mind that. Hurry! Hurry!"

He stepped forward, swayed, then sat down heavily, his head in his hands.

"It's no use, Babe," he shuddered. "I can't. I'm not awake. Say, I must have been drunk this morning! Let them throw me out of the show, what's the difference?"

"It's all the difference." I knelt down beside him. "Don't you see? You can never face yourself again if you get thrown out of a mud show. It would be just too much."

"What do you know about what's too much?" He looked at me with eyes that burned like fire through fog. "Have you ever lived in hell, as I have? You don't know anything about it."

He held out his fine strong hands, fingers outspread.

"You see these hands? Well, they were supposed to be very skillful, marvelously skilled. I operated on people, saved lives, they told me."

"At twenty-seven, two years ago, I was one of the most promising—that was the expression of the staff—most promising young surgeons, Dr. Frederick Coyle.

"And then one night I went to a party. Just a small respectable party, out on the Lake Shore Drive. I had a couple of cocktails, and I got a call from the hospital. I wasn't on duty, but Dr. Evans was out of town. It was an emergency case."

"I went. I operated. The patient was a little girl about eight years old; a bad appendix, I thought. But it wasn't.

The case was something entirely different, and right there, under my hands, she died.

"They didn't blame me, neither the staff nor her parents. It was a very unusual case. But I should have known. I was going in for unusual cases. I did know, in the back of my mind, but I hadn't been able to think fast enough. I had failed.

"I kept imagining what might happen the next time. The awful responsibility of a life in my hands. I'd take a drink for courage, then a drink to build the courage higher. I left the hospital. I left private practice. I landed in Toddville, Kentucky, and joined a mud show."

He laughed almost hysterically.

"In Chicago they still think it's nerves. See," he picked up a rumpled telegram from the floor. "This caught up with me today. Reynolds at the hospital, wants me to come back. He doesn't know."

"He doesn't know," I gasped, as I read the wire, so full of encouragement and promise, "that you're such a coward you'd let them shoot an animal before you'd try to help it."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Al is going to have the chimp shot; probably has by this time."

"He can't do that. What was I thinking of?" He stood up, running his fingers through his hair. "Get me a drink, sweet. There's a bottle on the dresser."

Trembling, I poured a tall drink. Dashing into the bathroom, I came back with a towel that I dipped into the pitcher of ice water.

Five minutes later we walked out of the hotel, Fred striding beside me, grimly sober. We didn't speak. I couldn't. I was praying with every ounce of energy, of will, that he would last until the ordeal was over.

Back to the grounds, I went with him to the tent over the chimp's cage which served as a hospital. I waited until I heard Fred say quietly to Dick:

"Were you looking for me?"

Then I went outside and stood against the canvas, watching, waiting, praying. Inside, the chimp roared and screamed. Animal men trotted in and out hurriedly. Al Nesbitt chewing on a cigar, ran around like an anxious father.

OVER under the big top, I heard the boom of the cannon that shot Zola into space and ended the performance. The people were streaming out, crowding around the concessions, dark moving mountains against the brightly lighted booths.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer and slipped under the flap, to stand quietly in the gray white shadows.

It was a strange hospital scene, lighted by a giant spot rigged on the center pole of the little tent. On a table in the cage lay the chimp, his great black body sprawled out, his long hairy arms lashed to huge stakes. But he was still now, under the spell of the ether that reeked through the tent.

Bending over the chimp's prone figure was Fred, his shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow, his hands in rubber gloves, moving deftly. Dick and Barney stood near, like assistant surgeons, while Tim, directing a dozen animal men in the background, was an interne over nurses.

Fred was no bitter, discouraged failure at that moment. He was a surgeon, sure, steady, capable.

As I watched him, a great surge of pride swept through me. He could be so great, but Gwen wouldn't let him. She'd drag him down until he didn't have enough self-respect with which to save his soul. She'd keep him as long as she was interested, and then when she was through, she'd have him thrown out of the show.

In the pocket of my dress, a paper crackled under my nervous fingers. I glanced down at it. It was the wire from Dr. Reynolds. He believed in Fred; he wanted him to come back.

In the cage, there was sudden action. I could see Fred's hand moving in quick directions. The animal men scuttled to the stakes. The table was lowered. The unconscious chimp was lifted down. It was over!

I sank against a guy rope. Fred was coming out of the cage, talking to Dick and Barney Chester. Al stopped him. I couldn't hear what they said, but the very movement of their heads was confident.

Fred left the others and walked quickly toward the door, pulling off his rubber gloves. He moved more swiftly, more erectly, than I had ever seen him.

"Was it all right?" I whispered as he reached me.

He sprang back as if Monarch had been there.

"I didn't see you, Babe." His voice was quietly elated. "It's all over. It was great. What an appendix!"

PERHAPS I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN

Is she WRECKING her marriage ?

HAS she been unreasonable, after all? Has she tried "controlling" instead of "understanding"? Has she allowed fear and squeamishness to get the upper hand?

What a terrible thing it is, really, to be old-fashioned! What a tragedy it can be to watch happiness slip away because one's head is filled with out-of-date information! Yet many young wives find themselves in just this position when they face the problem of feminine hygiene.

Why go on behaving like your grandmother?

You don't need to use (and fear) poisonous antiseptics just because an older generation used them—and feared them. Forget all about the burning poisonous compounds associated with feminine hygiene in those days. That was before the discovery of Zonite.

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I followed him outside, and he stood for a moment looking up at the stars. Somehow I had a feeling it was the first time he had looked upward in a long while.

"I must write Ainsworth about it tomorrow. He's an old associate of mine. Must wash my hands, too."

"Doctor," we both started at the smooth, sibilant tone. Mahr, the Hindu boy, was bowing in front of us. "Madame waits you at the hotel."

Fred looked at him for a moment, as if he had never seen him before.

"Oh, yes, of course," he was like a man coming out of a thrilling dream. "Later, tell her, a little later."

"You have to wash your hands," I reminded him. "Come back to the wagon."

"I want a drink, too," he said softly as we turned toward his quarters.

In the wagon, I brought in the bucket of water from the door and poured some into the basin, brought him an antiseptic and soap from the shelf, and closed the little metal sterilizer on the rubber gloves.

I WATCHED him closely as I handed him a clean towel, and then unscrewed the cap on a flask that stood on the floor. He was traveling on nerves. He had had nothing to eat, I judged, for at least twenty hours. He had slept all day, after being drunk the night before, and he had just come through a great emotional strain.

"Have a drink," I suggested.

He took the flask from me and drained off an incredible quantity.

"Why don't you sleep now, Fred?" I suggested. "You may be called on to-night, and tomorrow will be difficult."

"I don't want to sleep." His eyes were dark with excitement. "I want some food. I'll go over to town and get some."

Did that mean Gwen, I wondered, as I busied myself like an office nurse, throwing out the water, cleaning the basin and scouring my own hands.

"Why don't you have another drink?" I said in quiet desperation.

"Don't care if I do," he emptied the bottle. "Oh, but that was exciting, Babe, to see that thing go under the ether. Al said I couldn't do it, but I showed him, didn't I?"

He sat down rather abruptly on the berth.

"I'm tired," he mumbled, "awfully tired."

He swayed, his eyes closed. Gently I guided his shoulders until he lay across the bunk. Then swiftly I began to pack.

As I moved quickly around the wagon, I couldn't believe it was I, doing this thing. I, who had always relied on Granny or mother, daring to make a decision that would affect another person's life. But I had to do it for him.

The bag packed and closed, I went through his pockets, pushing him, lifting his dead weight, as best I could. Twelve dollars!

That wasn't enough to get him any-

where. I switched off the light, climbed out of the wagon, and ran to my own place. I had saved thirty dollars. That, with what he had, would get him to Chicago, and surely he had more money somewhere.

The hot night seemed to close in around me as I started back. My hair clung in damp curls to my face and neck, my silk sports dress hung limp and crushed. The noise was dying down on the Midway. Lights were going out. Somebody would be looking for Fred soon.

With the money and the keys to Mickey's car gripped tight in my hand, I went back to the hospital tent. If I could find an animal man! I approached the entrance cautiously, flattening myself against the canvas as a footstep sounded. The next moment I ran forward eagerly as I recognized Tim.

"Tim," I whispered. "You're just the man I want."

"What are you doin' around here at this hour?" he demanded.

"You must help me, Tim. It's terribly important."

"Anything short of murder."

"It's for Dr. Coyle."

"That's all right, then," he grinned. "After tonight, I'd do a murder for him."

"This is serious, terribly serious," I explained as I walked along beside him. "Dr. Coyle is drunk, and he has to get on that two o'clock train to Chicago. Will you help me to the station with him? I've got a car."

"Now how did he get drunk that fast?" Tim spluttered. "An' him judgment-sober not an hour ago. A grand guy if he'd only leave the fire water alone."

In the wagon, Fred hadn't moved. Tim caught him under the arms and lifted him to his feet. I picked up his bag, hat and light top coat.

"We'll go down back of the wagons, toward the elephant picket," I directed, "where no one will see us. Then you stay there with him while I bring up the car."

PRACTICALLY carrying him, Tim followed as I led the way. Five minutes later, Fred lay huddled on the seat beside me in Mickey's car.

"You don't know anything about this Tim," I warned, as I started the car.

"You're telling me?" he mumbled as I backed the car around.

At the station, a porter unloaded Fred like so much baggage while I bought a ticket. For a moment I stared at it. To Chicago! What would he think when he awoke on the train?

"May I have an envelope?" I asked the clerk at the window. Sleepily, he thrust it through the grill to me.

With the stub of the pencil tied up for telegrams, I wrote:

A ticket to brave and lovely things. May you find the courage I believe you have.

BABE.

Then I sent a telegram to Dr. Reynolds in Chicago, asking him to meet the train, and signing it with Fred's name.

The next minute, it seemed, the train was in. Two porters half carried Fred across the platform. Suddenly watching his dark handsome head swaying heavily on his fine shoulders, his hair rumpled, his eyes closed—not in peaceful sleep, but tight shut as though he wouldn't see the world—I began to cry.

Not until that moment had I realized what I was doing to myself. I was sending him away—I didn't know to what fate, but surely better than this. But I was sending him away from me. I might never see him again, and I loved him!

The train was moving. A sob caught in my throat as the blast from the locomotive sounded. He was going—he was gone! I wanted him to come back, to take me in his arms. But he didn't care for me—and he wouldn't come back—ever.

MY hands pressed against my lips to still my sobs, I ran to the car and drove wildly back to the show.

The grounds were deserted now, except for the canvas crew bringing down the big top. We were moving in the morning.

As I drove into the parking space, some one came running toward the car. It was a woman. Her light silk dress gleamed as she passed a light. I locked the car and stepped out, as she came running toward me. It was Gwen.

"Where is Fred?" she demanded.

What should I say? I had never thought about being caught.

"Don't tell me you don't know," she shrieked as she caught my arm. "You went out of here with him. Where is he?"

"He's gone," I said quietly, trying to draw back from her. "Gone far away."

"He didn't have enough cash to get him to Louisville," she snapped.

"He's gone farther than that," I said quickly.

"Then you paid for it, you little fool!" she laughed. "You're crazy about him. But he loves me. Do you suppose he'd pay a little greeny like you any attention? Did you think you could make a man like that?"

"I didn't want to make him," I said slowly.

"Then why did you send him away?" she screamed.

What was I waiting for? What was I hiding? Fred was gone. I could tell the truth.

"You want to know why I sent him," I said fiercely. "I'll tell you. I did it to save him from you."

In the shadows her green eyes flashed like a cat's, her whole body recoiled and I felt the same chill of terror that I had on looking at the cobra. I started back but I wasn't quick enough.

With a scream she sprang at me, burying her long, strong fingers in my throat.

What is to be the end of this fierce battle between two women for the heart of a man? How far will the heartless Gwen be driven by the green-eyed monster of jealousy? This thrilling story of life and love under the Big Top is continued in the

Holy Mackerel

(Continued from page 52)

Billy. "Well, Dad, I guess about five more dollars will do it. But I can pay you back in no time. Just think, a hundred dollars a day for—"

"Have you figured in putty and paint?"

"Well, make it six dollars," said Billy.

"And a propeller and shaft?"

"Eight dollars," mumbled Billy.

"And a universal joint for the shaft?"

"Nine dollars."

"And what are you going to fish with?"

Nets are terribly expensive."

"Why, jump-lines, Dad. You know, the kind we used on the Mississippi River last summer at Aunt Eleanor's. They have a hook every six feet or so." Billy sensed that his father was not entirely unfavorable to the whole idea.

"And what's going to pay for the lines?" asked Mr. White.

"An even ten dollars," said Billy grandly, "will fix everything."

Even the worried Mrs. White smiled a little at that. "But I still don't approve," she insisted. "No matter how good the boat is, sharks are still dangerous."

"Not to Billy," said Mr. White. "A shark would never come into the cove, and I wouldn't think of letting Billy have the boat without a solemn promise from him never to go outside."

"Aw, Dad," grumbled Billy, "you know there aren't any fish inside the cove. I want to be a real fisherman!"

"NEVERTHELESS," said Mr. White, "either you stay inside, or you don't go at all."

Billy's father meant business, and Billy was the one to know it. He hesitated only for a moment. "All right," he said quietly, "I promise."

"But remember that I haven't yet promised the money," cautioned Mr. White.

"But you will when you see the boat tomorrow, Dad."

Mrs. White had a feeling that this was only too true. Like father, like son. "But if there aren't any fish in the cove," she asked, "then what's the use?"

"Oh, there are millions!" protested her son.

"Billions!" echoed Betty.

Well, what can you do with children like that?

Billy got his father's help and, as you've probably guessed, it cost Mr. White a good deal more than the calculated ten dollars. The motor needed repairs; this needed that; that needed this, and these needed those.

"I hope you catch enough fish for our own table," grumbled Mr. White as he paid the bills.

Jerry Andrews arrived in time to help Billy put on the finishing touches. "Isn't she a whiz?" he exclaimed, the first time he saw it.

"Exactly!" agreed Billy. "From now on that's her name—Whiz!"

The whole community turned out for the launching. When the *Whiz* had been slid into the water, Billy, Betty, and Jerry, all in bathing suits, waded out to it and climbed in importantly.

"Now all I need is the sea cap," thought Billy.

He gave the motor a turn. It didn't



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actually whiz, but it gave some encouraging chugs and started away. The crowd cheered; loudly, but not for long. For the *Whiz* suddenly stopped whizzing.

Billy bent over the motor, and fiddled around a bit. Then, without a word, he dived into the water, and swam ashore. "We forgot to buy gasoline," he told his father.

Mr. White reached into his pocket. "And that's the last time," he announced as he gave the money to his son. "From now on you give money to me!"

The three children were up before the sun the next morning. They rowed out to the *Whiz* in their little dinghy. As they boarded the boat, Billy tied the dinghy on behind.

"Why not leave it at the mooring?" asked Jerry.

"Oh, real sailors always take a dinghy along."

Betty gave her brother a queer look, remembering Captain Mayo's warning about the rotten ribs and keelson.

"Some lifeboat!" she murmured.

Well, as long as they stayed in the cove they could swim ashore. So she went up in the bow to enjoy the fun. And what fun with the boat scooting along, the spray flying, the dark gray sky of dawn gradually lighting, and—there was another view of the picture. Betty wrinkled her nose. She was definitely beginning to feel a little queer.

IN five minutes, she was on the bottom of the boat, just as seasick as an ostrich!

"Oo-oo-oh!" she moaned. "And this is what I paid four dollars for!"

That afternoon, three very discouraged children returned home. The millions and billions of fish in the cove just weren't biting.

"Never again!" mumbled Betty.

Mr. and Mrs. White looked at one another, trying hard not to smile.

On the days following, Billy and Jerry stuck at it persistently, but without much luck. They learned that it was best to set the lines out in the evening, and take them up in the morning. Even so, they rarely made enough money to pay for their gasoline.

Occasionally, Mr. White asked his son how they were getting along. Billy invariably replied that all the fishermen were down on their luck. This was true, but it wasn't because the fish weren't running. It was because the shark kept tearing their nets.

Mr. White noticed that Billy never went to the movies any more. He couldn't. His allowance all went to buy gas and oil. So did Jerry's. So did Betty's, whether she liked it or not.

She kicked about it a lot, and often tried to persuade Billy to quit and just use the *Whiz* as a pleasure boat. Occasionally, even Jerry agreed with her; and if the truth must be told, Billy, himself, was more than once on the point of giving up. Half a dozen times he considered going out of the cove into the bay, but he'd given his promise to his father, and a promise is a promise, fish or no fish.

So he stuck it out in the cove in the vague hope of a "run" coming his way.

And then one evening a run did come his way. Jerry knew it as soon as they put the first few hooks out, by the commotion in the water. There was no need to

leave the hooks out all night because the fish were actually fighting to get at the bait.

The boys had only to throw the lines in the water, wait a couple of seconds, and pull them in full of fish! By the time it was dark, the bottom of the boat was covered with flopping fish.

"Ten cents a pound!" Billy gloated.

In two more hours, they had to stop; the boat was so full of fish they were afraid any more would sink it. They drew in the last line, and turned the boat homeward—as happy as two human beings ever had been. Billy could pay off his debt to Mr. White, and still have a small fortune left over.

"Half of it's yours, Jerry," he said grandly. "No, wait a minute! There's Betty's quarter-share—well, you'll only get a quarter."

"An eighth is plenty," sang out Jerry. "Why, I've never heard of so much money! I'll bet it's half the money in the world!"

Suddenly there was a jarring thump, and the two boys were sent sprawling breathlessly upon the pile of fish.

"Holly mackerel!" yelled Billy. "What was that?"

Captain Mayo's warning about the rotten ribs and keelson flashed into his mind. He reached over and cut the dinghy's painter with his fish knife.

"I dunno what it was," replied Jerry shakily. "But we're leaking like a sieve." He grabbed a bucket and started to bail water, fish, and everything else out of the boat.

But the water rose rapidly. The idling motor gave one long agonizing swish, and stopped. The water had risen over it!

A few moments later Billy found himself in the water, swimming alongside of Jerry and hundreds of dead fish.

Jerry was still holding the bucket, for all the world as if he expected to bail out the whole ocean. "Now what?" he sputtered in a wee voice.

"Into the dink, dummy!" ordered Billy.

The two boys climbed in the dinghy very carefully. It would never do to upset it now. The *Whiz* was no more. In keeping with Betty's prediction, it had "sunk like a rock."

BILLY began to blubber a little. Here they were at the very end of the cove—right at the entrance to the bay—with a dinghy and a pair of oars instead of a motorboat!

It would take hours to get home. Billy could just see his mother walking up and down, tearing her hair from worry.

"Grab those oars and pull!" he commanded.

"What did we hit?" asked Jerry, manning the oars.

"What difference does it make?" whimpered Billy. "We've got to get back. Pull away! It's probably a rock or something. Oh, boy, will we get the dickens!"

"That wasn't any rock," insisted Jerry. "It didn't crash; it only thumped."

"I'll thump you," threatened Billy, "if you don't start rowing!"

But Jerry was too interested. He gave a couple of strokes with the oars, then peered into the darkness. "Say," he bellowed, "that's no rock! Why, it's a whale—a dead one!" He pulled the boat over toward it.

Billy looked, and his mouth popped open. "Thrice holy mackerel!" he yelled. "That's a shark! Why, I'll bet—of course, it is—it's *the* shark! Hey, make sure he's dead! Biff him on the beezer with an oar!"

Jerry biffed. The shark, of course, was dead, and floating belly up.

Billy thought fast. He grabbed the oars from his friend, and rowed around till he found the jabbing hook which had been floating nearby. He tied the dinghy's painter to the hook handle, and jabbed the hook as far into the shark's head as he could.

"Now, row!" he muttered. "That way!" He pointed toward the nearby shore.

Jerry, completely baffled, began to protest, "But what on—"

"I said row!" commanded Billy sharply. "You row, and I'll do the talking."

Jerry did as he was told. It wasn't far to shore, but towing a monster shark is no easy job. It was a long hard pull.

While Jerry sat and sweated, Billy explained, "You see, we'll use the ol' shark as an alibi for being late and for losing our boat!"

Jerry began to catch on. He grinned through the darkness.

"The shark attacked us," continued Billy.

"Ferociously!" agreed Jerry.

SO ferociously that he smashed and sank our boat."

"But by undaunted courage, we got him in the end!"

"And that's why we're late!"

The dinghy scraped shore. The boys, with great effort, finally managed to get the shark's head up on the beach. They then tied the other end of the rope to a big boulder, so the shark wouldn't float away again.

"I wonder how he died," mused Jerry.

"Old age, probably," replied Billy, "or asthma. But remember, that's not for our parents or the public! We killed him. That's our story and we stick to it."

The boys pushed the dinghy off, and once again headed it homeward. Jerry rowed until he was tired, then Billy rowed or not, rowed again, and then Billy again; and so on.

When they were both just about exhausted, Billy heard the noise of a motor. He let out a whoop. Jerry gave two whoops. Then they both shrieked at the top of their lungs.

The motorboat swerved from its course, coming to a standstill a few feet from the boys' dink. Billy pulled up to it; he and Jerry climbed in.

There was a whole delegation of grown-ups in the boat. Mrs. White hurried to Billy, and gave him a shower of kisses. Mrs. Andrews did the same to Jerry.

Even Betty was there. She blubbered a little. What if her brother was a big bum? It would never do to lose him!

The two boys looked sheepish under their respective showers of affection. Their fathers looked stern, trying to hide their emotion and joy at having found them. Captain Mayo—for it was his boat which had made the rescue—looked the same as usual.

"Where's your boat?" he asked quietly. Billy crossed his fingers. He started

to explain. "Why, the shark put up such a terrific battle that he bashed in the boat and sank it. You see, it was so loaded down with fish that—"

"Loaded down with what?" demanded Mr. White. "Why, you never caught—look me in the eye, Billy!"

Billy tried and couldn't. True, it had been loaded down with fish, but his story about the shark was such a whopper that Billy had to hang his head.

"All right," he exclaimed, "if you don't believe us, just go on down to the mouth of the cove. You'll find the shark tied to a boulder with our harpoon stuck in its head."

"JUST biffed him," put in Jerry weakly.

"On the beerer," elaborated Billy. "And we'll prove it! Head on down the—"

"We'll do nothing of the sort," came the cool, angry voice of Mrs. White. "Captain Mayo, will you please take us back where we can punish the children as they deserve?"

Billy and Jerry were baffled. A minute before, their mothers had been hugging and kissing them as if they were little angels. And now they had stern looks on their faces, and were talking about punishment.

Captain Mayo headed his boat back toward the cottages. He and all the other fishermen wanted to investigate Billy's shark story, yet they hesitated to go against Mrs. White's wishes.

She and Mrs. Andrews lectured Billy and Jerry all the way home. Mr. White, for the greater part of the time, kept silent.

As they were docking near the Whites' bungalow, Billy had a chance to whisper to Captain Mayo, "But we really did get the shark."

The captain hesitated only a moment. "You don't look like a liar," he replied. "I guess you really did. But I'm going down the cove now to find out exactly how."

Billy kept silent.

The next day, Billy and Jerry were in disgrace. But if they knew it, they didn't seem to care; they were both sound asleep until early afternoon.

When Billy finally got up, and had eaten a hearty combination breakfast and lunch, Mrs. White started to tell him what she thought of fish, boats, disobedient children, sharks, and a whole lot of other things. However, a loud murmur of many voices and the thuds of heavy footsteps, outside, interrupted her.

She opened the door, and stepped out on the front porch. Billy meekly followed his mother. Betty popped out from around the side of the house.

A mob of fishermen and townsfolk was approaching noisily. On the shoulders of the leaders perched Jerry Andrews, smiling complacently and clasping his hands above his head like a victorious prize fighter.

Mrs. White gasped; Billy gasped; Betty blushed.

When the mob saw Billy, it went wild with cheering. A couple of fishermen dashed up and grabbed him. Soon, he too, found himself on somebody's shoulders.

He looked over at Jerry and grinned. Jerry grinned back. Just a couple of heroes!

When the tumult had subsided a bit, Captain Mayo disentangled himself from the crowd and stepped up on the porch alongside of Mrs. White. He held up his hand and, as if by magic, there was an immediate silence.

Billy and Jerry were pushed up on the porch.

CAPTAIN MAYO cleared his throat. "As spokesman for the people of this community," he began, "I wish to express our uh—er—"

"Appreciation," prompted a voice from the crowd.

"Exactly," agreed the captain. "To express our appreciation by this small token of uh—leme see—oh, well, I'm not so good at public speaking. My line's fish. What I'm trying to do is give you boys this fifty dollars."

He thrust a big wad of bills in Billy's face.

Billy glanced at the money, and then at his mother. She was even more bewildered than he. Then he began to understand. The fishermen had taken up a

collection as a reward for getting the shark.

Slowly Billy reached up to take the roll of bills from Captain Mayo's hand. The crowd cheered more wildly than before.

Billy tried to give a speech of thanks, but no words would come. In a couple of seconds, he and Jerry were dancing hand-in-hand around the porch like two maniacs.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked Captain Mayo when the boys had calmed down sufficiently to be coherent.

"Do with it!" cried Billy excitedly. "Why there's any number of th—"

"Oh no, there aren't!" corrected Mrs. White firmly. She reached over and gingerly appropriated the money from Billy's outstretched hand. "Part of this money's going to repay your father. And the rest of it"—here she looked significantly at Billy—"is not going into any fly-by-night contraptions, but straight into a savings bank!"

BILLY uttered a feeble protest, but his mother squelched him by turning to Jerry. "As for your share, young man, I'm going to advise your mother to put it right in the same bank where Billy's is going to be."

There was another roar from the crowd, but this time it was a chorus of laughter and not a cheer.

"How about my four dollars?" piped up Betty eagerly.

"We'll open another account for you," said Mrs. White calmly.

As the crowd was dispersing, Jerry murmured in the general direction of Billy, "Aw, gee, fifty dollars in a savings bank! Might just as well not have it at all."

"Oh, I don't know," mused Billy. "If we save up a lot more, maybe some day we can buy an airplane!"

Of course, they didn't buy the airplane, except a little toy one for the baby's Christmas present. Most of the money went for a new round-the-world radio. That was Billy's and Betty's Christmas gift to mother and Dad. Of course, Billy had been wanting one of those round-the-world radios for a long time.

Behind Closed Doors

A \$1,000.00 Prize Story

Who can possibly know what occurs between a man and his wife behind the closed doors of their home? I lived on with Joe, not loving him, but torturing myself in trying to love him. And then, when I failed to do that, I just submitted to him. But this did not satisfy him, and he began taunting me with disrespectful remarks about Bob. Nothing he could do could have hurt me any more than that, and he knew it. He used this knowledge as a weapon to punish me for not loving him. Despite the fact that Bob had been in his grave for three years, Joe was intensely, insanely jealous of him. It is impossible to impart to others how miserable I was—how Joe made me suffer. I began to look upon him as a demon.

* * * *

Thus this woman writes of her second marriage; a marriage dominated by a terrible hatred—a hatred that grew out of a horrible secret guilt and eventually led to—

You will find this frank, honest revelation of a woman who lived with a man who became a demon through love of her, complete in the

February TRUE STORY Magazine—On Sale Everywhere January 4th

The MAKING of SELF-RELIANT



FULL of apologies, I went dashing into Mary Butler's living room. I was half an hour late for her bridge party. I knew it meant that every one had had to sit around and wait for me to arrive before the playing could begin.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mary," I panted breathlessly, "but I just couldn't get away from Bobby. He seemed to know I was going out, and absolutely refused to go to sleep. He cried so hard that I was afraid he was going to have convulsions."

"You see," I finished rather proudly, "he loves me so much he simply won't let me out of his sight."

"I think that's perfectly terrible," spoke up an elderly woman I'd never seen before.

"Now, Aunt Abbie," cautioned my hostess.

"Why?" I gasped, astonished at her rudeness.

The woman I assumed to be Mary's aunt looked me fiercely in the eye. "You sound as if you were proud of your son's being that way."

"Well, I am, rather," I retorted. "Naturally, I want my baby to love me. What mother doesn't?"

"I know some who would rather have their children grow up to be self-respecting individuals who can stand on their own two



said anything," she remarked with a sudden humility. "It's really none of my business."

Then her lips set, and she went on, "But on the other hand it is my business. I'm just an elderly spinster with no children to speak of, but I have quite a lot to do with young children and their little problems. I run a nursery school and I just can't sit here and keep my mouth shut when I see you making the same tragic mistake that so many young mothers do nowadays."

"PLEASE, Aunt Abbie," protested Mary.

"No, I won't shut up!" retorted Aunt Abbie. She had resolutely put aside her humility. It was evident this was something she felt deeply about. "I'm going to tell this girl what she ought to know whether she wants to hear it or not, and it won't hurt the rest of you to listen."

I bit my lip to keep from saying some-

feet and manage their own affairs. I'd like to know what sort of husband you think a clinging cry-baby is going to make for some girl twenty years from now."

I was tempted to tell the woman to mind her own business, but I couldn't very well, under the circumstances, and besides there was something compelling in the intensity with which she expressed herself. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"I shouldn't have

thing impolite to this crochety old lady. It seemed to me at that moment that the world was overrun with old women telling the young ones how to raise their children.

"Oh, you foolish young mothers!" Aunt Abbie went on, "I don't know whether to spank you or weep for you. All you think of is how much you can do for your children. You worry because you can't give them more 'advantages'. You limit your families to one or two children so you can give more to them. When will you realize that the greatest gift is the opportunity to develop oneself? And I don't mean with piano and dancing lessons. I mean skill in handling that day's routine which is a part of every one's life, from the newsboy to the President's wife. And I believe that the time to start training that power is in the cradle."

"Well, I don't believe in trying out new-fangled notions on children," spoke up a friend of mine. "I believe in the tried and true, because if it turns out you're wrong, it's the child who'll suffer for it."

"WHAT'S new-fangled about the idea that work's good for people, even young ones? And what's new about the notion that we really enjoy doing useful things?" Aunt Abbie retorted. "My two-year-olds get just as big a kick out of helping their teachers make their beds after nap time, as they do out of playing hide-and-seek."

"But really," I said, "what has that to do with Bobby's not wanting me to leave him this afternoon?"

"You'll find out," she replied. "You just try teaching him to hang up his hat and coat when he comes in; to pick up his toys when he's through playing; to feed himself; to dress himself; to make his bed and keep his room clean. Try teaching him one thing right after another, just as fast as he can learn. You'll find self-reliance is as catching as the measles, and then he won't be having hysterics when you go out. He'll say 'By-bye' and go on about his very important business. You'll see."

"But how can I teach him those things? Believe me, I've tried, but he won't do them."

"It would be best if you could give him an older brother to copy, but since that would be a trifle hard to manage, why don't you adopt one temporarily? Haven't any of you ladies a nice little boy to lend Mrs. Wagner for a few weeks?"

At that we all laughed.

Marian Holman said, "I haven't a boy, but I've a nice little girl who might be a good influence for Bobby."

"Just the thing!" cried Aunt Abbie. "His masculine ego will be at stake. Now we'll see some progress."

Well, that's how it happened that I took Marian's little three-year-old girl

THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER DEPARTMENT

CHILDREN

BY VIRGINIA MARSDEN

Are you a too-good mother? Are you failing to make your relationship with your children a truly fifty-fifty one?

and kept her with us for six weeks. And every one of Aunt Abbie's predictions came true. Bobby learned to walk, trying to keep up with her. Everything she did he copied until he could do it, too. He began to talk more clearly. And she learned from him too. She learned to defend herself and stick up for her own rights, and also to protect him from dangers she had experienced.

AND they both waved me "by-by" in the afternoon without the slightest sense of loss or loneliness. That hurt a little.

It was I now who was lonely for Bobby to cling to me in the old way. I asked Aunt Abbie, who was by this time a very dear friend to me. "Won't Bobby love me less if I don't perform these little daily duties for him? Am I not weaning him away from me by making him so independent?"

"I don't think so, child. The Lord knows there's plenty for a mother to do

without her doing needlessly repetitious tasks that the child can do just as well for himself. I think she might win more of his love if she devoted her time and energy to guiding him always into new fields for him to conquer; to be always associated in his mind with the adventure and fun of constructive work. And let me tell you, my dear, that that takes a lot more love and brains than to coddle."

"Oh, I do so hope I'm not wrong!"

"WELL," she smiled, "whatever you do, you're bound to make mistakes in raising children. And that goes for us so-called experts, too. But I wouldn't worry too much. Just remember that children are people, and treat them as such. Make them give as well as giving to them. Have your relationship truly a fifty-fifty one. If you do that, the chances are you'll enjoy them and they'll enjoy you. What more can any parent ask?"

That's all I've asked and, miracles of miracles, I've got it!



■ **YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT** your child to extract nourishment from a pile of cocoa beans when their goodness is concentrated in a pleasant, easy-to-prepare form—cocoa. **THEN WHY** insist that children take bulky cod liver oil when there's an easier, really delicious way?

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White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS



HELPS TO HAPPIER HOMES

No Greater Love

(Continued from page 23)

me—after I'm gone. With her—and one other—"

"Square you?" I said, strangely surprised. "How can I square you? What about the trial—the newspapers?"

"They didn't know the truth," he retorted. "The trial was a farce from start to finish. We bungled it. And now—now the papers wouldn't believe anything I said—even if I had a chance to say it. But when I tell you—when I tell you everything—you'll be the first that ever knew—I believe you'll be glad to square me, Warden. At least with my mother—and the other one. I don't want to die with them thinking I did it. Nobody else matters—do you understand me, Warden? It's been preying on my mind!"

He took more than two hours for the telling of his story—this fair-haired, clear-eyed boy, who sat beside me on that bunk in the death house.

AT times I was amazed—often I was stirred to deepest pity. I had never heard such a story, nor met a youngster exactly like him. How clear it became as he unfolded the story. Legally guilty to the very letter of the law! In the vulgar parlance—"guilty as hell!" But morally—it would be hard to judge. A paradox, indeed! Fearlessly, honestly, he was telling me all; details that seemed inconsequential sometimes, but all with an ultimate bearing upon the unkind fate which had swept him into the death house.

And he was telling me because of the high sense of honor and duty that still impelled him, despite the fact that his days on earth were numbered. He wanted to square himself in the memories of the two persons he loved—his mother and his sweetheart. All without a thought of mercy to himself. In his own words, this is what Johnny Morton told me that night in the death house.

* * *

God knows I haven't any desire to tell anybody a lie now.

And I don't want to live any longer in a world where events I failed to control cost me the respect of every one who knew me.

I'm not going to blame anybody for what happened to me. I'll admit at the beginning that I made big mistakes—one great mistake.

Under the law, I suppose I'm guilty. I suppose many people have said I was guilty—that I ought to go to the chair. But I know one thing, and that is that thousands of those who have branded me that way would do exactly as I did under the same circumstances.

I just want to say at the start that my prospects were too bright, and I was far too deeply in love with the girl who loved me, to stoop willingly to any criminal act. I did what I did because there seemed no other way out. I have never denied anything I did do. Not one man in a million ever faced such a dilemma as I had to face.

Looking back, it's easy to see my mistakes. But at the time, there seemed no other way than to do as I did.

In my whole life I can't remember

ever harming a living soul. I was never arrested before. I never carried grudges, or had any trouble of any kind, except the affair which caused me to leave college. And that was how I happened to land in New York.

I gave up my college course because I was accused of something I didn't do. And that is where my story actually begins.

I came to New York under a cloud. It was a horrible blow to me to have to leave home—particularly when all my friends had apparently turned against me, and didn't believe me. But, if anything, it made me all the more determined to win out; to show the world I wasn't the person it thought I was.

Because I haven't shown them, I would just as soon die now as live. In fact, I'd rather die. But when I do go, I want it to be with a clear conscience. I don't intend to die with a lie on my lips. And I don't want anybody but the two people I mentioned to know; because I don't want the public to involve them in the disgrace I'll have to leave behind me.

If my father had lived, things might have been different. But he died a few years before I came to New York. He was a professor in Tusco College—a few miles from our home town, Greeneville.

Almost his last words to me were encouragement and emphasis on the importance of going to college. It was the dream of his life that I would go through and graduate; that I would make the football team and be looked up to by my fellow students.

On that account, I studied hard during the high school years. I tried my level best to be all that father wanted me to be. His own early years had been poverty stricken. He hadn't had the chance to play football, because he had had to work his way through high school and college. He knew all about hardships from bitter experience, and because he had suffered so himself, he didn't want me to have to endure them. He always tried his best to make everything easy for me; he bought me footballs, baseballs and other athletic equipment. He never failed to stress the fact that clean competition in athletics was wholesome and desirable, both for the minds and bodies of growing boys.

HIS death was sudden—due to heart failure. And it left mother and me very much alone. I gradually began to feel a duty to her; a high duty to make good; to be a credit to my father's name. And I wanted to equip myself so I could give her all the luxuries she had been deprived of by his death and the loss of his salary. The result was that I went to college with the highest possible ambition. I had my father's name to live up to, and I had the future responsibility of my mother. But above all I wanted to have a career in my own right. I wanted to earn the respect of my fellow men. And I also wanted to be worthy of Neysa Hendrickson—the girl I had admired from childhood—the only girl I ever cared for.

I won't go into details about those days, except to speak of the incident which wrecked my college career. It

landed me in New York, and made me all the more determined to succeed in the world. Neysa was to play such an important part in my life, I might as well mention what our relations were before I left college and came to New York.

She was the daughter of a neighbor of ours, Colonel Alonzo Hendrickson, who lived a few houses up the street. He was retired from business at the time of my father's death. Since he and father had been close friends, my mother had come to depend upon him in many business matters she had to take care of. This drew our families closer together, and I had played with the Hendrickson girls since my earliest recollections. Neysa and I were in the same graduating class at high school, and, since her older sisters, Bernice and Virginia, were already at Tusco, she went into the freshman class when I did.

In our high school days we had been almost constant companions—going to dances and parties together, and even getting most of our lessons together. Neither of us ever had dates with any one else. This relation continued to grow stronger during my first two years in college.

IMADE the football squad in freshman year, playing as a substitute. In my sophomore year I played in about half the varsity games, and in my junior year, Coach Anderson assigned me to the regular backfield of the team. In the early season games I made my share of the touchdowns, and every one in the student body was heart-set on beating Marydale, our traditional rival. To shine in this game had been the dream of all my undergraduate days.

Shortly before the big game, Neysa and I had a disagreement. She had been in Oregon during the summer. On that vacation trip with her mother she had met a fellow about my own age—Ralph Marlowe. He had come East to Tusco, and was playing in about half our football games. When Neysa told me one day that she had to see him once in a while—have dates with him—I left her in a rage. It was the first time either of us had ever broken the arrangement we had had since both of us were children. She tried to explain it on the ground that her mother had suggested it, because Marlowe was so far from home. All I know is that I was so hurt I left her in a jealous rage.

To add to my misery, a gambler named Lascar came to me and tried to "fix" the game with Marydale. I drove him off the campus and told Coach Anderson about it. Then the rumor flew around that the game was fixed—that some one on the Tusco team would deliberately prevent Tusco from winning. The excitement was high when that story went around.

In practice I had had several minor altercations with Marlowe, but I didn't dream he would stoop to what he did in the Marydale game. He deliberately tripped me to keep me from making a touchdown. That touchdown would have won. And he did it so cleverly that nobody in the stands could possibly have known what actually happened.

If I could live to be a hundred years old, I should never forget that incident which ruined my college career. It was the precipitating cause of everything that happened afterward.

After that game my own team-mates wouldn't speak to me in the shower room. Coach Anderson looked at me as if I had committed a crime, and turned his head away. At dinner that night it was the same. And going to my classes the following week, the students who had been my friends stared at me with cold contempt. The atmosphere got worse, instead of better. Something had to be done about it. I couldn't stand it to think I was being accused of a deliberate fumble and of throwing the game.

When I spoke to Neysa I could tell that she was as much hurt as I was.

"Let's not talk about it," she said. "Harping on it will just keep it fresh in your mind. I believe in you, Johnny—you must forget it. Some day they'll know better. They'll be sorry. Wait and see."

But there wasn't any change in the rest of the students. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I went to Coach Anderson.

He looked at me as if he were surprised that I would approach him, or even mention the matter. I had never seen such a stern expression on his face before. He had always been jovial and friendly—even under trying circumstances.

"I'd prefer not to discuss it, Morton," he said, cutting me off short. It was the first time he had ever failed to call me by my given name. I looked him straight in the eyes.

"I DID my best," I said. "Surely you don't think I could help it. I can't stand this atmosphere—everybody is accusing me. Surely you—"

His eyes were cold—not a sign in them that he believed me. He was hostile and bitter. I saw that nothing would change him. Then he said, "Morton, I can't help you."

I would rather have been shot than to hear those words from *him*. But it was useless to insist—to try to convince him—even if I had learned to love him, and fight for him. I stood there shaking all over. The unspoken words I wanted to say trembled on my lips but I couldn't get them out. Coach Anderson was glaring at me like an enemy. I looked back at him one more time. Then I took a deep breath and turned away. I walked in a daze back to my room.

There at last, I was alone again. I tried to decide what was best to do. It was the first bitter cup life had given me. Marlowe had set out to ruin me, and had got away with it. If Coach Anderson wouldn't listen, there wasn't any honorable way out. I knew I didn't have a chance of vindication.

An awful fear crept over me, the more I thought about it, and all at once I came to a decision. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I was going somewhere. I knew I was leaving Tusco. My head ached as my brain repeated all they were saying about me. Then came the impulse to pack up and get away.

I worked at the job for several hours, then I wrote a note to Neysa. I didn't trust myself to see her. In the note I told her I couldn't stand it any longer;



The 'Little Red'

In this one-room cottage at Saranac Lake, N. Y., the modern treatment of tuberculosis began » » Young Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau had gone to his favorite hunting ground to die of the disease » » But he discovered that the more he rested the better he felt » » His recovery convinced him that rest is the vital factor in effecting a cure, and he built the little sanatorium in 1885 to treat others » » Today it is a museum affectionately known as the 'Little Red' » » Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Trudeau's regimen of cure, and Holboell's idea of the Christmas Seal made possible the organized fight against tuberculosis » » Progress has been made, but tuberculosis still kills more persons between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease » » Help conquer it by using Christmas Seals on your holiday letters and packages.



The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations
of the United States

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

that I was leaving and would not return.

Three days later, I landed in New York.

What happened in the meantime is not of particular importance. I persuaded mother that going away was for the best. She lent me a hundred dollars, and I reached New York with eighty-five dollars left.

On the upper West Side, in Seventy-second Street, I found a room the day I hit town. Lucky for me, the middle-aged landlady, Miss Quinn, who was Irish, had a sympathetic trait about her. Otherwise, I don't know what I would have done when my money ran out, because I found that getting a job in New York—unless a person has experience or connections—is almost impossible. But I never got completely discouraged. I lived on nerve. I was determined to get a job, or die in the attempt to get one.

I wrote to mother and Neysa regularly, but I was determined not to call on mother for money. I told both of them when I wrote that I had the promise of work, and would soon have a good job. I knew that mother had paid my term bills at Tusco at a great sacrifice. Some of father's investments had gone bad, and I knew she couldn't afford to help me any longer.

The weeks commenced to drag by, and I had no prospect of work. I walked from place to place in the snow and cold weather, because it was winter time. I talked with a great many employment managers during those days, and filled out a great many applications. The truth is, I applied for most every kind of a job I had ever heard of. And always in my letters to mother I assured her the big break would soon come.

I HAD so many other things to think of that my humiliation at Tusco commenced gradually to fade away. I quit thinking about it, and concentrated on getting a job. I began to endure a lot of hardship, but still I didn't tell mother or Neysa. I couldn't bring myself to tell the actual truth.

Finally all my money was gone. I have never forgotten that first awful day. I pawned my watch and all of my clothes that I could spare. It was the first time I had ever been inside a pawn shop. With the few dollars I got, I went home. I knew that my back was to the wall then. I was facing a blind alley. But I couldn't tolerate the thought of returning to Greeneville—even though mother had written me that a friend of the family, Mr. Lancaster, who owned a jewelry store, had told her he would be glad to give me a job.

The house I lived in was gloomy and depressing—to make matters worse. But Miss Quinn, the landlady, turned out to be a second mother to me. I don't know what would have happened if she hadn't been. She helped me a lot—even if the atmosphere of her house was an unhappy one.

When I thought of some of the other people in the house, I couldn't be sorry for myself. I doubt if a stranger group of people ever did live under one roof. It was almost the extent of New York's variety. Most of them were hopeless examples of failure.

A woman who had once been a grand opera star lived in the front parlor. She was old and sick, but she had a music class of kids that made it possible for her to support herself. She looked as if she were

starving, in spite of having work.

On the top floor was the worst tragedy of all. Two very old men—both ex-millionaires—walked down five flights each morning and back up those five flights every night. I could hear them wheezing and coughing as they labored up at night. Miss Quinn told me they ate cold food in their room, because they worked for such starvation wages they couldn't afford to eat in a restaurant. One worked in a filling station, and the other worked as a messenger for a blue-print concern.

The others in the house included an ex-movie star, who had become a chronic alcoholic, two girls in a Broadway musical show, a telephone operator, a waitress, and various clerks and supposedly married couples.

A GOOD example of what was apt to happen in the house at any time occurred shortly after I went to live there. I had met a young man and his wife, in the first few weeks of my stay. The man came in one night, when my door was open, and asked for a match. It turned out that he was broke, and he said his wife was sick. He had once been the editor of one of the country's biggest newspapers, so I did what little I could to help him. One Sunday, a few weeks later, I learned from Miss Quinn that the Narcotic Squad of the Police Department had raided his room. They arrested both him and his wife, and committed them to Bellevue Hospital because they were dope addicts.

That was the atmosphere I was living in. And it was in one of my darkest hours that I heard from Neysa, and got the good news that I had been vindicated at Tusco. This is her letter:

Johnny, they have found out everything. A man named Lascar was arrested in K—for trying to fix one of the State University games. He admitted that he had fixed a half dozen games at the different colleges in our part of the state since the season started.

He told how he fixed the Marydale game, how you struck him after he already had it fully fixed with Ralph Marlowe. Incidentally, Marlowe has been driven out of school by the student body.

I am so happy, Johnny, because every one in school is signing a petition to bring you back. You will get it in a few days. I could kick myself for ever looking at Ralph Marlowe. I want you to forgive me. I will never see him again. You are first—always!

The letter gave me new courage. It put guts into me when I needed them more than ever before. I didn't want to go back to Tusco—I wanted to stay in New York and show them all what I could do.

The petition did come, a few days later. It came in the same mail with a letter from Coach Anderson. I answered his letter and told him to thank the others. I also wrote to Neysa, because I suspected she had played some part in getting the petition started. I thought of her more than ever; every night when I went to sleep; every morning when I got up.

The letter I got from her a few days before Christmas gave me the blues. It made me want to fly back to see her, but I didn't have the money. That Christmas letter contained a big surprise:

I can hardly bear to think of your being up there all alone (she wrote). It will be the first Christmas in our lives we haven't opened presents together. It hurts me every time I

think about it. But what can we do?

If you can't come home in the spring, I'm coming to New York. How would you like that?

Miss Ames, my sociology teacher, has a call for girls who want to learn settlement work. I can have the job if Daddy will let me take it. We will see about that later; but, meanwhile, Johnny, fight them every minute. I could cry my eyes out thinking about what caused you to be doing what you are, and to be away from college. I'm also sending you a box for Christmas. It isn't much, but I hope you have the happiest Christmas possible.

Her letter brought back a thousand memories. Miss Quinn had voluntarily lent me some money, so I hurried out to buy Neysa a box of candy, and also a small gift for my mother. I realized that the holidays could not be very happy under my circumstances, yet I could have had no finer gift than the petition from Tusco. I faced the days ahead in an entirely new attitude. Naturally, when the holidays were over, I started out all over again to look for a job. On the fifteenth of January, I got one.

One afternoon as I was entering the house, Miss Quinn met me in the hall with a letter. I saw by the return address that it was from the Gramercy Exchange Bank. I had never heard of the bank. I knew I had not called there asking for a job. Then it dawned upon me that the letter might be an answer to a blind ad. When I opened the envelope, that was what it proved to be. I was asked to report for an interview on the following day. Believe me I was happy.

THAT next morning I went down to the office of one of the vice-presidents, Mr. Brabson.

From the minute I saw Mr. Brabson, I liked him. He had been born in a small town in Tennessee, or somewhere in the South, and had come to New York and made good. He had come when he was about my age. After we talked a while, he hired me.

"I think I'll send you to our Jackson Heights branch," he said after we had quit talking in a personal way. "It's new—and there's a chance there for quick promotion." He called to a secretary and dictated a letter to Mr. Martinson, manager of the branch. When the letter was typed and brought back, he signed it and gave it to me. I said good-by and started to Jackson Heights. I had never felt so happy in my whole life.

It developed that Mr. Martinson was prepared for my arrival. He had already talked with Mr. Brabson over the telephone while I was on the way. He was a young man, and exceptionally cordial, I thought, because he put me at ease right away.

"Hang up your hat, and have a seat," he said. "There's no use of your starting before tomorrow—besides, I guess you've some things to do—getting ready and all that. I'll just take you for a walk around. You can see the place and meet some of the staff."

I was already impressed with the beauty of the banking room, I could tell that it had cost thousands of dollars. It had modernistic art work on the walls and ceilings—everything was of the finest. Mr. Martinson got up, and we started for a look around. We walked first down a flight of stairs, and I saw the safety deposit

boxes. He introduced me to the woman in charge. Then he explained how she kept one key to each box, while the person who leased a box had the other one. It took two keys to open it. After looking at the things in the basement, we went upstairs again. He showed me the big main safe, which had a time lock and a burglar alarm. The alarm sounded in the nearby police station if any one touched it after a certain hour. After that we met a few people and went back up front to his office. All the time we talked about the work I was to learn.

Finally, though, because he had work to do, I left, promising to report at nine o'clock the next morning. The bustle about the place—the clicking of adding machines and typewriters—tellers counting money the long rows of important looking people at the windows were already fascinating to me. I was thrilled to think I would be working there the next day.

Of course I hurried home to break the news to Miss Quinn. I owed her a lot of money, and her kindness had been about all that had kept me alive and kept me trying. I wanted her to know she would get back her money. When I told her she was almost as overjoyed about it as I was.

"Just try as hard on the job, as you did to get it," she said. "If you do, some day you'll be running all the banks they've got."

I went upstairs to my room, filled with enthusiasm. The atmosphere of the house didn't matter any more. To use a slang expression, I had the world by the tail.

A FEW minutes later, Miss Quinn did something which climaxed the whole day. She sent up a tray of food and coffee. When I took off the napkin I found a five-dollar bill. I felt like running down and hugging her. It made me take back everything I had ever thought about New York's being cold and heartless. But that was the way she was, always doing something to help me.

My work at the bank went perfectly for five and a half months. I made friends with Mr. Martinson and most of the men who worked around me. I hadn't been there long until Mr. Martinson started taking me to lunch now and then. I found that his friendly interest gave me prestige with the others—although I soon came to like all of them. But because of Mr. Martinson, I worked harder than ever. I began by saving as much money as I could. I got out of debt after a while, and set aside a monthly allotment for mother. Neysa wrote me twice every week. But the big letter—the one I got the kick out of—was the one she wrote when she had everything fixed to come to New York for the settlement job. I read it so many times that I remember it, word for word.

Johnny (she said), I've the best news ever. I'm really coming to New York. Daddy has finally consented for me to take the job. I'm writing this in a hurry—just to tell you I'll see you in three weeks. But you'd better meet me at the train, or I'll never speak to you again. How will we be able to wait?

The next three weeks were like a rainbow. Neysa was the pot of gold at the end of it. I thought of her a million times.

Thinking of Neysa made me want a big future. When I realized she was

actually coming, I dreamed of that future. It seemed that a hundred hopes which had been asleep all my life came to the surface. I wanted to be like other successful men; to have a high position—a car and a home of my own. I wanted to amount to something big in the world. And for every one of those hopes I felt that Neysa and I together—planning together and going through the world together—guaranteed them.

She came on Sunday morning. I had never seen her looking so beautiful. The thrill and excitement of landing in New York must have had something to do with it.

I had been waiting at the station—waiting more than a half hour before the train was due to arrive. I can still remember how I felt when the station clerk cried out that the Broadway Limited was coming on Track 34. I jumped up and ran to the gate. A mob of people were pushing and crowding up the stairs. Like everybody else when he is pinning such high hopes on something, my heart was in my mouth for fear she hadn't come—that something had happened. Then I saw her.

She waved as I spotted her, and I pushed through the crowd. A Red Cap was carrying her suit case. She was coming through the gate behind him, smiling all over and hurrying toward me.

"Johnny!" she said out of breath. And she looked me up and down. "Goodness! You're a man!"

"And you," I said, "are an angel in a new traveling suit. I'd have died if the train had been a minute later."

She laughed, and we walked out the side entrance of the station to the taxicabs. I was so excited I don't remember much about that part of it, or what we said. I knew that I was in love with her—that was mostly, I suppose, all I thought about.

We went to Forty-second Street first and had breakfast. After that I took her to the Settlement House on Fourteenth Street, where she was to work. She told me on the way downtown that her father had arranged through the Settlement House for her to live in a small apartment house nearby on Irving Place. During that ride in the cab, I couldn't help but be conscious of the enormous change which had taken place in her appearance. Back at Tusco, she had been immature; just at the stage when a girl blossoms gradually into womanhood. But now she was full-fledged—in full bloom—a woman that almost any man could easily go mad over. She was far better looking than I had ever believed she would be. I felt a glow just to look at her. I guess it was her magnetism that affected me so. We went to the Settlement House first—then to the place where she was to live.

"We'll go to a movie tonight," I said when I was leaving her at the apartment. But she wouldn't hear of it.

"We'll do nothing of the kind," she came back at me. "I've too many things to tell you. We can go to an old movie any time."

I liked her more than ever for that. And, going away, I thought how lucky I was to have her in New York. Things wouldn't be half so blue and lonely any more. I would have something to work for besides myself—some one to talk to and go places with.

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That night we had a long talk. She told me all about her work; what it was supposed to be: visiting the sick and the poor, teaching English to foreigners, teaching under-privileged children how to play. I was glad to see her enthusiasm for it, because it was just the kind of work that suited one of her generous nature. I told her I would help her all I could, and because she was tired, I didn't stay very long that first night.

As it turned out, it wasn't long until I began to accompany her on a great many visits in connection with her job. One visit in particular that we made together was to have consequences I didn't dream of at the time.

It was on the night I got my first real promotion at the bank. The day before, Mr. Martinson had called me to his office and told me I was to be promoted. Naturally, I was very proud and glad of it. He explained that the many new apartment houses which had been built at Jackson Heights had almost doubled the bank's business. The branch was short of tellers—so much so that the lines at the windows got too long. People trying to get waited on sometimes got impatient, he said.

"I'm going to give you a try as a teller, Johnny," was the way he told me about it. That was the day before. I had a date with Neysa that night, and of course I was running over with joy at the news I had for her. She received it the same way.

"I'd like to open the first account," she said. "Then some day I can tell the world that I was the first one to patronize Mr. John Morton, the big banker. We can meet in the morning for breakfast, and I'll go with you."

WE had done just that thing. Neysa went with me, and I introduced her to Mr. Martinson who personally helped her open her account. After he left the window, she stepped up closer and whispered through the grating, "We just have to celebrate all this tonight, Johnny. There's a big East Side wedding I know about. I'll get you an invitation."

I agreed that it would be fun to go to the affair, and all day I looked forward to doing it. It would be a good way of celebrating, because all the others would be in a celebrating mood.

Naturally I told my mother about the new job in a letter. Her congratulations came by wire. The telegram was waiting for me when I got home that night. It said:

GOD BLESS YOU STOP I AM PROUD OF MY SPLENDID BOY

That telegram was worth more to me than the promotion. I had always thought mother might have regretted too much my leaving college, and now I had vindicated myself. I hurried to dress and join Neysa, because I wanted her to see the message, too.

In a few minutes I left the house and went down to Irving Place. Neysa was waiting; she had said she would be downstairs in the reception room off the lobby.

"We go to the Tresca home first," she said. "Do you remember the little crippled girl, Angelina, I told you about?"

I nodded, as I recollect something she had said once about the little girl.

"That's where we join the others," she said.

On the way down to the lower East Side, she told me more about the Trescas. The older brother, Enrico, or Rickey as they called him, had once been in trouble. It seemed that he had come under the bad influence of older boys after his father died, when he was only a small child.

Some of the older fellows in the neighborhood had used him for a "look-out" whenever they wanted to shoot craps or play poker. He grew up in that atmosphere. Before he was seventeen he had been implicated in a burglary with several others. Because he had been so young the judge had given him a light sentence—one year in the reformatory. The judge had done it mostly out of sympathy for his mother.

Later, according to Neysa, after he had reformed he became interested in the work of the Settlement House. His trouble had been many years before. Since that time he had done a lot for the poor of the neighborhood. Now, it seemed, every one who knew him liked and respected him. Most of the neighbors really looked up to him, and his trouble had practically been forgotten.

I WARNED Neysa to be careful of the people she got mixed up with, but she assured me the Trescas were among the best people who used the facilities of the Settlement House.

It turned out to be Enrico Tresca who met us at the door, when we got to the Tresca flat. When we went inside, he introduced two other young fellows as Joe Daiuto and Tony Gabrini. All were enthusiastic about the prospect of a good time at the wedding.

"We'll have a great time tonight, Mr. Morton," Tresca predicted. I was sitting down by him on the divan, and Neysa had gone inside to another room where Mrs. Tresca was with the little girl, Angelina.

"Miss Hendrickson," he went on, "said over the phone that you'd had some good luck, too. We'll have to make it an all-around celebration."

I said something, trying to be pleasant, just as the one he had introduced as Tony Gabrini cut in.

"You said it, Rickey," he said. "I didn't eat no dinner, see?" He pulled at his belt, showing us how much room he had left to fill up. The other one, Joe Daiuto, laughed at him.

"You guys can do all my eatin'," he said. "I'll take the old *reno* for mine—and plenty of it!"

I didn't say anything to that. I didn't drink myself, but I wasn't prudish about what other people did—particularly at weddings. All I cared was that the party should be respectable enough for Neysa, and I had decided to hurry her home if anything happened that didn't look right. We talked on until Neysa came into the room. She wanted me to speak to Mrs. Tresca and the little girl, and I did so.

Then we were ready to go. There was something about the three boys I didn't like. I was glad to get away. We had nothing in common, and I wanted to be out of the house. But I didn't tell Neysa until later.

As we were leaving I promised Mrs. Tresca to come back some other time for a

spaghetti dinner. I didn't want to do it, but there was no excuse not to.

East Side weddings are very much alike. The one we went to wasn't an exception. A youngster named Arnaldo Martocci married a Miss Nina Vito.

During the ceremony, about fifty people were crowded into a three-room flat, while that many more waited in the hall and on the stairs. Just as soon as the religious part of the ceremony was over, the celebration started in a big way. I had never seen anything like it before.

First there was an enormous wedding cake. Then wine, and young girls carrying sandwiches stacked on a huge board. Older women were moving about with paper plates heaped up with fried chicken and Neapolitan pastry. Then they brought around ice cream and more wine. A stringed orchestra tuned up and commenced to play dance music, and every one was gay and laughing.

Neysa and I left the party around two in the morning. Tresca and his friends were still drinking and dancing when we left.

In the weeks immediately after that night, I went with Neysa, however, to the Tresca flat on several other occasions. I never went voluntarily, but Neysa had to go after the little girl had a relapse, and rather than have her going there by herself, I went along. The child always asked for me, and I became more and more attached to her. She was putting up a brave fight for her years, and I admired her for it.

AS the child got better, Mrs. Tresca grew more cordial toward me. Her earlier life had been rather sad in a way. Her husband had died, and she had gone through all the trouble with her boy. But she seemed proud of the record he was making at the time. He was a bookkeeper in a wholesale concern, and had been promoted, she informed us one night. While we were talking about it, he took out his bank book and commenced to go over his canceled checks.

"I don't see that a poor man's got a chance in the world," he said all at once. "Unless I keep two hundred dollars in the bank all the time, they soak me with a two-dollar monthly service charge for carrying the account."

I nodded, for most of the banks had inaugurated the service charge.

"That's twenty-four dollars a year," he went on. "It's all their lousy savings department would pay if you kept eight hundred bucks—or four times that much—there all the time."

Neysa had just come into the room. She had overheard what he said. "Why don't you do what I did, Rickey?" she asked him. "Why don't you move your account to Johnny's bank?"

"Way out in Jackson Heights?" he said.

She laughed. "Why not? That won't keep you from getting the checks cashed somewhere else."

"Don't they charge two dollars a month?" he asked.

I explained to him that we didn't have the service charge. "That's why we're growing so fast," I said. "A lot of people have changed their accounts and put them with us because of that two dollars charge—just on principle."

Rickey put the bank book and checks

back into his pocket and stood up in front of me. "I'm half in the notion of doing it," he said. "Money's too hard to get to be throwing it away."

I agreed to introduce him to Mr. Martinson. I didn't exactly relish the idea, but I did it on Neysa's account. I thought of the trouble he had been in once, but that had been a long time before. And besides, as I reasoned at the time, prohibition had come over the country, and every bank had customers who owned speakeasies, and engaged in shady lines of business. In our own branch, we had the account of a known bookmaker and two or three others who were supposed to be in the liquor racket, and made no bones about it.

Rickey came to Jackson Heights the next day. I introduced him to Mr. Martinson, and he opened up an account. Mr. Martinson congratulated me because it was my ninth account—almost two for every month I had been with the branch.

Things rocked along in the usual way after that, until Neysa went to Maine for her vacation. I didn't get any, so I couldn't go, although I would have liked to see the Hendrickson family. They had all gone to Maine ahead of her. She was to be away two weeks, and while I didn't relish the thought, I couldn't begrudge her the rest. She needed it because she had been working too hard.

TWO weeks without Neysa did something to me. Maybe it was just the hot weather. At least the heat broke all records for several years. It was stifling in the bank, in spite of the electric fans we had. There wasn't any place to go at night—and if there had been, I had nobody to go with. I had been working hard too, and would have welcomed any kind of a vacation, but being a first year man with the Gramercy I didn't rate any time off, so I made the most of it. I got more morbid and nervous every day for some reason. I found fault with everything.

One thing that preyed on my mind when I thought about Neysa was the fact that we hadn't got anywhere—any nearer together than we had always been.

Other men breaking into success were either married or engaged. At least, that was true of nearly all the tellers in the bank. In looking back, it seemed to me that nearly every time Neysa and I had a date, we had to go on a professional call for the Settlement House. I know now how selfish I was, but at the time I resented the situation. I meant to speak to her about it at the first chance.

It was a Saturday night on which she came back from Maine to New York. Things went wrong from the start.

First, her train was two hours late. The waiting room of the Grand Central was so hot I could hardly breathe, but I waited the two hours which was the amount of time marked up little by little on the bulletin board. I was all in when the train pulled in, and Neysa was tired, too. Both of us were irritable, and ready to snap at each other.

Maybe it was all my fault, but at any rate I left her soon after we got to the apartment on Irving Place. I wasn't having a good time, and I made an excuse to go, but I promised to telephone the next afternoon at two o'clock. She didn't seem to mind, and I thought she

seemed rather glad to get rid of me.

I got back to my room that night all out of sorts. I went to bed right away, but couldn't go to sleep. Later, after I had been asleep, I woke up, and kept tossing and waking up all night. I thought of Neysa and wondered what it was that seemed to have come between us. I slept late the next morning, but at two o'clock I kept my word and phoned her.

That phone call was destined to give me a surprise. It set my imagination to working overtime, and it brought out all the jealousy which must have caused my strange state of mind.

"If that's you, Mr. Morton," the operator said, "Miss Hendrickson left word for you to call her at six."

"She's not there?" I said.

"She's gone out for a drive," I heard the girl say.

I can only say I was beside myself when I found that out. The only solution I could arrive at was that she was going with some one else. She was "two-timing" me. I thought of the other times she had been unable to see me because of special calls—sickness and all that—as she said. And now, I reasoned, she was deceiving me. Neysa, of all the people in the world! The bare thought of it sent me into a rage. Unnerved me.

There was nothing I could do if I wanted to talk to her, but wait. I waited in my room for the four miserable hours to pass. Of course, I wondered what her excuse would be; how she would explain her absence. I tried to tell myself that it didn't make any difference—that I should quit her and forget her; we were not getting anywhere. I felt so sour about it that I suddenly had the impulse to go home, to call Mr. Martinson at his residence and get emergency permission for a leave of absence. Then I fell into a mood of self-recrimination. Why should I run away? I had run away from Tusco—from Greeneville. Why run away from New York? I told myself that I would stay. To stop fighting would be a coward's part. A real man had to fight in all things. So at six o'clock I called Neysa.

SHE offered a half-hearted apology. "Sorry, Johnny," she said, but she said it in a way that didn't convince me. "Tony Gabrini," she went on, "has a new car—he came to show it to me."

"You don't mean you went out with that scum!" I snapped back at her. The thought of it was revolting to me. And even before she had replied I was jumping at conclusions. Perhaps it had been Gabrini all the time; all those special calls and the times we had changed dates. Maybe she'd been going out with him.

I heard her say, "What was that? What did you say?" But I didn't repeat it.

"Don't be sorry for me," I said. "Be sorry for yourself!"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I don't suppose it matters what I mean," I shot back. "At least I didn't think a gutter snipe—"

"Johnny!" I heard her almost scream my name. "I'll not have you saying such things. You're ridiculous! Surely you aren't jealous."

"Call it what you like," I yelled back.

"Go on out with him—go out with him tonight—forget about me! Do you hear?"

I think we hung up at the same time. I found myself trembling all over afterward. And it took me some time actually to realize what I'd done. Longer still actually to get it through my head she had been out riding with Gabrini.

His name dinned in my ears for several hours afterward. In spite of the hundreds of points where our lives had found communion—in spite of all we had been to each other, I was sure she had been disloyal to me. To think she had made a stooge out of me, and that she had done it for a fellow I believed to be of low caste was more than I could bear. If she hadn't told me about the ride—if any one else had told me—I wouldn't have believed it.

ON Monday I tried to lose myself in my work, hoping to forget what had happened between us on Sunday. I was quite friendly with Bannon, the man who worked at the other window of the same cage. When we weren't too busy, he used to point out the celebrities who came to the bank. There were a number of important prize fighters, a radio star or two, people I had seen or heard of on the stage and an occasional big league ball player.

That Monday Bannon noticed something strange about my appearance and commented on it. Of course I made a trivial excuse, and told him I wasn't feeling well. But when lunch time came, I had no appetite and actually did feel bad from a physical standpoint. I went home feeling the same way.

The feeling kept up for several days. I got so I couldn't eat regular meals; all I seemed to want was a sandwich now and then. Eating in sandwich places, cafeterias where I could get them quickly did the rest. At the end of the week I was laid up with ptomaine poisoning.

That week I spent in bed was bad from every standpoint. I suffered plenty from severe stomach pains and nausea. Nothing I tried to eat agreed with me. In my calmer moments, I thought of Neysa. And I was always wavering between rage and forgiveness. There was something to be said both ways.

I knew, to begin with, that the families of the lower East Side were inclined to be clannish. And I knew Neysa's work required a great deal of tact and diplomacy. She couldn't afford to get in bad with any of them. It occurred to me that she had probably not wanted to go with Gabrini; but had probably taken the ride just to keep from offending him. Then it came back to me that I had not really had a definite date with her that Sunday afternoon. I had merely promised to phone her.

When I had considered every angle, I told myself I had been a fool—a stupid idiot. There wasn't any excuse for it. I didn't have any real reason to be jealous. I had acted like a child and been downright rude to the best friend I had on earth. After that, I was filled with regret and anxious to do something to right things. My first thought was to mail her a letter of apology, and then, after she had had time to get the letter,

to call her up on the phone. It was late Saturday afternoon by a coincidence, while I was debating the best way of asking her for forgiveness, that Miss Quinn rapped on my door. I called out for her to come in.

I was never more surprised in my life. She brought a note from Neysa. I couldn't wait to tear it open and see what she said. And I was twice as ashamed of myself and conscience stricken for the way I had acted.

Johnny (it said), believe me when I say I am sorry you have been ill. Your mother told Daddy, and he wrote to me if I knew about it. I would have come to see you if I had thought you wanted me. We must always be friends. If you are well enough, I want you to come down to my house for breakfast. What about taking the Hudson boat trip tomorrow? It might do you good.

My relief was so great that I got up and dressed. I remember how I rushed downstairs to the phone in the hall and called her. I could tell from her voice that she was glad to hear from me, and that I was forgiven. And she was glad, too, that I liked the idea of the boat trip. She wouldn't even let me apologize, changing the subject when I tried to tell her I was sorry.

"WE'LL just skip that," she said. "Let's talk about the boat trip." And so it happened that we arranged everything and both of us were glad the mad spell was over.

As it turned out the next day, we couldn't have set a more ideal time for the trip. Everything went in fine shape from the start. I had never seen Neysa so gay. From the moment I met her at the apartment, she was that way. We ate a light breakfast, then hurried up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to catch the boat. I was burning up with things I wanted to say, but I didn't tell her anything right then.

We got on the boat and found two chairs where we could listen to the music. Then we danced a few numbers, but it was rather warm inside, so we bought ice cream cones and went out on the deck. I had never seen the Palisades which so many people had told me about, and Neysa wanted to see them, too. It seems prophetic now that we passed Ossining; that we actually passed Sing Sing. I've recalled the incident a thousand times; I've thought of it in the night—many times with tears in my eyes—with a pain in my heart that nearly shut my breath off—just as it's going to be shut off on the night I can't keep from thinking of.

I remember it clearly. We were standing on the deck, leaning agaist the rail. Suddenly there was a stir among the other passengers.

"On the right bank—look over there!" a woman shouted. "It's Sing Sing!"

The other passengers pushed nearer to the rail. A man near us held up a little boy. "Look at the end of that building on the right," he said. "That's it—the death house!"

Every one around us craned their necks in the direction of the prison.

"I could cry," Neysa said, "actually cry my eyes out—every time I realize there is such a thing as a death house."

It's too cruel to think about. What makes people such savages—such cannibals?"

I don't remember what I said, but I took her inside to get a bottle of soda. We didn't go back on the deck after that until the boat was passing Bear Mountain. Since that was considered the best part of the trip, we both went out again. We sat outside until the boat docked at Newburgh. Nothing else of importance happened until that night on our way home.

Starting back we found chairs in a sheltered spot near a lifeboat at the stern of the deck. We put the two deck chairs side by side—very close to each other. And when we talked, at times our faces were but inches apart. I could feel her breath on my cheek, and she didn't seem nearly so aloof as she had been before our fuss. We talked for a while, but every once in awhile there was silence.

"Do you remember, Johnny," she asked after one of those silences that had been longer than the others, "the night we sat on our steps back home, the night before I started to Oregon?"

I hadn't thought of it in a long while, but I remembered, when she mentioned the night. It was the nearest we had ever come to a love scene. I left all filled up, because she was going away.

"I'll always remember that," I told her, answering her question.

"We're older now," she said, "but I think I'll make a wish again—as we did then. I just saw a star fall—"

"What was it—the wish?" I asked seriously.

"The same old wish, Johnny," she said. "It's the same one I've always wished."

"Why don't you tell me?" I said.

But she evaded me. Her voice sank to a whisper. I could scarcely hear what she said. "What would yours be—if you made one?"

I had never been so much in love with her as right at that moment. Our eyes met, and I tried to answer—to tell her what I wanted to say and had always wanted to tell her. But the words wouldn't come. She noticed and spoke again. "Tell me," she said. "Please, Johnny. Tell me!"

She couldn't have missed the answer. Just to look at me would have been enough. But somehow I got it out. I told her. "I love you, Neysa. You know I do."

She looked startled. I saw her catch her breath, then bend toward me. Our arms went wide; went around each other at the same time. Our lips met. And I felt her heart beating against me. The wind was blowing her hair against my face and in my eyes. Every nerve in me was jumping with the sensation of it—the thrill. And I felt that, at last, God had given us to each other.

We clung there blindly, pouring out our souls to each other until both of us shook from the force of it. Then we were still.

She spoke first—just a whisper. "It's big and beautiful, Johnny," she said. "I didn't know it could be this way. It's heavenly—to be in love with the one you've always wanted."

"A thousand times that!" I told her. "A million times—to be in love with you. And it'll be forever, Neysa. Not even—not even the grave can stop it."

We were in each other's arms all the way back to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street; talking of our honeymoon back to Greeneville; talking about a house in the country; of babies, while the boat floated down the river. It was like magic on the river that night—out there under the stars on the boat with Neysa.

At the door of her apartment she said good-by. I kissed her a last time, saying good-by a final time. "The night will come," she said, "when neither of us will have to say it." No more good-bys—ever."

I went home like a man in a dream. The whole world was changed, so far as I was concerned. It was a different place; a place little short of paradise.

I was still whistling when I let myself in the door with a latchkey at Miss Quinn's. I ran lightly up the stairs and opened the door to my room.

To my surprise, I saw Rickey Tresca, Joe Daiuto and Tony Gabrini.

THIS is a surprise!" I said. All of them got up to shake hands.

"We came early and waited," Tresca explained. "We got a big deal on, Johnny; a chance to make a pile of jack. All we need is a little help from you."

I waited, full of curiosity as to what he was coming to. But in a way I felt a premonition there would be something wrong with it.

"It's a cinch," Gabrini said. "We know a guy that's got some stuff he wants to get rid of. And we know another guy that wants to buy some stuff. See? All we need is ten grand for two hours—"

"Yeah," Daiuto cut in, "if we could borrow it from your window in the morning, we'd have it back a long time before the bank closed."

"You'd get five grand for your own cut," Tresca said. "What do you think about it?"

I stared toward the three—unable to credit my own ears.

I waited for a moment, then I looked toward Rickey Tresca. "I'm afraid I don't understand you," I told him.

Tony Gabrini got up from the bed and walked between us. "You ain't no sap, Johnny," he said. "It's a pipe—do you hear? The chance of a lifetime! We're lettin' you in on it 'cause we like you, see? Why, half the big shot bankers in town would jump at the chance to make five grand."

"Sure, Johnny," Tresca cut in. "Haven't I an account? All I got to do is come up to the window with a check. You have the dough ready and slip it out to me. A couple hours—and I'm back with it. I'm asking you, what could be sweeter? Don't be funny. Don't tell me you couldn't use five grand!"

"The whole affair is out of the question," I answered. I was trying to keep from losing my head. "You ought to know it, Rickey," I said. "I'd think you'd be the last to suggest such a thing. Didn't you learn your lesson—haven't

you seen enough of court rooms and jails?"

What I said evidently made Daiuto mad. He was glaring at me with a snarl on his face. "If you're done with the Sunday school stuff, Johnny," he growled, "I'll tell you a few things. This is big time—see? A chance to put the four of us on Easy Street. The bank don't stand to lose a dime. What we borrow, we pay back. You talk like you'd be willin' to let us lose twenty grand. What th' hell—you don't think we're the kind of guys to put you in a hole, do you?"

I waited until Joe finished. For the first time I saw the three in their true light; gutter rats without the ghost of a conscience. Just the cheap products of a gangster environment. They were too cold-blooded and hard to be appealed to. Something told me they wouldn't stop at anything. They didn't intend to lose this chance of easy money.

Self-control wasn't possible any longer. "You're asking me to be a thief," I said in a loud voice. "I thought you were supposed to be my friends. I won't have anything to do with such a scheme. And I want you to get me—all of you! I don't want any part of it—wouldn't touch it.

"Besides—even if I were low enough—a paying teller doesn't have large sums like that. I wouldn't think of it! And that's final!" I was shaking like a leaf.

"What about Friday—payroll day?" Rickey Tresca said. He spoke in a threatening tone. "Some tellers have as high as thirty and forty grand."

"AND they'd be in a fine pickle if they didn't have it," I said, madder than ever. "I've told you—all of you. I wouldn't touch it! I couldn't touch it!"

Tresca gave me a thin smile. At least it was meant to be a smile. His tone changed, and became oily and conciliatory.

"Okay, Johnny," he said. "We haven't hurt anybody asking you, have we? We just tried to borrow some money—that's all. We don't know anything about banks, see? We thought you'd like to make five grand—that we'd cut you in on the deal. What do you say we forget it, pal? And you'd better not mention it to that gal of yours—she might not understand it—get me?" He stuck out his hand.

I would just as soon have had that much filth in my fingers, but I took it. And I didn't relish the "pal" stuff, either. The others got up and filed out the door. All said good-night.

Rickey Tresca's last words seemed to mock me after he had gone. The way he said them amounted to a threat.

An hour before—on the boat with Neysa—the whole world had seemed to be singing a song. The visit of Tresca and the others had cast a shadow over everything—even those memories. Something warned me of terrible danger. It was as if a voice from the sky had said:

"Be careful. Something awful is going to happen!"

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CRACKERS for

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The old-fashioned cooky jar is coming back into favor, and with a wide choice of delicious cookies available at every grocery, Mother finds it much easier to keep it filled than Grandmother did

In the modern kitchen, one of the most useful things to have is a well stocked shelf of packaged crackers and cookies. Few women realize that crackers may be used as an ingredient in hundreds of practical and appetizing dishes, including soups, omelets, meat loaves, scallops, croquettes, casseroles, puddings, and a variety of unusual and delicious pies.

Most of these dishes are very economical, for crumbled crackers used as an ingredient reduce the amount of more expensive ingredients required in making a dish.

Crackers, moreover, possess two of the most important factors required in planning attractive meals—eye-appeal and flavor. It is surprising what you can do to add variety of appearance and flavor by adding a cracker here or a cooky there. They give a freshness and a quality to many dishes that are otherwise somewhat dull and prosaic.

There are two or three simple and old-fashioned cracker habits that ought to be even more common than they are. For instance, crackers and milk (or better still, half milk and half cream), as a mid-day or mid-afternoon snack. It goes big with the children; with young women in a terrible hurry for something light to eat; and even with the poor tired business man. Then there are crackers and cheese,

chopped pickle. An unusual sandwich filling is made by mixing cream cheese with crumbled ginger snaps and mayonnaise. The best cracker open-face sandwiches are salmon salad, egg salad, liver-wurst and minced ham. Canapes that are tempting little mouthfuls are made in no time by blending 1 teaspoon of grated onion with 4 tablespoons of crumbled Roquefort cheese, and heaping on oyster crackers or, more ambitiously, on odd shaped pieces of rusk.

Crackers can play a very important part in almost any part of the meal. One of my favorite soups is corn chowder, which gets a great part of its charm from a cupful of oyster crackers added to the soup about two minutes before it leaves the stove.

As for main dishes, there is nothing more delicious and economical than a ham mousse, made on a foundation of flaked crackers, or a meat loaf made with crumbled crackers, or a Spanish casserole, in which the principal ingredients are tomatoes and crackers.

And for desserts, the possibilities of crackers are infinite. There is a "Thrifty Plum Pudding", made with carrots, raisins and crumbled rusk; there is a whole line of other puddings which feature either ordinary or whole wheat crackers, or ginger snaps. Philadelphia's famous "Million-

ALL OCCASIONS

The smart modern hostess and housewife has her pantry shelves well stocked with these modern aids to entertainment and cookery

aire Fruit Cake" employs graham crackers, mince meat and eggs; Boston's equally famous "Economy Pudding" uses ordinary white crackers, prunes and cinnamon.

Pies made with a crust of cracker crumbs are no longer a novelty, but they deserve a much more frequent place on the menu than they now have. Some of the nicest and simplest refrigerator desserts are based on crackers, and I have lately added to my repertoire several kinds of cracker-crumb candies, including excellent uncooked chocolate creams and the delicious sugared cones of cocoanut known as "Haystacks".

WHEN you are longing for something new in food, your shelf of packaged crackers will rarely fail you. There are literally hundreds of dishes that can be prepared by combining crackers and canned vegetables. And by making full use of them, every woman has an endless store of surprises, or of old reliable dishes ready to serve at short notice.

Who would think that canned salmon and crackers could be the basis of at least a dozen entirely different dishes? And cracker cookery, also, provides an almost infallible answer to the question of what to do with left-over meats. It's easier than

you would think: just take a bit of this and a bit of that—fragments of good food hiding away in the refrigerator—mix with crumbled crackers and add the right seasonings. The result almost always is a grand dish, produced from practically nothing.

Here are a few sample recipes.

GINGER PUMPKIN PIE

Roll 18 ginger snaps fine and mix with 1 tablespoon sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup softened butter. Press mixture firmly against sides and bottom of buttered pie plate. Fill with pumpkin filling and bake in a modern oven (375° F.) forty to forty-five minutes. Serves six.

Other fillings such as chocolate or vanilla cooked custard, or sweetened and flavored whipped cream may be used with this ginger-snap shell.

CORN CHOWDER

Boil 4 cups diced potatoes until tender but not soft. Cook 1 tablespoon minced onion in butter two minutes over a low flame and add to potatoes. Then add 1 can corn and 4 cups scalded milk. Bring to boiling point. Season with salt and pepper, and add 1 cup oyster crackers. Simmer gently two minutes and serve immediately.



Few women realize that crackers may be used as an ingredient in hundreds of practical and appetizing dishes

**"YES, MA'M,
AND WE'LL NEED
HEINZ
KETCHUP, TOO"**



SO many men *always* seem to need Heinz Tomato Ketchup with their meals that it's by far the largest selling ketchup in the world. Rich, red drops that give delicious and definite flavor to all sorts of things. Meats, fish, eggs, croquettes, hash, baked beans, and many other dishes. Heinz chefs take the time and pains to make it richly thick with the flavors of fresh-from-the-garden red tomatoes and rare good spices. Always say Heinz to your grocer.

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**HEINZ
TOMATO
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HELPS TO HAPPIER HOMES

"You are truly charming . . .

The
Greatest
Compliment
a Woman
Can
Receive



A charming woman is always beautiful because charm is the true inner beauty of womanhood. Unlike purely physical beauty it comes from the heart, the mind, the soul. It lies in personality. It radiates from her in waves like the potent electric impulses of radio.

It bathes all who come in contact with her in the soft warmth of its delightful influence.

She is admired of women and beloved of men. Mere physical beauty dies with advancing years. Charm lives on and on.

A woman who has charm at twenty can be even more charming at forty and still charming at ninety—admired—loved—sought after because she is still beautiful.

True charm is bestowed by fortune upon the very few but its seed is planted in every woman's soul.

She can cultivate it into a wonderful, perfect thing—or she can let it die.

You Can Cultivate Charm

To those who understand it, charm is not a mysterious thing. Psychologists have analyzed it and learned the laws that govern it. They know why one woman is blessed with an abundance of charm while another may lack it entirely. And they know how the woman who lacks it may develop it in marked degree.

In his remarkable book entitled "Charm and Personality—How to Obtain Them" Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, prominent physician and psychologist has laid bare the secret of acquiring charm through the development of a warm, magnetic, appealing personality. He believes that every intelligent woman can develop her personality to an amazing degree and he tells you exactly how to go about it without tortuous hours of study and effort. Not magic, but simple and effective common sense we feel that this big 258 page book is one of the finest works on practical psychology and wholesome living that has come from the pen of any author.

If you wish to make the most of your capabilities it will be more than worth your while to examine Dr. Bowers' great book "Charm and Personality—How to Obtain Them." You run absolutely no risk in sending for it for if, for any reason you feel it is not worth the \$2 at which it is priced you can return it within 5 days for immediate refund of your money.

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Enclosed find \$2 for which please send me postage paid a copy of *CHARM and PERSONALITY*, "How to Obtain Them" by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers. It is understood that I can return it within 5 days for refund if not satisfactory.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

HAM MOUSSE

Crumble 24 small soda crackers in a bowl and cover with 2 cups hot milk. Let stand a few minutes. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in cold water and dissolve over hot water, then combine with crackers and milk. Add 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard and 1 teaspoon minced onion to 2 cups minced ham, and combine with milk mixture. Turn into a ring mold and chill in refrigerator. Turn out on platter, garnish with lettuce and fill with vegetable salad dressed with mayonnaise.

ALBANY MEAT LOAF

To 1 pound chopped beef, add 1 small onion, minced, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, and 2 eggs. Crumble 12 small soda crackers into meat mixture. Mix all together and shape into loaf. Place in buttered baking dish and cover with 1 cup canned tomatoes. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for half an hour, basting two or three times.

SPANISH CASSEROLE

Heat 3 tablespoons butter in pan, add 1 small minced onion, 1 green minced pepper and brown lightly. Add 2 cups tomatoes (puree or canned tomato soup) and 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon sugar and bring to boiling point. Crumble coarsely 34 soda crackers. Reserve ¼ cup of finely crumbled crackers and add the rest to cooked mixture. Pour into greased casserole. Sprinkle with fine cracker crumbs and dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about fifteen minutes. Serves six.

THRIFT PLUM PUDDING

Mix 2 cups cooked, mashed carrots, ½ cup finely chopped suet, ¼ cup sugar, 5 crumbled rusks, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves, 2

beaten eggs, 1 cup chopped raisins and citron, and 2 teaspoons baking powder in the order given and pour into a greased mold. Let steam one and one-half hours. Serve with a hard sauce, or whipped cream.

MILLIONAIRE FRUIT CAKE

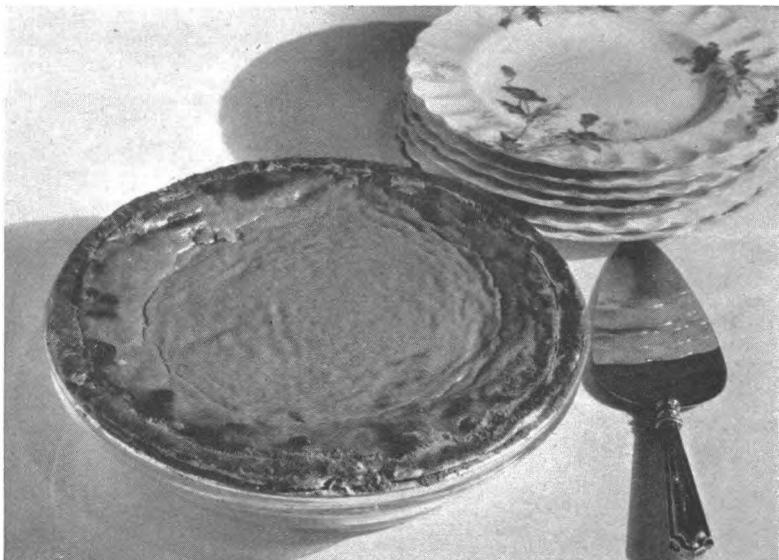
Crumble 14 graham crackers and stir in ¾ teaspoon baking powder. Add ½ cup mince meat, ½ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons softened butter and 3 beaten egg yolks. Mix thoroughly and fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered loaf pan and bake thirty-five to forty minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE

Cream ½ cup butter and 1 cup sugar. Beat 2 egg yolks with 1 tablespoon cream or evaporated milk, and stir over hot water until thick and smooth. Add to butter and sugar mixture. Cool. Add 1 cup drained crushed pineapple, ½ cup pineapple juice and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Crumble 25 graham crackers. Line a shallow loaf pan with waxed paper and put a layer of graham cracker crumbs in the bottom. Over this pour ½ of the pineapple mixture. Cover with crumbs and more pineapple, continuing until all is used. Cover pan with waxed paper, fasten with rubber band and place in refrigerator. Turn upside down on serving dish and serve with whipped cream or whipped, evaporated milk. Serves six.

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE CREAMS

Cream 1 tablespoon butter and ¾ cup confectioners' sugar together. Add 1 egg and beat until light and fluffy. Stir in 26 chocolate snaps, rolled fine, ¾ cup shredded cocoanut, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and knead until smooth and creamy. Shape into small balls and, if desired, roll in added cocoanut or grated chocolate.



Pies made with a crust of cracker crumbs deserve a much more frequent place on the menu than they now have

TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER

Inside the Soul of a Shame Woman

(Continued from page 19)

the best of my ability the contemptuous disdain of my father, I turned on my heel and walked away. What superhuman effort it took not to turn back!

A few days later, taking advantage of Dad at work and mother at the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Aid, I managed to again pass the house on B Street. I sauntered aimlessly around that magnetic spot, half fearing that I should see her, half fearing that I should not. At last, she came out on the porch and waved to me. I did not return the greeting. She motioned for me to come nearer. Timidly I went.

"What's your name?" were her first words.

"Ted," I answered.

"It's a pretty name," she said.

There was an awkward pause. Then: "Tell me, Ted, why you acted the way you did the other day. Gee, you was like most of these hymn-singing, uppity-up women around here!"

I began to draw myself up to a superior height. Who was she to speak disparagingly of our people? But that smile of hers completely disarmed me, and slowly I relaxed and resumed my natural height.

"Because I don't like you," I answered, knowing I was lying and hating myself for it.

"Why don't you like me, Ted?" she asked, simply.

"Because," was the comprehensive answer.

"Then why did you come here this afternoon and loiter around my house?"

She smiled coyly as she asked this, knowing that she had me; that she was already the victor of this short-lived battle between us.

I COULDN'T answer that—and so I didn't. I just hung my head rather shamefacedly and appeared sullen.

She studied me critically for a moment, rather to my discomfiture, and then she played her trump card:

"Won't you come up on the porch and eat a ginger muffin I made this morning?"

I nodded assent, and with mock solemnity followed her.

As alcohol so often opens the spigot of friendliness and loquacity in a man, so did that ginger muffin break down and destroy the barriers of false restraint and sham in me.

"What would your folks say if they knew you were eating ginger muffins with—with—old Daryell's daughter? I believe that's my name here, isn't it?"

"Huh, what would they say?" I grinned at my daring. "They'd tan me, that's what they'd say!"

"Why, Ted?" Oh, well, never mind. I suspect I can guess." She laughed a short, bitter laugh.

"Why?" I asked. Maybe here was some one who would remove the veil from this mystery, and from so many others.

She ran her hand through my hair and, laughingly, she said, "I don't think you'd really understand, Ted. You are a little young, you know."

I was disappointed, and she knew it.

"Never you mind, Ted! We'll just keep it a secret between us, shall we? You

can come over whenever you get the chance, and I'll always have something nice for you."

She gave me a quick, tender squeeze, as I nodded in the affirmative, the last of my ginger muffin stuffed in my mouth. I couldn't help wondering just why any anyone should dislike this kind, delightful woman.

As weeks passed, our clandestine meetings became more and more frequent. Although I knew I was basely deceiving my parents, running the risk of the severest punishment, should I be discovered, I could not hold back the desire to be with my new friend as often as possible.

She never failed to make me feel welcome; and she always had something delicious to tempt my insatiable, boyish appetite. They were wonderful hours that I spent with her. And for a boy to forsake his companions and his games to be with a much older person—and a woman at that!—the bond must have been close.

She seldom embarrassed me with a show of emotion, either, for which I was grateful. So many older women like to "make over" a boy, much to his disgust and discomfiture. Usually her only trace of sentiment was to perfunctorily run her hand through my hair—and that not too often.

ONLY once can I remember that she grew—well, not sentimental, so much as wistful. We had been sitting in her poorly-furnished living room, she on a straight-backed chair, I on the floor, near her feet. She had been gazing at me contemplatively for some time. When she spoke there was a new note in her voice, plaintive, deep and husky.

"Sometimes I wish I had a boy like you, Ted."

With the embarrassing candor of youth, I asked, "Why haven't you?"

She nodded her head slowly, smiled wanly.

"Why? Maybe just because I never got the right breaks. Maybe because—because—" Her voice halted uncertainly, but just for a moment. "Maybe because there just isn't any good in me. Maybe I'm bad—like your pa and ma and the other folks here say. But maybe things would've been different if—if my ma had've lived."

She kept staring straight in front of her, unseeing, unmoved. I sat upright.

"You're not bad! Why do they say you are? What makes a person bad?"

She sighed, got up, walked slowly over to the window. Without turning, she answered:

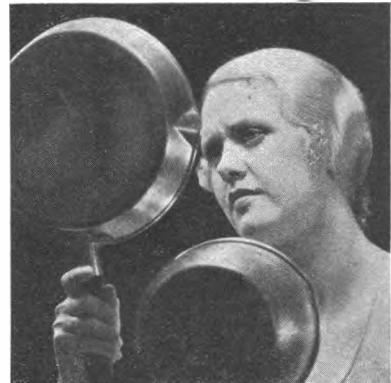
"Some day, Ted, you'll know all the answers to your questions. But just now—Oh, well, what's the use of telling a kid what he wouldn't understand? They get tired of hearing that." This last she said more to some invisible audience then to me. But I loved her for it. I didn't mind half so much her not answering my questions as I should have if it had been mother.

She turned around and came over to me. I believe that was the first and only time she kissed me.

"It's just that sometimes it's so—so

After the holidays

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They need S.O.S. It cleanses, scours and polishes, all in one easy operation—because the soap is in the pad—an exclusive feature, found only in S.O.S.

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... WIN BACK YOUR PEP

Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

A famous scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as Loss of Vitality, Getting up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumboago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex to-day and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost nothing.



awfully lonely, Ted. Hope you'll never know what that means."

However, the mood was a transitory one, and in a moment she was once more her own jolly, laughing self.

"Come on, Ted, clean up those crumbs and get for home. It's getting late, and you don't want your parents to catch on. You don't want that, do you? Then they'd never let you come over to see me." She playfully ran her hand through my hair again. "And then I don't know what I'd do!"

That night, tucked under the covers in my attic room, I thought over and over many questions. The answers were never forthcoming. How alone is youth? What pioneers? Ever seeking knowledge of the unknown, daring to penetrate the Stygian veil that separates youth and maturity. And disillusion following in its wake!

With the coming of spring Dad and mother were often away at nights. There were always church socials, festivals—oh, all kinds of things that are a part of small town life. And I now dared to pay evening visits to my friend.

HOW much better it would have been if I had never ventured to steal over to her house at night. What disillusion and hurt and misunderstanding would have been spared me! I had heard my parents whisper their denunciations of this woman who had become such a part of my life. I had heard, time and again, innuendo and defamation cast upon her by the townspeople.

While it all was an enigma to me, like some great puzzle in which the pieces would never fit, the chagrin and disappointment I was now going to undergo were even greater.

The very first night I stole over there, she was not as glad to see me as she had been during my day visits. I thought at first that she was thinking of my welfare; that I was running undue risk. But the next time I went I was surprised to see the entire house lighted. Instinctively I knew she had company. That was strange!

I stole around the side of the house and peered in the window. What I saw puzzled me still more. Lying on the sofa were a man's hat and coat. Whose? Who, indeed, was her visitor? In boyish resentment I asked myself, if some one had taken my place? And where was she? Where was the other?

Finally she appeared. From some unknown part of the house she came, laughing and flushed with excitement, a man, grinning sheepishly, trailing her. She seated herself on the sofa, and the man sat down beside her, putting his arm carelessly about her.

With tears smarting my eyes, a huge lump in my throat, I ran blindly away. At home I quickly got into bed, buried my head in my pillow and gave vent to my emotions.

What did it all mean? And why would Mildred James' husband be there? Social events were rare in our town, and the beautiful wedding last year of Mildred Kent and Robert James was still fresh in my memory.

I did not have enough, though. Maybe it could all be easily explained. Why shouldn't she have a visitor? I put in the background the man, the show of affection he had bestowed upon her. Back

I must go—and she would tell me all, tell me that I was still the little boy she wished was her own; the little fellow whose place no one could take.

Three nights later I got my chance. The house was not so brightly lighted this evening. Boldly I walked up to the front door, knocked, and with short, expectant breaths waited her coming.

When she opened the door I started to walk right in. She stopped me with a rather ungentle hand. But I had caught a glimpse of the inner room. There was but one occupant—the husband of Mildred James.

"Ted! What are you doing here at this time of night? You'll fool around until your dad and ma catch on. Now run along. I've got some business to talk over with a gentleman friend."

I nodded acquiescence. I did not dare trust my voice. Abruptly I turned about and walked away.

"Come back soon, Ted," she called after me. "Some afternoon," she added, as an afterthought.

I didn't answer. I would never—no, never!—go back again. She did not love me any more. How selfish even innocent youth can be! How quickly springs up the possessive quality, the attitude of ruler!

Possibly you think I was what our modern psychologists would call "emotionally high strung and sensitive."

Well, I said before that I was a rather impressionable youngster. I ran pretty much the full and complete gamut of emotions. Yet I was just a boy, wavering between childhood and puberty, a rather trying stage for any child, and especially for me. There was ever so much I didn't understand, and you must remember that I was handicapped by the superficiality and narrowness of my surroundings.

YEET youth quickly forgets. With admirable effort I stayed away from my friend for several weeks, but at last I went back. And I was happy, too, happier than for a long time, when my feet trudged the dusty road that led to the house on B Street.

"What was the matter with you, boy?" were her words of greeting that afternoon. "Where have you been all this time?"

I remained glum and silent.

"Come, come, Ted, tell me what troubles you."

"You don't like me any more," I reprovingly answered. How forlorn must my countenance have been!

"Don't like you, Ted!" she exclaimed. "Oh, child, whatever gave you that idea?"

"Well, you didn't want me the other night when you had—had that company."

She didn't know that I had learned the identity of that man. I would never tell her. Inwardly, I was too happy over the reconciliation to bother much.

She did not answer readily. Instead she bit her upper lip nervously. Finally she spoke.

"Ted, you oughtn't to come over here at night, anyway. It's not safe."

She was evading the issue. Well, I wouldn't press it. Furthermore, I would not go back again at night.

That is, I never actually visited her at night. Instead, I often wandered about that neighborhood, passed her house more than necessary. Sometimes the

lights were burning brightly, and the house gave the feeling of life and gayety inside. Stranger than all, however, it was to see a man enter her door, or come out. And I know that it was not always Robert James!

Heroically I stifled the resentment, the hurt, this knowledge caused me. Oh, that my immature mind could have comprehended!

Instead, I just continued to flounder helplessly amid my problems. Something deep inside me seemed to warn that there must be some time, some day, a climax. Until then I had to be content to share cherished hours with her at day, and leave the night to—what?

These thoughts and my exclusion from her confidence, in conjunction with the constant hints and remarks I heard both at home and outside, began to corrode. My visits became less and less frequent. It was not easy to stay away from one I had come to love; but mine was a complex nature, and I suppose obstinacy played its part.

Often, indeed, she asked me not to forsake her. She really seemed to cling to me, as if my small person was the very bulwark she needed to shield her from the outside world.

MANY times my heart was torn between my love for her, and my hurt pride. Each would win intermittently; for weeks I would not see her; then, not being able to stay away longer, I would go back. To this day I have not been able to explain that bond that held us together.

I don't believe I ever sensed the very pregnancy of strain and oppressiveness in the air. As I look back there seems to have been that strange calm that precedes a storm. I was beginning to forget that I had a grievance, happy in my association with her, for how was I to know that our care-free laughter was being so closely trailed by tragedy, disaster?

Everything seemed to happen at once. Strange that events can carry such deadly sequences.

First of all, after all these months, I was discovered! After school one afternoon I went directly to her house. Dad, of course, was at work. Mother had told him in the morning that she would most likely be late for supper.

She and Mrs. Ludlam were going to spend the afternoon with Mildred James, who, she intimated in that vague, secretive manner employed when I was within hearing, was expecting something almost any day. Poor little thing, she said, was so alone, and that husband of hers was no comfort at all!

This was quite a break for me. I could go to my friend directly from school, and stay until late. How was I to know that mother would get a severe headache late in the day and forget her Christian duty of being with "poor Mildred"?

I like to remember that afternoon with old Daryell's daughter, my last, as one of sheer beauty. Somewhat aloof at first, I was soon drawn out by her friendliness and chatter. We had a gay time until she herself alluded to her "company". She assured me that her visitors meant little to her. "I must have some one around here sometimes, Ted," she said. "I get so lonesome.

And you can't always be with me, you know." Except her mother, who had been dead since my friend was fifteen years old, there had never been any one she liked as much as she liked me. That made me very happy, and I instantly forgot all about my hurt feelings.

"No, Ted, not *like*," she said, "I really *love* you. As if you were my own. Whatever may happen, always remember that.

"No matter what any one says of me, always remember me as some one who would have been different, had her life been just a little different. Some people may tell you I'm bad. Well, maybe I am. But that is for some one higher to judge. Those people really don't know life, Ted. They don't know what it means to be a victim of it. It's always treated me as a sort of stepchild.

"And listen to me, Ted." She placed her hands on my shoulders and held me so that I had to face her squarely. "Any one who cares for a little boy as I care for you; any one who was started out on the life I'm leading, to buy medicine for a dying mother—Oh, Ted, I'm trying to make you understand that nothing, no one, is so bad that you can't find a streak of good somewhere."

She paused and brushed away a tear. Then she continued:

"I don't know why I'm going on like this. I'm talking like I was never going to see you again. But I just want you to understand—if you can. I want you to go along thinking the best of me. Remember me as—as—something just a little good that came into your life, that added to it, not took away. Don't ever hate me, Ted. Never hate or condemn any one, for you never know. Ted, I love you!"

She gave me a quick hug, and turned away. I was not a little embarrassed. Never before had she spoken this way. Never before had that despair crept into her voice.

PROBABLY neither of us caught the ominousness of her words. Why should we? We seemed to understand each other, even though I understood so little. Was there ever a stranger, more bizarre, companionship than that between us two? A boy nearing fourteen, and a woman possibly thirty-five!

"Got any cookies?" I asked. And the naïveté of that simple question broke the tension that had existed.

I left her that afternoon, no longer feeling resentment or bitterness. Why, she was fine! She was good, sweet, no matter what people said about her. She had treated me more kindly, more understandingly, than any one I had ever known.

I shall never forget her standing in the door that led out to that rickety porch, one arm akimbo, just as I had first seen her.

She watched me long and tenderly as I meandered down the road. I wonder what she thought, as she saw me growing smaller and smaller in the distance. What unseen fate had caused her to speak to me as she had? But I had been too elated to notice all that then.

Mother was pacing the floor when I came home. Her eyes indicted me for some as yet unknown crime long before

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I had a chance to speak to her at all.

"Well, my boy, maybe you'll be good enough to explain just where you've been from three o'clock this afternoon until now?"

My surprise upon finding her home caused the spontaneous but tactless response, "Why, I thought you were with Mrs. James, mother. Weren't you?"

She was taken back by this effrontery.

"Ha! So that's why you thought you could roam the streets? And is that the way to answer your mother's question? Where—were—you?"

Each word was meticulously laid down. Her eyes forewarned that to prevaricate, and later be found out, would be disastrous. Furthermore, why should I not tell the truth? It was about time people were straightened out on all this idle talk. If they could have met her, known her, all this silly business would be dispensed with. And another thing, my conscience slyly whispered, don't forget what the parson said happened to little boys who told untruths to their parents. "Honor thy father and mother—" The words were drowned out by the impatient, harsh repetition of that three-word question, "Where were you?"

"I visited old Daryell's daughter," I blandly answered, noticing for the first time how queer that name sounded on my lips.

MY mother gasped. She glared at me. I almost felt sorry for her. I had never seen her react to anything that way before. Had my lips uttered the vilest and most perfidious of words, had I denounced all the celestial beings my father read about nightly from the Big Book, the effect could not have been more startling.

At last, choking out the words in spasmodic bursts of anger, she commanded me to go upstairs to my room, without supper, where my unforgivable action would be passed on by my father. This deed was so superior in its daring that a more august personage than my mother had to take it in hand.

Silently, I obeyed. I didn't care. I was disgusted with this seemingly ridiculous attitude toward one who, to my knowledge (and who should know better?) had done no wrong.

I quavered slightly when the slamming of the door announced my father's homecoming. Thrash me he could, for all I cared; but what I feared and detested was the inquisition that would precede the punishment, and the moralizing sermon that would follow.

My surprise knew no bounds when both of my parents failed to come to my room, or summon me down to confront their stern and unrelenting displeasure. This was strange indeed!

Faintly, ever so faintly, came the soft secretive murmur of their voices. Something new, more absorbing, more gigantic, must have arisen so completely to subordinate my position. What?

Shortly after eight o'clock, some one knocked at the front door. Father's heavy step answered. A woman's voice held hurried consultation with him, and then she departed. I heard mother join Dad in the living room. Few words were uttered between them, for mother came directly to the foot of the stairs and called

up to me that she and Dad had to go out for a bit, and that I was not to leave my room. I would be attended to later.

I watched their forms hurrying up the street, heading in the direction of Mildred James' house. I suppose that the event was about to take place.

I wondered not a little at breakfast the next morning at mother's doleful, vengeful mien. She was silent and morose, and her very attitude seemed to dare me to put just one question to her. I didn't.

At school I soon learned of the tragedy that had taken place the night before. I discovered why the visitor had come and gone so quickly; why Dad and mother so ignored my crime; why they hurried away; why mother appeared so threatening and lugubrious that morning. Mildred James had taken her life the night before! And with it, of course, went that of her unborn babe!

Horrible, it all seemed to me, grotesque in its tragedy! Yet there was another aspect, another angle that, to me, overshadowed everything. What were all the boys (and even the girls) saying? Oh, my blood ran cold! Mildred James, maddened by suffering and a cankerous knowledge, had evidently gone momentarily insane—and committed this terrible act. And the knowledge that had eaten its way into the innermost recesses of her mind, poisoning it with venomous cruelty, was that her husband, whom she had adored with puerile idolatry had for months been frequenting the house on B Street. Above all, he had been there the night she had needed him most of all!

Tongues wagged indefatigably. One had but to cock an ear, and one knew everything. Opinions and stories ran rife. Never before had the town had such "goings-on". Never, in its slumbering and lethargic history, had such tragedy descended upon it. What had it done to deserve it?

SOME said she ought to be run out of town. Others were a little more charitable. One went so far as to say the woman had not known Mr. James was married. How could she know? She did not ever pass a word with a soul. I could only believe that she was blameless.

But all was not at an end. The worst was still to come. Christian, God-fearing people were not to stand by and let this go unheeded. Now came to the front those good and Christian principles labeled Public Indignation, Righteousness, Duty!

As I look back over it all, as I have done so often during these many years, I cannot recall that at any time was scorn or opprobrium called down upon the head of that weakling, Mildred's husband. There was but one object of the town's wrath; Old Daryell's Daughter!

Shall I ever forget that night? Could I but erase it forever from my memory? No! Again and again it all comes back to me, so clear, so unrealistically realistic.

It was the night after Mildred's funeral. From my upstairs room I could see people hurrying toward the town. It was the night for church services, but never before had I seen so many turn out. Children, too, whose parents were, I knew, quite as strict as mine, stole stealthily through welcome shadows, all going in

the same direction—the town square.

Finally my parents left, too. But not without a warning to me from both of them not to dare step out of my room that night. The tone of their voices carried an ominous promise that the severest punishment would ensue if I disobeyed.

Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen—and then I could wait no longer. Go I must! Every fiber in my body called out to me that something would take place tonight that would go down as history in the annals of the town.

I soon found myself a part of a crowd of boys, all bent on a like mission, excited to a high degree by the call of unknown adventure. We whispered feverishly as we stumbled along, keeping as much as possible to partially concealed paths. Not one of us seemed to know what was going to happen, but that some event of great import was about to come to a climax was evident everywhere.

As soon as we came in view of the square, we no longer needed to be extremely cautious. It was black with people. It had never occurred to me before that the few thousand that made up our town's population could create such a density of humanity, milling about expectantly, nervous and restless.

WE boys kept somewhat in the background. It was best to play safe. We lurked inconspicuously in doorways and alleys, waiting, waiting for—what?

Shortly after nine o'clock, a delegation of men left the crowd and walked normally but rapidly. An odd mixture of sobriety and determination masked their faces. Not one word was spoken among them. They just walked by twos, straight away, not looking right or left. And among this committee of unimpassioned men was my father!

The minutes passed. The clock over the dentist's door chimed ten strokes. A perceptible change came over the heretofore silent crowd. Their restlessness became more evident. More often than necessary men wiped sweatless brows. Women buttoned and unbuttoned their coats. The night was chill, yet here and there some one fanned himself with abstract movements.

Suddenly I saw a man clutch the person nearest him and point excitedly down the street. I followed the directions of his pointing finger. Several blocks away was the committee of men returning. What they were bringing with them I could not see, but that they were bringing something, and that with force, was obvious. They moved forward with halting steps, with a dragging movement. A murmur went through the crowd. I don't know why, but I began to chill.

When they were a block away, the crowd, no longer able to restrain itself, started out to meet them. We boys joined them, mixing in with men and women alike. We were pushed from side to side. No one seemed aware of us, so rapt was their attention on that approaching body of men.

As a voice broke out from one of the committee the crowd promptly stopped. What he said I could not hear. But its effect was instantaneous. With a thrilling

crescendo everybody began to shout and cry at the same time. They pushed and stamped and shoved forward. It was no longer a crowd of human beings. It was like a herd of cattle driven on by the crack of a whip.

Men and women alike shouted at the tops of their voices. Coarse and venomous epithets were hurled rapidly at the object of their wrath. Now and then a man—several times even a woman—burst forth with bitter fury, giving vent to lewd and revolting expressions. They accused, swore, threatened, and condemned. The shrieks and mad ranting of their voices sent up an unholy cacophony to the starlit skies. Their raving voices were like those of souls lost in the inexorable torments of some hell. They were dancing and jumping frantically about, like demons released from some nether world.

I fought my way bravely to the front. I must have one glimpse of the thing that was the cause of it all. Twice I was knocked down and nearly trampled upon. At last I was successful. And then I saw!

Oh, that I had never left my room that night! There, there on the ground, her clothing torn to shreds, bleeding profusely from all parts of the body, golden-red hair a tangled mass upon naked shoulders—there lay the beaten and racked body of Old Daryell's Daughter!

OH, the suffering and fear in those terror-stricken eyes! The pleading expression on her face! Now she clawed the ground with bleeding fingers; now she raised her arms as if to ask for mercy, only to be shoved and knocked down again.

All this I saw in one fleeting moment, for there was no halting in that mad mob's movements. On and on they surged, becoming wilder and wilder as each minute of torture passed.

They picked her up, to half carry, half drag her away. What would they do with her?

Slowly and with difficulty they got her forward. Everybody seemed to be getting in everybody else's way. Suddenly I knew where they were heading. The freight was due soon. It would stop a few minutes for water. And then on it would wend its way through the night, headed for points north.

Once at the station there was a temporary lull, but only for a second. With the first distant shriek of the whistle they all started up again, with greater velocity than before.

Now they began to throw stones, sticks, all kinds of missiles. She lay there, an inert heap, as every denunciation of her was punctured by the dull thud of some object striking her body. This was her punishment, were the cries. Let this be a lesson to all of her kind. Never should she dare set foot within our boundaries again. She, the spawn of the devil, the murderer of mothers-to-be, the breaker of homes. Oh, the wailing, shrieking, clamoring, shouting madness of that mob! The cruel, inexorable, diabolical, destructive spirit of a people gone mad with a false sense of righteousness, retribution! With what force, what wantonness, what contagion it strikes!

God alone knows how it happened, but that wild, mad, crying mob spirit got into my blood. I no longer knew who I was, who she was, what I was doing. I only know that I began screaming unintelligible words and names at the top of my voice. I wanted to get out in front and pelt her with the rest. I wanted to punish her for something she had done, even though I didn't know what it was.

I danced up and down, backward and forward, from side to side, in demoniacal frenzy. Blindly I threw several stones over the heads of the crowd, hoping they'd find their target. No, that was not enough! I must get to the front. Already the committee was calling a halt. It was train time. The whistle grew louder. I began to charge. I fought my way to the front. My hand feverishly clutched a stone. One last throw! Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. I had never heard that before. It was a part of a life I no longer lived. I was one of the crowd now, a mad, ranting, though infinitesimal, part of a mob.

I STUMBLED and fell directly in front of her. I jumped up. My hand was upraised, poised to throw—Then she looked at me! Looked at me from those worn, miserable, crucified eyes. She didn't say a word. The stone slipped from my fingers, my hand still upraised. Reason came back as quickly as it had left. Cold, unrelenting, logical reasoning. Those eyes! I knew that my upraised hand had dealt the worst blow of all. Her eyes told me so. I will never—no, never!—forget them! They just said, "You, Ted! You! The little boy I would have liked for my own! I loved you."

They took her away. The train had come, stopped long enough to drink greedily, while the crowd stood curiously still so that the trainmen might not suspect that they were carrying a human cargo that night. Then, slowly, it began to puff its way up the long hill before it. The engineer waved as he passed, no doubt wondering the cause for the gathering. Probably he never knew that in one of those cars lay the broken and beaten body of a woman.

I never saw her again. I do not know whether she lived or died because of that unholy night. I only know I can never forget her.

Now I am old enough to discern the good from the bad. Yet I cannot say what she was. Maybe she was bad. Yet, to me, she was good. From her I learned a lesson I can never forget. She turned my eyes into my soul. I saw there the meanness and smallness of men—the futility and narrowness of the life I would lead if I stayed in that town, became one of them. I vowed I would get out, make something of myself. I believe I have. But what if I had never met her?

Oh, I am still like that little boy! I cannot answer many questions. But, poor woman, wherever you are, whatever you are, would that I could see you once again, and ask your forgiveness. Could I only thank you for coming into my life! Although you never had a break, God bless you, you gave me mine.

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IT'S OPEN SEASON

By

RUTH PHILLIPS

right now—without delay.

First of all, see what you have from last season that might do. Slippers? Gloves? Evening bag? Get them out and look them over. Send the gloves to be cleaned; you can't tell how soon you'll want them. The slippers can probably be dyed when you see what color your dress is going to be. And the evening bag is exactly as good this year as it was last, with its sparkling rhinestones.

Now for the serious, delightful business of choosing the right dress. I don't know anything I'd rather do than help select party dresses, especially this season when the styles are more entrancing than ever. It's particularly easy to find you something that will look as if you had it designed for you in Paris, for the current styles permit you to play up your own personality. In fact, they actually aid and abet your individuality.

If you are one of the exotic, sophisticated type, there is the dramatic dress in two versions—for formal evening wear and, for less elaborate occasions, the Sunday night or hostess gown. Glamorous and daring, there is a hint of Hollywood in its sweeping, clinging silhouette and breath-taking use of startling effects. Remember you should be careful not to try to wear this type of dress if your chief charm is naivete.

The colors for this costume, as you can well imagine, are rich, vivid and arresting. Black is exceptionally good, especially when combined with some sparkling or glittering material. A dress of this type, with the addition of a sequin jacket would practically see you through the entire round of holiday festivities. The materials used are definitely sumptuous—velvets, metals, heavy important silks, slipper satins, taffetas.

For the softer, more feminine type, this season offers some of the loveliest party frocks imaginable. Demure necklines. Babyish puffed sleeves. Billowy skirts that almost drop a curtsy. They are adorable and absolutely deadly, so



Lucia Velvet by Dupont Rayon
Black is so wonderfully kind to shoulders, back and arms, making them appear dazzling white by contrast

THINGS are looking up. Business is improving. People are going back to work. Optimism is again gripping the nation. And this winter is going to be a real party winter—big parties, little parties, formal festivities and intimate affairs just for two. It's going to be a gay, glamorous, exciting season! So if you are to get your share of the good times that are going around, you should begin right now to plan your evening wardrobe. Don't wait until the last minute and then rush off in a frenzy and buy something—anything—for a lot more than you'd intended to pay. Let's start your program of "planned economy"

TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER

for PARTIES

far as men are concerned. The colors? White predominates, but there are also many delicate and fresh tints. And the materials again are stiff rather than soft—taffetas, moires and failles. The skirts will not be slit and the décolletages will not be extreme.

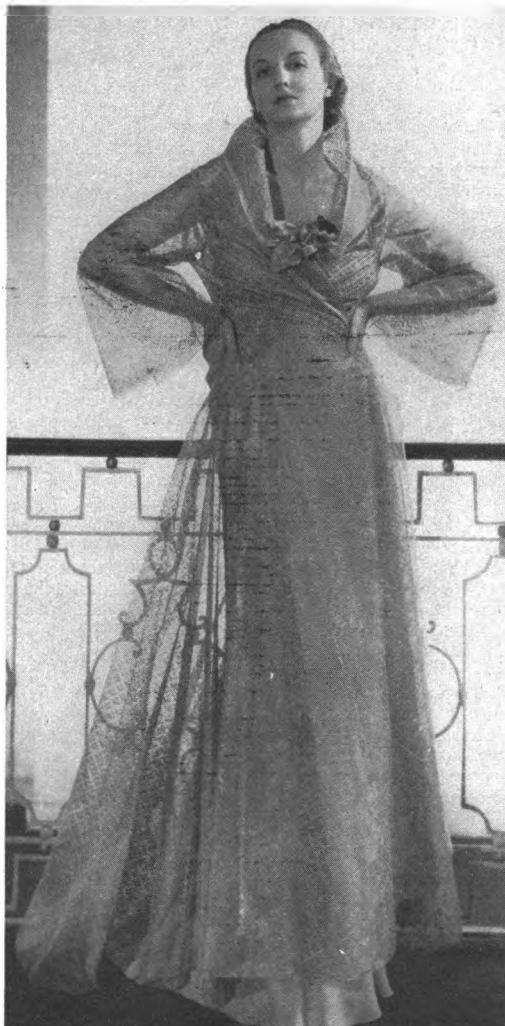
If you decide on this type of dress be sure that your make-up doesn't spoil the picture. Fresh young innocence is the keynote of this costume. Lips should not be vivid but dewy. Eye make-up should be light. And only a delicate coral, or very faint rose for your finger nails. Jewelry, if you wear any, should be quaint. I saw a darling gold locket and chain, with a bangle bracelet, such as your grandmother wore. Probably your mother has something tucked away in an old velvet box that she'd be glad to let you wear. And, if I may make a more personal suggestion, let your manners fit the mode you have chosen.

But let's get back to the purely fashion problems of the season. First—fabrics. As I have said, the newest note is stiffness—to give weight and importance. Metallic fabrics of all sorts make a brilliant picture, and some of the most unusual and startling of the season's fabrics are interwoven with gleaming strands of cellophane!

AMONG colors, black retains first place in feminine hearts and fashions. Do you remember your first black evening dress and how delightfully grown-up and arrived you felt? And black, too, is so wonderfully kind to shoulders, back and arms, making them appear dazzling white by contrast! After black, you can suit yourself as to colors, preferring the vivid shades to pastels.

The silhouette is slim, very slim, to the knee. Below the knees it may still be slim, but slashed; or it may billow and flare. Trains are being shown on very formal frocks. Décolletages show an interesting variety of treatments, all the way from demure round necklines with covered shoulders, to necklines that dare to become waistlines in the back!

Remember that, this season, the fashion watchword is elegance and achieve it in the manner



This season offers some of the loveliest party frocks imaginable. Here is a chartreuse silk satin gown under a fitted coat of stiffened silk mouseline

Are You Dressed for the Part?

best suited to your type. In general, hair will be brushed higher to give height and importance, but I'd advise you to select the coiffure that is most becoming since there is such a wide latitude of choice.

But of course it must look as perfectly groomed as your face—clean and well brushed and in order, whether you wear it close to your head in the fashionable manner or deliberately fluffy and fly-a-way for a sweet sixteen costume. And the latest dictum is "shiny hair"—hair that looks soft and yet catches and reflects the brilliance of evening lights. So spray a lot of brilliantine into those too dry ends and then brush it well into your hair.

Be yourself is a good motto to follow at any time, but be your best, your most entrancing, self for evenings—gay, glamorous and romantic and alluring.

Clean OUTSIDE



UNCLEAN inside?

You can believe every word of this message because it was written by a registered physician.

Doctors say it's more important to be clean inside than outside. This is because wastes have a tendency to accumulate in the bowel and make you feel out of sorts and below par. These wastes decompose and form gases and other harmful chemicals, many of which are absorbed into the system and may be responsible for the way you now feel.

That's why doctors and nurses wash out the lower bowel in treating the sick.

You know how fresh your skin is after using soap and water. But have you ever felt the glow of buoyant health after taking an internal bath?

IMPROVÉ YOUR HEALTH

When you feel listless and ailing—not sick enough to see a doctor, but just run-down—your trouble may be due to or aggravated by intestinal uncleanness. The sensible thing to do is to cleanse your internal passages just as thoroughly as you wash your hands and face.

If you suffer from headaches due to constipation, had breath, gas on stomach and bloating, hollowness or acne pimples and unightly skin blemishes due to constipation, you need internal cleanliness.

When you feel only 50% efficient, when work seems hard and you have no zest for play, the chances are that internal uncleanness is aggravating your trouble.

Feel well and look your best by cleansing the inside passage of all clogging wastes. Do it the same way doctors do—by washing out the whole length of the colon.

The colon or lower bowel, five feet long, is where wastes and indigestible food accumulate. Many physicians do not act sufficiently here. Enemas cleanse only one-third the length of the colon.

There is one sure way to cleanse the whole length of the colon thoroughly—the method perfected by Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell to treat his own condition. This is the famous J.B.L. Cascade treatment for taking an Internal Bath.

This treatment has a double action: First, it removes impurities from that human cesspool—the colon. Second, it tones up and stimulates the colon through the action of the J.B.L. Cleansing Tonic used in the treatment. This is a medically approved prescription made according to the scientific formula of a leading New York laboratory.

You can treat yourself in your own home—with-out pain, discomfort or embarrassment. And it costs very little.

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FREE—an authoritative booklet which tells you why you should keep clean internally, and how to do it. This pamphlet will be a revelation to you. It tells you how thousands and thousands of men and women have enjoyed healthier and happier lives by practicing internal cleanliness the right way. Either mail the coupon below or address a penny postcard to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 515, 152 W. 65 St., New York City.

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet on internal cleanliness—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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HELPS TO HAPPIER HOMES

Ne'er-Do-Well

(Continued from page 46)

irrigator could not use, and get my time.

"That will sound all right too, for you three are not worth hall room on this job. I will buy a load of chuck from Jake, pick up your horses and cache myself and the horses in that canyon across the highway from the U-Dot mail box. You fellows leave the highway at the mail box, hide your car in the canyon and I will have the horses all saddled and ready."

"Why work any more on the fence?" Slicker asked.

"Because I finish a job before I leave it," I snapped back.

"She is fine," Curly agreed.

"Tell the other two to throw their mounts in with these," I said as final instructions.

Sunday, about noon, I asked Baufman for my time. "Why, what is the matter, kid?" he asked.

"Nothing. Only if I must build fence with a bunch of worthless skunks like those the irrigator could not use, I am drifting. You may sell me a load of chuck if you will."

HE agreed to all I asked more readily than I thought he would, but he was so long in finding the key to the chuck house that before I got my load, it was too late to go that night. I had not spoken to any of Curly's men, and wished to give the impression that we had had hard words.

It was near dark Sunday night when I met the one-lunged dude. After a fit of coughing, he asked me to come to his room.

As I entered his room, he was seized with another severe fit of coughing and brought out a full bottle and took a swallow. I eyed the bottle thirstily and was glad when he passed it to me with an invitation to have a drink. My drink was not a small one; and after a few casual remarks and another fit of coughing, he asked me to have another.

The strong, imported whisky was beginning to have its effect, when he said, "I am not long for this world and you will not mind spending a few minutes with me, will you?"

I assured him I would not and thought I'd stay as long as that bottle lasted.

"I wish I could live to have just one adventure before the final oblivion," he said.

I had felt sorry for the poor fellow from the first time I saw him. If he believed there was no after-life I had the deepest pity. With all my debauchery, I had never lost faith in my mother's teaching and expected some day to be forgiven for my sins and squeeze into heaven.

"I hate to pass out, just coughing my life away. I would rob a bank if I were sure I would be shot by an officer."

By this time my brains were sufficiently muddled for me to say, "Come with me. I am going over the mountains to the greatest adventure of my life."

After giving me another drink, he said, "Tell me what you intend to do. Perhaps I can go."

Some gleam of caution made me reticent and I answered, "Oh, just ride through the hills and hunt wolves, or perhaps a deer."

"But could I get into something that would end my miserable life and get ahead of this infernal consumption? Have another drink."

I took the drink and, from that time on, memory fails me. What I said or did is a blank, until I awoke next morning with a splitting headache. I was in my own bed out of doors; and as I had no wish for breakfast I saddled my horses, packed my mule and left before any one else was out of bed. I made camp in the canyon where I had promised to wait for my confederates.

At nine o'clock next morning I went to the U-Dot mail box and waited until ten. I became uneasy, but stayed until three.

I thought something might have detained them, and they had been forced to wait another day. Next morning I was at the rock again and saw the rural mail carrier deposit a roll of papers in the mail box. After he had gone I crossed the highway and took out a paper. It was the *Centerville Courier*, just off the press. As I opened it, glaring headlines announced the capture of five daring bank robbers at the Z-Bar ranch.

According to the *Courier*, the men had robbed a bank in the state east of the one we were in, and had scattered after the robbery. A detective disguised as a consumptive had followed one man to the Z-Bar ranch. He had enlisted the help of Baufman and his cowboys and waited, well knowing they would all assemble sometime. Philip Kerr (this was I) had located the last two, and told the detective where to get them. They had planned to rob the *Centerville* bank, and were stealing two cars from Baufman's garage when they found themselves looking into the guns of a dozen cowboys. Then followed a paragraph puffing my skill as a detective, and said I was now bringing in some horses the gang had stolen when they made their last getaway.

I WAS stunned! The article did not correspond with the facts as I knew them. I realized that I had been drunk, and had told all I knew to that detective. It also appeared that he had given me credit for the information and neglected to mention the whisky. One thing was clear; I had stolen horses in my possession and it was up to me to take a tip and get them back to the Z-Bar. I went back to Baufman's ranch and turned the stolen horses into his pasture and was riding away when Jake rode in.

"Better turn your own stock in and come to town with me," he said. "We must let the sheriff notify the owners of these horses."

I did as he suggested. We talked but little on the road, but after we had seen the sheriff about the horses we sat in front of the hotel to wait for dinner. My curiosity getting the better of me, I asked, "When did you find out the one-lunged dude was a detective?"

"When he first came to the ranch. I told him which of the boys to take for helpers. He wanted you, and I told him you were game to throw in with any cussedness that promised excitement, but you were likely to get drunk and slab your

head off. I heard you tell your whole pedigree once, and not remember a word of it after you were sober.

"I sent you out with those outlaws so you would throw in with them. I monkeyed around hunting a key to the chuck house, so he would have chance to fill you up, and get what you knew.

"It was just like getting it out of a phonograph. The whisky wound you up and you told all you knew and some you dreamed of. You laid out the whole plan of robbing the *Centerville* bank.

"I tell you, Phil, you are too honest to be a crook, too soft-hearted to be a gambler, and you won't stay on a job and buck the game long enough to make a stake and be a cattleman. You better trot across the street and take the teachers' examination and become a he-schoolma'am."

I made no reply. There was really nothing to say. He had correctly outlined my character.

JAKE waited a moment, then pointed at a young man and two girls going into the court house and said, "There goes a dude to take that examination. Bet you ten bucks you can't pass it."

I was stung to the quick by Jake's censure which I could not deny. Goaded by his sneering dare I pulled a ten-dollar bill from my pocket and said, "Get out your money. We will find a stake holder."

"Put up your money," he slowly replied. "You are soft-hearted enough to give it to me when you lose."

I went into the superintendent's office and was met by a smiling, motherly woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Ives, the superintendent.

I stated that I was looking for a chance to take a teachers' examination, and she promptly supplied me with blanks which I filled out and signed. Then she gave me a list of questions on various subjects, ranging all over the eighth grade, but mostly on grammar and English. I did not know what a teachers' examination should be, but I knew this one was a farce. There was no one else in the room except Mrs. Ives and me. The people Jake had pointed out had gone somewhere else. When I passed in my paper she looked at it a moment and said, "That is good, Mr. Kerr, and I can give you a permit to teach, provided you can get a school. I have one vacant. It is in a district just organized in Russian Valley. No other teacher seems willing to take it, although it is one of the best paying positions in the county. I doubt if there are more than three people in the colony who can speak any English."

"Why, Mrs. Ives," I replied, "it would be a crime to wish a person like me on a herd of innocent foreigners. Besides, I don't know any more about teaching school than a calf knows about a piano."

"Why, Mr. Kerr," she exclaimed, "you are the most popular man in town just now, and Mr. Baufman says you have some college training."

"You must be basing your judgment on that silly article you read in the *Courier*," I objected.

"Now that is not polite, Mr. Kerr," she exclaimed. "I wrote it myself from

Jake's—excuse me—Mr. Baufman's statement of facts. Mr. Baufman is my brother, and he assures me that the article is perfectly correct."

"I thought that one-lunged detective wrote it," I gasped.

"He left town with his prisoners as soon as the train came, and never bothered to satisfy our curiosity at all. If Jake had not helped us out, we would really have suffered for lack of something to gossip over."

"But I have met Russians before, and I could neither spell my pupils' names or pronounce them, when I see them written," I still objected.

"Jake says you never take a bluff and are just the man for the job. I must send them somebody for a teacher, and none of my force will go. The pay is three times what you can get working on a ranch," she insisted.

"And the Russians won't find out what they got, in time to stop my first month's pay," I mused. "That will mean the equivalent of three months so I will just call Jake's bluff and give him a showdown for his money," I said.

She produced a contract to teach school in District Forty-six for a period of nine months, and I signed it. Then I went back to the hotel.

"JAKE, you old fraud," I exclaimed as I came into the hotel. "That superintendent is your sister."

"Well," he answered, as he slowly removed his feet from the table where they had been resting, "I have known that for quite some time."

"You planned to set me to day-herding Russian kids, and you've done it. You've also lost ten bucks. I passed the examination, and signed up for a school."

"Little out of line, son," he asserted. "I only told Mary you were the only guy I knew who had enough of the devil in him to mix with a hundred religious Russians and raise the average of the whole herd to the proper standard of American cussedness. She did the rest herself. But I'll bet you another ten dollars that you won't stick the nine months out."

"Keep your cash for some game with a chance to win," I snapped. "I can't quit without letting Mrs. Ives down, so that's that!"

We drove to the Z-Bar that night. I was glad the boys were all in the bunk house when we arrived. I did not wish to see any of them. If I had been arrested, or even on the road to the electric chair, I believe I would not have been so low in spirits.

I took my bed roll and went to bed in the pasture without supper. I could not go to sleep. I had expected to be a dashing outlaw fleeing over the mountains in true Dick Turpin style; instead I had been a cat's paw, a stool pigeon, a snitch, a drunken babbler.

Every trustworthy man on the ranch had been in with the law, and I had been left out—worthless for any purpose. Not of enough account to be kicked off the ranch. I was so low Jake and his sister pitied me and Jake had, in fact, given me ten dollars to take a job that no other person in a county as big as the state of New Jersey would even consider. All the worthless epithets Jake had forgotten, I supplied myself.

I suppose I at last went to sleep, for suddenly the sun was shining in my eyes, and a healthy appetite drove me in to breakfast. I had already severed my connection with the Z-Bar. After the meal I saddled my horse, packed all my belongings on my mule, and left for Russian Valley. I was not expected at my new job until Sunday morning, so I rode to the pass where I could see the beautiful expanse of Russian Valley, found grass and water and made camp.

The time I spent at that camp was the most miserable I had ever experienced. I had no thought of reformation and would have been ashamed to meet even one of the dance-hall scum I had been associating with. I knew Jake and Mrs. Ives thought they were doing me a kindness in getting me away from my old associates. But my desire was to rehabilitate myself with the crowd I was leaving. I was ready for anything. Even another bank robbery would excite their admiration and cause them to forget the fiasco I had recently made.

Sunday morning I rode down the trail leading to the valley. I could see green fields checked with gray sage. I rode through grass untouched by animals, and my life experience suggested the possibility of a herd of beef cattle on this public range. But the possibility awoke no ambition in me. I passed several farm homes and at last came to the combination church and schoolhouse Mrs. Ives had described to me.

As I stopped at the gate, church was out and a heterogeneous mass of humanity came from the wide double doors. They were of both sexes, and all ages. Their dress was peculiar to American eyes, but they were spotlessly clean. I noticed a girl surrounded by a group of young men and girls, who all seemed anxious to talk to her. I spoke in a general way to the multitude and asked for Mr. Whitoon. The girl I had noticed detached herself from the group about her and approached the gate. "Dat is Papa you vant. He come quick. You de new teacher, no?"

"YES, Mrs. Ives sent me here to teach your school."

She extended her hand and said, "Goot, I tink ve glad to see you! I vos Amelia Whitoon, and will be your pupil." She seemed neither bold nor forward, only innocently matter of fact. As she talked she ran her liquid brown eyes up and down my six feet of height, and seemed to take in my every feature.

She gave a little feminine brush at a lock of wind-blown brown hair, and stepped aside for a tall elderly man with hair and eyes the same color as the little beauty who had first spoken to me. This dignified gentleman announced himself as Ivan Whitoon and fished the contract I had signed before Mrs. Ives from his pocket and said, "Your contrac', she coom by dem mail. She vos all signed by de board and everyting is ready. You eat and sleep by my house."

He took the lead rein of my horse and started down the trail, with the pack mule following. I fell in step with his daughter and was very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken.

"Have you all the grades in your school?" I asked by way of making conversation. "I not know dat vord," she answered,



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her cameo-like face drawn into perplexed lines. "Ve never have de school yet. I read some, same like Papa. You de firs' von who speak him right I speak to. So I talk not mooch. De udders most talk not any."

My first day in school was an epoch marker. I shall never forget its minutest detail. I did not know a word of Russian, and Amelia and three others were the only ones who attempted any English. With the help of these four, I got some kind of a name for each of my forty-six pupils, then dismissed school for the noon recess. I could not remember how the teacher went to work when I was in the primary grade, and I had not seen a recitation in that grade since.

After dinner I printed "Cat" on the board and asked the school what that was. Amelia promptly said "chat." I encouraged others to try, and all said chat. It took until afternoon recess to get cat properly pronounced. Then I wrote, "I see a cat," and Amelia read, "I shee a cat."

Then I began on the word "see". They could not get the S. At last Amelia came close to me and standing on tiptoe looked in my mouth as I said S over and over again. When, at last, she got it right and I passed to the others, she went to the board.

WHEN I looked to see what she was doing, she had drawn a rattlesnake in perfect coil, with its rattles ready to buzz. Beside it she had drawn a little puffing adder, so common in that region. Now she stood by her drawing, waiting for permission to proceed.

I did not catch her idea, but I was stumped myself and willing she should try anything. "Tell them about it, Amelia," I requested.

She began in voluble Russian, pointing first to one snake, then to the other.

I could not even guess what she was saying, but I could see she was getting results; for in five minutes every pupil I had could say, "see."

"I tell dem you make noise like dis snake," and she jabbed at the pictured rattler with her chalk. "You make noise like this," and she jabbed the adder. She translated for me.

She had exactly hit the sound of the English S. She had done more. She had established a common ground between teacher and pupils. We all knew our snakes, if we knew nothing about school.

I dismissed school for recess and all left the room except Amelia. "But, Amelia," I said, "sometimes 'S' with an 'H' sounds like the rattlesnake," and I wrote "sheep" for an illustration. She did not know the word, and I drew a sheep that might have been a cow with her horns missing. Still, she was uncertain and herself drew a sheep that could not be mistaken.

I erased my sheep and wrote the name under hers. I picked up the bell, intending to call the school and have another lesson on "I see a sheep." She at once erased the pictured sheep she had drawn.

"Why, Amelia, draw it again. You draw better than I," I commanded. "No," she firmly answered, "you draw heem." She looked straight into my eyes as she always did.

For a moment I returned the look. If ever eyes mirrored the soul hers did

at that moment. There was no rebellion or disobedience, only a sort of motherly pity for my inability to draw as well as she did. I read and understood. She was willing to help in any way she could, but to let her work go ahead of her teacher's, she would not.

I know nothing about conversion or instant change from evil ways, but from the moment I looked into the unselfish, innocent eyes of that little Russian immigrant, I date the turning point of my manhood. Jake Baufman and his sister had succeeded only in making me want to escape the consequences of a dissolute life. After this brief soul meeting with Amelia Whitoon, I loved good for good's own sake.

I cannot truthfully say I fell in love with her at that time, but I felt a great desire to make myself worthy to be her friend. So far as school went, my problems were mainly over with the first day. I saw that it would be useless to try to follow the standard school routine, so I turned all my efforts to teaching my pupils to speak and read English.

I quickly formed the habit of planning for an hour each evening with Amelia. After her work was done, we would sit by the home-made pine table and just talk.

I would correct any mistakes she made in pronunciation and bring in new words as she mastered those she already knew.

I soon found I had two pupils instead of one. Mr. Whitoon would sit on the other side of the table, pretending to read his Russian Bible or paper, and listen. Then Amelia told me he was practicing English on the sly. She considered it a huge joke on her father when she caught him at it. Soon others of the colony began to drop in for our hour, and I found myself teaching English to the whole colony.

Amelia and some of the other pupils could read Russian and, to those, reading was easy. This made necessary a change in my own language, and for the first time I tried to drop the jargon of the campfire and the cowcamp I habitually spoke.

I soon found this work for others was changing my outlook on life in general. As I was coming from school one evening, I noticed a band of sheep drinking from Mr. Whitoon's irrigation ditch.

ARE not those sheep eating your grass and filling up your ditch?" I asked him as I came in the yard.

"Ya-s," he hesitatingly said, "I say to heem, 'Go avay mit your sheep,' and he say to me, 'Go to hell, you old fool Russian!' So I coom avay, an' let heem be."

"Do you want me to move him?" I asked.

"I tink so, if you can midoud von fight. I vant heem not dere."

"He'll go, fight or no fight," I muttered as I went to my room and changed from the "dude suit" I wore in school to my ranch clothes.

I was leading my horse from the pasture when I met Amelia. She dropped the milk buckets she was carrying and held up both hands and exclaimed. "Oh, is it you? You don't look like my teacher at all." I was pleased to note her improved English, and said, "I am going to drive those sheep away, and must dress for the purpose."

"You von't—you von't—oh, you von't get in a fight and get hurt!" she snapped, ashamed of her stammering sentence.

"Not a fear of it," I replied, but I was much pleased at her solicitude for my safety.

I paid no attention to the sheep or their herder, but rode straight for the camp where experience told me I would find the camp tender at this time of day. He was there, squatted over a fire cooking the evening meal.

As he heard my horse's hoofs pounding the sod he sprang to his feet and reached for a rifle lying close by.

"Don't touch it, Mr. Woolly," I cautioned as I drew rein. "You know as well as I do that your blattling pests are off their range. But I'm telling you to get them two miles away from the nearest ranch in this settlement, as the laws of the public range in this state demand, and do it right pronto. Furthermore, if you ever come back, your next warning will be given by the sheriff with a warrant for your arrest."

The treatment of Mr. Whitoon and the age-long quarrel between cattle and sheepmen is the only apology I have for my swashbuckling talk.

"But"—he began to argue in a wheedling tone—"it's night, and I can't move 'em now."

"YOU can tell that to the judge in Center-ville tomorrow, if you don't. And I won't be responsible for what will happen to your sheep while you and your greaser are in the hoosegow," I came back.

"But ain't there some way to fix it? They are only Russians anyhow. No cattleman wants the grass. What outfit air ye ridin' for, anyway?" the fellow pleaded.

"Get them sheep moving. You are wasting time," was my only answer.

He said no more but, leaving his supper, he mounted his horse and rode to his band.

I sat and watched the rising moon until the last sheep was well beyond the two-mile limit. Then I rode back to my boarding place. On the road home, I saw a long line of mustangs following a lead stallion across the plain. I knew they were going to water somewhere, so I watched them. They were the class of horses usually shot by cattle men. Not because they are worthless, but because each ranch is abundantly supplied with saddle stock, and wild horses eat grass that can better be used by cattle. Out in this out-of-the-way place the band had been left to grow and multiply.

I had seen plenty of work horses and milk cows, but no saddle horses or beef cattle since I came to Russian Valley, and thought it might be a good plan to capture this herd for my friends. I watched until I saw them enter a high-walled box canyon, then rode home. It was far past the supper hour, but warm coffee had been saved for me.

Next day, at school, I told the boys of the mustangs and my plan to capture them. All was excitement. Every young Russian in school wanted a chance to join my enterprise. So that night we cut some heavy poles and prepared to block that box canyon the first time the horses came back for water. There was three nights of watching, and then again the line of horses entered the canyon, their sides lank from want of water.

It was as simple as catching mice. We

built a fence across the canyon's mouth that would have held elephants, and went home.

Next morning I went to the schoolhouse as usual, but found no pupils. So I adjourned to our natural horse corral. There I found the whole school and with them the entire schoolboard and many of the parents. Two boys had brought a load of hay and fed our newly captured stock. I saw that, perchance, I must transfer my English lesson to our horse camp. With my own horse and rope I proceeded to give lessons that I felt qualified to teach.

One black, star-faced filly I determined should become Amelia's property and gave my first lesson with her. I roped her and, after a short struggle, my horse succeeded in dragging her outside the fence. There, with the help of my boys I transferred my saddle to her back and gave another lesson in riding.

I HAD supposed I would have all the "brone busting" to do myself. But my boys were game to break their own mounts, and one for the girl of his choice. They were all perfect specimens of young manhood and the blood of their horse-raising forbears must have called to them from the barren steppes of Russia, for they stuck to the horses' backs as easily as their own goslings learned to swim. There was a horse for every one who wanted one and we turned a few old ones back on the range to raise another herd.

Then followed a deluge of requests to write orders to mail order houses for saddles, bridles, spurs, and more than twenty riding habits for the girls.

This increase in the mail called for another improvement. We had been going fifteen miles over a rough mountain trail for mail, when every other ranch in the State had it delivered at the gate.

I wrote Mrs. Ives, stating the conditions, and asking her help. I also wrote her what had happened to my school. I plainly told her I was willing to stay in the schoolhouse, but I was obliged to teach wherever I could find pupils. I was surprised at her reply:

DEAR MR. KERR (it began): Your methods and subjects cannot be found in any curriculum issued by the State Board of Education, but you are doing a wonderful work. You have justified my first judgment as to your character, and have shown you can adjust your methods to suit your pupils—a quality which so many teachers lack. Keep on as you have begun. I have taken up your request for a mail route with the Postal Department.

Yours,

MARY IVES.

About the time my pupils began coming to the schoolhouse, this time mostly on horseback, I received blanks from the Postal Department which must be signed by the residents along the proposed rural mail route.

The day I spent getting those signatures is another epoch marker in my life. It was a beautiful day in mid-November and I must of necessity take Amelia. She was dressed in her new riding costume and rode the filly that I had gentled down by hard riding. She had named her new horse, "Mudwaski", or something like that which I can never pronounce. I thought it an awful name to give so good a colt. She said it was her grandmother's

name; but I, perchance, always called the colt "Mud."

As my mind goes back to that day in late autumn, I can again feel the stimulation of that amber-colored air. I can see the gray valley stretching away until it reached the encircling mountains clothed in their veil of blue haze, and rising in a tumbled series of foothills, then fell to the giant peak, whose hoary head was far above timber line.

I can smell the pungent odor of the sage and hear again the *pal-pal* of our horses' feet on the hard trail. Best of all, I can remember the laughing girl in her smart tan riding suit, and the dancing colt she rode, as full of life and vigor as her beautiful rider.

I can feel again the throb of a newborn hope that this time I might become somebody to be respected; somebody that my father would not be ashamed to own as his son, or afraid to house with his family.

Our request for signatures was readily complied with, until we reached the fifth house. As we went in, an old man whom I had seen before, sat in a chair, and by his side stood a big young man of about twenty-five. Not much intelligence showed in the face of either of the pair, but the young man radiated hostility at once. Amelia spoke a few words to the old man, and he shook his head.

She paused no longer, but said to me, "Let us go."

As we started away the young man stepped in front of me, and I thought at first he was going to strike, but he lowered his hands and began to talk. "Of sure, Papa no sign. You come here mit your papers. Ve not know you. Ve not belief vot you say. You come back no more."

AMELIA pulled at my sleeve before I could answer him, and we rode on. "Who is that blockhead?" I asked.

"Martin Rocineack," she replied. "He has been away working for what you call in English where city folks spend the summer."

"Dude ranch?" I supplied.

"Yes. He been working for a dude ranch and learned a little English, and comes back here to teach us something and be leader in the colony. He think he smart."

"But what has all that to do with me? I never saw him before," I said.

"You beat him to it," and I thought she blushed as she answered.

"Beat him to it" is a slang American idiom. Don't use it," I instructed her.

"I heard the boys say it," she answered. She did not say so, but the inference was clear. The boys had no other way of hearing the expression but from me. This set me to thinking. I was the official copy for this whole colony. It behooved me to be very careful. My copy would be written, not on paper, but in human life. No matter where I was in this valley my every word would be considered authority. Some responsibility, I mused.

Later one of my boys told me that Martin Rocineack also aspired to become Ivan Whooton's son-in-law, and I offered a prayer that I might be a stone wall in the way of that ambition.

We ate dinner at the house farthest from home and, with our work done, we

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started home. We had plenty of time and rode leisurely out of the trail along the western rim of the valley. When near home we came to an exceptionally pretty cove in the edge of the valley, with a clump of grand old trees growing near the north side.

"What a fine place for a ranch," I remarked, "if only there is water."

"There is the main ditch," said Amelia. "Every member of the colony may use all the water he wants." She stressed the word "member", I noticed. Was it a covert invitation to join the colony? Had she the authority to give it?

"There is the place for the house," she pointed to the trees. "And that whole flat for an alfalfa field."

"And under that big tree a man might sit with his little wife and watch his babies playing on the lawn," I added.

That evening I asked Amelia, "What would you think of a man who was bad but wanted to be good? Suppose he was a bank robber? What could he do to be all right?"

"He might become a Christian," she slowly answered.

"But would he stick to his promise and remain in the faith? Suppose he felt that he almost had to be bad again?"

"**O**H, I can't know," she said. "You can't know. I am not bad. You are not bad. We are too wise to do bad things like rob a bank. Let the bad man ask Papa what to do."

I had described my own condition, and she had brushed it away by a declaration of perfect confidence. For her sake I was almost decided to go away before she fell further in love with me. The next night I rode out to the land we had looked over together, still wondering what I ought to do. My thoughts went round and round, and I got nowhere.

Then I saw Mr. Whitoon's milk cows and started to drive them home, so that Amelia need not come after them. The slow moving old milk stock would not keep out of the way of my horse and I took down my rope and used the noose as a whip. The cows were passing a cottonwood grove when looking ahead I saw Amelia struggling in the arms of Martin Rocineack. She was striking and scratching with all her strength, but making little impression on the monstrous bulk of the man who was trying to kiss her.

"Hey, hey! What are you trying to do?" I shouted as I drove spurs to my horse. Martin let go of the girl and turned to face me

"Tis not your pizness!" he hissed. His face was bleeding from contact with Amelia's finger nails, and he was thoroughly angered before I rode up. Now he was furious. "Dis is my girl. She kees me before she go your school. Now she kees me no more. You mind your pizness, or I pound you. You tink maybe you cowboy wid them cloes on. I see plenty like you down at de dude ranch where I work las' summer. You school-man, show-off cowboy!"

To see the big bully trying to kiss the girl I loved had made me mad. To be called a make-believe cowboy and a dude only added fuel to the already hot flame of passion.

A rope was my most effective weapon, and I had it ready cocked in my hand.

Instantly the noose swung over my head, shot out and dropped over the fellow's body to his feet. With a quick jerk I drew it tight. At the same instant I touched my horse with the spurs. He was a trained roping horse and all my motions were familiar to him. A quick spring of the horse, a twist of the rope around the saddle horn, and the attempted lady kisser was dragging by the feet, at the end of my rope, through the sage brush and cactus. Seeing a broken tree limb above my head, I passed the rope over that and the horse took him up. As my victim's feet touched the limb, I stopped the horse which turned around, facing his pull, and the bully was hanging feet up from the limb of a tree.

"I von't do heem no more," he shrieked.

"But she kees me 'fore she come by your school and I tink she my girl."

"You lie, you big brute! She never kissed you at all. If ever you tell that story, I'll hang you by the neck instead of the feet." I was thoroughly angry now and almost wished I had stopped the rope at his neck.

"I von't tell heem. I von't tell anytings. Please let me down, Meester Kerr," he pleaded.

"Let him down, Philip," Amelia commanded. "He is not worth hanging, either end up." It was the first time she had used my given name and my anger at once cooled.

"I not tink she your girl," he apologized as he stood on his feet once more.

"Well she is, and you let her alone in future," I ordered.

"I vill, I vill," he promised, and at once took himself out of sight. I dismounted and stood facing Amelia. She faced me and looked into my eyes as usual, but her face was pale as death.

"It was true, Mr. Kerr, I did kiss him. I should have married him, if—"

"If what, A'nelia?" I asked as I took both her hands in mine.

"Oh, Philip have mercy!" she pleaded.

"If I had never met you," she said as if the truth was being wrung from her lips.

AMELIA, I love you." I was determined to settle my problem now. "I see you take the *Centerville Courier*. Did you read that article in the August twenty-seventh issue?"

"Yes," she said. "Papa and I worked it out with our Russian and English lexicon when we knew the name of the man who was to teach our school. I have read it fifty times since. It was grand."

"It was false, a blank lie," I affirmed. "Jake Baufman saved me from really committing that horrid crime and wrote the article to clear me of suspicion."

"God bless Jake Baufman!" she fervently exclaimed.

"Whatever you could have done with Martin Rocineack, you are not down to my level." Then, with my arm about her waist, I began at the cause of my leaving home and told her my life story as I have written it here.

"Thank God you did not rob that bank," she said as if in prayer. "I could never have married Martin after I met you, no matter what happened, but thank God nothing did happen! We can still love each other through life, and help each other to forget."

Time had no meaning to us, and we

stood in the early twilight locked in each other's arms knowing nothing but the ecstasy of our newly acknowledged love. There we were when Mr. Whitoon, wondering why his daughter did not follow the cows home, found us.

"Vell, vell!" the old man said. Then, as we disengaged ourselves, he continued, "Amelia, it vos so late. You go help Mama. Philip, better you help me milk de cows."

He had never called me anything but "Meester Kerr" until then, nor asked my help for any work about the farm. So I interpreted his words to mean his fatherly consent to become a member of his family.

Amelia and I began to cut our hour of instructive conversation at the family table, and make up for it by a private conference in an improvised hammock I had hung under the trees in the front yard. But, even there, I kept in mind the rules of English grammar and correct speech.

On the first morning of the Christmas vacation, Mr. Whitoon brought a small canvas sack into the room and said, "Philip, I tink ve better go by de town mit de mail mans, an' buy Amelia some clothes like de American girls wear."

Then followed a discussion between him and his wife. By this time I understood a little Russian and divined that Mrs. Whitoon was contending that Amelia's clothing was good enough for any one. So why a useless waste of money?

BUT he cut the argument short by opening the canvas sack and saying:

"I bring all dis from Russia. Mine fader left it to me ven he die. Is dere enough for de dresses an' one of them auto—vot you call dem tings de mail man have?"

"Automobile?" both Amelia and I supplied.

"Yes, dat is it," he said. "I vant one. I like to go fast like dem kids mit deir horses."

I looked in the sack. It was filled with Russian coin, all bearing the stamp of imperial Russia. But gold—legal tender in any country.

"Much more than enough," I estimated.

Through all the grinding poverty of pioneer days, that frugal family had kept that hoard intact. For twenty years Mr. Whitoon had made the long, hundred-mile trip to Centerville and back with horses and a freight wagon, and hauled his produce to the mines by the same means. And with the means at hand for the ten times faster way of locomotion.

"We must take Amelia along to fit the clothes," I insisted. Mrs. Whitoon understood and stamped her foot in emphatic negation.

"No," ruefully said Mr. Whitoon. "She mus' stay an help Mama mit dem cows and de geese. You measure her mit strings."

Again I must accommodate my methods to my pupils, so I proceeded to measure Amelia, labeling each string as arms, neck, etc.

Our first errand when we got to town was to buy the car and a drum of gasoline for future use. "Hay for de new horse," Mr. Whitoon said.

Then, leaving him to admire his new purchase, I took my strings and went to a department store. The saleswoman was

anxious to help, but I soon saw I had an order I could not fill.

Just as I felt that my problem was greater than I could solve, help appeared in the person of Mrs. Ives coming into the store. Eagerly I handed her my strings and told her my troubles.

"Describe this little pupil of yours," she said. "The color of her eyes and hair."

My description made her smile and she said, "I see the direction of the wind in Russian Valley. Tell me one thing more. Do you furnish the money or her father?"

"Her father," I replied. "But he is generous, so get the suit complete."

One question more, and a quizzical smile wreathed her face. "How many times did you feel it necessary to measure her waist?"

"Oh, please go on, Mrs. Ives," I said. "I can't remember that."

I placed the parcel of clothing Mrs. Ives had bought in the new car, and went to a jewelry store.

The salesman showed me what I wanted. It was a large, perfect diamond ring. The pure white light of the stone seemed to typify the pure soul of the girl I wished to see wear it. But the price was far beyond any amount I could raise.

I HAVE said before that I believe in a personal devil and the next few moments convinced me that I am right, and that he is a sly old fox. For, at that instant, a party of three cowboys came into the store. They spoke familiarly to me.

"We're lucky," said one. "We have just got paid off and are looking for another stiff to make a four-handed game."

Instantly the devil showed me my chance. One hour with those boys, with their pockets full of money and their brains muddled with whisky, and I would have the price of that diamond ring.

Without a moment's hesitation I accepted the invitation and followed them to the old rendezvous, the back room of the local pool hall. I bought a bottle of whisky and we were soon seated around the table. The first cards dealt me were three queens and a pair of tens. As I picked up my hand, a passage of Scripture learned in childhood passed through my mind, "Out of every temptation I will make a way for your escape."

The hair of the queen of spades seemed to transfer itself to the head of the queen of hearts, and the combination made the face of Amelia Whitoon. Not reproachful, but sorrowful. There were tears in the large hazel eyes. I sat looking at the vision until the dealer said, "Well, Phil, are you going to draw or stand pat?"

God only knows how I got the strength to answer as I did, but I threw my hand on the table and said, "You may have my ante, boys, but I am done. I love the best little girl in America and this game loses her to me."

There was a moment of astonished silence, then the man across the table from me spoke, "Good for you, old hoss. I have a girl, too, and have been trying since I came to town to get the guts to tell the boys what you did. I'm throwin' in with ye."

"We ain't got no girls nor nothin' else much," said the spokesman of the other two. "And it's all on account o' them pesky pasteboards. We're with ye on the

quit." We left the whisky untouched, except for the first round of drinks. So far as I know, not one of us ever sat in a poker game again.

I went back to the jewelry store and bought a little ring set with a moonstone, which would have seemed fine if I had not seen the diamond. I drove the first car ever owned in Russian Valley into Mr. Whitoon's yard. "My, my," the old man exclaimed as he looked at his watch by the light of the moon, "it was only four hours since Centerville. My, my!"

"When this car is broken in, she will make it in half that time," I told him.

"Vill she? My, my! Maybe so dem odder Russian fellers get dem cars ven dey know dat."

The new car was a sensation among the men, but Amelia's clothes worked two ways. The girls were delighted and the mothers were driven to frenzy by the demands of their daughters for duplicates.

At the first opportunity I told Amelia of the poker game and its outcome. We were in the hammock and she kept snuggling a little closer in my arms as I talked. When I finished she kissed me on the lips and said, "The old devil got beat that time. I know how you felt. I know how it was."

"How should you know?" I asked.

"Because I almost decided to marry Martin Rocineack when Mama wanted me to, but I knew it was wicked to marry without love. I prayed to the good Christ for light, and He sent you. Then I knew I could never do it. I sinned when I thought I would. Forgive me, won't you, Philip? The good Christ has."

My kisses expressed my forgiveness.

SHORTLY after the Christmas holidays, as I was leaving the schoolhouse, Jake Baufman drove up to the gate.

"Well, Phil," he greeted cheerfully, "I am trying to find grass or sell cattle. Can you help me?"

"There is abundance of grass on public range around this colony," I replied, "but every drop of water in the valley is owned by these Russians and the grass won't do you much good."

"That's what I know. So I hoped to sell cattle. I must get a thousand head off my range if I have to shoot 'em. The whole blasted herd will starve to death before spring, if I don't."

"What do you want of me?" I asked.

"Form a pool and buy the whole bunch so cheap you couldn't afford to steal 'em," he replied.

"Well," I mused, "these fellows need beef cattle and are in good shape to handle them. Let us make them see the point."

We drove to my boarding place and I put Jake's offer up to Mr. Whitoon.

"Vell," he said to Jake, "put your auto wagon in de barn an sleep mit Philip an' eat by me, till morning. Den ve Russian fellers get togeder, an' see about dis."

"Ah," Jake said as he was pulling off his boots in my room that night, "so that little Russian skirt is responsible for your hanging to this job through the winter. Huh! Never worked all winter in your life before, did ye, puncher?"

"Who peddles news for this spread?" I asked with some heat.

"Nobody, son. Just nobody. But most bodies have eyes same as I have. If you



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ain't a goner and the girl another, I never saw two young things after each other.

"But don't get het up at me. She don't know she is picking a lemon, and I'll never tell her! You are picking a peach, so go to it. I was young once."

Next morning the men of the colony assembled at the schoolhouse, and it was a formal meeting with Mr. Whitoon as chairman. Amelia, as interpreter, was the only woman present. Several old men made speeches and I could see Jake's offer was being favorably considered.

Then Martin Rocineack arose. I could not fully understand his words, but I understood enough to know that he was opposing the proposition and making personal attacks upon me. Amelia's face first suffused with red, then she turned pale.

When Martin sat down, she arose and in due form addressed the chair and received permission to speak. Going to the desk she used in school she took from it the old copy of the *Centerville Courier*, which she had told me she had read fifty times. She read the article that Mrs. Ives had written, translating as she went along. When she finished reading she faced her audience with a triumphant gesture, and spoke a few words that I could not catch. When she finished, those staid old men burst into a cheer.

MR. WHITOON then spoke, and as he finished Martin Rocineack left the room and I never saw him again.

Mr. Whitoon's speech settled the deal, and promises of money began to come from the audience. What each man was willing to invest represented little savings of twenty years of hard work and frugal living. Not much individually, but in the aggregate enough to buy all the cattle Jake Baufman had for sale. I was told that a cattle company had been formed, and I was to be the general manager.

After the meeting I walked home with Amelia. She was strangely silent for a time, but at last looked at me and said, "Was it an awful sin to read that paper when you told me it was not true?"

"I shall have to quote your own words of some time ago and say, 'Ask Papa,'" I replied.

"But Papa doesn't know it is not true," she came back, more perplexed than ever.

"But," she said as if communing with her own conscience, "if I had not read it they would not have bought the cattle and we all need them. Martin said you were a bum, a gambler, a drunkard and an outlaw, who was trying to cheat them out of their money and I could not let them believe that, could I?"

"You didn't, at any rate," I replied. "My conscience will stand it if yours will. But what did your father say?"

"He said that you were going to be his son-in-law. You were going to join the colony, and become a member of our church, and you should have the same—the same—"

"Consideration," I supplied.

"Yes, that's it," she exclaimed. "The same consideration as he had himself."

"The son-in-law part is all right, but I have never thought of joining the colony, or becoming a member of the church."

"But you must now," she insisted, "else Papa will have told an awful lie."

"Why will your father's lying be any worse than your own?" I argued.

"Why, he is good. Papa must not tell lies." There was deep concern in her tone. "Me, I don't want to be good—not too good. I mean just good enough to get to heaven, and—and—"

"And bad enough so you can be a suitable mate and leader for me," I finished. "Yes, that is all I want in life."

"You would have to do some high-class lying if you get down to my level," I assured her, and, as we were out of sight I drew her into my arms.

The next job was to register a brand, and rebrand our newly acquired stock. The governing committee and I must go to Centerville. I insisted that Amelia must go along as interpreter.

She had never seen a railroad train nor a store. Yet I could detect nothing awkward in her manner.

To me she said, "Philip, I believe you had planned all this just for me. Was there really need for me to come at all? What lots of people! What nice big houses!"

It was a busy day for me. I took my committee to a lawyer's office, where the Russian Valley Cattle Company was legally incorporated. While there, I filed on the government land Amelia and I had chosen for a home. We signed articles with a telephone company to build through the valley to the mines, and permit the installation of private phones.

We went to dinner, and here I was not left in peace to watch Amelia's delight at her strange surroundings and the strange food. A band of Baufman's cowboys passing our table slapped me on the back, and said, "Hello, Czar!" As "Czar" I have ever since been addressed by every cowman on the range.

OUR next job was to adopt and record a brand for our cattle. I knew that this would be our hardest job. As I leafed over the huge book, it seemed that every conceivable mark that could be put on a cow had already been recorded.

"They look like Egyptian hieroglyphics," spoke a soft voice at my shoulder as I was looking at the pages of pictured cattle with marks upon them. I looked up into the smiling face of Mrs. Ives.

"This is pic compared to the teachers' examination," I replied, and kept on with my study.

When at last I found a mark that had not been duplicated, Amelia had gone with Mrs. Ives and I went to her office.

"I thought you would come if I kept her long enough," Mrs. Ives said. "I wanted to tell you that you have done a great work in this your first school. You have what so few teachers possess—a community spirit."

"Spread the molasses a little thinner, Mrs. Ives," I hastened to say. "I have drawn my pay, and made love to the sweetest little girl in America. I haven't taught school at all. I didn't know how, and told you so before I went there."

"Yes," she admitted, "you sailed under no false colors. But I think I shall recommend you to the President of the United States for superintendent of the Great American Melting Pot. Those immigrants from Russia have advanced further in Americanism in the six months you have been with them, than in all the twenty-five years they have been in America."

"They were all ready to go when I went there. They were like a band of milling cattle. All I needed to do was swing my hat and holler, to start a stampede."

"It would be worth a billion dollars to America if that 'holler' could be heard by every unmelted immigrant within her borders. I have been talking with Amelia. Oh, never fear, she has not violated any confidence nor told me much that I did not know," she explained as she saw my look of dismay at the thought of what Amelia might tell if she wished.

"YOU know I have been co-meddler with Jake in your private affairs and am pleased to learn that the 'Melting Pot' simmers Americans down, and the foreigners up. You may not be a success as a schoolteacher from this stage on, so if you wish I can now send another teacher."

"By all means! Send a real one this time. They deserve it. I must rebrand a thousand head of range two-year-olds, and use a band of raw Russian peasant boys for cowboys. I have a new ranch to bring under cultivation, a new home to build, and a new wife to get acquainted with."

"Quite job enough for one lone cowboy. You keep your melting pot boiling, and I'll send the new teacher."

A sudden thought struck me and turning to Amelia I said, "Why can't we make a day of it and get married now in Mrs. Ives' office?"

"Why—why—" she stammered, "ask Papa."

I called Mr. Whitoon and his committee into the office, and stated my desire. Amelia said it over in Russian to make sure he understood.

"Vell—vell," he said slowly, "you might do dat. You haf to coom here anyway. It is de American law."

"But you must do heem two times. My daughter must be married by de rites of her own church, you understand?"

Yes, I understood. They had no ordained minister, and what they had would satisfy the church but not the law.

"Go 'head if you vant to," he continued after a pause. "If you know how to do heem. Den when we get home you join the colony and de church. Ve haf de ceremony God made for de Russian sellers, and she vos yours."

"I knew "how to do heem," and at once procured a license and invited the probate judge to officiate. By a streak of luck, I saw dear Jake passing, and called him in.

After the ceremony, as Mrs. Ives took Amelia's hand, she said, "You are now partner with your husband in this uplifting job which Fate has given him."

"No," Amelia answered. "To all the others, Philip is America. To me he is only a husband. I shall never think of his nationality. All the help I can give is his, but he must think of it first."

"I understand," said Mrs. Ives, and then quoted the words of St. Paul, "The head of the woman is the man." And turning to me, she completed the quotation, "The head of the man is Christ."

We drove the hundred miles home by moonlight, the happiest pair in all that broad land of blue mountain and gray sage flat. I was not allowed to claim my wife until the next Sabbath, when before the whole assembled colony I became a member of the church, a co-partner in the colony, and a full-fledged husband.

The Power of Friendship

(Continued from page 4)

the love of her heart and is married, what contributes most to her happiness or lack of it, is friendship.

Friendship in this case means companionship, and the opportunity of talking things over with some one who is sympathetic.

Does this seem a simple requirement? It may be. Friendship is, ostensibly, a simple thing. But without it a girl's life may be blasted as surely as by some acute ailment, or by the most devastating personal tragedy.

THE girl who lacks friends may develop characteristics that will unfit her for even the ordinary associations in life. It may even prevent her from reaching the fulfillment of her fundamental desire for marriage, for lack of friends may change a naturally sweet and pleasant looking girl into an ill-tempered person whose face is drawn into plainness. Lack of friends may and generally does, cause a girl to draw into herself, to acquire a ruinous shyness, to brood. And from such a state of mind no one knows what harmful habits may develop.

There was another girl very much like Helen, except that she was more handicapped, for whom we prescribed the same treatment—that is, an opportunity to associate with other girls and to engage in work which would force her to forget herself.

Anne had a slightly deformed shoulder and she was terribly conscious of it. The deformity could be concealed with clothes, and it caused almost no disfigurement, but Anne could not forget it was there.

She avoided friends and became morose and uncongenial. A few girls of her acquaintance would have made efforts to continue their friendship, but her manner estranged them.

There was another element which made her situation even worse. Her parents had separated, and she was living with

an aunt. This aunt had two girls of her own, and her niece felt that they were the favored members of the family and she a stepchild—a stepchild with a deformity.

She came to live in one of our residences and kept entirely to herself. But we saw through her seclusion and saw how unhappy she was. We also influenced her to join a dramatic group, and it was heartening to see how quickly she lost her distinctive feelings of inferiority and how warmly she reacted to the other girls' advances.

Unfortunately, the need of friendship for girls is not always recognized in families, nor is it always obtainable in a girl's everyday circle. Parents may lavish deep love on their daughter, but may not quite realize that it cannot make up for the lack of companionship of her own kind. There are things that girls will say to each other that they will not say to their closest kin, and there are things that they are willing to hear from their friends which they would resent hearing from relatives. Very often these confidences are most helpful, and often they result in real solutions of problems and the removal of difficulties.

JANET'S experience illustrates this most aptly. Janet was on the way to becoming what is known as a problem. Her sister, Frances, the older of the two, was a member of a Y. They came of a family that had the artistic temperament. In their home there was very little discipline, and in the evenings the house was usually filled with visitors. There was no particular friendship between the guests and the family, but it was known that these people kept "open house", and so every one came. Frances contributed to the support of the house; Janet helped with the housekeeping.

In time, Frances began to notice that the younger girl was not behaving as she thought she should. She went out



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State of New York | ss.

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared William J. Rapp, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, True Story Publishing Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York; Editor, William J. Rapp, 322 West 22nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.) If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, and the names and addresses of all those of whom individual members may be given. Other True Story Publishing Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) WILLIAM J. RAPP, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1934, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Certified in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35, Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

with the wrong boys and showed a spirit of boldness that alarmed her. Janet was pretty, had a good figure, and was of that vivacious type which attracts admiration.

Then the mother and father obtained a divorce. The father went to his home town in the West, and the mother accepted a position which took her to another city. The girls were thus left alone. Frances took an apartment, and there both lived.

One evening a girl friend of Frances', who was in the Y gym at the time, received an urgent message from Frances begging her to come to her apartment at once.

The girl dressed and hurried over. She found Frances distracted. On the bed was Janet, evidently asleep but breathing hard.

"She took poison!" Frances cried.

THE friend was familiar with Janet's conduct, and Frances could think of no one else to appeal to in this emergency. She was reluctant to call the police, fearing a scandal.

"How do you know she took poison?" asked the friend.

Frances said the medicine-chest door was open and thought that one of the many pill-boxes might contain a poison.

The girl stooped over Janet and examined her.

"I'm no doctor," she said, "but I don't think you need a doctor to tell you that Janet did not take poison. She's been drinking."

Frances was persuaded to let her sister sleep off the effects of whatever she had drunk rather than call in medical help. Janet slept quietly through the night, convincing her sister that her friend's diagnosis had been correct.

The next morning Frances had a talk with Janet, but found her defiant and resentful. Maybe she did have a drink too many at dinner. She was not the only girl who drank a cocktail. The whole fuss was too silly for words.

Frances was greatly disturbed, but she soon learned something that frightened her. It seemed that Janet had become acquainted with a man who told her she had theatrical talent and recommended a stage career. He, himself, happened to be a booking agent, and he would do her the favor of personally finding her an engagement. Within a short time he reported that he had obtained a job for her in the chorus of a musical comedy company that was leaving for Cuba. Janet was very much excited to hear this, and at once agreed to go.

Frances hurried to see her friend and told her the story. The friend shared Frances' alarm. Neither one knew much about the theatrical profession, but they did not like the booking agent's plan and distrusted him. Yet he had offered Janet a bona fide contract, and seemingly was ready to pay her a salary and provide transportation.

The friend thought that forceful opposition on the part of Frances would only antagonize Janet. She advised her not to say anything for a day or so, and in the meantime she talked to a girl belonging to her group at the Y who had a little theatrical experience. This girl

was eager to help and immediately began making inquiries in authoritative quarters.

She came back the next day with some startling stories. There were a number of unscrupulous theatrical booking agents who recruited pretty girls, presumably for musical comedy or revue companies, but in reality for work in cabarets of questionable character located in Cuba, Mexico or South America.

Frances was now thoroughly worried, but her friend counseled calmness and said she would like to speak to Janet. So the next evening Frances brought her sister down to the Y, where the three girls had a family conference in a quiet nook. Frances was amazed at the talk that her friend gave the headstrong girl. She began by revealing what kind of work she would be expected to do if she accepted the engagement her agent friend was offering.

"But I know you'll turn him down, so I'm not worried about that," she went on. "It's the kind of life you are leading generally. If I had any authority over you I wouldn't ask you not to go out with boys, but to know what you were doing and not to be a fool. I wouldn't demand that you do not drink, but to realize the consequences to yourself if you get drunk. People who are drunk can't take care of themselves.

"What you must do is to use your head. Be very hard-boiled. Look ahead and see what you're going to get out of this sort of thing. At present you are throwing yourself away. If you think the returns are worth while, all right. But think first, and make sure you are convinced."

JANET was jolted, as the girls express it. This was not preaching, but an appeal to common sense made in a perfectly practical way. This girl was talking to her as one girl who had to make her way in the world to another, and she was tremendously impressed.

She went home with her sister in a very chastened mood. The result was that she refused the theatrical engagement, and when Frances suggested that she ought to visit her father for a little while, she readily agreed. But before she left, Frances' friend had a bright idea. The city where her father lived could be reached by boat. The boat made no stops in between, and the friend advised this mode of transportation as an added precaution. Frances followed her advice. Janet reached her father safely. The father had many friends among a fine set of people, and Janet, a charming stranger, soon became popular. She married, made an excellent wife, and took her place as one of the favored young matrons of her community.

Here you have an instance of a girl who had merely yielded to a feeling of recklessness, partly induced by the circumstances of her home life. Alone, her sister might have had a difficult time convincing her that she was doing the wrong thing. But the help Janet received from a girl friend was different. She was influenced by one of her own kind, a girl like herself, and the warm regard and earnestness of the other got through to her.

Girls are naturally wholesome. Some-

times they develop faults if the recreation they have to rely upon is largely commercial, and if their social contacts are limited, as they often are in cities.

It is truly inspiring to see what effect companionship has on girls. Aside from changes in character and traits there is a decided spiritual awakening, and the girl who may have become weakened by circumstances manages to rebuild herself through helping others. It is a reverse process that is very efficient, but, of course, is possible only when the young woman is thrown in with congenial people who can appreciate whatever good qualities she has.

A young business girl came to us one day and revealed a very unhappy background. Her name was Loretta, and she had been brought up in the home of European parents, who are extremely strict with their children. She had been protected and sheltered from practical knowledge, so that when she went out into the world to earn a living she was not as capable of handling situations many girls meet, as others might have been.

In her case her employer made advances. She was frightened and would have left his employ, but at this time the father, who was a rather unstable person, abandoned his home and the family found itself in poor straits. Loretta was afraid to tell her mother what she had to endure at the office, for she knew her mother would then insist on her leaving the job.

So the matter dragged on for a little while, the girl growing more and more nervous, until on one occasion, the employer became so unpleasant that she ran away.

This humiliating experience had made her very much ashamed, and left her with a sort of subconscious guilt. Naturally a timid girl, her shyness was intensified until it became almost an obsession, and in this condition she was greatly handicapped in her search for work.

HE was brought to us by a girl she happened to meet in an office while applying for a job. This girl was a member of a Y group, and pitied Loretta's obvious desperation and loneliness. She knew what it meant when she heard Loretta moan that she was an all-around failure.

The leader of the group understood the situation, and put this newcomer in a position where she would be obliged to lead an activity. This sudden obligation worked wonders. She forgot herself in the work she did for others, and soon she was taking such pride in her efforts that she was transformed into a confident and capable person. We managed to get her a job, and then watched with gratification the complete rehabilitation of a young woman who might have developed into a psychopathic case.

Companionship — fellowship — they are necessary for all people, but absolutely essential to the young girl, particularly so in these days when girls who leave school cannot always get a job and feel lost.

The friendship of other girls is perhaps the one single element which makes for the success or failure of a young woman's life. We, who serve girls, know this for a truth. I wish every one else did.

Spoilers of Women

(Continued from page 41)

slimy, shifty-eyed rat, and I shuddered at the memory of my ten years' association with fellows of his kind. It was cruel, I thought bitterly, that the evil winds of chance had blown him to my doorway like a bit of drifting, dirty paper.

During the afternoon, the mayor of Bear Creek and another of the most prominent men of the city appeared at my office, and requested a brief interview. I had expected a delegation of some kind. I asked them in and indicated chairs. When they were seated, the mayor came to the point, without hesitation.

"Doctor," he said, "I regret the nature of this call. As a matter of fact, there has been a human derelict going up one street and down another, making some very ugly insinuations about you and your past. For my part, I am satisfied that your professional ability is above question, but we have our wives and daughters to consider, and I think it only fair to ask you for an explanation. The man would be mad to go about making the remarks he does without some foundation for them. What answer have you to his charges?"

"WHAT does he say?" I asked tonelessly.

"A lot more than is actually true, I expect," the mayor said kindly. "Chiefly, of course, that you have a prison record, having been convicted of murder. Then he claims that you were instrumental in a jail break; have a reputation for various shady dealings, and have been driven out of communities for improper conduct with women."

"Is that all?" I asked in amazement. "Practically. At least, all that matters."

"You gentlemen have been very kind," I said, "to come to me so frankly and honestly. I will be as frank with you. I will admit to the prison term and the conviction for murder. I have a full pardon, however, since the real murderer confessed. The rest of his story, I must deny flatly. It is a pack of lies completely without foundation." I then told them the story of my conviction for the slaying of Tony Spovani.

When I had finished, the mayor rose and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Doctor, for being so candid. May I say that I believe you?" He hesitated. "However, I am very much afraid that your future in this community will be seriously impaired by the stories this tramp has started. People will talk, and you know that many always like to believe the worst."

I nodded my head slowly in agreement. How true it was! From that day on, there would be curious stares and whisperings that would die down at my approach. True there was no doubt about it—I was through in Bear Creek!

Silently I cursed the ravings of the vindictive fool who had come to spoil my paradise, and my brain was in a tumult. I had come to love Bear Creek, and the vast green rim of mountains and canyons which shut us in. I had believed, foolishly, that here the past was dead, here was home. And now I should

have to leave. I had no other choice.

Reluctantly I accepted the facts as inevitable and shook hands with my two callers at the door. That same afternoon, I began to pack with no destination in sight. As I walked up to the post office for my afternoon paper, I felt the coldness of the Bear Creek people. It bore down on me like a shroud. They had heard the talk and were quick to believe the worst.

Yet I could not run away without some vindication. I gave out a statement to the editor of the local weekly paper, together with a copy of my pardon. I explained in the simple statement that, although the rumors and stories about me were false, I recognized only too well that public confidence in me was destroyed. I said that out of fairness to the people of the community, I felt it would be better for me to make way for some one who could enjoy the whole-hearted support and confidence of his patients, for without confidence there could be no success in medicine.

So Buddy and I packed our personal belongings into my car. My office equipment I gave to the mayor, stipulating that it should be sold to my successor, the proceeds to be given to the poor relief fund.

I was extremely gratified, and my heart warmed to the group of people who came to wish me luck and happiness. They were sincere, honest people, and I felt that I was leaving a few real friends—the first I had had since before the terrible cataclysm had struck me down the day I was convicted of murdering Tony Spovani.

I had no desire to have any one in the Bear Creek vicinity ever know what became of me. I could outdistance the cloud that hung over me in no other way. With that thought in mind, I left orders with the postmaster that all letters for me were to be forwarded to my lawyer in Chicago. Now I could drop out of sight and out of their minds. No one there would ever see me again.

IT was spring again, a little over a year since I had walked out of the prison a free man, when Bud and I turned our car away from Bear Creek, and began climbing ever higher to the very rim of the universe.

For weeks we wandered like gypsies, gay vagabonds in spite of our ill luck. I had learned to love the mountains and the vast solitudes of the Northwest, and I was determined to find another location there. We left the state and went into another. We traveled on highroads and byways, but some invisible bond held us ever within the bosom of the mountains.

We were loafing along idly one day, saying little, and finally drove into the village of Boone. It was Sunday morning and the air was heavy with the fragrance of spiraea and lilacs.

Through the recent long, lazy days I had gradually come to feeling that I didn't care if I never settled down again. Bud and I were perfectly satisfied, just bumming. I had lived through so many reverses that somehow it seemed that all my life I was to be dogged by ill luck. I think if I had had only myself to

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think of. I should have become little better than a bum. I would have sought a job as a physician in some mining camp or aboard a South Seas ship, or just loafed on my income. However, I had the future of the young fellow with me in my hands. I had to settle down and lead a respectable life for his sake.

I am a fatalist. I presume most physicians are. I accept as the gospel truth that God marks the sparrow's fall. I believe that every one of us is marked, our days are counted and numbered; that we have certain definite missions to perform and the events which occur in our lives are according to a divine plan. I believe that it was part of that plan that Bud and I arrived in the village of Boone, high in the mountains that morning—and on a Sunday morning in spring.

We drove in on the highway, just loafing, as I said before. Near the edge of the village we passed a little white church, pure white, with lilacs and bridal wreath growing in riotous profusion under the windows. The graveled walk up to the steps was bordered by rhododendrons and purple iris and Solomon's seal. A benevolent looking old gentleman with white hair, who was standing on the steps, bowed to me gravely and went inside.

THE utter peacefulness of the little church and the beauty of the morning—and, I suspect now, some deeper impulse—caused me to slow up the car and stop. At that moment through the open windows came the sound of an organ and voices joined in singing. It was a hymn I had heard hundreds of times back in Elm River in my childhood.

"There's a church in the valley by the wildwood, no lovelier spot in the dale—" And on to, "Oh, come, come to the church in the wildwood—"

After the song had ended, I heard a deep, melodious voice and judged that the minister was praying; but the melody and the words of the hymn lingered on in my mind and plagued me. I turned to Bud suddenly.

"Did you hear, Bud—that song? It was a direct invitation to go to church. They were singing to us. Let's go. What say?"

Bud grinned. "Yeah. I'm kinda tired o'riding. It's okay, only I hope the preacher won't talk too long. I hate that!"

I laughed and assured him that we'd sneak out if he did. So we crept in noiselessly after the pastor, who turned out to be the man on the steps, had finished his prayer. There was scarcely a stir as we entered, and we found seats in a pew near the door.

The services went on, and the congregation sang again. I did not join in; but was content just to stand and listen to the hymn. Never in my life have I heard such fervor and spirit in church singing as I did in that little white church in the village of Boone. I was inspired and carried away on the flood of emotion which filled the people.

Suddenly, after the hymn had been sung and the pastor was reading his text, I felt that some one was looking at me. I suppose that everybody has at some time experienced that feeling. I looked around

idly, but no one was staring at me, or even looking in my direction. Then quite unexpectedly I discovered *her*. She was seated behind the organ, facing the congregation. Her eyes just cleared the top of the instrument and were looking straight at me. The moment that I looked in her direction and caught her eyes on me, she looked down and her summery hat with its wide brim completely concealed her face.

Yet, during that fleeting moment I looked in her eyes, I was lost! My pulse hammered wildly and something rose up in my throat and threatened to choke me. Her serious blue eyes had been contemplating me with a frankness and friendliness that had set my heart going at a terrific pace.

The cynical may scoff at the thought, but that momentary glimpse of her told me that my search was ended. Here in this remote mountain community was the girl of my dreams. How long had I dreamed of her, and wondered time after time if I would ever find her! Here she was at last! I wanted to leave my pew and walk up to the organ and say, "I've looked for you all over, and here you are after all these weary years!"

But, of course, I didn't do anything so foolish. I would have frightened her away. I could scarcely believe that she really existed. I sat there silent, stunned, playing hide-and-seek with her, trying to avoid staring at her, yet making a bad job of it.

Half-way through the sermon, a dramatic incident took place. A rough-looking fellow entered the church and, evidently laboring under great excitement, tiptoed to the front of the building and whispered something to the girl at the organ. The minister stopped speaking and frowned.

The girl rose to her feet hurriedly and the bench fell clattering to the floor. She put one tiny hand over her mouth as if to stifle a scream, and her face became deadly white. I thought for a moment that she was about to faint and involuntarily I arose to my feet.

HOW beautiful she was! No different from my dreams. There was in her face the anguish and deep concern of a woman to whom knowledge has come that serious harm or death has befallen a loved one. I looked with unseeing eyes at the scene there, standing stupidly and realizing for the first time that the girl I had sought through the years might be already the wife of another or, just as bad, promised to a rival. I was jealous that any one should be able to claim even a part of her love.

With a start I found that I was not standing alone. The entire congregation, sensing impending disaster, had risen, and now a subdued murmur like a rising wind ran through the crowd. The rough fellow was whispering to the minister who held up his hand for silence. The girl was coming down the aisle, her blue eyes like sapphires in her white face.

"I am sorry to inform you," the minister said in his calm voice, "that there has been an accident. Bob and his partner have been caught in a fall in their mine workings. They were there today trying to reinforce a weak spot in the timbering. We'll adjourn and make what haste we can, and pray God that we may not be too late."

His few words were evidently full of enlightenment to the congregation, for they began to file out at once and hurry away. However, I was at a loss as I grabbed Bud and followed. Bob! Was he husband or sweetheart?

I made room for a couple of men in my car, and we raced away following their directions. They were silent, stern men and evidently regarded me as a curious, meddlesome stranger, for I could get little out of them.

"Her husband?" I asked, my heart in my mouth after one or two abortive attempts at conversation.

"No," one of them said shortly spitting viciously into the wind and looking at me sourly as if to ask what business it was of mine. After that I said no more occupied with the questionable business of piloting my car over rough mountain roads.

When we arrived at the mine, I pulled my emergency kit out of the back of the car. One of the fellows looked at me suspiciously.

"What's that?" he asked bluntly.

"That's my bag," I said. "I am a doctor."

FOR the first time the stern, forbidding expression left his face and he softened. "Thank God!" was all he said.

There followed then the tedious, delicate work of removing the tons of rock, broken timbers and debris which blocked the mouth of the mine. A friend who had escaped by a trick of fate had gone for help, and three or four men had already been at work for an hour. Hour after hour the work went on endlessly. I toiled with the rest and once, utterly spent, crawled back to the outside world.

The women had pitched a tent, and were serving coffee and food. My hands were bleeding, and my face was covered with dust and clay, and every bone in my body seemed to ache as I sat down with my coffee. Suddenly the girl saw me, and detaching herself from the group of women came over to where I sat. I was weary and spent, but as I watched her approach I could not fail to see that she was every inch a thoroughbred. Her hat was a pitiful wreck, and her dress was stained and torn; but she carried herself gracefully and proudly. I looked up at her, and the sadness of her eyes made me want to take her in my arms and comfort her. In the lamplight her hair shone like fresh gold and there was gold dust on her eyelashes.

"I don't know what to say," she said in a very small voice, and I knew she was nearly ready to collapse, "but I do want to thank you. You are taking such an interest, and we need you so—" She swayed and I helped her to an old box. My heart thumped wildly with her slender waist within the circle of my arm.

"Don't mention it," I said gently. "Any man would do the same."

"Perhaps," she said, her beautiful eyes on me. "But you are a doctor and we need you when—" her voice broke—"when we get to them. Boone hasn't a doctor since Dr. Beale died last winter and—and the men called Pine City for Dr. Thoms right away, but he was away on a case. So, you see, you are a gift from heaven."

The women absolutely refused to allow me to do any more work. They pointed out, and rightfully enough, that I must rest and be ready for the great need.

At last a great shout arose just as daylight was beginning to break over the mountains. The workers had managed to get to the booted feet of one of the victims. Hope was dead in a moment, however, because he was pinned down by two large boulders that must have caused instant death. Whether it was Bob or his partner, no one could say with certainty. The other man was still deeper in the debris, and the miners despaired of finding him alive.

Oh, it was long, tedious work to extricate the dead man, and prepare to go on. Yet, at last, it was done and, thinking of the girl, I was almost sorry when it was discovered that it was not Bob but his partner who had been the first to go. In my soul, I think I hated the man who was her sweetheart, but I was ashamed to find myself wishing that he might be dead also. It was a cruel and unworthy thought and I banished it from my mind.

So, through the long, weary hours, the feverish work went on. And at last those gallant fellows who risked their lives a hundred times found him. Somehow the timbers in falling had formed a tiny recess in which he lay.

There was a terrific amount of shouting at the entrance to the mine, and a comical old fellow came galloping toward us, moving his arms and shouting lustily, "Hurry, Doc, hurry! He's alive!"

I grabbed my bag and sprinted like a rabbit. In the tunnel I leaned over him, and my eyes sought his face—the face that she was praying to see smile again. He was unconscious, and falling rocks had broken both legs. I administered first aid, in order to overcome the shock as much as possible. Then the men carried him out into a more open space where I could work better while one of them carried off his dead partner.

My heart cried out within me as I saw my lovely dream girl kneel beside Bob and, throwing her arms around his head, shower his pallid face with kisses, while her tears flowed softly. I felt then that

the goddess of dreams had been false to me, and I put it down as another black mark against old Dame Luck that she of the organ was not for me.

Working rapidly, I prepared rude splints for the injured man's legs, and a stretcher. The men carried him back to the town with hands that were as gentle as those of a mother with her babe.

There in the house, with the help of two rough miners, I managed, by dint of considerable perseverance and scheming, to rig up as serviceable an extension apparatus for the broken bones as the crude material would permit. The miners, most of them in their ruined Sunday clothes, stood outside, silently ready and willing for any service. I made good use of them, sending them off on errands for pulleys, ropes, boards, and what not. They were a tender-hearted, kindly lot beneath their rough exterior, and their deep concern for the injured man was pitiful and touching.

When I had done all I could, and the poor chap was resting fairly well, although still unconscious, I turned to go. I was weary and spent and my aching bones were crying for rest. At the door I turned to bid the girl good-night.

"Doctor," she said with her heart in her eyes, "you are an angel in disguise, I'm sure. You've been wonderful, and I shall never be able to find words to express my appreciation. You're not leaving Boone—right away?"

I LOVED her. I could not help it. I had loved her for years. And there was something in the tone of her voice and the tenderness in her blue eyes that set my blood to racing and my pulse hammering. I nearly forgot the young man with his dark handsome, rather arrogant features, in on the bed. I held her outstretched hand for one short moment, and tried to quiet my pounding heart.

"No," I said, at last, "I couldn't leave now. I shall stay here at the hotel until tomorrow. I suppose you will be able to get another doctor here by then?"

There was no hurry, so far as I was concerned, but it was plain torture for me to be in Boone—so near to her and yet so far away! I must go—now, I told myself. In another moment I might

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lose my head and make a fool of myself. "Yes," she said, "we can manage. Dr. Thoms will be here tomorrow evening. It's a shame the way we have imposed on you. And no doubt you were on a vacation."

A vacation, I thought grimly. I had been on a vacation for a long, long time. Thank heaven, indeed, that I had happened to be there in Boone at that time. At least I had seen and spoken to her—there was some solace in that. Then too, I loved her so much that I wanted her to be happy, and the work of my hands had contributed to her future happiness.

"Good-night," I said heavily, tired almost beyond human endurance. "Don't worry about imposing on me. I'm happy to have been of any help."

In the morning I felt refreshed after a sound sleep, and at a reasonable hour took my way to the little cottage. I found my patient much stronger, and sleeping peacefully. A neighbor, who had sat with him, informed me that Bob had regained consciousness early in the morning and had been quite rational. After that he had dropped off to sleep. The girl was not around, and I listened to every footfall anxiously, hoping to see her in the doorway. But she did not come. As I was about to leave, a woman who had come to work in the kitchen came in, rubbing flour from her red arms.

"Mary Lou's over at my house sleeping," she said. "I made her go. I told her the doctor would have another patient if she didn't," she laughed. "That fetched her!"

MARY LOU! It was the first time I had heard her name, I realized suddenly. It was a beautiful name—very fitting for the girl I loved.

After I had my dinner I lounged around on the old-fashioned veranda of the hotel in a feverish state of impatience and annoyance. I no longer had any excuse to stay, yet I lingered in spite of myself. I tried to force myself to the task of rounding up Bud and taking the trail out of Boone.

However, the youngster was not so easy to find as I had anticipated. I looked high and low for him, but everywhere I looked seemed to be the wrong place. Finally I discovered to my chagrin that I had seen only one or two boys during the time I had been searching.

Of course, that was it! Bud, with his faculty for making friends, had gone off somewhere with the entire gang. In order to find him I should have to take a different approach to the problem. I accosted a bearded old patriarch sunning himself in front of the post office.

"Good-afternoon, sir. Have you seen my boy around here?"

He blinked at me with watery blue eyes, and after a frank appraisal, he squawked in a thin reedy voice, slightly petulant. "No, it ain't in yet. What do you think I'm a-sittin' here by the post office fer?"

I could keep from smiling only with the greatest difficulty. I doubt if the old fellow could have made out my exact words if I had shouted loud enough for the boy to hear, wherever he was.

I saluted the old gentleman gravely and departed to find some one else to put my question to.

I finally found, by patient questioning, a man who had seen a gang of boys heading off to the west of town. "Goin' over by the lake, I expect," he said.

There was nothing to do but follow. I sauntered along, leisurely drinking in the pure air of the mountains. The sky was a delicate, baby blue and, in the distance, fleecy clouds hovered about the tops of the mountains encircling their hoary heads like crowns. Around me lay a vast and endless spruce forest, silent and sleeping in the sun. It was a day and a scene of unsurpassable beauty, and a sense of peacefulness settled over me and comforted me.

The trail led now and then directly between magnificent trees whose straight trunks rose on each side—a majestic cathedral where gods might come to worship under the blue dome of the sky. At the end of my path I came out upon the sandy beach of a lake placed like a jewel in a green setting.

My little vagrant was not within sight nor sound. I stilled even my own breathing to listen for the shouts of the boys in that vast and endless solitude. But there was no sound of laughter or gleeful shouting. I was about to sit down on a boulder to rest and think when suddenly I became aware of a strange creature confronting me.

He was old, I saw at first glance, and small and wizened. As old, I reflected without conscious thought, as the purple-hazed mountains that brooded above us.

"You be a stranger in these parts I see," he said regarding me with bright, bird-like eyes. "Can old Tom be of service?"

I was perplexed and somewhat taken aback by his sudden appearance.

"No—I think not, thank you."

"I have boats for hire for them as wants 'em," he said. "The summer folks come sometimes of an evening, or maybe there's them as wants to fish a bit—"

"Ah!" I said with sudden understanding. "Boats? Yes, I'll hire one for an hour or so."

WHAT better way to pass the idle hours waiting for that scamp of mine to come back? So I rented a boat, and set out upon the placid bosom of the lake. I found peace rowing idly along the shore, letting my thoughts drift and wander, even as my boat. I must confess, however, that they were entirely concerned with a girl whose eyelashes were dusted with gold, and whose eyes seemed to reach out and enfold me to the exclusion of every one else. Poor, mortal fool! Dreaming a dream after the goddess of dreams had forsaken me!

Gradually, without my hand directing it, my boat drifted to the shore not far from the crazy thing the ancient one called his boat house. The prow of my craft was rubbing on a rock while I sat dreaming, puffing on my pipe.

Quite suddenly I was aware of a vision. A vision of Mary Lou standing on the rock and smiling at me. I passed my hands over my eyes wearily. Even my eyes seemed anxious to trick and betray me. But it was no vision. She was there in flesh and blood, smiling a friendly little smile. And her eyes were as blue as the sky.

"Hello!" she said. "They told me you had come this way. I wanted to be sure to see you before you left. I wanted to thank you."

"You have—already," I said unsteadily. "Wait, I'll swing around, so you can board my pirate craft."

She was as agile as a mountain goat and in a moment she was seated there facing me.

"He's much better," I said stupidly, hating myself for not leaving right after I had seen him.

"Yes," she replied softly leaning back to allow her fingers to trail in the water. "I'm not worried any more. Not one bit. He'll get along fine—with his strength."

I said nothing, delighting to watch the play of sunbeam and shadow on her face. She caught me watching her and smiled slowly.

"I am very grateful to you, you know I was so afraid you had gone."

I nodded. "That's what I should have done. I should have gone. In fact, I am leaving in an hour or two. I've stayed too long already."

"Why?" she asked wrinkling her nose.

"Because," I said bluntly, "I'm doing something foolish. I'm seeing you when I shouldn't—because I'm falling in love with you."

Her blue eyes gazed back into mine frankly. "Perhaps that's why you should see me. Is it so foolish to fall in love?"

I SHOOK my head savagely, the better to clear my brain, and my fingers gripped the handles of the oars tighter.

"It's not my nature to make play of things like that. I couldn't take advantage of a sick man."

"Sick man? You don't mean Bob."

"Yes."

"But I don't understand," her forehead was furrowed in perplexity. "Bob is my brother."

Her brother! My head whirled in giddy circles. The goddess of dreams had not been false to me after all. I had a right to that dream! It was mine, all mine.

"Mary Lou!" I said in a choked voice, and leaned forward to take her hand.

But let me draw the curtain over that scene. Suffice it to say that I made all haste to shore, for I am no mariner that I care to risk making love in a boat.

There remains little to tell. I imagine that old Tom saw things that day that were nothing new to him after his experiences with the summer folk. One of the first things I did was to tell Mary Lou all the details of my unhappy past. And she understood—sweet girl! Now they are forgotten, discarded forever.

We were married in the little white church in Boone one day not so long afterward. Long enough, however, to give her brother time to mend so that he could give her away, since both her parents were dead.

We live now in Boone—very happy and contented and I am considering the advancement of the career upon which I embarked those many years ago.

Buddy has a new gang and is happy too. He loves his new mother as much as—no, that would be quite impossible—nearly as much as I do.

THE END

The Secret Locked in My Husband's Heart

(Continued from page 26)

dropper. It was a long, tedious process. "Give the little mite a few drops of warm goat's milk hourly," Mrs. Thornton. I don't believe he has one chance in a hundred of living, outside of an incubator, but your little girl here handles him as if she were a trained nurse. Let her attend to him. I have been watching her and talking to her. I will write to the child's father.

"In the meantime, Zoe, you have a real live dolly to attend to."

Mrs. Sing also was in favor of turning the baby over to me. "Zoe, her knows plenty fine all about babies," she said. "She takes care of John and Lo and Little Charlie better than Rosa Lee or any of the big sisters. Babies, like puppies, need flesh warmth. He is going to live."

So my little Sonny grew. Soon he could handle his bottle. I milked the nanny with my own hands every feeding period, and gave him the milk with the animal heat and life still in it. Later, Miss Dyer returned to the city and sent me reams of instructions as to the care of babies. And how he thrived!

LIKE a woman, I timed his soft egg, warm from the hen. My Indian training taught me that warm milk and warm, fresh eggs still contained the healing force of life itself. He had a bassinet in my room, but I generally took him into my own bed on chilly nights; especially after the snow began to fly.

His hair was spun silk like the silk of the maize, and soon I had a soft curl down his forehead. He became a wild rose, pink skin with blue eyes, red cherubic lips and fair white forehead. When the doctor motored up the next spring, he was amazed.

"The baby's father left the welfare of his little son entirely at my disposal," he told me. "I came prepared to move him to a baby hospital in the city, but why make a change when he is doing so well? The father will be able to make the trip home for a few weeks next summer. Here is his address. I suggest you report to him from now on."

If the baby had not come into our lives, my parents had intended sending me down to the city, in care of Miss Dyer, to attend high school. For the sake of keeping the baby I gave up this plan. I had longed for the excitement and sights of the great city which I had visited but twice in my life. I had desired a higher education. I had wanted to attend the State University, and become a teacher, like Harriet Dyer, perhaps. I had had my girlish dreams of love and romance, because I had always been an avid reader.

Yet for Noel, I gave up all these things and was happy to relinquish them to keep my baby. Mother was much too busy to have the charge of a child. You remember she had practically turned over my rearing to Ah Sing's wife and daughter. She couldn't raise a stranger's child, although generous checks kept coming in from China.

Roy Owens wrote me formal and impersonal letters on the letterheads of his importing company. I felt that he was a distant myth, and totally unconnected

with my little son. So time passed, and from adolescence I slipped into the realm of girlhood. Noel was four years old, and I was seventeen, before either of us ever saw his father. I was the baby's mother, and his all in all. He called my father "daddy," and together we went for wild rides in the cab of the huge engine. His first memories too, are of whistling winds, resounding canyon walls, black oil smoke, hissing steam, and madly galloping pine trees racing down the mountain grade.

It has always been the custom in Mawnee for the residents, including Indians, the families of train men, business men and inn keepers, to stroll down to the station when the trains are due. The summer people have taken up this local sport and also make it a point to meet the overland trains, which all stop from ten to twenty minutes at the summit. The children, including myself and the other trout ticklers of Ah Sing's big family, generally had trout to sell to the chefs of the dining cars. I remember we used to collect ten cents apiece for ten-inch trout which, a few moments later, broiled, brought a dollar, according to the prices on the menu card of the diners. In June the children sold birch bark baskets of black mountain cherries to the passengers, who alighted in swarms and strolled on the platform, breathing in the marvelous, clean air of the high altitude.

From the time Noel was six months old or so, I used to wheel him to the station. It used to delight the cockles of my heart to hear the wonderfully dressed ladies from the outside exclaim, "Oh, my dear, what an exquisite baby! Is it your little brother, my child?"

When the boy was two, three and four, these afternoon trips to the train were a regular part of the day.

AFTER lunch Noel slept an hour or so. Then I bathed him, curled his yellow silk hair, dressed him in the dainty and up-to-the-minute children's garments sent to me from San Francisco by Harriet Dyer, who did all our shopping, and then we walked down to watch the Overland come in. My own clothes now came from the best shops of the city, because the checks from Noel's father gave me ample funds to be well dressed. I am a tiny little body like my mother, and a size fourteen is about right for me. At seventeen, with my fair schoolgirl complexion, my long curling eyelashes and my mother's brown eyes, contrasting with the blonde hair given me by my father, I suppose I was as pretty a little girl as one would wish to look at. I didn't know it at the time, but snapshots of myself, generally with the baby, show an exceptionally lovely young face.

Roy Owens had not told us that he was sailing from the Orient, after a stay there of five years. I had always thought of him as being quite a generation older than myself. Years means much when one is in the early teens. Roy, on his part, recognized me from snapshots; while to me the tall dark young business man who alighted one June afternoon, was but another traveling salesman. Many travel-

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ing men tried to make Mawnee Inn for their week-ends. They interested me not at all.

"Miss Zoe Thornton, I believe." Introducing himself in that conventional fashion, Roy spoke to me, "I am the father of —your little boy!" So I had always called Noel in my correspondence.

My heart almost stopped beating. An agony of apprehension stabbed it through and through. I seized the astounded child, and held him tight to my breast while I stammered, "Oh, you have not come to take him away from me! I couldn't bear that. I can't give him up now." The little boy, frightened, began to cry. What a welcome for a man who had sailed half-way round the globe to see his little son for the first time. The crowd on the platform were staring, residents and train passengers alike.

Roy was distressed. He took my arm and led me around the side of the station, begging me to calm myself.

"What a monster I must be!" he exclaimed. "The very idea of my throwing two happy young things into weeping and wailing. Please, my dear girl, take me to your home where we can talk matters over in private. Please, please stop crying!"

VENTURED a furtive glance toward him. I saw, to my amazement, that the father of my Noel was only a young man. Later I discovered that he had been only twenty when he had married Noel's young mother, Freda. He was only twenty-five now, and looked boyish.

Roy stayed at the Mawnee Inn several weeks, getting acquainted with his small son. I say, getting acquainted, but the fact is that, from the very first, there was antagonism between the two, and they were destined never to become acquainted. On my part, however, there was a degree of interest I had seldom felt toward any other man. Had I met Roy under different circumstances, who knows? I believe now that I might have fallen in love with him—as he did with me.

This was the trouble, I know now. Jealousy, on the part of each of the threesome. The child heart of Noel was jealous of any attention paid to me by his father. Always an affectionate child heretofore, he simply refused to love his father.

"He is not my daddy, Zoe-mother. I already have a daddy, your daddy and mine. When he asks me if I don't want to go away with him and be his little boy, and he will get me a 'lectric train and a velocipede and lots of things, I say no to him. I will never, never leave my own home and my real daddy and my Zoe-mother."

So it was that, at seventeen, I married Roy Owens for the sake of my little son. Two months after I first met Roy, we had a quiet little wedding in Mawnee Inn. The minister who was home missionary to the mountain Piutes of the Reservation officiated, and all fourteen of the Ah Sings were witnesses. Then we left for San Francisco.

Just as Roy Owens had established his first wife, Freda, in a city home, and then had returned to his job in the Orient, so again he left his bride and little son in a strange city. Noel started to kindergarten and then went to school. No one dreamed that he was not my own beloved son.

After a few months Roy was transferred, as a family man, to the California offices of his firm.

We bought a lovely little home down the Peninsula, and for several years were as happy as the average young suburban couple. If we had been able, any of us, to exterminate that strange and cruel green-eyed monster, we would have been happy in fact. I saw many charming and unselfish traits in my husband. It was the boy who separated us. How can I explain?

Roy resented the fact that I devoted myself entirely to Noel. Noel must not be left alone. On little trips the boy accompanied us. The child did not show any love, or even respect, for his father. He did not obey him as he did me, instantly. He was an active child physically, and was constantly in some trouble regarding discipline, at school. I tried not to take the boy's part, but I flew to his defense like a lioness whenever his father thought it best to punish the boy.

This is terrible to relate, but by the time Noel was in high school our house was divided against itself. It was Noel and I against Roy—provider of the luxurious household. Roy was now a high-salaried man.

When Noel was sixteen, and two inches taller than his father, there was a final quarrel between them. I came home from market to find them in a genuine brawl, with blows, in the kitchen. That night Noel slipped away from the house, and disappeared for four long years.

ROY, with pale, tense face, tried through every means in his power to find the lad. Futile—all. When hope was gone, I collapsed. Life, I declared, was over for me with my boy gone. I could not stand living in that house without my son, my darling treasure.

"I married you, Roy, simply for the sake of the boy," I declared, untruthfully at that. I forgot that I had really learned to appreciate my generous, kindly, unselfish husband for his own sake. I was insane with worry. Remember too, that although Noel considered his parents middle-aged, we were still young, without the wisdom of middle age. "There is no longer any reason for us to continue together. I will go to live with Harriet Dyer. She will take me on as her secretary, I know. You must give me my freedom, Roy. Let us not discuss it any longer. I cannot stay with you as your wife, with my poor boy wandering on the face of the earth, an outcast."

Roy was transferred to the Orient again, and I received my decree on a plea of desertion. As both my parents had passed away during the twelve years since I married, I went to live with Harriet Dyer as I had planned. Ah Sing, on the death of his Piute wife, had bought out the hotel at Mawnee, had turned it over to his youngest son, and returned to China to join his sons there. I was quite alone in the world.

That tragic summer in my own life the whole world went mad. War was declared. Roy had returned to China, and had dropped out of my life. I joined in all the activities of the workers on this side for the boys "Over There." Taking the vacancy left in the office ranks of a great business house I rose to one of those

expanded salaries of that hysterical time. I lost myself in my business life.

Then the wire from Canada came. My boy Noel lay in a Canadian hospital, gassed. For he had joined the army at the start of enlistment, and had won a decoration or two for outstanding bravery. He was at the point of death, so the communication informed me. Then, and then only, had Noel given his correct name. He wanted to see his mother before he died. I rushed to my son.

What a sight for a mother's eyes! My beautiful boy, wasted to a shadow with sunken cheeks and immense eyes, racked by horrid coughing, unable to speak my name. I sat beside his cot until he fell into a coma-like slumber. Then I talked to the heads of the war hospital.

"It is just a matter of days, perhaps hours. There is no hope on earth for him." So they agreed, the entire staff.

"Then may I take him home? I will save him, as I saved his life at birth."

Simply because there was absolutely no hope, I was allowed to transport the cot holding that deathlike body. No one believed he would live to complete the journey west. I wired ahead to Charlie Sing to meet us at Mawnee Station, for there I was going to take that boy.

FIVE days later, with Noel still feebly breathing, we reached the long platform at Mawnee Station, where Charlie Sing and six Indians, whom I had known in childhood, were waiting me. Gently they carried the litter to a certain log cabin three miles from the settlement.

I arranged with Charlie Sing to have a dozen laying hens and two fresh milk goats brought to the cabin at once, and made a list of other necessities.

Thus I began to fan the dying coals of life flickering near to extinction within my boy's wasted body. Remember it was tuberculosis, in what was considered the final stage of the swift kind.

On a bed of balsam boughs, changed twice daily, my poor boy lay. A pine cone fire always burned upon the hearth, filling the atmosphere with the healing fumes of balsam and pitch. The walls, too, were covered with fresh green balsam boughs, changed as the healing moisture evaporated, breathed deep into those sick lungs.

For one whole year, I forbade Noel to waste a breath by speaking one word. As in his babyhood I had fed him with a medicine dropper, actually for several days I fed him with goat's milk, dropped up his nostrils, as he lay unconscious from fatigue. Then I held, every half hour, to his lips a half glass of warm goat's milk, fresh from the udder, filled with the life force. Later I began to give him the warm yolks of newly laid eggs, the food of the unhatched baby chick.

Possibly you will wonder about my own diet. It was down to the first principles. I had several sacks of golden wheat in the grain. This I ground in a coffee grinder, as was. I cooked this, added a few muscat raisins, sent up from the Valley, and added goat's milk. After a year I included this porridge in the menu of my boy.

When spring came the next June time, I planted a little garden of lettuce and other green things. By this time Noel could assimilate a bit of green stuff.

After one year my patient could sit up

mother, only his stepmother! That changed matters."

Only his stepmother!

"But I have earned the right to be his own mother," I faltered. "Twice—or thrice."

"That proves the point," spoke the girl bitterly, "If you were his own mother you would not be throwing it up to him, what you have done for him. True mothers forget what sacrifices they may make for their children. I am no longer a young girl, Mrs. Owens. I have told Noel that I am years his senior, but that must be overlooked. I have worshiped the ground he walks upon from the first moment I laid eyes upon him, and he has reciprocated. He is mine. It is just one of those things."

Noel put his strong young arm about the tiny little form and kissed her. They forgot my very presence in their passion. I walked to the window and looked out. My world had tumbled again.

ESTHER came over beside me, her eyes dilated from emotion and looked into my eyes straight as she spoke:

"I know this is what is classed as the real thing. I have been married before, losing my husband by death a few years after we were married.

"I loved him, but nothing as devastating as this ever overwhelmed me, body and soul. Noel is so much mine there cannot be room for any one else. The old saying that no house is large enough to contain two women is true in this case. I want to be perfectly frank. This house is now my home. You must make your plans accordingly. As a stepmother, not Noel's own mother, your rights here are not obvious to me."

"But, I say, Esther," protested Noel, and I heard the weakness falter in his tones, "there is no rush. Mother must have time to get her things together. There is no hurry. I will write you a check at any time, mother." Then he smiled into Esther's eyes.

"I need no funds. I have ample," I lied. I was almost penniless, of course; with the exception of a few dollars in my marketing fund. "Please go on out to

dinner, young people. I will attend to my packing at once."

I spent that night with Harriet Dyer. I did not speak of the serpent's tooth. She gave me again my old position as her secretary and apartment companion.

For some years I have been corresponding with my former husband, for I thought it best to tell him of Noel's return, his recovery, and his marriage. I am on friendly terms with the couple, and can see that Esther is in command of the ship, and that under her reign Noel will surely become a great architect.

With uncanny foresight Esther predicted the coming of the depression. Their real estate was all converted into gold before the crash. Esther was one of those hoarders who restored the gold to circulation at the President's request. When the great real estate company went into a tailspin, and Noel was among the army of the great unemployed, Esther had him work on a prize contest given by the Japanese government for some public building. Noel won the prize with his plans. Then Esther interviewed some of her old friends who had a political pull. An official position was handed Noel on a silver platter. I watched from the sidelines and rejoiced that my boy is happy.

HARRIET and I together have had Noel and Esther to dinner at our apartment several times, and Esther has returned the compliment. Her housekeeping and cooking ability leave nothing to be desired. All the mother care I ever gave my son is lavished upon him, unstinted, by his intense dark little wife. So far, there are no babies. Noel has not one inkling that there is anything not exactly sincere in his wife's cordial relations with his stepmother.

I will quote the part relating to Noel from an enlightening letter received from my former husband:

Now that Noel is married, and the tie between you is severed through no act of mine, dear Zoe, I think it only fair to me to inform you of matters which, for the sake of Freda's dead memory and your love for her boy, I consistently concealed from you. To my own hurt, dear, because I loved you at first sight,

loved you all through our married life, and still love you as much as, or more than ever. Oh, how I have needed you, and still need you, but until now my lips have been sealed.

Did you perhaps wonder why I was not in more haste to see my first-born son? Why I waited four years? Did you perhaps wonder why he would not admit me to his heart? I tried to love him, Zoe, because I did love my poor little Cousin Freda, his mother.

Freda had been engaged to me since early youth, but had in my absence, fallen into an affair with a young English sculptor, who had a wife and children in Europe. Casually he had returned to Europe, leaving Freda almost insane with disillusionment and worry. Then her parents both became ill with influenza and died of pneumonia. Freda clung to me, and confessed all. I thought it best for me to marry her at once, and immediately afterward sailed for my position in the Orient. I named the boy Noel for his vanished father. I was but a boy myself, but every instinct in me rose to protect the memory of the little dead cousin who had paid so dearly for her infatuation.

I fell in love with you at first sight, Zoe. How lovely you were, little mountain girl! I loved you then. I loved you throughout our marriage. I love you now—and how I need you!

Yet my lips had to be sealed. I couldn't tell you something which would disgrace Freda and dishonor her child. Even when the boy struck me I couldn't explain how fury had flared in me, not at him, but at the Noel who had degraded the little cousin I had worshipped from childhood.

Zoe, your last picture shows you are still a beautiful woman, young in your early forties. I wonder if you could learn to care for me a little now that your life is empty! Here in the Orient we could begin another life together, and not be lonely when the evening comes

So soon I shall take passage for China, that strange giant of a country, always glamorous to me. I shall meet Ah Sing again, and his four half Piute boys, all officers in the Chinese army. We will talk about the childhood days in old Mawnee. Then too, I must see the great public building which my son Noel designed. Eagerly waiting on the wharf for the great liner will be a tall, graying, distinguished-looking gentleman waiting eagerly for me. I, too, am eager to see again my husband, whose faithful love I will try to earn all the rest of my stay on this strange globe.

Stranger than Fiction

(Continued from page 10)

thousands of cases I had read of in medical journals. The names of great doctors and surgeons flashed by. Chaumov! The name was like an explosion in my brain. Professor Chaumov in far-off Russia had transferred the blood of a dead dog into a living dog! My thoughts worked boldly. The blood of a dead dog! The blood of a dead man—into the veins of a dying woman!

I weighed the situation, while my brain throbbed for action. She was passing away swiftly. She would be gone in a few minutes. The blood of the man in the next room might be the wrong type. There was no time to test it. *I would be taking a chance. But if I didn't, she would die anyway.*

I carried her into the next room and laid her alongside the body of the man.

Then I went into my office for the large aspirating syringe I used in my experimental work.

After sterilizing the syringe, I sterilized the forearms of the dead man and the woman. I heated the syringe to a little over body temperature. Then I plunged the needle into the large vein in the forearm of the corpse.

I WORKED rapidly, using two large sterile needles, one in the arm of the dead man and one in the arm of the woman, extracting and injecting the still warm blood before it could clot. When I had transferred 450 centimeters to the veins of the dying woman, I stopped.

I had done all it was humanly possible to do. I could only pray now that the right type of blood had been used, and

no complications would set in.

By noon of the next day my patient's mind was clear, and she was strong enough to talk. She told me who she was and asked me to send for her husband. I explained that her companion was in the town morgue, and while she was visibly shaken by the news, she gave me the name of one of his relatives, whom I notified.

Her husband came with their little son. They stayed in my house during the two weeks it took her to recover. I do not know what acts of confession and forgiveness took place. I only know that they left, a family reunited and supremely happy.

I did not think it wise to tell either my patient or her husband that she was alive only because she had the blood of her dead lover in her veins.

To STIR the FLAGGING APPETITE

Use oranges in these new ways

By

MARTHA HOLMES

To stir the flagging appetite, and provide both color and substance for a light midday luncheon or evening snack, there is nothing better than oranges. Particularly as a salad course, they have an attractiveness and a satisfying flavor that invariably contribute a lift to the meal. Here are some which have won notable popularity in Hollywood.

ORANGE RING

On lettuce-covered salad plates arrange orange segments or half slices in a pattern simulating a ring or a fan. Decorate with cream cheese which has been moistened with orange juice and molded into small balls or forced through a pastry tube. Or use jelly cubes instead of cheese.

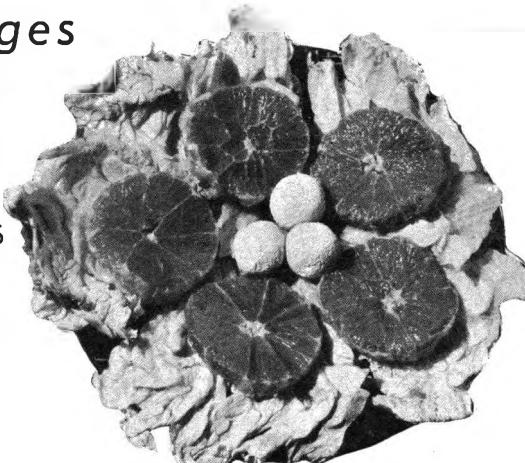
LAZY DAISY

Arrange orange segments in flower petal pattern on lettuce-covered salad plates. Center with stoned cherries, seeded purple grapes, or watermelon balls. Serve with sweet French dressing made by blending thoroughly 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons salad oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, and salt and paprika to taste.

From Hollywood also comes a vogue for cold fruit "purées". While there are several varieties of these, such as Mae West's favorite cherry and arrowroot, and an equally distinctive raspberry purée made with tapioca, the best of all such dishes is undoubtedly made from oranges. The recipe is simple and the result invariably satisfactory.

ORANGE PUREE

Heat 2 cups of orange juice in a sauce pan. Add 1 teaspoon cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Chill and serve in stemmed glasses.



ORANGE LILY

As a beverage, to vary your standard favorites, try a Hollywood Orange Lily. It should be mixed in tall glasses. Fill each glass two-thirds full of finely cracked ice. Pour on the ice $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white grape juice; then 3 tablespoons of orange juice, and sugar or syrup to taste. Fill glass with ice-cold water and stir briskly for about ten seconds. Garnish with thin slice of orange and sprig of mint. Place filled glasses in coldest part of refrigerator long enough to frost the outside of the glass. Then serve with straws. A dash of lemon juice improves the flavor of all orange drinks and two little rather than too much sugar should be the rule.

FRUIT APPETIZER

As an appetizer for luncheon or dinner, there is nothing more satisfactory than an orange fruit cocktail. As with all fruit cocktails, the secret of success is to combine a sweet and a sour fruit, to give a tantalizing and piquant flavor that will tempt the lazy palate. For an orange cocktail, therefore, it is important to get rather sour oranges, and it is better to select small oranges.

For four to six persons, take 6 oranges; separate them into sections and remove the thin skin with a pair of scissors. Arrange the sections artistically in sherbet or cocktail glasses, sprinkle with powdered sugar and add a mixture of equal parts lemon juice and pineapple juice, slightly sweetened with sugar. Garnish with chopped mint and a few whole mint leaves. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator before serving.

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A House Divided

(Continued from page 37)

pure "orneriness" when he wasn't there. But one day I almost got caught.

Dolores was baking bread and the fire in the range had become low. She asked me to go out and gather some kindling for her. I was winding a top, and did not answer.

"Run along, sonny," she repeated her request, "while I mold these other loaves."

I still ignored her.

"Howard, will you get some kindling, please?" she asked again, and in a sterner tone.

"Naw, I won't!" I retorted. "Get it yourself. You can't boss me around all the time. I'm not your servant."

There was a moment of tense silence, then Dolores said very sternly, though not unkindly:

"Howard, if this kind of behavior does not stop I shall have to speak to your father about it. I've stood about as much of it as I can."

Father came in at that moment. Without looking up from her task, and with no malice in her words, Dolores said:

"Morris, I need some kindling. I asked Howard to get it for me, but he refused."

My ever ready tears came to my assistance and I sobbed out, "She always bosses me around—makes me wait on her."

Without a word father went out, got an armload of kindling and laid it in the box.

THEN turning to me, he said, "Come, son, I think you are better off out in the field with me."

I came out the victor, and that little fray left me with the knowledge that, as my father's son, he could see no wrong in me and thereafter I lost no occasion to demonstrate it. If it had not been for Elsie, I'm sure Dolores would not have remained. She would have gone out of our lives before the year was out. But Elsie—I bless her for it now—made up to that gallant woman for the misery I caused her.

I was ten years old when my little brother was born, and I felt my throne of supremacy in my father's affections tottering. A little sister I wouldn't have feared. But a boy! Another son! The burning question was would my father love this new son as he did me. Would I have to share my first place with him? Oh, why did it have to be a boy?

But there was no helping it; he was there. And to make bad matters worse for me Dolores named him Morris, Junior. I felt that she gave him father's name as a visible reminder that he was my father's son, and as much entitled to his love as I.

Why, oh, why hadn't my mother given me that name? I felt beaten, let down. I became sulky.

One Saturday when the baby was but a few days old and I had gone out in the field with father I was very careful to let him know that something troubled me.

"What's the matter, son? Aren't you pleased with your new brother?" he asked as he hitched the six-horse team to the gang plow.

I did not answer at once, but stood there digging my toe into the fragrant, newly-turned sod and trying to look very sad.

"Come, tell your father what's wrong," he coaxed.

"Oh, nothin', I guess, only I wish he didn't have your name," I blurted. "I wanted always to be your only boy."

If my father had, then and there, talked very sternly to me, explaining the limit of my rights, I think he could have, to some extent at least, repaired the damage already done and created a happier future for all of us. But he coddled me in my selfishness and unreasonable jealousy.

"You are my first-born son," he told me consolingly, "and a dozen other sons, though they all bore my name, could never take your place."

I felt like a little king again, and on a more solid throne than ever before.

That same evening father took the baby in his arms and called him "Bubs." And Bubs he was to everyone but Dolores after that. Even Elsie slipped into the habit of calling him Bubs.

That father had renamed his second son out of deference to me was an unspoken secret between us, welding us even closer together; at the same time alienating us from the others. Ours became a house divided against itself, and would surely have fallen, had not Dolores been the wonderfully patient, hopeful and forgiving woman that she was.

I knew she suffered tortures. More than once I caught her in tears. Tears that she quickly dried, attributing them to a headache. She must have loved my father very much indeed to endure his ever increasing favoritism to me. And, of course, father loved her and the other children too, after a fashion, but he let it be clearly known—and felt—that I was first, last, and always, with him.

As the years passed I became ever more domineering and dictatorial, making life difficult even for father. Not that he ever tried to oppose me, for he didn't. But the others did, and that chagrined him. Whatever I said or did was right—to him—and he couldn't understand why the others did not recognize my perfection.

When I had finished the eighth grade I decided, against Dolores' protests, that I had had enough of school. I know my father would have been proud to see me go through high school and college, but he did not insist. Perhaps he thought, as I did, that a smart chap like me could get along very well without an education.

AT the age of seventeen I started to "step out." In fact, I went simply wild along with the fast crowd I stepped with. I had met Gordon Stillman at a school fete one night, where he was selling "hooch" between the dances. Gordon introduced me to his two pals, Speck Gibbons and Andy Fane.

I fitted into this trio's purposes perfectly, for I always had money to spend and a car to drive, with no questions asked at home. Or, if they were asked, they didn't mean anything in my young life. When I would get in at an ungodly hour I was always armed with an explanation that, shallow though it was, satisfied my father.

But not so Dolores. I heard her say one morning, "Morris, you must put a stop to Howard's staying out so late. He is so

young—so apt to get on the wrong track. It is not justice to him to let him go like that. Besides, I don't like the looks of those boys he runs with."

And then my father's sharp rejoinder, "Dolores, give the boy credit for having common sense, please. He knows how to take care of himself, and every boy has to have his fling. It seems to me that you are forever picking flaws in him. Now if it were Elsie or Bubs—"

I listened no further. There was no need. I had heard enough to know that my good times were safe, and I was satisfied.

One evening when I was about nineteen, and was preparing to go out, Dolores came into my room.

"Howard dear," she asked anxiously, "where are you going tonight?"

"Places," I answered resentfully; although in my heart I knew the question had not been asked out of idle curiosity, but because she had my welfare at heart.

"But, Howard," she ventured, "I don't like the looks of Gordon and Speck and Andy. Why don't you pal with the young folks of the neighborhood? They are good, clean boys, while those three—why, they—"

"You can't run my friends down!" I flared at her. "You would have me running with a lot of dead-head hicks. My friends are class, if you know what I mean."

"PERHAPS," she answered. "But not your class. They look dissipated, as if—"

"I wish you would keep your nose out of my affairs," I told her venomously. "I'm sick and tired of your meddling!"

That night I was hauled to the police station with my friends of "class".

We were having a wild drinking party in the rear of the print shop where Andy worked. The girl I had taken—a young, little thing who had never had a drink before—grew hysterical and began screaming at the top of her voice. We all tried to quiet her, but to no avail. Suddenly the door was forced open and we faced two burly policemen. This sobered everybody, including the hysterical girl. We all stared at them unbelievingly. Almost immediately the wagon came clanging down the street, backed up to the door and we were herded in.

Our explanations did not suit the captain, and we were lodged in jail.

The next morning we were fined ten dollars and costs for disturbance. Gordon, Speck, and Andy each paid his and his girl friend's fine, and they all departed. But I had spent my money to finance the party, and it seemed that the only thing left for me to do was to telephone home, and I felt that I would rather die than do that. Dolores would be fully justified in saying to my father, "I told you so."

If I had been alone I would have served out my fine in jail. But there was little Nita, begging me to get her out and take her home. There was nothing to do but phone.

Dolores answered. Father has already gone to the field she told me when I asked for him.

"I suppose it will interest you to know

that I'm in jail," I told her callously, "and I need about twenty-five dollars to get out. Break the news to father, will you?"

In less than an hour Dolores came. I wondered apprehensively, when I saw her, if father's patience with me had reached its limit. Had he refused to assist me? I could not believe it. Yet there was Dolores, alone, her face pale and drawn. I remember thinking that had she been my own mother, she could not have looked more stricken.

She paid my fine and Nita's—Nita had claimed she was twenty-two to save me.

"What will your mother say, child?" Dolores asked Nita as we climbed into the old farm truck she had driven in. "Won't she be just worried sick?"

"She would be if she knew—this," Nita almost sobbed, "but she thinks I stayed all night with my girl friend. Oh, Mrs. Randall, I'm so grateful to you for—for helping me—helping us out. I'll pay you back when—"

"Just forget about that," Dolores said as she put an arm about the slim little shoulders, "but never, never deceive your mother again."

"What did father say?" I asked after Dolores had let Nita out of the truck a block from her home.

"He—he doesn't know. I told him you had trouble with the car. He ought to know, of course, but I don't want him to. I don't want to shatter his faith and pride in you."

For the first time in my life I wanted to lay my head on that dear, motherly breast and sob out my repentance, my gratitude, and the love for her that seemed to have suddenly sprung into being.

BUT those years of jealous selfishness had erected a wall of reserve between us that I could not scale. It had been a long time since she had attempted to win me, her every advance having been spurned.

We rode along in silence for several minutes, a silence that was broken by Dolores with an accusation that made me burn with shame.

"Howard," she said, and there were tears in her voice, "you have wronged that child. I could see it in her eyes."

I did not answer. No answer was expected.

I donned overalls and work shirt when we got home, and went out into the field. Father was irrigating.

"Anything seriously wrong with the car, son?" he asked, leaning on his shovel handle.

"No," I answered guardedly. "I didn't have any way of getting home, as I won't be able to get the car until tomorrow. Mother came down and got me."

How easy it was to hide my sins from my father! I believe if I had told him the truth he would have believed that not a fraction of the fault had been mine. That thought filled me with disgust, destroying the filial respect that I might have had for him. I felt like telling him the whole thing, and upbraiding him for his failure to me as a father—his failure to Dolores as a husband. But for her sake—because she had not wanted him to know—I held my tongue.

I had no inclination to sow more wild oats. I wanted nothing better than to

stay at home and work, and to miss no opportunity to show little kindnesses to Dolores and Bubs. Elsie had married that spring, and was living in the South.

My one worry now was Nita. But, as the weeks passed, even that worry lessened. For the first time in my life I became really happy.

Then one day Dolores came to the field where I was binding wheat.

"A telephone call," she said, her eyes dark with apprehension, "I'll make a round while you call. The number is on the pad."

It was Nita.

"Oh, Howard," her voice was pleading, "will you meet me tonight? I've got to see you."

I knew, of course, what she wanted to see me about, and my first impulse was to tell her that I was going to Canada or Africa or some distant place, and actually to go, too, if it would come to that. But Dolores' words, "You have wronged that child," came to my mind like a challenge.

"Yes, Nita, I'll meet you," I told her, "I'll call for you at seven, and we'll go for a ride and talk things over."

I WAITED for Dolores at the edge of the stubble where the wheat stood in a thick, golden wall, waving gently in the summer breeze. She drove up and stopped, tossed the reins to me, and stepped off the binder.

"Was it—that child?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And she—she's in trouble?"

"Did she tell you?"

"No, oh, no! She only asked to have you call as soon as possible. But I—I sensed tragedy in her voice."

I was looking down at a little slither of wheat the binder scythe had missed. Thoughtfully I bent it over with my foot. I felt Dolores' eyes upon me, and it gave me a strange comfort to know that she was reading the shame and misery in my heart.

"Of course," she said presently, "to err is only human. But the way to prove our mettle is in preventing others from suffering because of our sins." As she said this her motherly arms reached out to encircle me, then stopped short and fell listless at her sides. I wondered bitterly, hungrily, if she had made some vow never to risk being repulsed by me again. Oh, if only she would permit herself to embrace me, how ready and eager I was now to respond to her maternal love! I realized how dearly I loved this woman who had tried so valiantly to be my mother. How I wanted and needed her help, her advice—her love. But that impenetrable wall stood between us.

That night Nita clung to me pleading, sobbing.

"The way to prove our mettle is in preventing others from suffering because of our sins," Dolores had said, the nearest she could bring herself to advise me. I had never listened to her counsel before; in fact I had always made it a point to take the opposite course. But something within me had snapped, and I could see myself for the egotistical fool that I had been. And I did what I knew Dolores would have me do, not alone for Nita's sake, and the little one that was to be, but mostly, I believe, as a gesture of respect to Dolores. My father did not

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enter into my regard at all. I knew, disgustedly, that whatever I did would be right in his eyes. He had never been a father to look up to.

If I had a son, I vowed, he would have in me a guiding hand. And when the occasion demanded, that hand would be firm, leading him safely to the goal of unselfish young manhood. Dolores' long-suffering love and patience would bear fruit in the molding of my child's character.

Nita and I were married the next day, and the date in the wedding ring was set back two months. Dolores herself started the news that we had been married secretly.

"I've suspected it for a long time," she lied gallantly, "for Howard has been away so much."

"That's my son all over," father proudly boasted when he heard the news. "I always knew he'd be the kind of man who'd

act on his own initiative, asking advice from no one."

I brought my little bride home, and Dolores—bless her—made her thoroughly welcome.

"It's wonderful, dear," she exclaimed as she took Nita in her arms. "It's wonderful to have a daughter at home again. I've been so lonely since Elsie married."

Eight months later, my son was born, and little Nita, so young and trusting and sweet, paid for his coming with her life.

For five years Dolores mothered my boy. She loved and cared for him as she had yearned to love and care for me. As she had loved and cared for her own son, Bubs, now away at college.

Then I met and loved Lucille.

Lucille first attracted me because she was so very much like Dolores—unselfish, kind, patient and intelligent. The ideal mother for my son. We were married

and moved to the little farm I had bought adjoining that of my father.

The first thing I did when I took my loved ones home was to impress upon my son's mind that Lucille was his mother; his mother as truly as if she had given him birth. His mother by right of the duties she was so whole-heartedly assuming, and he would be expected to pay her the respect and obedience and filial love of a natural son. My father's mistake would certainly not be repeated by me. I loved my wife too much for that. I loved my son too much. If I had not trusted Lucille with the mothering of my son I would not have married her. And I was determined to safeguard her happiness as well as my son's and my own.

Mother Dolores' noble endurance and unselfish love were not in vain after all. She sees the fruits of her labor in my boy, and I know her gallant heart rejoices.

Home Problems Forum

(Continued from page 15)

Won't you please ask your readers for help? I really don't know what to do. Do you think I am wrong? Have I got any sort of argument in my favor when I say that, since we are going to keep right on supporting his mother, some kind of provision ought to be made for me? Please give me some advice as soon as you can, because the discussion is really spoiling these months preceding our marriage, when we ought to be so happy and have our minds free for our planning.

PHYLLIS.

Fred Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

I consented to add my letter to Phyllis' because I am just as anxious as she is to have this whole matter settled and dismissed from our conversation. Personally, I think there has been altogether too much talk about it. And as Phyllis says, as soon as you begin to talk about one thing it leads to another and before we know it we are saying things we don't really mean. We have had some pretty stiff quarrels about the whole situation, I am ashamed to say.

But we do love each other and really have no desire to quarrel when we start out. Both of us are always sorry afterward, and feel pretty mean over it. But I guess the time has come to settle the matter.

I will say this, that Phyllis doesn't carry any grudges, and neither do I. So whichever way we decide, once the decision is made, we will both abide by it, and actually put the whole thing out of our thoughts. That is why she wanted to write to you, so we could reach a logical and reasonable decision without any personalities. I think, in any kind of discussion, it is always the personal remarks that linger on and make people unhappy.

Of course, Phyllis is right when she says that I love her, and want to do my very best for her. I love my mother too, and certainly feel that I have to do my best for her.

Now it is true that when a man marries, in many ways he has to make a choice between his mother and his wife. I am

not tied to my mother's apron strings, and I am certainly not in her power. Mother hasn't the faintest idea that there is any argument over my insurance policy. Really I doubt if she ever thinks of the policy, although at the time I took it out I told her that I was making her the beneficiary.

My mother has been a truly wonderful woman. Probably even I don't know how much sacrifice she made for my education, how hard she often worked, how lonely were the years until I grew up. It is true that she didn't do all this from mercenary reasons. She certainly never stopped to figure out that she would do this much for me, and I would do that much for her. She just did it because she is that kind of mother.

NATURALLY from the time I realized what she was doing, I began to dream of the day when I could make some provision for her, or at least be certain that she would be taken care of, in case anything happened to me.

The first thing I did when I saw that my job was permanent, and a good one, was to take out insurance, because the older I grew the more I saw about me the terrible, pathetic plights of middle-aged women left without a penny, and unable to support themselves.

Phyllis is right when she says that in the natural course of events I will live longer than my mother. But after all, what is the natural course of events? Many young people, through one unfortunate circumstance or another, are carried off, leaving behind them undischarged obligations, and families actually in want.

I know if I were to say anything to my mother, she probably wouldn't let me finish two sentences. Before I said the proposition she would understand and tell me, by all means, to sign the policy over to my wife. That is precisely why I don't want to talk to her. First of all, I'd feel ashamed to do a thing like that; disturb her sense of security and give her the feeling that I no longer wish to see her provided for. I think that a man has the right to discharge a serious

responsibility like this in the way that he sees best. I paid for that insurance policy long before I met Phyllis, and have always set aside that sum in my mind as a payment on the debt I owe my mother.

It is true that a man should provide for his wife. I won't quarrel with that at all, and I have just the same desire to do this as has any other decent young fellow who is engaged. When I stop to think of it, I wouldn't like the idea of Phyllis being left without even the small income that my mother had. It is a pretty horrible thought for a man to face—that he may leave a trail of poverty and desolation behind him.

But this is the point, Mrs. Willman. Phyllis and I are young. We are healthy and strong. My mother is past sixty. If anything should happen to me, it would be impossible for her to earn her own living. She gets older every year, and less able to do so, and what could she do anyway, because she was brought up according to standards of her generation and has never in her life earned any money?

ANYBODY will admit that a woman of her age is not wanted anywhere, and certainly would be wanted less at the age of sixty-eight or seventy. Phyllis, like me, has been earning her living since she was eighteen. She is an excellent designer of millinery, and while I don't want to see her work after we are married because that is not necessary, if something should happen to me before I can make provision for her, she would still be in a position to earn money.

I don't doubt that Phyllis would take care of my mother, but it would be a pretty bitter pill for my mother to swallow if, after her years of struggle, she would have to be dependent upon her daughter-in-law, however devoted. Such an arrangement, too, would tie Phyllis down pretty much, and perhaps prevent her from going some place where she could make a better living or manage better with her money.

Also there is one other point which Phyllis doesn't consider. Conditions in

the country are certainly going to improve. I don't believe any sensible person believes that they are going to get worse. I have a profession. Even during the most difficult times, I have always had work. Within the next five or six years I anticipate that I shall be able to earn much more money than I have ever earned. And, believe me, the very first opportunity I see I intend to take out at least as much insurance for Phyllis as I carry for my mother. Just because things are as they are now, doesn't mean that they will continue throughout our married life. At any time within future years I may be able to take out a policy for Phyllis, and then the whole thing will be settled.

It is true that we can't do it now. The strain would be entirely too much for both of us, and I don't believe in people making their lives miserable in order to prepare for possible death. I know that by the time Phyllis reaches an age where she can no longer work for her living, I will certainly have been able to provide for her, in other ways besides insurance.

I surely don't want this discussion to disrupt our romance, or to cloud the first

days of our marriage. But I do think that often too much looking ahead complicates matters.

My mother has been and is a wonderful woman. No man ever had a better mother, and I feel that in all decency and self-respect too, this provision should stand as it is. After all, if I outlive my mother, the beneficiary can always be altered.

Please give us some help if you can. I am sure this problem must have come into the lives of other young couples, and I do want to know how they have handled it.

FRED.

What is your opinion?

For the best letter on this problem we will pay \$15, for the second best, \$10, and for the third best, \$5.

All letters must be in the office of TRUE STORY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by noon January 2, 1935. Prizes will be awarded by February 1. We will announce the prize winners in an early issue.

Do you like the Home Problems Forum? Have you any suggestions for making its appeal of even wider interest?

MRS. HELEN WILLMAN.

Lovers Must Trust

(Continued from page 48)

Miss Emily had been married in June to a young engineer in Seattle, and I was dreading the coming of winter when there would be long evenings without her charming presence and gracious help.

Unconsciously I had let the ideal grow up in my heart. To be a teacher like Miss Emily—to teach the Deer Run School!

But there were studies I must pursue outside the common branches before I could pass the examination and secure my teacher's certificate. That was the problem I turned over and over in my mind as I washed the breakfast dishes the next day.

Crashing rudely into that morning day-dream came a familiar sound. It was the clatter of hoofs on the hard, beaten road of the valley. The sound reached the bend where the echo caught it and increased it to the illusion of a galloping horse.

I WAS as sure it was Leonard Murray as if I had seen straight through the kitchen walls to where he sat with devil-may-care grace upon his light-footed calico pony, Skit. I went right on washing dishes so that I might turn around with a surprised air when I heard his step behind me in the kitchen doorway.

"Len Murray! At this hour!" I gasped.

The warm suds dripped from my up-raised fingers. How handsome he was, with the sun at his back throwing into relief his very tall figure, his rumpled black hair and bronzed cheeks.

"Not a bit glad to see me, Ruth?" There was hope in the question.

"Always," I laughed.

"Prove it!" He was coming close.

"How? Isn't my word enough?" I was backing away.

"Goldilocks ran to meet me and gave me a kiss," he teased.

"Well, one from the family is enough," I declared, still staying out of reach.

Was it a faint flush of anger that rose in his cheeks?

"Don't run, Ruth," he said. "I don't want your kiss until you give it to me."

"Oh, Len," I assured him earnestly, "I sometimes think I—I want to kiss you—want to be married—but I want other things, too. There are things I think about all day. Then when I see you I think it would be nice to be—to be loved—"

"THE 'other things' are that school-teaching business," he broke in. "Ruth, you'd be lots happier making a little home for me up on the ranch than in teaching a bunch of ornery kids. Didn't Miss Emily tell you how happy she was to give up teaching and have a home of her own?"

"Yes, but she had the education first. Why, it was through a college friend that she met her precious Jack!"

It was a careless shot, but it hit Len straight between the eyes. I saw him wince and I hated myself.

"Oh," he drawled, "I see! You may run across something worth while if you can get away from the valley."

"Len Murray, you know I don't mean that. There's nobody better than my folks and all my friends, not even Miss Emily. I can't tell why I want a little taste of what she had; why my dream is just to be able to come back and teach the school for—well, say a year."

"Aww, Ruthie, darlin', forgive me!"

Hope leaped back to his eyes, and love was in his voice. I felt a sudden enveloping tenderness for him. He must have sensed the auspicious moment, for he reached out both eager arms and drew me close to his pounding heart.

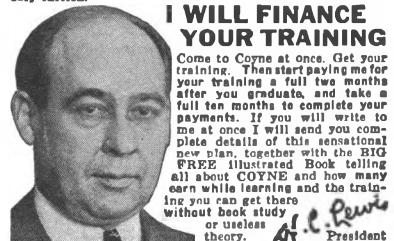
There was a brief instant while his eyes besought mine, and then I gave him my lips.

"Ruth, Ruth!" he whispered over and over.

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I was frightened. Why had I let things go so far?

"Len, please!" I was saying. "It doesn't mean that we're engaged."

"It means you love me, honey, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it means that," I owned, and he held me close again.

It really was pleasant to be in Len's arms, to respond to his ardent kisses, but I had a reserve I could not define. I decided it was my longing for an education that would keep me from wholly belonging to Leonard Murray until it was realized.

That was in August. September passed and brought me no chance to go away to school. I knew that the family rather felt I ought to marry Leonard, though my parents were not the sort to impose their desires upon their children.

"I guess it's pretty lonesome for Len batching over there all alone," mother remarked one day as I sat helping her with the mending.

"He should have stayed at home with his father if he doesn't like it," I retorted perversely.

"Every boy wants to start for himself, and the Holly ranch was a bargain. Your dad thinks that Len showed his good sense to buy it, even though he'll be years paying it off."

"A wife would help him pay off faster, I guess," I kept on in a stubborn vein.

"Ruth, do you love Leonard?" Mother put it straight because she didn't want to force him on me.

OH, I sure do, but I want to do some things on my own hook before I settled down to raise babies. Mother, if I could only get a teacher's certificate and teach one year, I'd be the happiest girl on earth."

When I saw tears in mother's eyes I was sorry I had been so frank.

"Well, don't get married till you're good and ready, honey," she said tenderly. "You're only seventeen. I was sixteen when I married, and I've never been sorry, but not every man is like your dad."

I laughed at her gentle pride in my good father.

"No, indeed, not many like him," I admitted. "Leonard is good, but he flies off the handle pretty easy. And jealous! Honestly, he can hardly stand it to think I love Miss Emily as I do."

"All lovers want to be first," mother told me.

"Well, I don't love anybody better than Len," I confided. "But, oh, mother, I've just got to have some more schooling before I marry!"

"I'll talk to your father," she said. "Maybe we can manage some way for next year."

I leaned over to kiss her in a warm impulse of gratitude.

That was how father happened to give me a pig and a calf for my own. No two animals ever had such solicitous care, such regular feeding and grooming. I planned to sell them to buy more pigs and I was suddenly willing to be patient. Even if I didn't get away for two years, I now had a chance.

Danny and I congratulated each other on our good luck. He would soon be making five dollars a day, acting as guide for the man from Portland.

"Maybe I can lend you some money, Sis," he offered generously.

Dear, dear Danny!

I remember well the evening Martin Wells arrived. Danny went to town in the little buckboard to meet him. Mother and I laughed to see them driving up almost buried in baggage.

"They always bring a lot of stuff they don't need the first trip," mother declared. "They have to learn to travel light."

Supper was ready when Danny escorted the stranger in, after stowing his stuff in an enclosed porch.

"I never smelled anything so good in my life," I heard Mr. Wells saying, as he sniffed the odor of frying ham. "This November air has given me an appetite I lost two years ago."

Then he was bowing to mother and me. I wondered how his hair could be so gray when his face was so young. He had twinkling blue eyes and was very little taller than Danny, I noticed, as they stood there together, but he seemed much slighter of build.

I really paid very little attention to our guest, except to be pleasant, and the men talked hunting all evening. I recall that he spoke once or twice of his wife, and that mother asked if he had any children.

"I've none yet," he answered smiling, "but I've been married only two years."

"That's long enough here in the valley," father came back with a hearty laugh, and mother frowned at him.

The next day Danny and Martin Wells were off in the buckboard for the hunting grounds. They were to go to a cabin that had belonged to old Uncle Tommy Hite, an uncle of my mother who had died. It was thirty miles from us to the edge of the first big range, and many a good hunt had father and the boys had when they used to go for a few days' visit to Uncle Tommy.

SINCE Uncle Tommy's death the cabin had been unoccupied, but all the homely furniture was in place, the door left unlocked, and a sign nailed beside it, reading, "Stranger, make yourself at home, but leave things as you find them."

There was lots of joking that morning as they drove away in the cool November dawn. It was all they could do to get their outfit loaded and tied onto the rig, and they talked of how they would get Luke Hite, my cousin, to bring them back with the kill in his wagon.

"It will take some sized wagon to bring back the horns on the buck I'm going to get," laughed Martin Wells.

Danny, after the silent manner of most woods people, kept his own counsel as he tightened a strap here, or changed the load there for safer transit. Then they were off. I listened while the horses' hoofbeats came back to me from the echo's point.

They were gone just four days when we woke one morning with the pungent smoke of burning pine in our nostrils. The blue haze lay directly above the Viney Creek section where Danny and Mr. Wells had gone to hunt, but none of us mentioned it.

We went about our affairs with no comment on the surmises that tortured all our minds. I was awakened at mid-

night by father's voice talking to mother out in the kitchen. I crept to the top of the stairs and listened.

"It's showing right red over on Viney," he said. "I'm going to ride over to the settlement and see what the word is. If it's bad, I won't be back."

"Yes, you'd better go on over," mother said.

The nearest telephone was at the settlement, three miles away, and it would be possible to get word direct from the Viney section as to how bad the fire was and how fast it was traveling.

A smoky haze hung like a veil over the rising sun in the morning. Leonard Murray came riding in from his ranch with the dawn.

"A fellow told me that the fire is pretty well over the west side of the range," he told us. "I'm going to ride on over to the settlement. They say Bill Gates is going to drive his car over with all the fire-fighters he can get."

"Oh, do be careful, Len," I breathed in a moment of weakness and dread. "I guess Dad has gone on over to help."

My lover caught me to him with a quick ecstasy.

"**W**OULD you care, Ruth honey, if anything happened to me?"

It had the effect of cooling me somehow.

"Danny and father and Mr. Wells and lots of people are in danger maybe," I said, as I held Len at arm's length.

"Mr. Wells, eh?" What irony in his voice!

It set me laughing like an idiot. I just couldn't stop.

"Is it so funny, Ruth? Well, I can tell you it's not so funny to me when you show as much concern for a total stranger as you do for your own folks—for me."

"Oh, clear out!" I cried half in anger, half in fun. "Can't I mention an old, gray-headed, married man who happened to stop here overnight? I suppose you'd like to see him burn up just because he bowed pleasantly when he was introduced to me, and went hunting with my brother."

"Ruth, sweetheart! Don't roast me. I deserve it, but—don't! Kiss me now. I'm going."

He was so appealing, so handsome and wistful, standing there with his hat in his hand. I raised my arms to go round his neck in a tight clasp.

"Oh, you dear, bad old Lenny!" I murmured.

I gave him all the kisses he demanded in farewell, and listened for the last tap of Skit's galloping feet down the valley.

By night the strain we were under had lessened a little, for the smoke had died down noticeably. Phil, who had stayed at home to look after the stock, began to talk of going over to the settlement for news.

"Yes, do," mother urged. "That change in the wind probably only means the fire's moving south and we don't get the smoke. We can look after things if you find it best to go on, Phil."

There were two long days of waiting. Phil had not come back. I rode a horse over to the settlement only to find that the fire had burned across the telephone line into Viney, and no news was to be had.

"Nobody's come back, so it must be
(Continued on page 124)

\$10,000.00

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Do not let the fact that *True Story* has been printing a series of special feature stories regarding the lives and loves of world-famous personages deter you from sending in your own story. The special feature stories are in no way connected with this contest and do not lessen your chances of being awarded one of the big cash prizes.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First	\$2,500
Second	1,500
Third	1,000
Fourth—10 @ \$500....	5,000
Total, 13 Prizes.....	\$10,000

BIG NEW CONTEST

TRUE STORY is going to award the magnificent sum of \$10,000 in prizes for thirteen true stories received during November and December, 1934. Why not claim one of these big prizes, which range from \$500 to \$2500 each? There is no reason why you should not—every reason why you should. Simply look back over your life, select an episode that is thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success or failure, tragedy or happiness, write it simply and honestly, and send it in. Hundreds of men and women have followed this simple formula in the past to their immense financial benefit. Hundreds more will in the future. You are invited to be among them.

And remember this—*TRUE STORY* is always in the market for good true stories—is constantly buying them every month in the year. Even though your story falls slightly short of being in the prize-winning group, providing we can use it, it will be considered for purchase at our regular rates.

The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the minds and hearts of those who lived them, one or more probably in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crises, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul.

Begin to Write Your Story Today

Tell it simply in your own words just as it happened to you or some one you know, and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e., its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. The important thing is to speak plainly. As *TRUE STORY* is a magazine devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, you are justified in describing frankly and fully any situation that can happen in real life. If your story contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis the person submitting the best story will be awarded the \$2,500 first prize, the persons submitting the next best story will be awarded the \$1,500 second prize, etc.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest please always disguise the names of the persons and places appearing in your stories. These changes in no way reduce the fundamental truth of the stories and they save the feelings of many persons who object to being mentioned in an identifiable manner.

The only restriction as regards the length of stories submitted in these contests is that no story shall contain less than 2,500 words. Beyond that feel no concern. Let the length take care of itself. Use as many words as are necessary to set it forth to best advantage—whether it be 3,000, 10,000 or 50,000.

Remember, it is the stories you send in that count—nothing else. Do not procrastinate. It would be a pity indeed not to take full advantage of this unprecedented opportunity to cash in richly on one of your life experiences if your story is really dramatic and has merit for publication. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire, but only one prize will be awarded to any one person in this contest.

On this page you will find the contest rules. Read them carefully—they are simple and easily understood—all based upon our past experience in conducting contests of this nature. Follow them carefully and your manuscripts will contain all necessary information and reach us in such form as to insure their receiving full consideration. With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs, or other extraneous matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affecting decisions in any way.

Another thing, watch the contest page or pages every month. For several months there may be nothing new—then, suddenly—a great new announcement. It pays to watch the contest page.

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type your manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE, and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed to sender. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be announced in *TRUE STORY* Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories, we cannot accept manuscripts submitted through intermediaries.

This contest ends at the close of business, Monday, December 31, 1934.

Address your manuscripts to *TRUE STORY* MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 19C, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to *TRUE STORY* and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for us in writing true stories. It is entitled, "How You Should Know About *TRUE STORY*." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

bad," declared the wife of the storekeeper. I shall never forget that next night when somebody did come back. It was my father. When I ran for the kitchen at the sound of his voice I saw him holding mother tight in his arms.

His grimy, torn clothes sent out the acrid odor of pine smoke and his head bent low above mother's. Then I heard her moaning something over and over.

"Danny—Danny—Danny!" Was that it?

The next thing I seem to remember was Goldy crying so hard that we all bore up for her sake, and we heard the story from father.

Danny and Martin Wells had been trapped in Uncle Tommy's cabin. When they woke to find the roaring inferno sweeping down the mountain toward them, they had made a dash for the only way out. One of the horses broke away in the excitement of making ready to be off.

Both men mounted the horse that was left. It was literally a race with a monster who could travel twice as fast as they. Finally their horse fell with a broken leg. They shot him, and ran on.

"DANNY never lost his way," Dad found comfort in telling us as he choked back bitter tears. "He made the north fire-clearing all right. Wells had fainted when there was still a mile or more to go and the heat was lickin' their heels."

Then we heard how Danny had carried the man he had guided into the woods; how he dragged and carried him to a house across the clearing.

"When I got there," my father finished the story, "Wells had come to. Danny was—Danny was—"

We could not bear to hear then what we must know. Danny had breathed so much smoke and overstrained his heart and lungs so that he collapsed, never to know consciousness in this world again.

When they brought his body home, the fire had been conquered.

Some days later, we laid his body in the churchyard at Deer Run. Oh, now, more than ever, I wanted to teach the Deer Run School, for I would ride past the spot where Danny lay every day. I could whisper things to him in my mind as I rode by.

It was many days before they could move Martin Wells over to our house. The doctor wanted him sent right on to Portland, but he said he must have a few days with us. It made us feel very kindly toward him.

He had almost had pneumonia and looked thin and pale, but he kept up a brave smile. He didn't speak of Danny as he sat with us at meals, but he looked at mother as if he almost loved her. I think he must have been there about three days before he got at the thing that was on his mind. We were all sitting around the log fire that night.

"Danny talked to me a lot that day we drove into Viney," our guest began quietly. "I got to feeling that his biggest dream was to help Ruth get away to school."

I had to dig my nails into my palms and look away from those faces around the fire, or I should have sobbed aloud.

"I almost hate to mention the trifling

thing I'd like to do. You might get the notion that it is intended as a sort of reward for what Danny did for me." He had to stop to get his own voice under control.

"Let me say that I'd like to be the means of Ruth coming up to some good school in Portland. There must be normal courses—"

"Oh, I could ask Miss Emily. She'll know all about—"

My face burned as I realized how I had let my zeal carry me off my feet, and I saw mother's eyes turning to me in astonishment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Wells," mother said gently, "and we understand just how you mean it. Maybe you could help us get Ruth the schooling she wants so much."

"If you could only arrange to lend me the money for tuition, my pig and calf would pay for the books, and I could get a place to work for my board. Miss Emily's told me about other girls—"

"I can arrange anything you want." Mr. Wells broke in upon my racing speech.

I saw Goldy giggling at my mention of the pig and calf, and I withdrew into my shell for a long time while mother and Dad planned with our new friend how I might start away to school after the Christmas holidays. I could scarcely believe my ears!

I remember thinking all to myself how life was a strange, shifting scene of deep shadows and high lights. Danny's death had made me feel that to live was only to suffer; and here I was straining my eyes toward a gleam of unutterable happiness.

"Ruth is so young," I then heard mother saying. "She's not yet eighteen, though she seems older. I will feel that she has a good friend in you and your wife, Mr. Wells."

SHREWED mother love! I sensed the question that was put in that statement. Would Mrs. Wells be glad to have me in Portland?

"My wife is a very busy woman," Martin Wells made haste to explain, and I noticed a slight embarrassment in his glance at mother. "But Ruth will find her very friendly, very charming."

"The only thing I regret," he went on after a pause, "is that we shall not be able to ask Ruth to our home while she is getting settled. We live in a small downtown apartment and keep no servants, since we take most of our meals out. There is a dean of women in the preparatory school I think of as suitable. She will assist Ruth in finding exactly the place she would like to live in."

I was so excited when I went to bed that night there was no sleep ahead for many hours. One of the most serious of my problems was how to explain it all to Leonard. He was so impetuous and unreasonable as to demand my utmost tact, but I loved him and I devised all sorts of tender schemes to keep him happy in the two years I must spend to acquire a teacher's certificate.

The next day brought the departure of Martin Wells; and evening saw my lover riding up to the door. I wanted a special variety of evergreen that grew

up at the edge of the woods to make a wreath for Danny's grave, so I asked Len to walk up with me before dusk. Up there under the pines I told him.

He turned so gray it frightened me at first. I reached up and shook him playfully by the shoulders.

"Can't you love me for two years longer?" I demanded chidingly.

"Why should I do that, only to lose you?" he asked hoarsely. "But I can't help it, I'll love you forever. Oh, Ruth, can't you give it all up and marry me next spring? You ought to see how I'm fixing up the little kitchen—"

"Len, please!" I begged. "It hurts me, for I do love you. But I'm so young, and you're only twenty, yourself. Think how much more contented a wife I'll be after I get what I want. I think—I think a woman's a better mother perhaps if she—she—"

"Oh, Ruth, forgive me." It was the old penitent cry. "You are so sweet, so wonderful. I'll wait and wait. How old is that man Wells? I know he has gray hair, but he smiles like a kid."

"Simpleton!" I flung at him. "Help me get this trailing vine. It will soon be dark."

"I don't think he's more than thirty," Leonard pursued the subject as we gathered the greens. "What's his business?"

"I HEARD him tell Dad he's connected

with a publishing firm and does a little writing, too. You must be good at guessing ages, Len. He said he'd been married two years, and that his twenty-eighth birthday was also his wedding day."

"I'm good at guessing lots of things," Len said, trying to sound sportive, and not succeeding.

"Not good at guessing that love cannot thrive on lack of trust," I spat back.

"Ruth, I do trust you," he insisted.

He took me in his arms, and tried to prove it with his impassioned kisses. I began to believe we were going to be better off apart, since I would not be ready for marriage for two years—maybe three. Perhaps I had done wrong to admit my love so early. But Len was so irresistible. I thrilled to his ardor in this very hour, and knew that I would long for his embrace in the absence I planned.

Such a fever of preparation as lay between that time and the day I went through the wrench of leaving home and dear ones. It took all my courage, all the lure of my dream, to keep me from breaking out before farewells were said.

At the last, there was only Leonard standing on the train steps until I feared for his safety.

"Remember, you are mine, Ruth," were his parting, whispered words.

I went inside the coach, fighting back the tears. Then I made myself think of what lay ahead; of the nice letter from the dean of women at the school, saying she had a splendid place where I might earn my keep. I looked a hundred times to see if my precious small roll of bills still lay safe within my brand-new pocket-book.

I had arranged to borrow only my railroad fare, tuition, and a very little more, from Mr. Wells. With one year

(Continued on page 126)

If Your Husband Nags and Sneers— This Girl's Story Will Interest You!

IN PHYSICAL CULTURE for January is the anonymous story of a girl who, almost as soon as she was married, discovered she was wedded to a boor who had no consideration for anybody's feeling but his own. Without regard as to who was present he nagged, belittled, sneered at the slightest provocation; often with no provocation at all. To him her hurt feelings meant less than nothing. Far from realizing her dream of happiness life developed into a nightmare.

If her case was just a single instance of its kind her story would be but a story, although one of absorbing interest. But to quote the editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE: "The significant feature of her recital is the unfortunate fact that it closely duplicates the situation in millions of homes."

If yours is one of those millions of homes, this girl's



He was boorish to the point of rudeness. . . .

story (anonymous because of the extreme frankness with which she deals with a delicate situation) will prove not only a dramatic and gripping human document but one which may help you to solve the same unhappy problem that she was called upon to solve. Titled "My Nagging Husband," you will find it in PHYSICAL CULTURE for January, now on sale. Read it by all means.

The Personal Problem Magazine

No matter what your personal problem may be, an early issue of Physical Culture will contain an article regarding it which will point the way to a rational, permanent solution.

What Physical Culture Stands For

"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

"For a long time this magazine has given a vast amount of attention to these factors in health and personal well being to the end of teaching a better art of living and helping its readers to find fulfillment of life in a broad sense. It is a magazine of personal relationships devoted to the commonsense handling of everyday human problems. We do not pretend to solve your problems for you. We will only try to help you to analyze and see them more clearly, so that you may more successfully grapple with them yourself."—Bernarr Macfadden.

Contents of Physical Culture for January

EDITORIAL, by Bernarr Macfadden • DANCING EXERCISES REMODEL TWISTED BODIES, by Grace S. Leake • IS YOUR "LOVE" A NEUROSES? by Lawrence Gould • MY NAGGING HUSBAND, Anonymous • I EARNED MY PNEUMONIA, by Affiah Allen • I SAID "I CAN'T DRINK MILK," by Bertha Suzanne Oliver • STARVED WIVES, by One of Them • LOVE, HONOR AND SUPPORT! Anonymous • ANEMIA AND ITS PREVENTION, by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D. • THE BODY BEAUTIFUL • IS YOUR HAIR A PICTURE FRAME? by Carol Cameron • EVERY ONE A PRIZE BABY • MY FIFTY YEARS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, by Bernarr Macfadden • RELAX YOUR MIND THROUGH YOUR MUSCLES, by Wainwright Evans • IT'S EASY TO HAVE A BABY, by Alice Graham • DON'T LOSE THAT FINE VEGETABLE FLAVOR, by Jane Randolph • MY DAUGHTER GOES WITH A DRUNKARD, Personal Problem Department • HOW GOOD ARE PRUNES? by Milo Hastings • FOOD FUELS TO FIRE THE FURNACE IN WINTER, AND OTHER FOOD QUESTIONS, by the Nutrition Staff.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

JANUARY ISSUE ON SALE AT ALL NEW STANDS, 15¢

of teaching I could more than pay back the amount I'd require for two years. What a lucky girl I was!

I saw Mr. Wells outside the train window in the Portland station before he saw me, but he was smiling a greeting as I stepped to the platform. There was something boyish about him, as Leonard had said.

"Glad to see you, Ruth," he was saying. "How's every one in the Valley? Your mother, is she well?"

I might have been an old friend. He got a porter to take my rather unwieldy suit case and guided me through the crowd to a car at the curb. The city was just lighting up in early dusk of January, and I loved the rush and brightness all around me, though I had a sudden, sickening thought of mother lighting her little lamp to start supper.

"I made arrangements with the dean, Miss Carter, to take you right out to the room you are to have," Mr. Wells was explaining as he steered his roadster into the traffic.

AND that is how I entered the land of my dreams.

It was all so unbelievable that I was to share a home with any one so agreeable as Dr. Helen Wyatt. She had a charming four-room apartment, only eight blocks from the school, and was an unmarried woman of about forty who had practiced medicine in Portland for ten years.

"I have long wanted somebody to keep things neat and have a cup of tea ready for me when I come in tired," she explained as we were getting acquainted that first night in her pretty living room.

I told her all about my family; of Mr. Wells' kindness and she told how she had fought her way to moderate success in her profession.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" I cried, entranced. "I have a lot of ambition for doing something myself."

She studied me a while with a sort of tolerant smile, and I thought she was surely not handsome, a squat, swarthy type with small eyes and a plain mouth. I almost blushed for fear she had read my thoughts when she spoke.

"You are very beautiful, Ruth," she said with no hint of flattery. "Hasn't any one ever told you that? It will be harder for you to keep your eyes on books than it was for me, perhaps."

I only laughed and she went on to tell me of her friendship with Miss Carter, and how that lady had long been persuading her to take in some nice student girl for help and companionship.

"My! I'm glad it was I," I uttered sincerely.

"It was because you were a little country girl," she confessed. "I used to be a country girl."

I was soon established in my classes, and my work for Dr. Wyatt was like playing in a doll-house. I loved the tiny kitchen with everything electric, the pretty dining nook, and my own small bedroom at the rear, overlooking the court four stories below.

I told the doctor how pleased I was with the rose hangings in my room, and how I had never seen myself in a full-length mirror until I faced the door of

my closet. She smiled at my enthusiasm. "That room is designed for one's maid," she said, "but I don't want you to feel that you must stay in there. The living room is open to you for rest or study, and I shall often ask you to sit with me there in the evening."

So, for all the differences in our age and interests, I grew to feel quite at home with the rather reserved woman I served. I had been in her home more than a month before I heard a word from my benefactor. I was alone in the apartment the afternoon I answered the telephone and found Mr. Wells asking for me.

"This is Ruth!" I told him with delight.

"How do you like everything?" he asked me. "And do you get good news from home?"

I hastened to assure him that I was the luckiest girl on earth, and that I had the best of reports from home. Of course, I didn't mention Leonard and his frequent letters. That would have been silly.

"If you need more money than we arranged for," he offered thoughtfully, "you have only to let me know. Expenses have a way of being more than one expects."

"I am getting along fine," I told him.

"You can always call me here at my office," he suggested, "in case you need anything. My secretary, Miss Long, will also take any message in case I am not in."

I thanked him. We chatted a minute or two longer, and he said good-by.

Mother asked me once or twice in letters whether I had met Mrs. Wells, and I had to tell her the truth, though I feared it might make the home folks feel a little resentful. If Danny had been good enough to die for Martin Wells, was not Danny's sister good enough to meet Mrs. Martin Wells? That would be the reasoning in their simple, sensitive minds.

WHEN spring came to the home country, mother wrote me how Phil had ridden over from the logging camp where he worked, to view the ruins of Uncle Tommy Hite's cabin. By some freak of the destroying element the cabin was not entirely wiped out. Under its charred and sagging walls my brother had unearthed the watch belonging to Mr. Wells, which he had considered lost forever.

In a few days, I had the little package by post containing the watch, which mother had suggested I could give to Mr. Wells some day when I saw him. They seemed to have naive notions of our meeting every few days, as we met our neighbors at the mail-boxes in the settlement.

I was undecided for a day or two as to how to deliver the property to my friend. Then I remembered his telling me to call his office, and I got out the telephone book.

It was a bright afternoon in May, and I perched myself in a sunny window seat to discover the name of Martin Wells in some column of fine print. Never did it occur to my inexperienced mind that the office number would be under the name of his publishing firm.

"Blank 3981," I was soon sending out confidently over the wire.

A woman's voice answered. His secre-

tary, of course. He had mentioned her.

"Is Mr. Wells in?" I asked. "Mr. Martin Wells?"

"Well, no—er—not just now. Who is speaking?" The voice was very low and agreeable.

I had never thought of myself as Miss Winston, and it seemed too formal a name to use now.

"Why, just tell Mr. Wells that Ruth called, and that if he can come over to the apartment I have something for him."

"The apartment?"

"Yes. The Lawton. He knows."

There was such a silence that I had a moment of doubt. Perhaps I had the wrong office.

"I—I am speaking to Mr. Wells' secretary, am I not?" There was confusion in my voice, and I knew it.

"You are speaking to Mr. Wells' residence," came back in frozen tones.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I've made a mistake. Please don't mind. I—I—"

My behavior was that of a blushing, awkward country girl before a haughty, self-possessed lady she had dreaded to meet.

"Very well." But I caught the low, sneering laugh before she hung up the receiver.

I WAS so disgusted with myself and the way I had bungled things that I hid the little package away in the bottom of my trunk to await a day when Mr. Wells might call me up, or drop in to call. In fact, I quite forgot it in the press of daily duties.

I always got breakfast for Dr. Wyatt and myself, after rising early to tidy the living room. Then I hurried off to classes, returning soon after noon to eat my luncheon, wash all the dishes, and do the bedroom work. Some afternoons I had only two hours of class, and others I was away nearly all afternoon. Five o'clock always found me in the kitchen, preparing dinner, except such evenings as the doctor dined out. About half my evenings I spent alone studying, but the other half found my employer reading at home unless a call came.

Not many telephone calls came to the apartment for Dr. Wyatt, since she was some sort of specialist, so she told me, and arranged to have her patients come to her office downtown by appointment. But she had instructed me how to answer inquiring people and direct them to her office number.

All this leads me to the evening early in June—the third, to be exact—when I sat studying under the living-room lamp, alone. Dr. Wyatt had said she would be very late returning that night and it must have been nearly nine o'clock when the telephone rang. I went to answer.

"Is Ruth Winston there?" came a woman's voice, low, distinct.

"This is Ruth," I answered.

"Mrs. Martin Wells speaking. Do you know where my husband is?" Agitation rang now in every tone of her higher pitch.

"Why—why, no!" I stammered.

"Don't lie!" I got back like a slap. "It's a serious matter."

My own temper woke ever so little.

(Continued on page 128)

\$1,000.00 SONGS OF ROMANCE CONTEST



The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$400.00
SECOND PRIZE.....	150.00
THIRD PRIZE.....	50.00
TEN PRIZES. Each \$10.00.....	100.00
TWENTY PRIZES. Each \$5.00.....	100.00
100 PRIZES. Each \$2.00.....	200.00
TOTAL 133 PRIZES. \$1,000.00	

The RULES

1. Each month for three months TRUE STORY will reproduce three pictures which may be captioned with the title or a line from one of the old favorite songs of romance, such as "Just a Song at Twilight," "Annie Laurie," "In the Good Old Summertime," "I've Been Workin' on the Levee," and other songs your mother and father sang.
2. Study the pictures and hum over some of the old-time songs. Then select the titles you think most aptly and appealingly fit the pictures.
3. When you have all nine pictures of the series titled with names of, or excerpts from, old favorite songs, write a note of not more than 100 words explaining "The song that holds the most romance for me among those I have used in this contest, and the reason."
4. The set of nine contest pictures accompanied by the best titles and the best letter on the above subject will be awarded first prize. The next best entry will be awarded second prize and so forth through the prize list scheduled elsewhere on this page. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Titles will be judged on the basis of aptness and romantic appeal. Letters will be judged on the basis of human interest.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 27, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
6. Mail all entries to SONGS OF ROMANCE EDITOR, True Story Magazine, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

EVEN if you failed to enter this contest last month there is still time to get into the game and to win a substantial cash prize. The rules at the lower left give complete instructions for competing. Start now to prepare an entry that may win one of the major awards. Study the pictures. What title of an old song comes to mind as you muse over the couple on horseback? Or perhaps it is a certain line from a song that is recalled to you. Title the group of youngsters in the same manner. And the girl with the old-fashioned dress.

Then, if you have not saved them, you will need last month's pictures to bring your entry up to date. Simply mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6. They will be supplied gratis. January 3, 1935, closes this reprint offer. Act now!



WATCH FOR THE FINAL SET OF PICTURES NEXT MONTH

"I am not lying," I delivered sharply. "How should I know where your husband is?"

"Because he is your lover," she returned breathlessly. "And another lover of yours is out to kill him."

I became absolutely certain in that instant that I was talking to an insane woman who must be humored, not defied.

"And who is my other lover?" I inquired. I even relaxed enough to smile to myself.

"Your Wild West hero—Leonard Murray. He left my apartment here five minutes ago. He vows he'll kill Martin on sight. I wasn't prepared for this answer to my letter. Why! It will be awful! All over the front pages! A murder!" She was almost screaming.

"Letter! Letter!" I cut in on her.

"Yes. I wrote him I had information that might interest him. He came to get it. After I told him he showed me the gun. He's gone. He's on his way to Martin's office."

"WELL, why don't you call Mr. Wells at once? Warn him?" I was fairly shouting myself.

Was the earth crashing under my feet and the heavens falling about my ears?

"I haven't seen him for a month," she said. "He would pay no attention to me." She was crying now.

Actually I could hardly think at all; much less make anything out of such a tangled mystery. Then one clear picture photographed itself upon my consciousness with the speed of a camera shutter.

I saw Leonard Murray in a jealous passion, hunting the man who had stolen his sweetheart. He was believing that Martin Wells already possessed the favors of love that he had craved for himself. Mrs. Wells had guessed correctly. It would be murder!

The office, the office! He would be there. I must call and tell Mr. Wells to hide, to notify the police, to—oh, but would he act quickly enough? He was not a coward. I knew that. He might only decide to meet Leonard squarely—and then—

It takes minutes to tell it, but I made my decision in far less time. A feverish hunt through the telephone book to the name of a certain publishing house. I called the number.

Suppose he were not there! Suppose they met on the street! Well, I could only do the thing that seemed surest to guard an innocent man from one who hunted his life.

I was shaking all over when a man's voice came back, "Hello."

"Is Mr. Wells there?"

"Just a moment," came back the voice, "and I'll see. He was over in his office working a half hour ago."

Then I waited for an eternity.

"Martin Wells speaking," came the voice I would give my life to hear.

"This is Ruth Winston," I blurted, "and I want you to come out to the Lawton at once. Please don't waste a moment. Can you drive over? Oh, it's very urgent, Mr. Wells. Can you come, please?"

"Why can't you explain? Can't you—"

"Oh, please. If you remember Danny,

come! Don't ask why! Come instantly." "My car is at the curb. I'll be there." The receiver clicked.

And then I paced the floor in agonized prayer. Len must not be a murderer, all because some wicked woman had imagined unspeakable things.

I would never let Martin Wells out of that apartment until Leonard Murray was found and disarmed. I had to manage it somehow until the cruel web of falsehood lay uncovered.

One moment I burned with rage at Leonard's hideous doubts of me, and the next I melted with pity for the uncontrolled passion that could drive him on to crime. If only I could have seen him, talked to him, calmed him! But that was impossible, now that he had set forth in madness.

I thought of his parents, simple, honest folk. He was their only child, and such a tragedy would kill them. I thought of mother and all of them at home. Such an end as it would bring to my poor little effort.

The bell rang from below and I called down the tube. It was Mr. Wells, and I was as relieved as if I had seen him raised from the dead. I let him in the living room.

"What on earth is the matter?" he asked as he stood there, studying me curiously.

"Leonard Murray, a boy from home, has a silly notion to shoot you. I heard he was on his way to your office, and I had to get you away before he found you."

I could have laughed hysterically at the blank look he gave me.

"Please sit down," I begged, "until I convince you I am not plain crazy."

Briefly, I outlined what had happened. Martin Wells sat there on the divan beside me, his hat gripped in one hand, his merry blue eyes turning flinty.

"HOW on earth did she, did Maxine (that's my wife) ever find out about the boy? I remember meeting him there. Why, he was in the party that came to look for Danny and me! I never knew he was your sweetheart, Ruth."

"We were not engaged exactly," I explained. "But I love Len. He's a nice boy, but hot-headed. Mrs. Wells must have told him terrible things."

Then I recounted to Mr. Wells the experience I had when I called his residence number by mistake.

"Well, I'll have to meet the chap," he said finally. "It won't take me long to convince him that he's hunting a mare's nest."

"You don't know Len," I contended. "You don't know what jealousy can do."

The face he turned to me was both amused and tragic.

"Ruth," he affirmed solemnly, "the things I don't know about jealousy have never happened. It has driven me from my wife after two years of wretchedness that turned my hair gray. She accused me a month ago of having a mistress. I suppose the basis of her accusation was your innocent telephone call. She would tell me nothing except that she was going to search my perfidy to the end, and then divorce me. I've been living in my office since then, hating to go to the club

and have everything come out to public gaze."

We talked a while about what was the best and quietest way out of the embarrassing plight.

"Of course, Ruth, I can see your point. It would be preposterous to have your lover suddenly turn murderer for no reason at all. That's why I'll try to keep from setting myself up as a target. I'll let you decide what I'd better do until you convince him that you still love him and that he's been the victim of a fraud."

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" I cried, bewildered. "I only got as far as getting you here before he found you."

"You know, Ruth," Martin Wells began after a moment of concentration, "I'm wondering if this is a hoax of Maxine's. I can't imagine how she found out the boy's name. I think I'll call her up, and try straightening things from that end."

I heard him say a soft "damn" under his breath as he rose, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, and strode back and forth across the room once or twice. Then there came a rude knock upon the outer door that made us both jump.

LIKE lightning I decided it was not Dr. Wyatt. She carried a key, of course. And again, like lightning I decided it was Leonard. Would not my address be his second place of call?

"It's Len!" I gasped, and I began to push Martin Wells out into the hall that led to the kitchen and to my room.

"Well, let him in." He squared his shoulders and smiled.

I clapped my hand over his mouth to hush his clear speech and whispered frantically that he must hide until I talked to Leonard.

"I don't like that kind of business," he whispered back, "I'll take my medicine."

"And have a scene—and Len a murderer—and—Oh, please, Mr. Wells. There's no other door out. Please go back to the kitchen till I just have the first few words. Then you may come in. I'll call you."

As I whispered hoarsely, I was urging him back along the hall. I felt him resisting less and less, and I reached for inside my room. Then I scurried on tiptoe back to open the outside door.

Leonard stood there like the wrath of war. I scarcely knew him in the new hat he forgot to take from his head.

"Leonard! Come in," I said it cordially, and held out my hands.

"Sort of expecting me, were you, Ruth?" Such bitterness!

"Yes, I never have been surprised to find you at my door, Len dear." And I held up my lips to be kissed.

"Don't do that," he fairly bellowed it at me and, thinking of the neighbors across the hall, I snatched at his coat sleeve and had him inside, with the door closed, before he knew it.

"Now, little boy," I mocked, "are you going to stop playing bugaboo games? You can't scare me."

He only glared back at my coaxing smile. I changed my tack.

"Leonard, I knew you were coming. (Continued on page 130)

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You have been the victim of a terrible joke. The jealous woman who played it doesn't know what a joke it is. And to think you sell for it!"

"Don't lie to me, Ruth. The man left his wife when she found him out. She wrote me that, told me your name, and where you lived. Well, you can leave me. I won't hurt a hair of your head. But that skunk that brought you here is going to hell!"

He drew his automatic with great bravado, and I let out a sharp cry.

The sudden, fixed stare in Leonard's eyes! He was seeing something behind me, and I turned as Martin Wells came into the room.

Something quicker than thought told me that Leonard's gun would speak before the other man could speak. I threw myself like a shield between the shining muzzle and its mark.

The whole world shivered into sparks before my eyes and I woke up in a place where my mother's sweet face bent above me. Was it heaven?

NO, I reasoned laboriously, I had just wakened in my bed at home from a terrible dream. Then I saw a fresh, young face under a white cap beyond mother's face, and I thought of a hospital.

"You're better, honey. Lie still. Mother's here." Hearing that dear voice I was content to close my eyes again.

It must have been a day or two later that I saw there was a window in my room, and some pink roses in a vase. The nurse sat reading by the window.

"Where's mother?" I asked, and was amazed at how small my voice sounded.

"She went for a little walk, but she'll be back very soon," the girl said as she came to place her hand gently on mine.

My mind groped its way back to a time when the world was shattered and I with it. Then I began to remember even back of that.

Mother came in. She moved so quietly and came to sit by me.

"Was any one killed?" I asked.

"No, dear," she answered, and I saw her face flush, because mother was not used to telling a lie.

"Was it Mr. Wells?"

"Mr. Wells has been in every morning since you were hurt, Ruthie," she assured me, and I knew that was truth.

"Was it Leonard?" I kept on.

"Nobody hurt Leonard," mother said. "Let's talk about how much better you are, dear. You are getting well fast."

"Does Leonard come to see me, too?"

I saw mother send an appealing look toward the nurse.

"Leonard went back home," she said. "Now rest, dearie."

"Did—did they arrest him?" I would have it!

"No."

I had to think for some time after that. I reached a conclusion and I planned carefully just how to express it to mother.

"Did he only wound himself or—or is he dead?"

"Ruth—honey—"

"Mother!" The sharpness of my tone demanded the truth.

"He wasn't just wounded," she said. Her poor, tear-glazed eyes begged me to ask no more.

"No life but his own, then?" I persisted. "Only his poor self," she said. "Thank God you're getting well."

"Oh, that wicked, wicked woman!" I cried softly—to myself.

Mother seemed startled, and looked at the nurse.

"I mean Mrs. Martin Wells."

"Please don't talk, Ruth," mother said then, and in her voice was a tone I had learned to obey as a little girl.

There were six more weeks in the hospital before the wound that had nipped the top of a lung would let me go home. A slight scalp wound had healed beautifully, they told me when I asked why I was wearing short hair.

"It's a blessing in disguise," laughed my good nurse. "You're a darling with those soft, wind-blown waves."

During those six weeks I wormed the story out of mother. She had regretted my denouncement of Mrs. Wells because the newspapers had blazoned my name at the top of many a lurid column as that lady's rival.

GIRL SHIELDS LOVER WITH HER OWN BODY AS RIVAL SHOOTS

With that headline the world was informed that Ruth Winston was entertaining Martin Wells in her employer's apartment when Leonard Murray arrived unexpectedly to have revenge upon his rival. When the would-be murderer saw his sweetheart fall after two shots, he turned the gun upon himself, and died instantly.

ATTER I was conscious and out of danger, Martin Wells never came to see me. I told mother I was glad of it.

"He must hate the sight of me," I declared. "What a mess of trouble I brought into his life!"

"No, honey," mother said, "it's because he don't want the gossips to have room to talk. He blames himself for ever letting you come to Portland. He sent your father a check to cover all the expenses and my trip; and all so that the money would come from Dad to the doctors and the hospital."

"Mother," I said one day, "I guess nobody but you believes that Martin Wells and I were innocent."

"That don't bother me," she responded airily. "I ain't had anybody hint otherwise but that doctor woman you lived with, and I told her to get out of my sight and stay out."

"Dr. Wyatt? Oh, it was awful, mother, to have such a thing happen in her home."

"It was her reward for giving Leonard's address to the detective Mrs. Wells had hired. She found a letter in your room, and gave it to them."

"Oh, mother, take me back to the clean air of home," I sobbed aloud.

I should dip my pen in new ink to write of the wonderful transformation that came to our valley the following year. It was a wide and gleaming highway that cut through the forest to pass our door, and it beckoned us out to opportunity. A bus traveled that road inside a year, and there was a high school at the end of the road in the county seat.

By hard work I was able to finish the course in two years, and I was teaching

the Deer Run School when I was twenty-one. Goldy now took the bus to high school every day, and I had dreams of being retired on a teacher's pension when I reached the age of ninety.

Martin Wells waited until I was twenty-three before he brought himself back into my life. It was his first trip over our glorious highway, and he stopped his car at the door of Deer Run School as the pupils were leaving in the evening.

I think he had come about three times when I knew that I loved him, as I had never loved before, and would never love again. I could keep the secret locked away in my heart forever if he would only continue to drive down into our country for an occasional visit.

HE was writing a book about the early days of the Northwest and he pumped father dry of all the old stories and family history he could recall. That was how he happened to be sitting by our fire a few days before Christmas, writing busily in a notebook.

I came in with a small log to freshen the blaze on the hearth. He rose to take the wood from me.

"That's too heavy for you, Ruth," he said. "Why didn't you ask me to do it for you?"

Somewhat our hands got all tangled up on that stick of pine. I felt my face getting red, and I don't know whatever kept our toes from being mashed as we let the firewood drop to reach our arms toward each other.

"Oh, Martin, I love you whether it's right or wrong," I breathed in ecstasy against his seeking lips.

"Wrong?" he demanded, holding me still closer. "What's wrong about this? Haven't I waited five years to tell you?"

"Maxine—you're married—you're—"

"I am not!" he announced jubilantly. "Maxine divorced me for unfaithfulness four years ago."

"Oh, Martin," I sighed, "what will people say? Our reputations will be lost forever."

"And our unhappiness, too, Ruth, sweetheart, for we've found each other."

The log was on the fire and we on the old settee before it, our arms about each other.

"Martin darling," I unburdened my mind bravely, "I really never thought I could marry a divorced man. I wish you could tell me that you didn't love me until after you—you were free."

"Sweet little Puritan," he called me. "I loved you when I saw your white face lying on a hospital pillow for days—"

"Let's not talk of it," I begged.

Instead we talked of the cabin we would build for our summers in the mountains.

"And we'll have a little fire-clearing round it," I suggested once.

"Yes, sweetheart, we will. We know what it is to be trapped by a cruel fire," agreed my beloved Martin.

The cabin is a reality today. Here we do our best writing, for I am learning too, in what time I can spare from the rearing of the two young scribes we are responsible for. We feel sure that our Danny, or Martin, Junior, will one day write the great American novel.

Missing Page

Inside back cover



MRS. BOYER'S BERGDORF GOODMAN GOWN IS OF UNGUT VELVET.

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distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

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MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond

MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNegie, JR.,
New York

MRS. J. CONNELL COOLIDGE II,
Boston

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT,
New York

MRS. HENRY FIELD, Chicago

MISS ANNE GOULD, New York

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
New York

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER,
Chicago

MISS MIMI RICHARDSON, New York

MISS EVELYN WATTS, New York

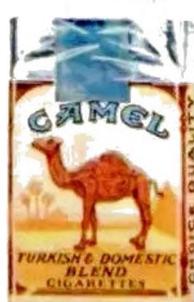
Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost every-

one is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO**s give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.



*Camels are Milder!... made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
.. Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand*

