

MARCH

True Story

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



KANNERT

THE LARGEST NEWS STAND SALE
IN THE WORLD

\$22,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

“WHAT’S WRONG WITH ME, MOTHER?”

“Mother, it was horrible. I never knew before what it felt like to be a wallflower. To sit out every dance when the music was just divine. To see the other girls and fellows laughing and talking together and having such a good time. No one came near me all evening.

Mother, what is the matter? My clothes are stylish and I look as nice as the other girls. Why should this happen to me?”

“Maybe you forgot one thing, dear. It’s hard for me to tell you, but I must for your own good.”



WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

When will some girls learn that good looks, personality, and stylish clothes are not the only things they need to make them popular? When will they find out that one insidious thing can make the most beautiful girl in the world unpopular?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the insidious thing we're talking about. It has spoiled more than one girl's good time. The worst of it is that the victims do not realize its presence—and even good friends won't tell them.

Don't ever let this happen to you. Be sure that you are always acceptable socially.

The one way of making sure is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and night. And between times before meeting others. You will know, then, that your breath will not offend.

Listerine's Germicidal Power Responsible

Listerine's germicidal power is responsible for its high deodorant properties. This has been proved in laboratory and practical tests. After a series of tests, one famous scientist said: "Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes fail to conceal in 4 days. Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Rids the Breath of Any Odor

Listerine has even been tested against such arrogant odors as those of onion and fish. And every time, it has killed them and con-

tinued to deodorize long after the gargle was used.

Your Friend Every Time

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Use it night and morning. Gargle with it before you go out. It places you on the acceptable side.

And when you ask for Listerine, see that you get nothing else, because there is no scientific evidence that there is any deodorant more effective than Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
THE SWIFT DEODORANT

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

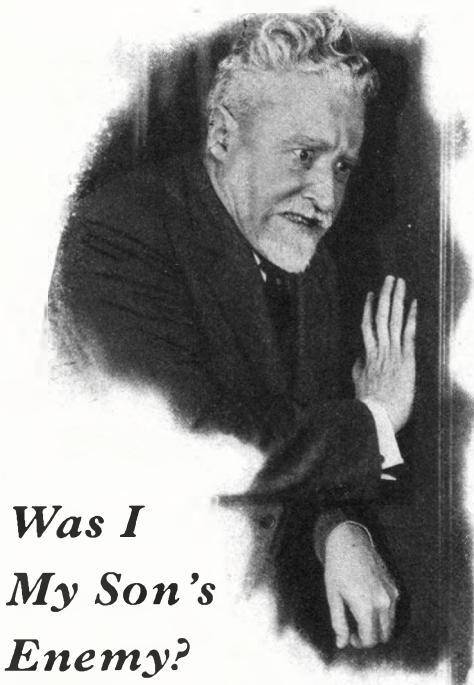


A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. V-42
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name *Norma Dose*
Street *1381 E. merion*
City *Belair* State *Wisc.*
© 1942, B. M. CO.



Was I My Son's Enemy?

A \$2,000.00 Prize Story

Horace was obsessed with a single idea—a single purpose. He wanted his only son to follow in his footsteps; to become a famous surgeon; to carry the family name to greater and greater heights in the world of medicine.

But if Horace had been able to look into the future would he have tried to force his boy into a profession that, more than any other, demands a man's willing devotion? Would he have forced him to become a doctor if he had foreseen that day when his son's unsteady hand held the verdict of life or death for the one human being that—

Read this thrilling \$2,000.00 prize story in

April TRUE STORY Magazine
On Sale Everywhere March 4th

Editorial and General Offices:
Macfadden Building,
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Harold A. Wise
President
Charles Mendel
Secretary
Irene T. Kennedy
Treasurer

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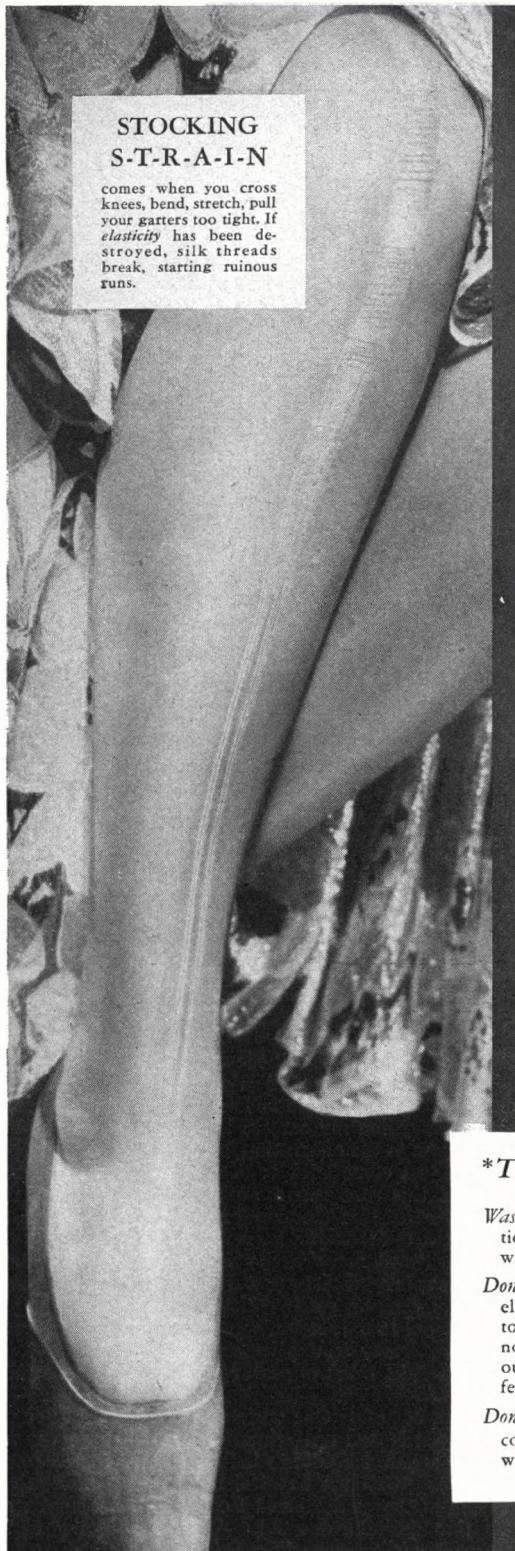
Your Home Maker Library

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The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE and, because of this fact, fictitious names, which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the story, have been used.

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Advertising Offices:
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H. A. Wise,
Director of Advertising
Chicago Office:
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**STOCKING
S-T-R-A-I-N**

comes when you cross knees, bend, stretch, pull your garters too tight. If elasticity has been destroyed, silk threads break, starting ruinous runs.

STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY
that makes stockings WEAR*

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are elastic—they *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really *wear*.

**The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long*

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually *rot* the silk.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

Don't use too-warm water—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny

Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually *read* through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

Wash this 2-minute way:

1 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.

2 Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.

Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

**LUX for stockings—2 minutes a day
keeps them like new**

MILLIONS
of women find Lux in the dish—
the world's cheapest beauty
care for the hands. Costs less
than 1¢ a day.

Stranger than Fiction

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

When I Died

I'M one of those unfortunate guys who seem to have a veritable gift for getting into difficulties. In fact, my mother used to say that I ought to write a book and call it "Little Harry and His Troubles." If I ever do, there's a story of one day that I'll certainly write in red ink and with capital letters. It began and ended at midnight—the weirdest twenty-four hours any man ever experienced.

At the first midnight my three-months-old daughter started to yell, and nothing would quiet her but for Daddy to walk the floor with her in his arms. There's nothing very weird about that, you will say, but wait!

I walked the floor with her for three hours and had just got back into bed to try to catch a little sleep, when a fire broke out in the next block. For another hour there was a regular anvil chorus of fire sirens, shouts and the pounding of pumps. Finally the tumult died down, but it seemed I no more than got to sleep when the alarm clock went off.

I dragged myself wearily out of bed, dressed, and went to the office where I am employed as bookkeeper. I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing, and by noon I was practically asleep on the job. I, therefore, decided to go home for lunch, and make myself some strong black coffee, hoping it would keep me awake for the afternoon.

MY wife was busy with the baby when I arrived, so I told her not to bother about lunch, that I would fix myself something. I went into the kitchen, prepared the coffee and sat down to wait for it to boil. It was a long, long time before I came to.

I was lying on the davenport in the living room, with my wife kissing me madly and calling me sweet names she hadn't used since our honeymoon days. I tried to manage an appreciative grin but only succeeded in producing a groan. Gradually my head cleared, and I learned what had happened.

Jennie had been out on the porch and thought nothing about me until she noticed that my lunch hour was up. She came in to call me and found the house full of gas, with me lying unconscious on the kitchen floor.



Quickly she threw open all the windows and called the nearest hospital; meanwhile trying desperately to bring me to life herself. In a few minutes, an ambulance arrived, but the surgeon in charge said it was useless to do anything, as I was already dead.

"I just couldn't believe you were meant to die yet Harry," Jennie said, sobbing with relief, "so I called the gas company and begged them to send a pulmotor squad. They sent one right away, Harry, but it was two hours before you showed any sign of life. It was terrible, dear."

LIFE and Jennie were unbelievably precious to me then. We were laughing and crying together in our great joy when a policeman walked in and handed me a summons—for parking my car too long in front of my house.

I explained to the officer that I was sorry, but I had been dead, had just come back to life and felt that I ought to be excused this time because of the unusual, extenuating circumstances. But the cop refused to believe me, and with a "Aw, tell it to the judge!" walked out.

This insult to my veracity made me furious. So, in spite of Jennie's protests that I ought to rest, I went off storming, intent on getting justice.

First I went to the station house to protest my summons, and told my story to the lieutenant in charge.

"How could I think of parking laws when I was dead?" I asked belligerently.

"Get out of here! One more wise-crack out of you, and I'll have you locked up!" threatened the lieutenant.

I could see that he didn't believe me, so I tried to give him proof. "Call the hospital if you don't believe me," I insisted. "I was dead and I couldn't move my car!"

"Is that so?" he snorted. "Well, I'm going to lock you up till you get sober!"

Whereupon he had me locked up for disorderly conduct, and it was midnight before my wife prevailed upon him to let me go home with her. And I'm sure that even yet, he isn't convinced of the truth!

Daring WORDS 5 YEARS AGO



● She wants to know but she hates to ask . . . the tragedy of false modesty.



● Trained nurses . . . they know how women fear the unknown . . . There is enlightenment in truth.



ODAY women are faced by a new problem. Talk is franker. Discussion is more free. There should be a much greater enlightenment now. Yet a condition has arisen that is disturbing. It would almost seem that the secrecy of a few years ago was less dangerous than the present confusion and misunderstanding.

How is it that all the talk does not make certain matters clearer? Why is it that women are just as unsure and worried as ever? What is there about the subject of feminine hygiene that it is so likely to cause argument and dissension?

Some women use poisons

No matter where the conversation may start, it always ends with the antiseptic. Of course, there must be an antiseptic and it must be powerful. In the past, the only

germicides powerful enough were caustic poisons and many women believe that this is still the case. They go to the extent of telling this false theory to others and giving advice about a matter on which they are ill-informed. They mean well, but they are spreading a dangerous doctrine.

Zonite is safe to use

The time is past where there is any doubt remaining as to whether feminine hygiene is or is not advisable. Women know that nothing less than surgical cleanliness will satisfy them. And the physician's stand has long been established. No one understands better than he that women are right in their standards. He realizes, more than the women themselves, the importance of this practice, the necessity for it.

But the doctor will warn you against

poisons. "Certainly you should practice feminine hygiene," he will tell you. "But do not use poisonous antiseptics. They can do irreparable damage. I have known many such cases." What germicide, then, can a woman use that is safe and yet effective? She can use Zonite.

This remarkable antiseptic germicide is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. Yet it is non-caustic and non-poisonous. It is a great triumph for modern science that a germicide, as strong as Zonite, is at the same time gentle in its action and even soothing to the tissues.

Read "Facts for Women"

You need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite because it is employed for many general antiseptic purposes. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00. You will find it in every drug store.

Be sure you send for your copy of "Facts for Women." It would perhaps have been considered daring five years ago. Today it is in the spirit of the times, and the information it contains is absolutely true. You will be much better informed after you have read it. A couple of excerpts given at the top of this page will give you a little suggestion of its subject matter. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION TS-23
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

Facts for Women

Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME Please print name

ADDRESS Street and city

CITY STATE City and state

In Canada: Sainte-Therese, P. O.

Home Problems Forum

What Would You Do with a Thousand Dollars if You Were in this Couple's Place?

The New Problem

THIS month, Lillian and Ed come to you with a problem which is, as they say, rather unusual in these times. They have been married for ten years and have two children. Since their marriage, they have managed to save one thousand dollars. Now, their problem is whether to sink this lump sum into life insurance or purchase a house in the country. Lillian has grown up with an exaggerated terror of being left a penniless widow. She can do little to support her children, as she married young and has had little training. She feels that insurance is the only sensible way in which Ed can provide for his family's future, in case of his death.

Ed, on the contrary, believes that if he invests this sum in insurance, he will be wading out beyond his income. Almost every penny he makes in the future will go to pay the premium. This is not so with a house. The payments on the mortgage of a house they can afford will not exceed their present rental. In time, then, he will be able to buy more insurance, in addition to owning a home. And then Ed feels that a house in the country will do much for all of them toward providing strong, healthy bodies and minds with which to fight life's battles.

LIFE insurance or a permanent home? This is a situation which must have occurred in many homes. If you have solved it successfully, why



not write to Lily and Ed, and let them have the benefit of your experience?

Lillian Writes :

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

It wouldn't surprise me if a great many of your readers would have no sympathy at all with our problem. I suppose that many of them will say that if people are fortunate enough to have savings in times like this, they shouldn't be quarreling about what to do with the money.

I SUPPOSE that is true. But on the other hand, just because savings are so precious these days, I think Ed and I should be particularly careful to get full value out of the money.

When we were married, ten years ago, we decided that as soon as we could manage to save one thousand dollars, we would invest it in some way to our advantage. It has taken us all these years to save that amount of money, so you see we haven't been especially well fixed. We haven't been extravagant, either, for this thousand dollars is the result of scrimping on my part in the management of (Continued on page 199)

PRIZE WINNERS

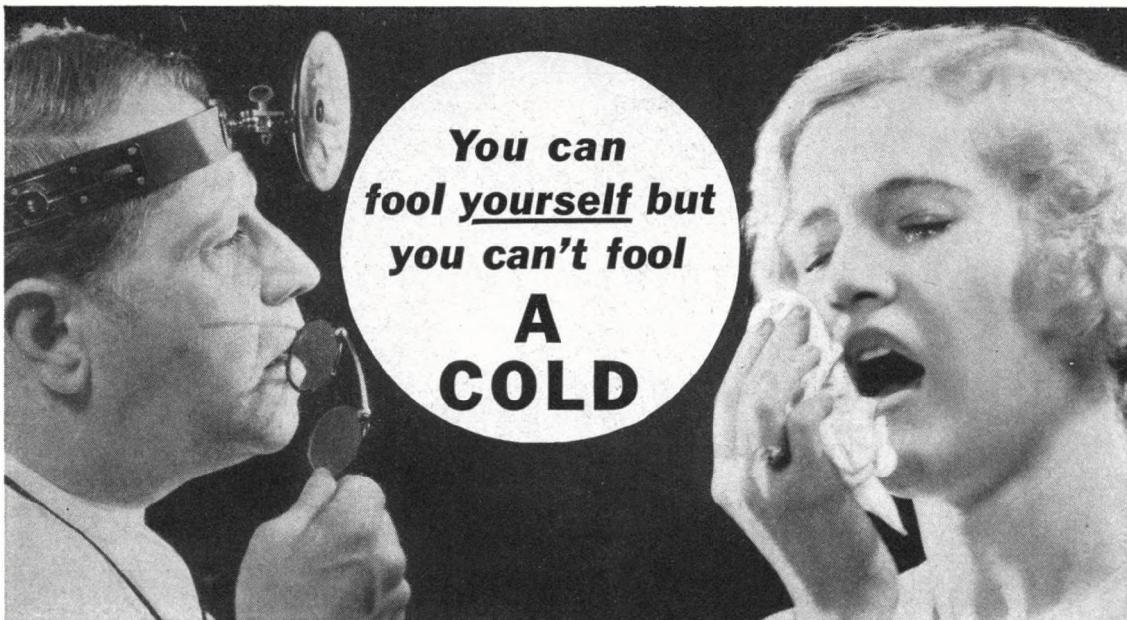
Problem of Edna and Herbert
in December, 1931, TRUE STORY Magazine

First Prize: G. L. Pinkerton, Agnew, Calif.
Second Prize: Mrs. H. P. Tolson, Washington, D.C.
Third Prize: Mrs. J. A. Drepas, Vermillion, S. D.

Every month TRUE STORY Magazine offers three prizes, \$15.00, \$10.00 and \$5.00, for the three best letters of advice to those perplexed souls who bring their difficulties to the Home Problems Forum.

Can you help Lillian and Ed, whose problem is so vividly presented in their letters in the adjoining columns? Have you, or has some one you know, faced a similar problem? If so, be sure to write them. Your letter may be just the one they need most.

And if you, too, are confronted by a problem that you do not seem able to solve, why not write to Mrs. Helen Willman, of True Story's Intimate Home Problems Forum, and let our readers help you from their own experiences? No letters to the forum can be returned.



You've gargled for days but your cold hasn't gone

**3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore
throats get worse and colds hang on**

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that can't kill germs unless used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when diluted with two parts of water. It goes 3 times as far as other antiseptics. Thus \$1 worth does the work of \$3 spent for ordinary kinds.

GARGLING in the morning. Gargling at night. Millions of gurglers fooling themselves with mouth antiseptics that can't kill germs when mixed with water. But you can't fool colds . . . nor bad breath . . . nor germs.

If you do add water to your antiseptic—like 3 out of 4 do—get one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise don't expect relief from stubborn colds and husky throats.

• **SAFE—yet more powerful**

Here is the startling news on this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water, to suit your taste; it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in fighting a cold!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)
And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty

by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

\$3 worth for \$1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 oz. for 25¢—7 oz. for 50¢—16 oz. for \$1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. It has scores of uses.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs.

They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.

**Some of the 50 different uses
for this modern antiseptic**

Cold in Head	After Extractions
Throat Irritations	After Shaving
Voice Hoarseness	Minor Cuts
Bad Breath	Blisters
Cold Sores	Loose Dandruff
Canker Sores	Check Under-Arm Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

10,000 PRIZES

Given for Letters about
True Story Magazine

\$12,000.00
IN CASH

7000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

10,000 CERTIFICATES OF MERIT

**CASH PRIZE
SCHEDULE**

FIRST PRIZE	\$1,000.00
SECOND PRIZE	\$500.00
THIRD PRIZE	\$250.00
FOURTH PRIZE	\$125.00
FIFTH PRIZE	\$75.00
SIXTH PRIZE	\$25.00
SEVENTH PRIZE	\$15.00
EIGHTH PRIZE	\$10.00
1000 PRIZES, EACH	\$5.00
	\$5,000.00
1000 PRIZES, EACH	\$3.00
	\$3,000.00
1000 PRIZES, EACH	\$2.00
	\$2,000.00
TOTAL CASH PRIZES	
	\$12,000.00

also

2000 Consolation Prizes of
Volumes of True Stories,
Books on Health, Beauty
Culture and Other Subjects
Vital to Every Home and
10,000 Certificates of Merit

TRUE STORY has made a change which it believes will add greatly to your enjoyment of its pages. It wants to learn if this is correct. To repay you for the time it will take you to put your opinion into a short 200 word letter TRUE STORY has established a cash prize fund of \$12,000.00. This will be distributed among the writers of 3008 letters. See the accompanying schedule for the list of cash awards. In addition TRUE STORY will award 7000 Consolation Prizes of volumes of true stories, books on health, beauty culture, and other subjects vital to every home, and 10,000 certificates of merit. In all, more than 20,000 letter writers will be recognized by the contest judges.

Your letter may win the \$1,000.00 first prize, the \$500.00 second prize or one of the 3006 other substantial cash prizes. All for a brief, frank expression of opinion. What a chance to earn easy money. \$1,000.00 is big money at any time. Right now it is unusually important. Try for it! Write your letter today!

Probably you have already noticed the change to which we refer. It is now in effect. If you have looked this issue over carefully you doubtless know what we are referring to when we say we have tried to make TRUE STORY more enjoyable than ever. If you have not read this issue from cover to cover, do so before you write. Then put your opinion into words.

TRUE STORY does not want a long letter. Two hundred words is the limit acceptable in this contest. Rhetorical excellence and fancy phrases are not required. We want honest opinions expressed in a straightforward letter of the sort you would write to a friend. Of course you have an opinion. Turn it into cash.

Remember, there are more than ten thousand prizes. The first prize will put someone on the highway to financial independence. You may win it! And if you just miss the first prize, you may win the \$500.00 second prize or one of the thousands of other worth-while cash awards. Even \$2.00 is a lot of money for 200 words. Don't pass this up.

The RULES

1. TRUE STORY Magazine will pay \$12,000.00 in cash prizes for the best letters on the subject, "What are the changes that have been made in TRUE STORY Magazine beginning with the February 1932 issue as compared with previous issues and what do you think are the best reasons for these changes?" Also 7000 consolation prizes of books will be awarded.
2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
3. This contest opens Tuesday, January 5th, and closes at the end of the business day on Thursday, March 31st, 1932. Entries arriving after that date will not be considered.
4. Letters must not exceed 200 words in length exclusive of salutation and closing. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Letters in pencil will not be considered. Only one letter may be entered by any one competitor.
5. Address all entries to New True Story Opinion Contest, P. O. Box 210, Station N, New York, N. Y.
6. The judges will be Bernard Macfadden and the editorial staff of TRUE STORY Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest possible issue of this magazine consistent with careful, accurate and impartial judging.

DON'T NEGLECT THIS CHANCE FOR EASY MONEY!

Everyone is Lucky once in a while

*But luck
can't take the place
of knowledge
... not in the long run!*

AND it's just as true in buying canned foods—these "bar-gain-hunting" days.

The solid satisfaction of getting quality—and economy at the same time—comes only from being sure what's *inside* the can, before you buy.

Fortunately, there's always one way to be certain. And that's to insist on the brand that's been recognized for years as the very best in canned foods.

And that's **DEL MONTE**! Every **DEL MONTE** Product is the finest, freshest food it is possible to pack. A quality so distinctive, that the term "**DEL MONTE Quality**" has come to mean something entirely different from any ordinary commercial grading.

Yet right now, **DEL MONTE** costs you no more than many unknown brands. Prices, in many cases, are the lowest they have ever been.

With such a wonderful buying guide, why ever "trust to luck"? **DEL MONTE** covers almost all of your important canned food needs—fruits, vegetables, fish, and coffee. And it's easy to get, wherever you live.

If your own grocer hasn't all the **DEL MONTE** varieties you want, there's sure to be some good grocer close at hand who *has*. A grocer who puts *your* interests first. Let *him* supply you. Then you've taken *all* the guesswork out of your canned food buying.

* * * * *

THE lower prices you now pay for most **DEL MONTE** Foods are simply the result of abundant harvests and lower production costs. Savings we've passed on to you—to make possible even more frequent enjoyment of these tempting foods on your table.

Right now is the time to do it, too—while grocers can still offer a wide assortment of **DEL MONTE** varieties—while your menus *need* all the freshness and variety you can give them.

Below is shown a partial list of **DEL MONTE** Foods. Every one delicious. Every one a "bargain" you know is *worth* your money.

Fruits: Apricots, Berries, Cherries, Figs, Fresh Prunes, Fruit Salad, Grapefruit, Pears,



Peaches, Pineapple, Plums, etc. Vegetables: Asparagus, Beets, Corn, Peas, Pimientos, Pumpkin, Spinach, String Beans, Tomatoes, Tomato Juice, etc. Other Foods: Coffee, Dried Fruits, Raisins, Sardines, Salmon, Tuna, etc.

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WHY ROMANCE PASSED HER BY ... by

ALBERT
DORNE

1.

MEN ADMIRE HER THE
MOMENT THEY SAW HER



2.

BUT IT WAS THE SAME
OLD STORY! THEY CALLED
ONCE—THEN DRIFTED AWAY



3.

FINALLY SHE WAS THE ONLY GIRL
IN HER CROWD NOT MARRIED



4.

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



—AND HOW
EASILY
LIFEBUOY
WOULD CORRECT
HER FAULT

5.

NOW SHE IS HAPPILY MARRIED.
THANKS TO LIFEBUOY'S SURE PROTECTION
"B.O." IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM



DON'T RISK "B.O."

THE merest hint of "B.O."—body odor—ruins a girl's charm—a man's attractiveness. Take no chances with this unforgivable fault. Wash and bathe always with Lifebuoy for extra protection. Its creamy, searching lather deodorizes pores—ends all "B.O." danger.

Lifebuoy's pleasant scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from offending. A wonderful complexion soap. Its gentle, pore-purifying lather makes dull skins glow with healthy radiance. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands.

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MARCH

TRUE STORY

Playing with Romance

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

ROMANCE becomes merely an interesting game to some people. They fall in and out of love with reckless abandon. They are usually irresponsible and undependable, having but one idea: to make each day pleasurable.

They never look into the future; never prepare for tomorrow or next year. They live entirely in the present.

The love emotion is life's most majestic force. It has its obligations; but many people try to taste the delights it offers and avoid the natural consequences.

And in early maturity love may touch one so lightly that such a careless attitude can be assumed—for a time.

Some people become cynical, pessimistic. They are often sneeringly sarcastic when they talk of love. They will tell you that there is nothing in it but harassing responsibilities. They point to the bitter quarrels that often occur within the marital realm.

And we have to admit that love often promises more than it delivers. It often carries one into a world of enticing imagery. Alluring, amorous delights may bring rapturous enchantment.

Although romance may be taken lightly at times, there are occasions when it rends the human soul with tempestuous emotions. It comes at times with such a mighty force that the value of life itself seems commonplace in comparison.

You cannot play with that kind of love. It is all-encompassing. It takes complete possession of your very soul.

And when two people are attracted, hurled at each other with such dynamic impetus, there can be but one result—love, dreamily intense, commanding in its vivid forcefulness.

Playing with love in early youth may serve as a pastime, but every really vital personality ultimately finds an affinity—some one who cannot be easily thrust aside.

Flirts always capitulate in time. The philandering male ultimately finds a soul attuned to his own. There are few, if any, exceptions. And then romance becomes a dominating influence. The game has been played to the end, and the next step—marriage, home building, children—must be accepted.

These sacred responsibilities come to vital, normal people automatically. They are the consummation of the Almighty's plan for the perpetuation of the race. They encompass, possess, and enslave us, and it is usually a willing and, at times, a delightful servitude.



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TOOTH PASTE
paid for
and the teeth
it beautified

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

it
saves you
\$3
a year

Judge by results alone

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Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely

natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

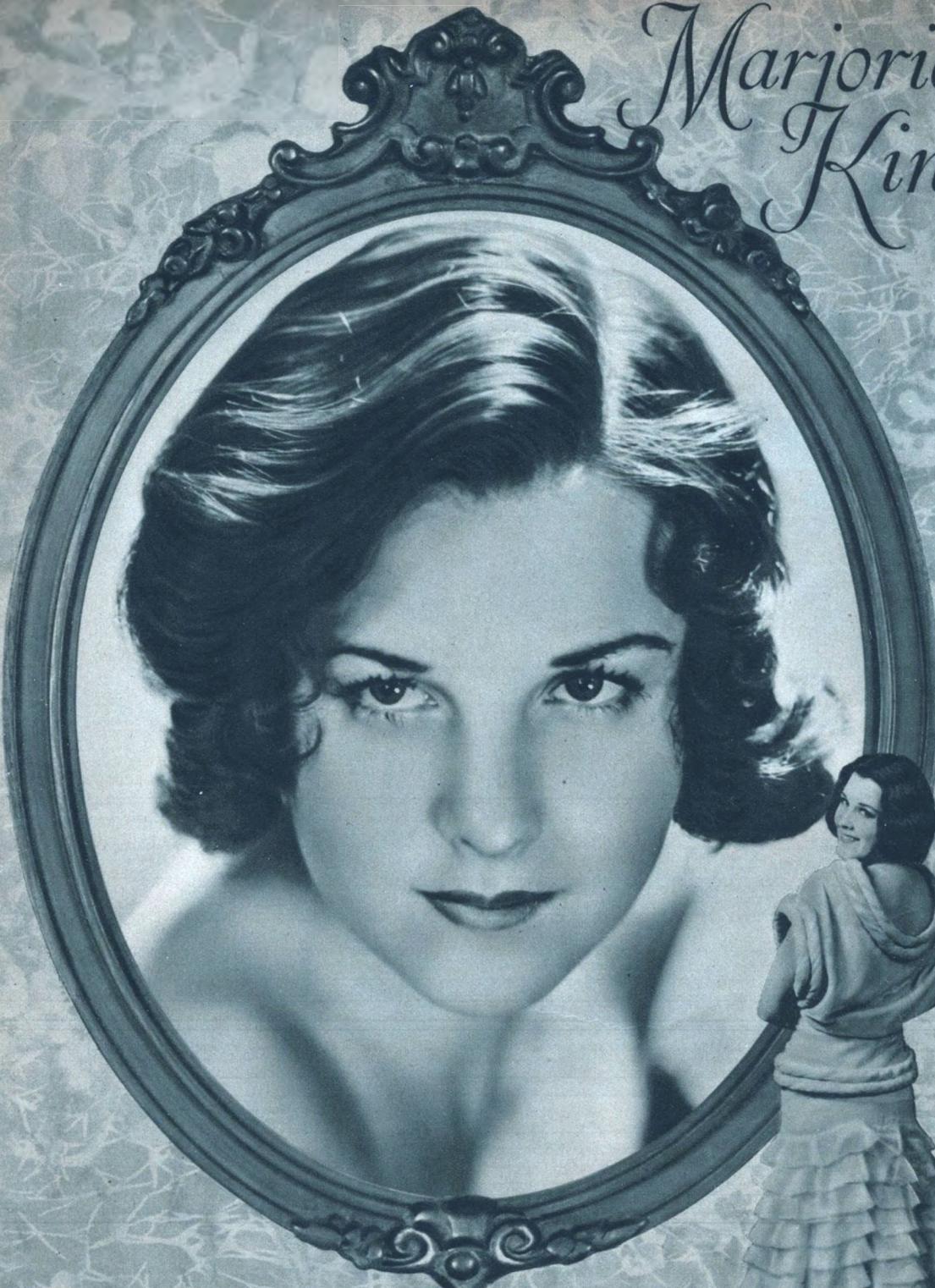
The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

Marjorie King



THIS slender girl, with smiling brown eyes and brown hair, hails from the Land of the Sunset. She is very young and not very tall, but has accomplished much in a brief career. After some years of stage experience, she did so well in a Western picture for Universal that the rest has been easy. She has recently signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss King here wears ruffles and apricot chiffon, making an ideal costume for her creamy-skinned, dark-haired beauty. The short velvet coat wraps snugly about a slim waist.

M-G-M.

Mae Clarke



MAE CLARKE has a memorable quality of beauty. She is rather elfin in appearance, with hazel eyes and a wealth of waving, golden-brown hair. We first recognized the high quality of her talent in a picture called "The Noose." Since then she has had a succession of splendid rôles, among them that of the tragic heroine of "Waterloo Bridge," and the feminine lead in "Frankenstein." She is now under a five-year contract to Universal. Brown and beige are her favorite colors, and suit her blonde beauty admirably.

Universal

Karen Morley



THIS attractive girl came to motion pictures from a successful career on the stage as a member of the company of Los Angeles Civic Repertory Theatre. She got her first big start in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo, and did so well there that she was signed for a long-time contract. She is playing with John and Lionel Barrymore in "Arsene Lupin." Miss Morley is a very ornamental young person. She has blonde hair and hazel eyes, and looks best in picturesque gowns and hats.

M-G-M

Richard Barthelmess



A GENTLEMAN and a great actor! Shall we ever forget his impersonation of the idealistic Chinese lad in that picture of heart-breaking beauty, "Broken Blossoms," or as the ill-starred pilot in "The Dawn Patrol," or as the boy in "Tol'able David"? Such rôles live forever in the hearts of humanity. We like you, Richard Barthelmess, because of the sincerity of your acting, the wholesomeness of your pictures and the high-bred distinction of your personality. We are glad that First National Pictures has you under a long-time contract.

BAKING



MAKES POTATOES BETTER

BAKING



MAKES BREAD FEATHER-LIGHT

BAKING



MAKES BEANS YIELD UP ALL
THEIR LUSCIOUS GOODNESS

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED • MOST BEANS AREN'T

HERE'S something about baking that makes foods taste better. The dry heat of the oven gives breads a light, fluffy texture no other method can equal. And that's doubly true of beans. Only baking can bring out the full richness of their nut-sweet goodness.

Probably you think that the beans you now use are baked. Don't be too sure! Look at the label. Unless it plainly reads "Baked", those beans aren't baked. Most beans aren't—they're either steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there's the same wide difference that there is between a boiled potato and a flaky, mealy baked potato.

Heinz Beans taste better because they're

baked—yes, baked in regular dry-heat ovens like your own. Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans marvelously light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through the beans—just as butter permeates through a baked potato. One taste of their luscious golden-brown goodness, and you'll never buy another can of beans that doesn't bear the Heinz label.

Yes, you'll like Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans better—and you'll like, too, the variety of styles in which they come.

Four styles to choose from—all baked! Two varieties in tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston Style—with pork, in a rich, savory sauce flavored with molasses. And, lastly, Red Kidney

Beans—with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve.

Try all four styles of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. You and your family will enjoy beans more—and want them oftener. A delicious dish, and a nourishing one, too—all the food value of meat and potatoes. But to get the true baked bean flavor—insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Get some—the next time you're at your grocer's!

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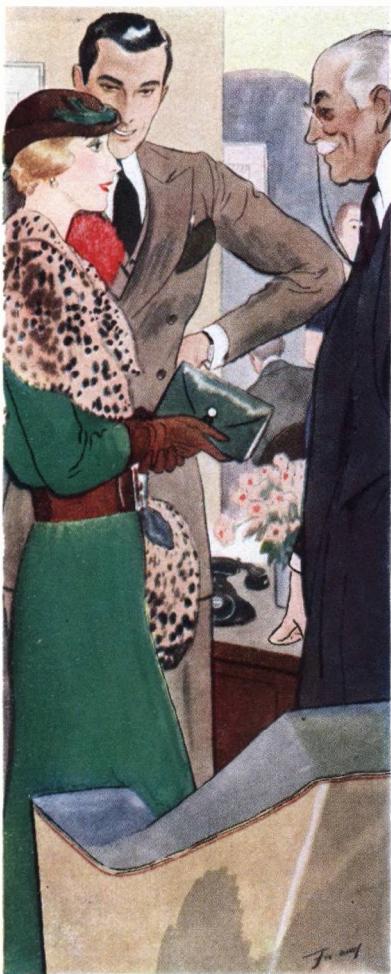
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Here's an incident in the great Beauty Contest of every day! The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her shoes? Every man, office boy or president, responds to clean natural loveliness, the kindly tribute that gives every woman a thrill.



Even children judge you in the Beauty Contest that you face every day! Like men and other women, they are honest in their liking for the woman with the clear and lovely skin. Look at your own skin. Is it so pretty? If it isn't you ought to switch to Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, today.

A cake of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will always be fresh and delicately glowing—lovely with new cleanliness!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

Less than a minute with luxurious Camay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water; then a rinse with clean cold water—and your skin can breathe again! ☆ It has regained the delicate, shell-like beauty which through the ages has been the greatest asset of the feminine skin. Camay leaves it soft, too, of flower-petal smoothness. ☆ No longer are your pores clogged with the invisible dirt that filters down out of the air to dim the natural loveliness of your skin. Gentle Camay has seen to that. ☆ Guard your skin by using no soap less gentle, less safe. 73 of the country's leading skin doctors say Camay is safe enough for that precious skin of yours! ☆ You are in a never-ending Beauty Contest that

never lets up! Get all the help that Camay—and Camay alone—can give you!

CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



He came pushing forward through the smoke

Too Good for Her

I DO not wish to date myself too closely, so will say that I was born during the period when small boys wore dresses and long curls. I was a thoroughly dyed-in-the-wool product of that time, in which every one—good, bad and indifferent—pretended to be at least a little better than he really was.

I'm afraid that the present frank and unpretentious generation will draw its brief skirts aside from the hypocrisy of mine, but still I shall persist in presenting my case, and shall claim that I began absorbing the influence when I was young.

My childish intelligence noted that practically every one pretended to a more lavish way of living than he could afford, putting a painful best foot forward before company. Debt was carefully concealed, married couples quarreled only in private, and took pains to seem devoted

She came from out of that house of mystery whose shuttered windows were said to hide forbidden loves

to each other in public. But of all things noted at that time, the incident of the lonely house close to the church made the deepest impression; because mystery is always alluring, and I did not understand for so long why there should be any mystery.

EVEN at the tender age when I was sometimes mistaken for a girl, I observed with interest the actions of my mother and aunts when they passed a certain house. It was known as the Banfeild farm. If the ladies were unaccompanied by a gentleman, they would fall silent as their vehicle approached the place. Then, holding their faces rigidly to the front, they would just about twist their eyes out of the sockets to observe the dilapidated house and clapboard outbuildings of the small farm. If a man were with them, my father, or perhaps an uncle, they

would talk furiously, never so much as casting an oblique glance at the premises.

There was little enough to be seen; broken windows; the chinking falling from between the logs; sagging roofs; stony, weed-grown paths; tangled thickets, fence with pickets missing and, occasionally a child playing in the midst of the desolation. But the women never waved, or called to her.

My father was the leading citizen of our small town, being both banker and hardware merchant. His fortune flourished like a green bay tree. I always received a lot of deference on his account, in school, on the playgrounds and the streets. Consequently, I was a spoiled brat at eight, a pert know-it-all at fourteen and, at eighteen, the most selfish person in the world, for my home training had corresponded to outside influences.

MY mother had come of a very poor family, and so was more than proud of her marriage, her big house filled to overflowing with things that were considered beautiful in those days, and her two servants. She was eager to fill my childhood with the things hers had lacked. So I had many toys, bright with gay paint and, most wonderful of all, a Shetland pony.

It was thoroughly characteristic of me that the very first ride I took on the pony's back was down to the church, past the house of mystery. I rode slowly, intending to give a feast to peering eyes.

The place seemed to be asleep that day in the hot afternoon sun. A small girl played under a great maple in a tangle of weeds, and a bedraggled chicken or two scratched dispiritedly in the woodpile.

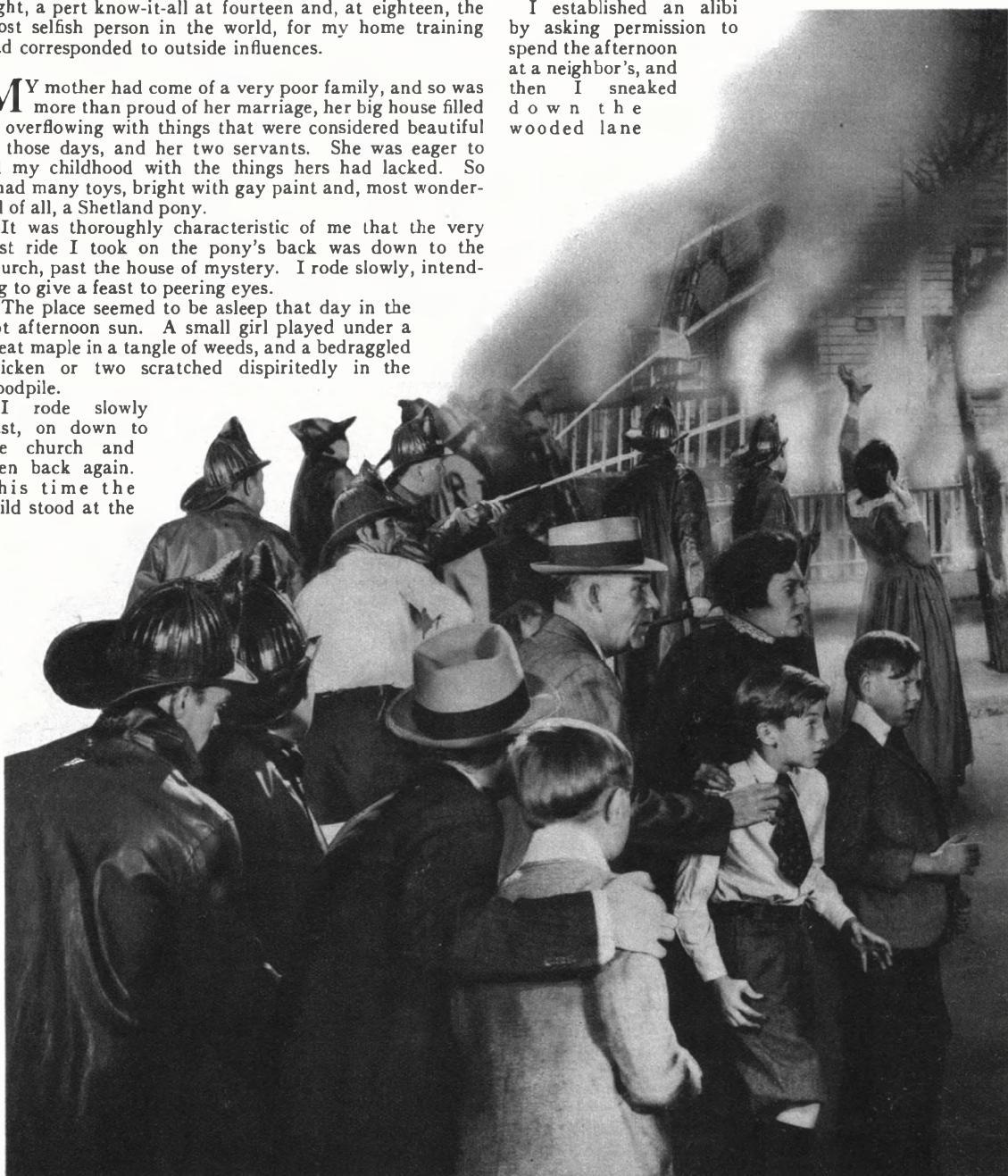
I rode slowly past, on down to the church and then back again. This time the child stood at the

picket fence, her small face inserted where a picket was missing, her eyes big with wonder at, and admiration for, the small horse. I drew rein and paraded myself as well as the pony.

What the small boy and wee girl said to each other that afternoon, I can not recall. But I am sure of one thing; the next Sunday, as we drove past, I was careful not to see the small girl holding to the pickets and peering out at us.

THAT was the first time, but not the last. Soon I was taking my latest toy to bedazzle the little girl's astonished eyes.

I established an alibi by asking permission to spend the afternoon at a neighbor's, and then I sneaked down the wooded lane



The fire department and nearly all the town were on the grounds

till I met the brook and followed it into the Banfeilds' wood lot. The child came running when she saw me, seemingly devoid of any resentment because I pretended not to know her when with my elders.

She proved to be five years old, and I felt fully my superiority of three years. After asking her when she intended to start to school and being told that she would start that fall, I then asked her name, and was surprised to be told it was Gypsy. This seemed queer to me, but nice, and we fell to playing without further introduction.

That afternoon we built a dam across the brook; then with a box and small wheel, produced a mill. Gypsy tied

some sardine cans to the wheel to catch the water, and that made it really run; so we were highly elated. The small girl further draped a vine over the box so it looked wonderfully like the water mill at the other end of town.

We started a fish pond, but didn't get it done. I, deciding that I could manage to slip away by the day after next without exciting suspicion, told my new playmate when to look for me back. And I kept the date. I also brought mother's goldfish which I thought would be fine in our new fish pond. I upset the bowl, and let the cat take the blame, and the ingrain carpet the wetting. Then putting the beautiful creatures in a (*Continued on page 96*)



We tried to convince the frantic mother that her child was safe

WILD

"**B**LACK BOTTOM," whined the saxophone. "Black Bottom," boomed the drum. I thrilled to the sound as each measure of the dance roared through the bunting-draped hall, and snuggled closer to Rafe, my partner, whose whispered praise of my performance was also music to my ears.

"Keep it up, kid, you're a wonder!" he was saying. "Now the dip—the glide—that's right! We've stirred 'em up at last, these moss-grown Cranfordites. Take a slant at the goggle-eyed committee, will you?"

But I had no chance to look below the platform at the sea of faces that were staring up at us, because at that moment came a deafening clash of cymbals then—utter silence. The band had stopped right in the middle of the most exciting part of our dance.

I looked up at Rafe who was motioning to Tom Bates, the leader, to go on. I followed his gesture. Tom shook his red head, with a grin and a wink as if trying to tell us something. But before either Rafe or I could understand, Mrs. Plympton hustled up on the stand, her moon-shaped face the color of a turkey gobbler's neck. I could see she was perfectly furious, and wondered why. Rafe and I were only trying to liven up the church fair, which had been a dull, drab failure until we offered to do our dance.

Mrs. Plympton came straight to me, her voice trembling with rage. The crowd all had their eyes fixed on us, expectantly waiting.

"Olive Carton, how dare you?" she cried. "Never in my life have I seen such a disgusting spectacle. When you and Rafael offered to dance for us, I didn't dream—well, I just can't express my feelings! I'm thankful your Aunt Polly isn't here. It would simply kill her—"

"**S**AY, listen, Mrs. Plympton," cut in Rafe angrily, "you can't ride Olive like this! I taught her the dance and she's darned fine at it, too. If you've got anything to say, say it to me!"

I loved him for that. Who but Rafe would have dared to take a stand against Mrs. Paul Plympton, the leader of all social affairs in Cranford? I glanced down at the awed faces below, then back at the angry woman, my own hot temper rising. I would show everybody how little she could frighten me.



"Here—what the deuce does this mean?" he asked sternly. "What do you want here in my room?"

"You ought to be glad we're helping your tame old fair along," I said insolently, "instead of jumping on us like this. We're going to finish our dance and you can't stop us, either! Tell them to start up, Rafe." I smiled up at him, but before he could move, Mrs. Plympton's fat white hand caught his arm. She ignored me completely. As the son of our mayor, Rafael Fitzmorris was a person whom no one wanted to insult.

"**Y**OU'RE a bad boy," she chided playfully. "But I know you didn't stop to think what you were doing. As for you—" Her voice changed and she fixed me with a blank stare. "You'd better go home at once, Olive. I'll

BLOOD



I couldn't answer. My strength deserted me

see your father tomorrow, and tell him everything."

The threat had the effect of silencing me promptly. It terrorized me. My one pitiful attempt at bravado was over. I moved close to Rafe, clutching at his sleeve with trembling fingers.

My father, Joshua Carton, was the one person in the whole world whom I feared. I hadn't thought of him when I readily agreed to dance with Rafe. I had only thought of the joy that music and motion gave me, Olive Carton, whose short life had been so empty of the amusements which all girls of my age demanded as their right.

"I'll—I'll go now—" I began, when Rafe interrupted

Was there no escape from this mark of shame her own mother had put upon her?

with a toss of his curly head and a snapping of his bright blue eyes.

"Indeed, you won't!" he said sturdily, pressing my hand encouragingly. "If they don't want to see you dance, that's their loss, not yours. These people give me a pain in the neck, anyhow. Come on, Olive, let's get out of here. Show 'em how little you care. You're the only live wire in this burg, anyway!"

I FLASHED an impudent grin at Mrs. Plympton as he led me away, past a crowd of girls and boys who had been watching us with breathless curiosity. What did I care about their opinion when Rafe, the handsomest young man in town, had

chosen me for his special favors? All summer long, ever since he returned home from college, Rafe and I had been meeting each other in Drury's lane, below our pasture fields. Glorious hours for an eighteen-year-old who had never known the joy of youthful companionship. To me, he was everything that a man could or should be. I wanted nothing better than the privilege of his friendship, his—love. And I believed he did care, even as I knew I did.

So, with my dark head held high, my eyes flashing defiance at the groups we passed, whose blank faces expressed indignation, contempt, censure of me, Deacon Carton's wild daughter, Rafe and I made our way toward

the door. But my ears were alert. I heard a woman say loudly:

"Like mother, like child. She'll turn out exactly as Mona Carton did. Mark my words! What's bred in the bone is going to come out in the flesh."

I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks. My fingers clutched at Rafe's sleeve.

"Get me away from here," I begged, pulling him back when he would have stopped at the refreshment counter. "I hate these people! No, I don't want ice cream—anything. Only take me out of this place."

"Sure I will!" he agreed promptly. "You wait outside in the hall while I get your coat. I know right where we left it. Be back in a minute."

He left me standing there. I looked around, flinching under the scorn of several girls, any one of whom would gladly have been Rafe's partner in the dance which we had just done together. But with me, the daughter of a woman who had run away from her husband and baby, it was different. Anything I might do, be it ever so innocent, was always held against me as bold, fast, common. I was Mona Carton's daughter, a girl who was certain to come to some bad end.

A HEAVY hand came down on my shoulder as I stood waiting for Rafe. I looked up quickly, a gasp escaping my lips. There was my father beside me! And I had thought he was many miles away, in Atlanta, where he'd gone to sell his cotton. The room spun around as I stared up into his sallow, lined face, in which those black, shoe-button eyes blazed angrily. Tall, lean, bony, with scraggly chin-whiskers moving up and down as he talked, Joshua Carton was almost insane with rage.

His fingers dug into my soft flesh. "Come with me, you young limb of Satan!" he hissed. "Wait till I get you home. I'll show you what's what. Disgracing me as you've been doing! Come along!"

He was dragging me toward the door now, where we ran into Rafe, who had my coat on his arm. My father jerked it from him, threw it at me; then we were outside the building, hurrying toward the little old car that was parked in front of the town hall entrance.

I gave one despairing glance backward. Rafe was standing in the double doors. The overhead light shone down on his thick wavy hair. He was trying to tell me something, I knew, but I couldn't catch the words, because in a split second my father had pushed me into the seat, leaped in himself, and we were off, driving as if on a life and death mission.

Bump, bump, bump, went the old flivver over the rutty road which led to our ramshackle home. And, thump, thump, thump, went my terrified young heart; although hot rebellion

also swept through me. Why was everybody against me? I had never harmed a soul in all my life. Why did people think I was a wicked girl because my mother, pretty Mona Carton, had run away from my father and left me, a baby of a few months, to face an existence which had proved too hard for her? It wasn't fair to blame me for what she had done. I couldn't help it.

Stealing a look at father's cruel, angry face, a great wave of sympathy came over me for that young mother who had deserted both of us. How could I, who had seen this man in his rages, who knew his narrowness, his tyranny, his ignorant pettiness, blame her? Oh, that I could run away, too! How I despised Mrs. Plympton and her kind—silly, empty-brained villagers, ready to condemn anybody who dared to be different. Hunting out people's faults, but not seeing their good qualities. I didn't blame my mother.

I TRIED to say something so as to break that fearful silence.

"I'm sorry, father," I began, "to have made you mad at me. Rafe and I only wanted to do something to help along—"

"Shut up!" he cut in sharply, his tones like a whip. "I'll settle with you first; then I'm going back to town and hunt up that dirty whelp and give him a good, public tongue-lashing. Don't open your mouth again. Wait till we get home. Then I'll do the talking!"

We were in sight of our house now, a dejected, two-story frame building, squatting near the road. The roof needed repairs, the clapboards were bare of paint, the gate sagged on its hinges. Behind it stretched acres and acres of well-tended cotton, but my father considered it a waste of money to pay labor for making our home habitable. Nothing to brighten that poor abode but a



They all had their eyes fixed on us, expectantly waiting

few little flower-beds on the lumpy lawn, which I tried to keep free of weeds.

I was not a coward, even though not yet nineteen years of age. My high spirits had not yet been subdued. But there was a trembling in my whole body as we drove into the yard and stopped at the kitchen door. Without a word, my father slipped from under the wheel, spat a great wad of tobacco from his mouth, then jerked me down, not waiting until I could get out alone. He grabbed my arm and roughly pushed me up the creaking steps, and into the dark kitchen where he paused to snatch a big blackthorn stick that stood beside the chimney. The sight of that club and his wild eyes filled me with a new and deadly fear. All my former spirit which I had shown in the town hall deserted me.

HE was turning up the wick of a kerosene lamp now. I backed toward the hall door, my hands clasped over my breast, terror in my heart.

"Father," I cried quakingly, "you—you wouldn't whip me with that—why, you'll—kill—me—"

He wheeled around, came over to me, arm uplifted.

"I hope I do!" he snarled, his yellow teeth showing through curled lips. "If it wasn't for the law, I'd not hesitate a minute. But I promise you I'm going to fix them legs of yours so you'll not dance again soon. I'll put an end to this here obscene prancing in public, disgracing me—"

"I didn't think it was wrong," I pleaded, holding his arm with both hands. "Honestly, father—I meant to help the church—"

"You brazen young



Olive Carton, how dare you?" she cried. "Never before in my life have I seen such a disgusting spectacle."

hussy! Cloaking your indecency behind a church—"

"I'm not, indeed I'm not, father. Listen, please listen! The people were all leaving, nobody spending any money. I heard Mrs. Plympton say there was only seven dollars in the box, and then Rafe said we might liven up things with—"

"Rafe, eh? Mayor Fitzmorris' gay young blade, eh?" That name seemed to add flame to my father's fury. "Running after him, are you? Meeting him every day beyond the pasture lot! Oh, I've learned a lot about you lately. Well, I'll show you. Let go my arm!"

My frail hold was broken. That heavy stick swished through the air and came down on my shoulders. One scream, agonized, despairing, broke from me. The blows came too fast after that for me to cry out again.

In his insane rage, the cruel man was really trying to break my legs. I tried to catch that club; I managed to slip from under one blow, but received the next across my head. I would have fallen beneath the terrific shock but for Aunt Polly—my father's sister—who had heard the commotion and now came running into the kitchen. She caught me as I swayed toward her, pushed me toward the door, then threw herself upon her maddened brother.

"Josh—Josh—you've killed the girl! Look at her! Stop, you're crazy to act like this—"

"Yes, I'm crazy!" he shouted, trying to free himself. But the gaunt, wiry woman clung to him with all her might, calling back to me as I crouched on the floor: "Get up, Olive. Go to my room—lock the door—Hurry! Oh, Josh, for the dear Lord's sake—stop! I'll call for help if you don't. I'll telephone for the sheriff—"

This seemed to cool my father's wrath. His grip on that stick relaxed and it fell to the floor, stained with my blood. He kicked at me.

"Get out of here, you hellion!" he yelled. "Reformatory for you tomorrow, as sure as my name's Joshua Carton. Not going to have black disgrace on that name again, either. Get up and out!"

I TRIED to rise, but my quivering, bleeding limbs refused to support me. So like a wounded, tortured animal, beaten almost to death, I crawled into the hall and down it till I reached Aunt Polly's first-floor room. Within that haven I raised myself in agony, locked the door, then, for the first time in my healthy young life, I fainted dead away.

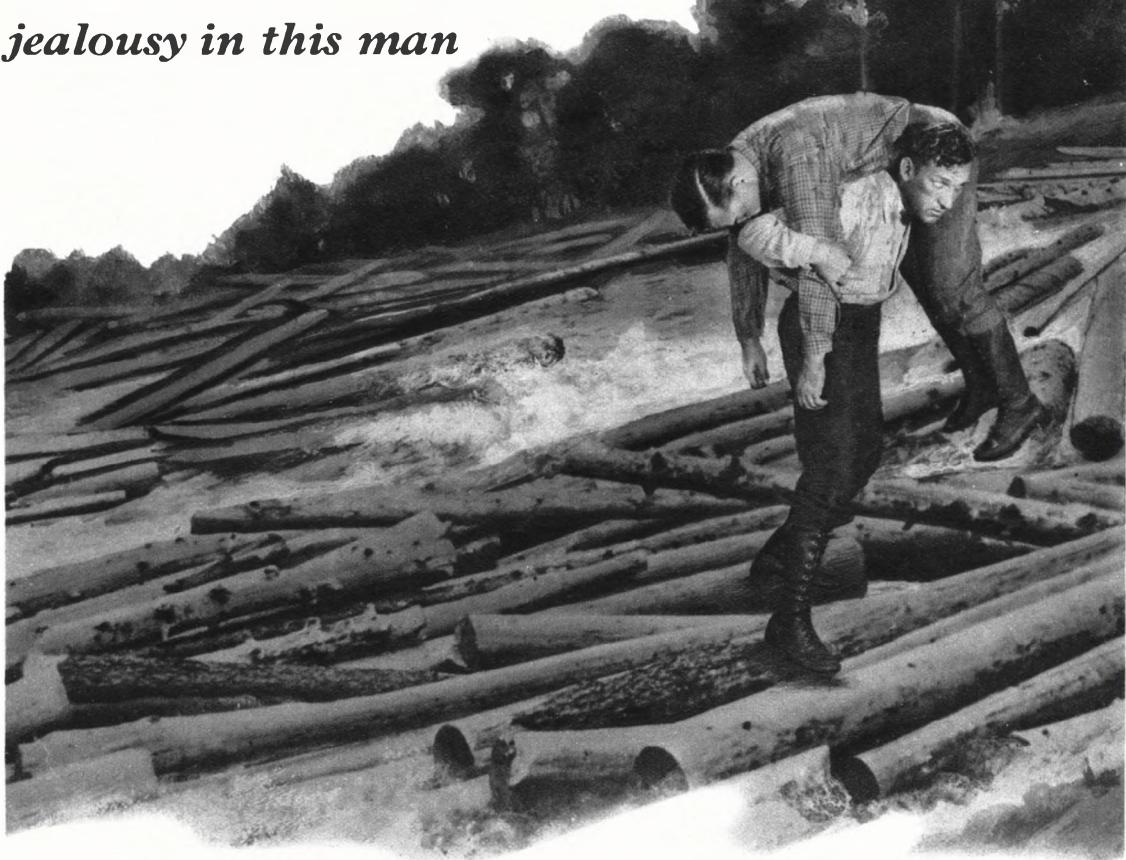
I came back to consciousness to find Aunt Polly kneeling beside me, bathing my face, my torn flesh, my bruised shoulders, with warm water and vinegar. Its pungent odor soon revived me.

"How—did—you get—in?" I breathed. "I locked the—door."

"Pried the (Continued on page 108)

*Even her woman's
instinct could not
fathom the way of
jealousy in this man*

DEVIL



His movements became slower and slower. His great body was feeling the strain

"Backward, turn backward, oh, time, in your flight,
Make me a child again—just for tonight.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore
Take me again to your heart, as of yore."

OH, if these words that wring my heart with anguish and start the hot tears coursing down my cheeks, could only be true!

But what we do, wrong or right, can never be undone; bitter tears of repentance and remorse cannot undo it. The influences of sin are far reaching; spreading around the sinner like the circles from a pebble dropped into water; and it seems to have been an unwritten law of nature, through all the ages, that the innocent must suffer with the guilty. If this were not true, if the sinner, alone, could bear the burden of his sins, I would not feel so strong an urge to write this story. It will be soul-scouring work, digging out those terrible memories, and living them over in the writing. But if it will cause some girl to pause and consider before setting her feet on the wrong path, then I shall be repaid for what I know I shall suffer in the recording of this, the true story of my life.

My first memories are of the comfort of my city home, in a city built on the shores of one of the Great Lakes. I shall not name it. Sweet, tender memories of the loving

care of my blue-eyed mother, and joyous, nightly romps with my tall, dark father. Mother, watching happily, would say, "You look just alike—you two—with your dark eyes and black, wavy hair. Nadine, if you had been a boy, you would grow to be your daddy's double."

What I remember most vividly, and loved best in those early days, were our Sunday rambles in a nearby park. I can close my eyes now, and imagine I smell the clean, sweet fragrance of trees, green grass and wild flowers; I can hear the singing of birds and the saucy chatter of gray squirrels. How stifling and unlovely the dusty streets seemed to my childish fancy as we walked homeward.

WHEN I was in my tenth year, I noticed that Daddy was changing. I scarcely ever heard his merry laugh and he didn't play with me any more. And mother looked worried all the time. Our home seemed no longer a glad, joyous place, and I felt like walking on my toes and speaking in whispers when Daddy was in the house.

One day he did not go to the office. I heard mother telephoning, and soon our old family doctor arrived. Of course, I was not allowed in the room. Later, mother came to me and her face looked sad. Putting her arm about me, she said:

"Dean dear, your father is not well. Doctor Black

DRIVEN

A \$1,000.00
PRIZE STORY



Every soul was praying to God to give him strength

says he must give up his business and live in the country, where we hope he will regain his health. So we must go with him in two weeks, when your school closes."

I was sorry to have Daddy sick, but leaving our lovely home, where we had every comfort and many luxuries, bothered me not at all. To live always in a place that must be like our park would be making my happiest dream come true.

I will pass over the period of preparation and moving and describe the new home in which I found myself when July came in. My father had sold his share of his business to his partner, sold our city home and bought a four-room cottage in a Northern lake district that was so wild and ruggedly beautiful that all my desires for real, untouched nature were satisfied.

EVERYWHERE stretched the primeval forest; pines, maples, beech, birch, hemlock, and dark, mysterious balsam swamps. Underneath these lofty trees grew dainty, feathery ferns and countless varieties of wild flowers. So thick did they grow that I feared to crush them as I walked. My childish heart fairly burst with the joy of their beauty.

Our white and green cottage, with its cool veranda, was situated between two high rocky bluffs, at the extreme

end of a long picturesque bay that joined quite a large lake, where steam boats plied during the spring, summer and fall months, carrying throngs of tourists to and from the many cottages and summer hotels that dotted the green-clad shores and islands of the lake.

A SHADY river emptied into the bay not far from our cottage. We could hear the distant roar of one of its many waterfalls, about a mile from its mouth.

A winding road followed the river to Crooked River Valley, two miles away. There were about a dozen farms here, on both sides of the river; a small store and an unpainted frame schoolhouse. Many of the farmhouses were built of logs, and were warm and comfortable inside. The farms were poor; the land being so rocky that it could not be cultivated profitably. If it had not been for the valuable timber on their properties, the people could not have made a living.

Daddy, whose health began to improve magically in the pure Northern air, taught me to swim in the crystal water, and to manage the skiff and canoe that were in our boat house. There was a long, graceful motorboat there too, that cut through the water like a knife. This last was mother's delight; she was afraid of the smaller craft. Every day in July and August, that was fit to be

out, we cruised the lake. It was thirty miles long, and had hundreds of lovely islands and tranquil bays. Those were happy care-free days for my parents and me, in the golden sunshine.

September came, and I resumed my education in the rude little one-room school with a single teacher. How different it was from the large, well-equipped school, with over one thousand scholars, that I had attended in the city. My father had procured a small black pony, for me to ride to school upon. What a darling he was; so gentle and kind, waiting for me to get up and climb to the saddle again, whenever I fell off in learning to ride!

I shall never forget my first day at that country school. I have always felt extremely uncomfortable if people stared at me. Fifteen pairs of round, curious eyes kept me in a state of hypnotic confusion most of that day.

For the first time in my life, I felt self-conscious of my smoothly brushed curls and dainty clothes. In the city I had been one of many so dressed. Here I stood alone among plainly dressed, stringy-haired little girls, and roughly clad boys, who sent sidelong glances from under lowered brows. I felt very unhappy and got mother to make me some plain gingham dresses right away.

THE second day the novelty had partly worn off. At recess the children whispered in groups and, by their glances, I knew that I was their topic.

At noon, when the teacher was away, they became bolder. Going out into the yard to eat my lunch beneath the trees, I heard, "Don't she think she's nice?" Others took it up, and soon a ring of yelling, taunting imps formed around me.

How cruel children can be! They reflect the natural impulses of the human race, without the polish and training of civilization. I began to cry. Suddenly the clamor ceased and howls of pain filled the air. I uncovered my eyes, and saw four boys lying in a heap on the ground, and a red-headed, blue-eyed fury standing over them with doubled fists.

"Ya dirty coward, pick on one little girl, will ya? I'll knock the stuffin' out o' any one o' yous that dares to go near her again. Git up and git yer lunch, and git down ta the crick! And if ya show yer noses back here before the bell rings, I'll bust 'em off yer faces.

"Here's yer lunch, Miss," he said, handing me my box which I had dropped on the ground. Then the school terror, hard-fisted, fiery-tempered, but not a bully, stalked off with his own lunch.

It was thus that Jimmy O'Brien came into my life. The pain and sorrow he brought into it, you will read later.

In a few days I was playing their games and making

friends. Sally Raymond, a quiet, brown-eyed girl about my own age, became my special friend. Her people moved to the South within a year, so I lost her. Jimmy O'Brien and Alan Burke, the two biggest boys in school, were fast friends. Alan was a tall, dark, handsome boy with nice gray eyes. They were both fourteen then; Sally and I were eleven.

We played a great deal in the woods. Hare and hounds, bandits or some other forest game. In cold or stormy weather, at noon hours when the teacher was away to dinner, we learned to dance the old-fashioned quadrilles that are always popular in backwoods places. Johnny Shuman played the mouth organ and one of the older boys did the calling.

For three days I rode to school. Going home the third afternoon, I heard the scream of a lynx in a dark swamp that lay along one side of the road for some distance. It

was the most blood-curdling sound I have ever heard; like the cry of a terrified child and a tortured woman mingled together, and ending in a weird yowl, such as one would expect to hear from a giant cat. My frightened pony ran all the way home, and I may say that he did not go too fast to suit me. After that, I walked to school with Alan Burke, through a winding footpath that ran across a deep wood to the school, cutting the distance in half.

ALAN lived a mile down the bay from us. He rowed a little boat up the bay and the river to a narrow, railed foot bridge. Here I would meet him, and we would walk through the woods together. We became great pals, confiding our young secrets to each other.

There was something fine and noble in Alan's nature that I did not find in the other boys; not even in Jimmy, who was the hero of all my girlish dreams. Alan and

I were like brother and sister. My parents, too, made friends with the Burkes. Like us, they had not always lived in the woods country. They had come from an eastern city when Alan was small. Our parents were pleased with our friendship from the first.

A year after my advent into Crooked River school, Alan and Jimmy left it forever; Alan to enter high school in our nearest town, and Jimmy to begin the life of a woodsman. His people were poor, and could not give him a high-school education. I missed them both—the thrill of surprising Jimmy's magnetic eyes in an admiring gaze across the schoolroom and the chummy companionship of Alan.

I saw Jimmy only occasionally now, sometimes at church, which was held every two weeks in the schoolhouse, more often at the post office, where the youth of the neighborhood gathered three (Continued on page 185)

Your Letter May Win a Prize

One of the reasons why TRUE STORY holds first place in the hearts of so many people is that we are constantly trying to give them the kind of magazine they most desire.

We are exceedingly anxious to get your opinion of our stories, and in order to encourage you to write us a letter now, we are offering \$100.00 in prizes.

The first prize is \$25.00; the second prize is \$10.00, and there are thirteen prizes of \$5.00 each.

In your letter please tell us:

(1) Which, in your opinion, are the three best stories and why.

(2) Which is the least interesting story and why.

(3) Our faults, and your constructive ideas on how to make the magazine better.

Address your letter, March TRUE STORY Criticism Contest, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

All letters criticizing the March issue must be in this office by March 5th. No letters will be returned. The editors will act as judges and their decision will be final.

I Thought I Was in the Way



I lost control of myself, and beat my fists against my temples

I HAVE never heard the human voice. I have never heard the birds whose beautiful songs I read of in books.

I live in a world of silence, for I am deaf and dumb. I love to read of other people's lives in *TRUE STORY*. The people of whom I read become very real to me.

I'm one of those who made a mistake, and I would like to warn others by telling about it.

When I was a year and a half old I lost my hearing through a serious children's disease, and I never learned to talk.

I understood my mother only by watching her eyes and the movements of her lips.

My parents were poor. Father worked in a furniture

Was there no road to happiness for this beautiful girl condemned to live in a lonely world of eternal silence?

factory, his wages were barely enough to feed and clothe us all. There were seven children. I was the third, and I loved my mother and brothers and sisters "fiercely." That is the only word that expresses my feeling.

If I saw any of my little brothers or sisters receive punishment for a misbehavior, I would become furious. I would stamp my feet and scream, throwing myself into a terrible tantrum, even when it was my own dear mother who dealt out the punishment.

Oh, I led my poor

mother a terrible life with my wild tantrums! But she was so patient with me. She knew it was because I had no other way of expressing myself.

SOMETIMES it was something I wanted. A new dress perhaps, which I had seen some other little girl wear, or a hat in the shop window caught my fancy; things beyond my mother's means to purchase.

I would cry and scream until I was sick, and somehow my mother managed to get the desired object for me, denying herself and the other children necessities in order to pacify me.

I couldn't understand why I couldn't have everything I wanted when I wanted it.

I was wild about moving pictures. I wanted to go every night. Those silent pictures I could understand; they reflected my own pent-up emotions. I lived them over and over in my silent world.

My wild desire for shows was another trouble in mother's daily life. I demanded my dime, whether she had it for me or not. If she refused to let me go, I had one of my tantrums and the dime was produced from somewhere. And so, almost nightly, I sat at some cheap show, filling my mind with unwholesome thoughts and emotions when I should have been in bed, a little girl of barely ten years.

IT was about this time that my parents decided that, somehow, I must be sent to a school for the deaf and dumb.

My mother began to take in washing to earn a little extra money toward this goal.

She was so thin and white. She had her hands more than full with the babies to look after, and all her own housework to do.

Little did I realize that she was doing it for me. How much I owe her! What would I have been, if she had not persisted in sending me to school? Through learning, a new world was opened to me. I didn't seem quite so isolated from the rest of the world after I learned to read, for through books I could enter almost any world I desired without embarrassment. My voluntary reading was mostly made up of romantic novels in which I completely lost consciousness of my unhappy handicap.

It was to a school for the deaf and dumb that I was sent. The school required a certain amount of clothing for each pupil when he or she arrived.

My trunk contained every piece the school called for. It was an achievement for my mother, under the circumstances. Nightly she had sat up until midnight sewing, saving a little on each garment by making it herself.

Looking back, I wonder that she did not break down under the strain. For all through my school years she kept taking in washing to keep me in school. I was always well dressed. Often I would write home for a special dress for certain occasions. It was never denied me, and regularly each week, I received a box of something good. A home-made cake, candy, fancy cookies, fruit. Oh, how welcome those boxes were! How proudly I shared them with my special friends! There was not another mother in the world like mine.

I didn't know Sam was standing at the door watching me

I thought I would die of loneliness and longing for my folks the first year I was there. But it wasn't long before I learned to write. My first letter to mother made me unspeakably happy. To be able to put into words, actual words, even if it was only on paper, some of my feelings gave me the biggest



thrill of my life until then.

I also learned to converse with my schoolmates, by spelling out words with my fingers.

I grew to like school, but always I looked forward to the first of June, when I could go back home and spend happy months with my folks.

MOTHER always met me in Chicago, where I had to change trains for Peoria, where we lived.

The third year when she met me, she looked even thinner and whiter than usual. There was a sad expression in her dark eyes which had never been there before.

I longed to talk to her. My finger movements she could not understand.

I made my eyes into a big question mark, and into my

throat came the usual inarticulate sound which always made people turn and stare. I sensed that something was wrong. But mother only shook her head sadly.

When we got home, my little sister, two years younger than I, was missing. She had been dearer to me than any of the rest. A great fear gripped me. I demanded to know where she was, in a way which each one of them understood.

The look in their faces told me more clearly than if the words had been spoken for me to hear.

She was dead!

I lost control of myself entirely. I beat my two fists against my head, I screamed, I cried, I stamped my feet.

Finally I was put to bed, exhausted

tional than those more fortunate persons who can hear and talk.

We have no way of unburdening ourselves. There have been times, in moments of great emotion, when I have felt I would willingly die just to be able to speak a few words; when I have been fairly bursting with the desire to speak.

The fifth year, the little boy who had been a baby in arms when I started to school was missing when I came home to spend my vacation. He, too, was buried beneath the sod. I thought my heart would break! All the joy of my homecoming was gone. Mother looked old and stooped. A terrible fear that she would be the next to go kept tugging at my heart.

I finally felt I couldn't leave home to finish school. But to the last, I had mother write out a solemn promise to send for me at once, if any of them got sick.

It was just after I had finished my last year in school that my father died.

Mother was left alone with the burden of keeping the home together. The two youngest children were still going to school; the two eldest were married.

I tried hard to get work, hoping to be able to help by earning a little. But no one wanted a deaf and dumb girl.

THEN mother decided to take in roomers, and with this and the washing and ironing she did for others each week, we managed to get along.

I was needed at home. We had six roomers, two of whom boarded with us. They were all nice, clean young men. One of them, a young artist, interested me more than the rest. His name was Sam Wilson. He was one of the two who boarded with us. Consequently we saw much of each other.

He was very good looking, tall and broad shouldered. He was a man filled with the milk of human kindness. It fairly shone out of his smiling blue eyes.

His kindness to mother was perhaps what drew me to him from the beginning. He never permitted her to lift any heavy tubs or clothes baskets when he was around. Oh, he did many favors for us! And he did them in such a way that it made it seem as if he was the one who received the favor, never letting us feel under obligation to him.

Soon mother loved him as dearly as if he had been (Continued on page 130)



from my out-burst of grief, where I fell asleep at once. When I went back to school that fall, I left with a heavy heart. Fear that something would happen to my loved ones at home kept me uneasy all through that year.

I grew nervous.

I believe that we deaf and dumb people are more emo-

I picked it up and stood gazing at it. Tears welled up into my eyes

IT ALL BEGAN

They were two married women in search of a thrill. So recklessly they plunged into a mad adventure with two strange men—an adventure ending in—

IHAD, or rather have, a girl friend whom I loved like a sister. We will call her Betty.

We are both married and our husbands are good friends; that is how we met each other. Betty and Jack have two darling children, a boy four years old and a girl of two. Pete and I haven't any and the doctor says we never shall have. So naturally we love Jack, Junior, and little Betty as if they were our own. They call us Aunt Grace and Uncle Pete. Such little darlings they are!

Betty and I used to go to see each other at least once a week, sometimes going to a show. Betty's mother-in-law lived with them, because Jack used to travel quite a lot in his line of work, sometimes being gone two or three months at a time.

One afternoon Betty called me by phone, asking me to meet her and go to a show. I was delighted to go, as they had a picture there I wanted to see, and it was a warm spring day. She met me in front of the show, leaving her children with her mother-in-law.

When the show was half over, Betty dropped her purse on the floor. A young man sitting next to her picked it up and handed it to her. Thus a conversation started. The man impressed us both as being gentlemanly and well educated. We got up to leave the theater and our pick-up friend followed us. When we got outside we saw that he was a very good-looking man, tall and dark. Such a contrast to Betty, as she was blonde and little.

He said, "May I have the pleasure of taking you ladies home?"

Betty looked at me and, at the same time, I looked at her. There was a longing question in her eyes, as I know there must have been in mine because, as I said before, the fellow was good looking and very courteous.

Betty looked at him, smiled and said, "No, thank you. Grace and I would prefer to go alone, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," he replied. "But would you give me your telephone number? I'd sure love to see you again."

"Why, I don't know," Betty stammered, "I'm—I'm married."

He smiled and said, "What difference does that make? Can't a married woman have friends? I understand how you feel, but I can assure you that you don't need to be afraid of me. I have sisters of my own."



Betty had fainted

What a good speech! In the end, Betty slipped and gave him her number.

Now, friends and readers, don't roll up your eyes and say, "How could she, a wife and mother, do such a thing?" Perhaps you, too, might have done it, if you had been in her place.

BETTY was a good wife and mother, whether you believe it or not. She loved her husband and two children devotedly—but she was lonesome, as her husband was away so much. Romance and the thought of a thrill beckoned to her; she could see no wrong in a harmless flirtation that she thought wouldn't go far. Besides, she was thrilled to think so fine and handsome a man would pay such ardent attention to her—a wife and mother—when there were so many single girls.

Little did Betty or I realize at the time the reason why. I would have done the same thing Betty did if I had been in her shoes. In fact, I was a little envious to think he gave her his entire attention, hardly realizing my

WITH A PICK-UP



He started after me

presence, except to be polite to me, as Betty's friend.

I did not blame Mr. Pickup (as we later called him, at his request) for his choice of Betty, as she was a very pretty blue-eyed blonde, not more than twenty-two. I was more homely looking, and older by two years. I looked my age, while Betty looked about eighteen.

Betty came home to dinner with me that evening, and all we talked about was Mr. Pickup—how nice he was, how good looking, etc.

ON the way home from the show, Betty said, "If Jack should find it out, he'd be furious. But if Mr. Pickup calls up, I'll talk and kid a little, then ask him not to call any more. I wouldn't want to hurt Jack's feelings because I love him too much."

"I know how you feel, Betty," I said. "If I was even to look at another fellow, and Pete knew it, he would leave me. He is so jealous and so narrow minded about such things that all the explaining and excuses I could make wouldn't bring him back to me. He thinks a

married man or woman should be *just so*. And without Pete's love, life wouldn't be worth anything to me."

"It's the same with me," Betty said. "Jack and the kiddies mean the whole world to me."

Little did we realize how this chance meeting was soon going to change our whole lives!

MR. PICKUP called Betty the next afternoon, while her mother-in-law was out with the children. He tried to get Betty to go out with him, but of course she refused to go.

After he hung up, she called me right away to tell me all about it. She laughed and thought it a good joke, and said, "As if I'd ever go out with him!"

"Of course not," I replied. "Talking to him doesn't hurt, but going out with him would be different."

She did not go out with him, although he called her by phone every day for a week, and coaxed and coaxed her to go to a show. But by and by she listened to his pleading, and said she would go just once.

The next day Betty came over to tell me all about it. We were so excited that we acted like two kids, the way we talked and laughed over it.

Betty told me she had met him downtown, and he had taken her to a good show. Afterward, he wanted to take her to supper, but she had to be home early and couldn't go.

She said, "I never met a man so considerate and nice. When I told him I had to be home early, he called a cab and hurried me straight home, stopping several blocks from my home."

"Why, Grace, he never even tried to put his arms around me or kiss me. And I a married woman, living with my husband, and he knowing all about it!"

"**R**EALLY, Betty," I breathlessly said, "he must be a wonderful man. You don't find many like him nowadays. I'll bet you couldn't make Pete believe a handsome man like Mr. Pickup would take another man's wife out just for the pleasure of her company, but it goes to show you that a man will do that. It's just Pete's jealousy and narrow-mindedness."

I'm going to interrupt my story here to tell my readers why I mention my husband's jealousy. Maybe, if you realize his jealous and narrow-minded nature, although I dearly love him, you will not judge me too harshly when you read about the cowardly deed I committed.

"Oh, I don't know, Grace," Betty answered, "Jack would feel the same about it, and he's not very jealous. I think it's because they love us, and don't want somebody else stepping between us."

"That might be," I said. "But as I told you before, if Pete found out I had gone with some one else, even for a lark, he'd be through with me forever."

"Oh, well, I won't go out with Mr. Pickup any more because I don't want Jack to find it out. He would sure be surprised and hurt. I don't think he would believe it unless I told him myself, he has such faith in me. And gee, kid, I don't want to spoil that faith, so I'm going to cut it out!"

Betty didn't "cut it out"; she went to a show again with Mr. Pickup and he acted more wonderful and more manly than he had the first time. As before, he took her to a show and then home in a cab. She then vowed to me that it was absolutely the last time.

I know again what you readers are saying,



"What! No, it can't be Betty," he cried. "Are you sure?"

"Why didn't she make it the last time?"

She fully intended to, but you know how temptation is, when the man in the case is handsome and so considerate, and tells you how wonderful you are with such sincerity and conviction that you really believe it, especially if you have been

leading a rather dull and lonely life for a young girl.

One day when I answered the telephone, Betty's excited voice was on the other end of the wire. She told me Mr. Pickup wanted her to bring me along to make a foursome to go to a show the next night. He was bringing a friend with him, a "real nice looking fellow."

I'll readily admit I was thrilled about the idea, but I said, "No, Betty, I wouldn't dare go, although I'd like to. If Pete ever found out, you know what it would mean."

"Oh, Pete will never find out," she replied. "He goes to lodge on Thursdays, doesn't he? That's why I made it tomorrow night. Mr. Pickup wanted to go tonight, but I told him that would be impossible, and to make it tomorrow night."

"Grace, please come—just this once. Then both of us will cut it out completely. Anyway, Jack will be home in a couple of weeks. Come on, please."

She didn't have to coax very hard, as I really wanted to go terribly. But I was a little afraid of what would happen if Pete found out.

"All right, Betty, I'll go this once." (Emphasizing the once.) "Only I hope Mr. Pickup's friend is as nice as he is."

"I'm sure he is. Good-by," she replied; then hung up.

Thursday night, when Pete and I were eating dinner, I asked him if he was going to lodge.

"Of course, dear. You don't mind, do you?" he said.

Mind! Why, I had almost prayed his answer would be yes when I asked him. Little did he realize how glad I was that he was going this time; although at other times, I hated to be left alone even for one evening.

I knew I would be perfectly safe, as Pete didn't usually get home till around one o'clock, and sometimes later. But I replied, "No, honey, I don't mind. I'll take a walk up to see the show, and get a soda afterwards; then come home and go to bed."

"Gee, you're a brick!" he said. "The best and fairest little wife a man ever had."

ICAN never tell you how small I felt when Pete said that. I decided not to go, especially when I looked at my good, kind husband and saw love for me in his eyes.

After Peter left, my resolution not to go faded and faded, and by and by I couldn't see what

harm there would be in going just once with a party.

I dressed with the greatest care, as I wanted to make an impression on Mr. Pickup's friend. I don't know why I wanted to, but I did.

Maybe it was because Betty had made such an impression, and I was a little jealous of her—although I wouldn't admit it at the time.

I met Betty, Mr. Pickup and his friend, at the appointed place. They were there when I arrived, and after introductions were made, the men called a cab and we started downtown to a show. The friend (Mr. Spruce, I shall call him) was all Betty had said. Although not quite as handsome as Mr. Pickup, he was very good looking, and a perfect gentleman in every way.

I must confess I had a wonderful (Continued on page 134)

The Woman Who Refused to Love

*She wanted a marriage
in which she received
all and gave nothing*

Roberta said quickly, "I've heard of cases like that, and my sympathies are always with the man."



LAURA, my wife, and Jeanne, our daughter, came into the living room where I was smoking and reading. Laura pushed the reading lamp nearer to me.

"Henry," she said in her cool, low-cadenced voice, "we shall be late. Don't sit up for us."

"Too bad you don't like to dance, Dad," Jeanne said. "You're such an old bookworm." She dropped a light kiss on the top of my head, and skipped off to join Jim in the hall.

Laura looked after her dotingly, and sighed, "I'll be quite lost when she goes back to college."

I wanted to say, "You might give *me* some of your attention and your affection." But I was too proud to ask for favors or intimate that I felt slighted.

She went away with a casual, "Good-night, Dad." No kiss, no lingering touch as if she hated to leave me alone; no suggestion that I go along.

When the door had closed upon them, I laid down my book and took stock. And my stock was far below par!

Laura and I had been married twenty years. I was forty-five; she was forty. We had lived in unusual

harmony. She was an excellent housekeeper and a devoted mother. Everything was serene, on the surface, but I was far from happy. I felt neglected, *unnecessary*, out in the cold.

Laura was always courteous—too much so! She treated me like a chance acquaintance or an uninvited guest. I would have preferred having her flare up once in awhile and take my head off, figuratively, to receiving constant polite attention, coupled with cool indifference.

WE had our individual rooms, having started that when Jeanne was young and needed night care. Laura insisted that it was her job; I must be fresh for my business.

And now, when we parted at night, it was, "Good-night, Dad," just as she had said it ten minutes before. When she met me at the breakfast table she said, "Good-morning, Dad," with a pleasant smile.

I was no longer a lover or a husband—merely a father and general supply man. And I want to tell you that a woman isn't the only one who longs for displayed affection; to be shown genuine *love*. A man doesn't like to take his

wife's feelings for granted, nor have her "say it" with cooking and mending and sweeping.

I was too disturbed to read any longer. I thought how outraged Laura would be if I sought, elsewhere, the love she failed to give me.

And that thought fostered my Big Idea. I determined to stake my future on one grandstand play for a come-back in my wife's affections.

LAURA had said she would be "lost" when Jeanne left, just as if I didn't count. All right! We'd get a "parlor boarder," and I'd see to it that she was young and pretty. I'd show my wife that I wasn't dead with age—that I could interest other women, younger and as charming as she. The plot wasn't very new, as men go, but it was a novelty to me. It put pep into me—and how! I went to my bedroom—a typical man's room—and stood before a mirror, taking inventory.

I saw a tall, well-built man—no bald head, no paunch, no pockets under the eyes. There was some gray in my black thatch, but mostly at the temples. Jeanne said I had just enough to make me look "distinguished." I'd seen old bachelors who weren't half as presentable as I appeared, dancing attendance on pretty debs. And the girls apparently were flattered.

Instead of going to bed feeling as if I were weighted down with cares, and ready for the Old Men's Home, I found myself humming a tune. I looked at my dress suit with appraising eyes. Why not? I'd have gone with the family occasionally, if I'd been asked—but that was another place I'd drifted. Business had been the "wolf" cry so often, that they took it for granted that festivities bored me and I wanted to be left alone. I'd show 'em!

When I left the next morning, and Laura said amiably, "Good-by, Dad, I hope you'll have a smooth day," I smiled to myself. She was due for a general shaking up, but she didn't know it. If she had dreamed of such a possibility, she probably would have felt like having my brain examined!

Once a man plans a piece of strategy, it seems that Fate lends a helping hand. At lunch time, Roberta Crandall came into the café. She caught my glance, and nodded smilingly. She worked in the office across from mine. Her employer was a good friend of mine, and he seemed to value Roberta highly. She was twenty-two or -three, I imagined, though she didn't look older than Jeanne.

She wasn't a raving beauty, but had a trim little figure, pretty blue eyes, and dark hair. Her face was bright and attractive with that subtle something that makes men turn for another appraising look.



Roberta stood there with arms extended

"How are you today?" she said in friendly fashion, pausing for a moment at my table.

Impulsively I spoke. "Sit down, won't you? I'm feeling the need of company." I'm not a philanderer in any sense of the word, and I'd kept strictly at a distance from any sort of intrigue. But Roberta wasn't the "flip" kind, so I felt safe.

SHE accepted matter-of-factly, and began to chatter in the nice, girlish way, her conversation spiced with the same brand of breezy slang that Jeanne used.

"I'm headed for the poorhouse," she said merrily, but there was a little frightened expression in her eyes. "My salary was cut today. I'm so thankful not to be one of those who got fired that I can't gripe about the cut—but ladies must live, you know. Isn't the employment situation fierce?"

"Never saw it worse," I agreed. And it *was* "fierce"! "I'm hanging on to my job for dear life—and I mean life! I can't afford to be horsy. I'm so meek I don't know myself, and work—gee! But one thing sure—I've got to find a cheaper boarding house. Know of anybody in need of a girl who could do something for her board and keep, after hours? I'm a grand little household drudge."

She said it with a smile that showed pretty teeth. Young, gay and brave, in spite of a sinking heart that a cut and possible "firing" gave her. I liked her spirit—and then the solution of my problem struck me like a hi-jacker's sandbag.

I'M a careful man and don't plunge into things, as a rule; but I'd spent two or three hours, the night before, mulling things over, and making up my mind to a drastic piece of rebellion. In this girl I saw the heroine of my nebulous intentions.

"Roberta, are you discreet?" I blurted.

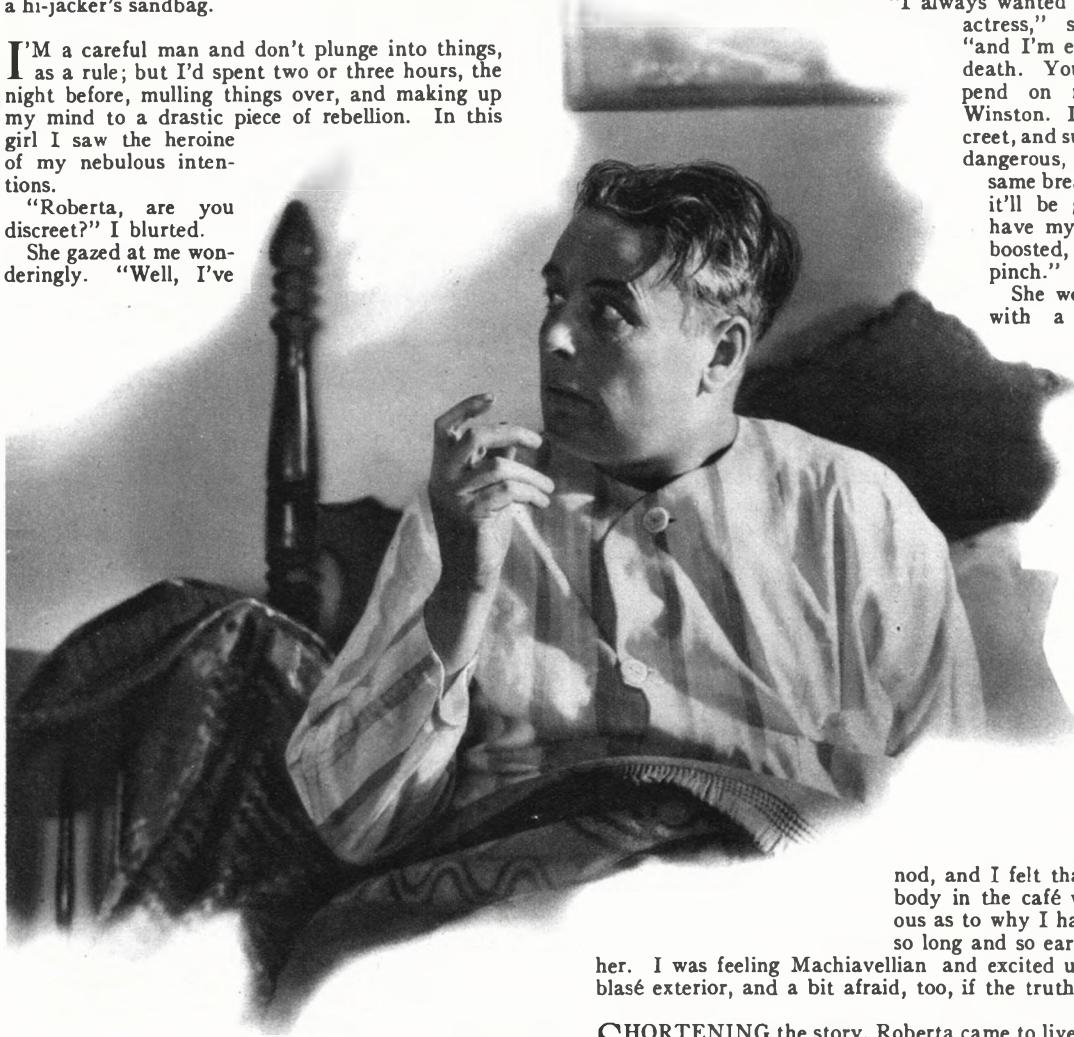
She gazed at me wonderingly. "Well, I've

I'd be a bit leery of this, but you aren't the kind of man who plays around with girls. I know you're on the square, not one of these married flirts. I'd love to help you, Mr. Winston. I can't wait to begin!"

"Go out tomorrow and ask my wife to take you as a boarder," I told her. "I'll pave the way, and for your services you'll get free room and board, though of course you'll have to pay Laura for it. It's your job to show her that I'm—er—well, personable. A *man*, not merely a provider. Make her jealous, if you can, but nothing raw, of course."

"I always wanted to be an actress," she said, "and I'm excited to death. You can depend on me, Mr. Winston. I'll be discreet, and suave, and dangerous, all in the same breath. And it'll be grand to have my finances boosted, in such a pinch."

She went away with a friendly



I snapped up in bed like a jack-in-the box

worked for competitors at the same time, and never betrayed either of them."

"I've something to tell you that I've never told anybody else, and a proposition to make you."

She pushed aside her plate and leaned her elbows on the table. "I feel so honored. Cross my heart and hope to die if I ever breathe a word of it."

I've often wondered, since, if I were inspired, or plain crazy to plot such a thing, and have the nerve to carry it out. Her eyes grew bigger and more lovely as I went on. She hung on my words, as authors say, and heaved a long sigh as I finished.

"Just like a movie. If I didn't know your reputation,

nod, and I felt that everybody in the café was curious as to why I had talked so long and so earnestly to her. I was feeling Machiavellian and excited under my blasé exterior, and a bit afraid, too, if the truth be told.

SHORTENING the story, Roberta came to live with us. Laura was pleased—and I was enchanted! That girl was on the job *pronto*. She drove in her wedge in a dozen agreeable ways. She complimented Laura on having such a "marvelous" husband, and referred to couples who bickered and drifted apart.

"It's heart-warming to see how happy you two are, and how perfectly you understand each other."

Laura smiled placidly. I was just one of her old possessions that nobody else wanted, you see.

Roberta drank in my words of wisdom and laughed delightedly at my jokes, some as old as Adam. She waited on me, too, in delicate, unobtrusive ways. And Laura was quite unmoved, apparently deaf, blind and dumb. I thought, exasperated, that it would take an earthquake to shake that woman's poise; an inferno to warm her cold heart toward me.

(Continued on page 104)

Inside the HEART

*He had to
tell her
the truth,
even
though it
meant
the end of
their love*

*In the Preceding
Installment*

WHEN Fay Martin, my fiancée, broke our engagement, telling me she loved another, I threw everything to the winds, left my comfortable Missouri plantation overnight, and set out for the undeveloped West—the real Wild West in those days. I trailed a wagon train to Denver, then a wide-open town, and spent all of my time drinking and gambling, trying to forget Fay.

Lucky in cards, unlucky in love! That seemed to be me. I was always a big winner. One night I won twenty thousand dollars from one man. When I raked in his lost money, he suddenly drew his gun. I drew mine, too. We both shot. His bullet went through my sleeve. Mine struck home.

A few days later, when I heard the man was dying, I went to see him. He told me his name was Jess Martin. He and his father owned a ranch in Montana which had once been successful but, due to the activities of a mysterious band of cattle thieves, it was now heavily mortgaged

and about to be sold. He also told me that he had a wife and child, and that the money I'd won was all they had left in the world. He had gambled it on a last chance of winning enough to pay the mortgage and save the ranch.

Jess Martin's story moved me deeply. A terrible sense of guilt swept over me. And before he died, I promised him that I would go to his father, give him the money I had won and help him to capture the rustlers whose cattle thieving had brought them to the verge of ruin.

I went to the ranch and found things in pretty bad shape. I gave Jess' father the money, telling him his son



The crowd gasped as if it were a single person

of a KILLER

A \$2000.00
PRIZE STORY



Young Walsh fell back as Henry struck him. But like a flash, he drew his heavy revolver

had entrusted me with it on his death-bed. Naturally I said nothing about my part in his son's death.

HAVING a lot of ready cash, I paid off the mortgage and got a half interest in the ranch.

The first thing I did was to set out after the cattle rustlers. After a long period of sleuthing, I finally discovered their identity. One of the leaders was the man who had been foreman of the Martin ranch for twenty years. He had been double-crossing his own employers. Well, we cornered them in a gun fight, and they came off

out of me, I told her all. When I had finished, her lips were trembling and tears were running down her cheeks.

The Story Continues:

SHE said, "I do not think they could help but honor and respect you if they knew. You have done so much for us all that I will never tell any one what you told me. Is that why you do not want to marry me?"

I said, "May, I am afraid you could never be happy as my wife, knowing that I killed your father."

second best. That ended the cattle thieving.

The years passed and the ranch prospered. I had kept my promise to the dead man. His father was my best friend. I was like a brother to his widow, and an uncle to his daughter, May, now grown into a beautiful young woman.

At least, I always thought of myself as an uncle to May, until that day she came to me and blurted out that she loved me.

I tried to reason with her. I pointed out the difference in our ages.

But May would not listen to me. She said she didn't care what people would say or think. She loved me and always would.

What could I do? The girl had set her heart upon me. I had to end this strange infatuation and end it quickly. It would do no good to run away. That would only break her heart. I must tell her the truth—tell her that I was the murderer of her father.

I made her sit down, and virtually tearing the words

She said, "He tried to kill you. He gambled with you and lost his money. I cannot blame you for protecting yourself."

I said, "You should take plenty of time to think this over. How would you like to go east to school for two years? There you would meet many young people. You would learn more about the world. If you will go east to school two years, it will be a change for you and what you learn will help you later in life. If you still love me when you return, I will ask you to be my wife."

She said "I will go. I understand your feeling. As usual, you want to be more than fair. I know I will never love any other man as I love you."

I forgot all reason. I clasped her in my arms for a moment, and I kissed her beautiful lips. She lay in my arms and returned my kisses. Then she ran from the office to the ranch house. When she reached the porch of the house, she turned and threw a kiss toward me.

For hours I walked the floor of my office. I loved May and I wanted to claim her as my wife. When I thought of my past life, I felt that I had missed the sweet things, and only tasted the bitterness of life.

I feel sorry for any man who has killed another man. I know how miserable I have felt because I was a killer.

Molly, May and I went to the dance Thursday night. As we were going, May told Molly that she wanted to go east to school. Molly consented for May to go.

That night as Molly and I were watching the others dance, Molly said, "Dalton, did you suggest to May that she go away to school?"

I said, "Yes, I told her that if she went east to school for a year or two that she would meet other young people, and would learn things that would help her later in life."

Molly said, "I suppose she will; but it will be lonely on the ranch after May goes away. She has never been away from me."

I said, "Why don't you go with her? A trip east would do you good, and you need a vacation."

SHE said, "No, I cannot go. I must stay here and look after Mr. Martin. He is getting old and he would be lost with May and me both away. Some day May will leave me, I suppose, but I hope she will not marry some eastern man. Some day she will own a half interest in the ranch. She should marry a western man. One that is qualified to look after the ranch."

I laughed at her. I said, "I was born and raised in the East. I have been looking after the ranch for a few years."

Molly replied, "You are different. I never saw a man your equal. I doubt if May has either, and I do not believe she will find one back east that will be your equal."

I replied, "I have seen many different races of people, but none of them can equal the Irish when it comes to spreading the blarney."

Molly laughed. Soon we were dancing. Molly was a good dancer, and a pleasant companion.

I do not think May and I ever danced before as we did that night. I believe we were both as happy as we could be. The music and our happiness together caused our feet to move in lively time.

Toward morning the dance broke up, and we started home. We had ridden twelve

miles to go to the dance. Of course, it was twelve miles home. But to me it did not seem that far. We arrived home as the sun was coming over the mountain. Molly and May cooked breakfast while I fed and watered our three horses.

Two weeks later, May started east, to go to school. Molly and I took her to town in the spring wagon. Molly kissed her good-by.

I SHOOK hands with her, and said, "May, you have plenty of money to spend, and this is your first trip away from home, so have a good time. Enjoy yourself while you are away."

She said, "I will."

Molly and I helped her carry her suit cases into the passenger coach. We watched the train go rushing down the track.

I felt a lump in my throat, and I noticed that Molly was crying. I suggested that we go uptown, and buy the supplies we needed.

We all missed May after she left. I know I was lonely, and Molly did not sing as much as usual. Mr. Martin often said he missed her. The cowboys did not say much,



They had tied and gagged her

but they sometimes asked me if we had heard from her. Sometimes she would say something in her letters about the boys. I would tell them what she wrote, and they would smile.

A few months after May went away to school, one day when I was in town I went into the saloon.

After talking and drinking with the men present, I walked into the dining room. While I was eating, Sophia came in. She walked straight to my table. We talked for awhile, about one thing and another, then Sophia said, "I have been wishing you would come to town. I want to talk with you. You remember Tom Walsh's son told you he was going to practice shooting until he would be able to slap your face, then beat you to the draw and kill you?"

I said, "How did you learn that? I am sure I never told you."

She laughed, "No, you never told me, but I found it out. I learn many things."

"You sure do!" I replied.

"The other day I learned that young Tom has been practicing shooting for some time, and that he is a good

shot. He is like his father—smart but crooked. He hates you and has been making talk that he is going to get you.

"So you had better keep in practice with those guns of yours. You'd better be prepared for him. He is a grown man now, and he is keeping company with some tough characters—men that will urge him to get you. The time will come when you will be forced to meet him."

I said, "Sophia, this must be avoided. I do not want to have trouble with the boy. I can not blame him for being angry at me because I shot his father. I must ask some one to try to explain to him that I do not want trouble with him."

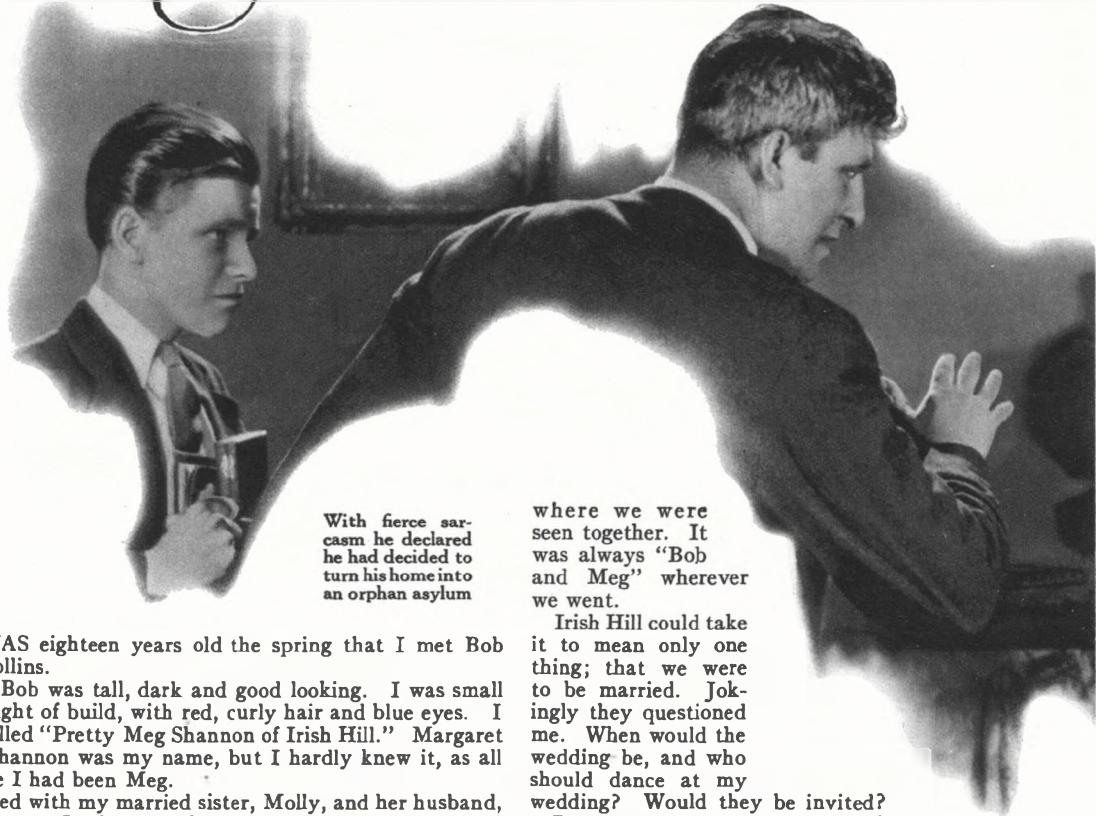
SOPHIA laughed, "A person might just as well try to explain to a rattlesnake as to Tom Walsh. The son is the same way. The best way for you to explain to him is to practice shooting so that, when the time comes to meet him, you can shoot him before he shoots you. I know that you do not like to kill a man, but you must protect yourself."

I arose and left the room. My heart was heavy. Was there no peace for me? Must I (Continued on page 170)



For a moment guns roared and bullets flew

The Secret I Had to



With fierce sarcasm he declared he had decided to turn his home into an orphan asylum

where we were seen together. It was always "Bob and Meg" wherever we went.

Irish Hill could take it to mean only one thing; that we were to be married. Jokingly they questioned me. When would the wedding be, and who should dance at my wedding? Would they be invited?

But not a word about marriage from Bob, who was becoming more loving and possessive of me all the time. He began to resent my dancing with the other boys of the crowd, and was furiously jealous of my old schoolmates. Gradually we drifted from the crowd, spending more and more time alone. He seemed better contented when we were by ourselves.

"I don't want to share you with those chaps," he would say.

I wondered why he didn't speak of marriage and ask me to be his wife. I dreamed of being his wife and wove pretty pictures of our little home. How happy we would be!

CHRISTMAS came. He was going home to be with his mother for the holidays, a distance of perhaps one hundred miles. We were unhappy to be separated for even so short a time.

The night before he left, we walked along the snow-covered streets and gazed into the shop windows. We strode silently along, each thinking of being parted so soon.

We came to Duffy's, and lingered in the doorway.

"Meg, I'm crazy about you. I can't go away and not see you for two weeks. Oh, how can I do it?"

I knew his mother was expecting him and urged him to go, telling him the time would soon go by.

"Meg, I have a key to the back door of Duffy's. Let's go in and spend our last evening together, just you and I."

I felt he was going to ask me to marry him, and my heart was nearly bursting with happiness. Gladly I said yes.

I WAS eighteen years old the spring that I met Bob Collins.

Bob was tall, dark and good looking. I was small and slight of build, with red, curly hair and blue eyes. I was called "Pretty Meg Shannon of Irish Hill." Margaret Ann Shannon was my name, but I hardly knew it, as all my life I had been Meg.

I lived with my married sister, Molly, and her husband, Joe Gross. Ruth, my other sister, was a very religious girl, and was doing settlement work in a nearby state. My brother, Patrick, worked with an uncle in the East. Mother and father were both dead. Father had died when I was eight years old; mother when I was thirteen.

Molly had been my mother ever since, and a mighty good one, too. Her husband had very little love for me—not that he ever was unkind to me—but he managed to tolerate me for a small sum of money exacted from Ruth and Pat each month.

Molly resented this but she couldn't do anything about it. She made it up to me in love and care.

I had finished high school that spring and was a switchboard operator in Duffy's department store. It was there that I met Bob. He was a salesman. We were crazy about each other from the first. We just naturally ate our lunches together, walked home together from work, and spent our evenings chatting and laughing together.

I was filled with happiness. Here was my real love! Of course, I had had many school romances, each one serious at the moment. But this, oh, this was different!

WHEN I first started at Duffy's, the girls had spoken of Bob Collins' girl back home. They said he was engaged to her; or at least there was an understanding between them.

Bob never mentioned her. We danced and played together without a thought of her. At least, I never thought of her.

Winter came, with the usual round of parties. Every-

Keep from my Children

*Was the shadow of that first
mistake forever to haunt her?*



We were shocked and frightened

Once inside, he crushed me in his arms, murmuring endearing words and covering my face with kisses, until I was completely his.

When the midnight bells were ringing, we went back to my sister's house. As he left me, he slipped a little square box into my hand and whispered, "Open it tomorrow morning when I am on the train, Meg, and know that I am loving and thinking of you."

HAPPY! Was I? My heart fairly pounded. I felt it would burst. I flew into the house. Molly was up, as usual. "Oh, Meg, why do you stay out so late? Joe is furious. He says Bob hasn't any good intentions to keep you out so late. I don't think it's good for you to devote so much time to one young man. It isn't as though you were engaged, you know."

"Oh, Molly, you just want to get rid of me," I joked.

"No, no, honey. But the neighbors are talking and looking wise. Some one told Mrs. Carey that Bob has a girl back home, and is just stringing you along."

"Fiddlesticks! Look! In this box is my solitaire. We are engaged."

"Has he asked you to be his wife? Oh, honey, let me see the ring."

"No, not in so many words has he asked me. But isn't a diamond an engagement ring? I can't let you see it tonight, as I promised not to open it until tomorrow."

I skipped and danced about the room until Molly laughingly pushed me off to bed.

In the morning, I opened the little box. To my amazement, it was not a diamond ring, as I had supposed, but a little pearl brooch, with a note, "I love you."

I was stricken speechless. I had fully expected a diamond ring. He hadn't said so, or even hinted at it, but I had believed marriage was the only thing possible after his conduct of the night before.

MOLLY was disappointed, too. She told me to stop wasting all my time on one young man.

"Get back in the crowd again and give him competition. It is safer, young one," she advised.

I was blue during the holidays. His letters were my only happy moments while he was gone. The pendulum swung back and forth. "He loves me, he doesn't love me." I couldn't decide which.

Then he came back. We flew into each other's arms, and our love blazed forth anew. Everything else was forgotten; we had each other. I was happy and contented again.

As the days went by and we talked of his home and mother and his happy visit with her, the girl back home came into the conversation. Flo was her name.

He mentioned her casually at first, but gradually her name became as familiar to me as his mother's. I felt I knew both of them. I was a little jealous and curious about Flo, but I quieted my fears with the thought that, even though he had known her first, he chose to be with me.

Spring came, and I began to realize I was growing droopy and weary. Molly insisted I needed a rest, and wanted me to plan a trip to visit Ruth.

I was thoroughly frightened. Surely this couldn't happen to me! Bob and I had gone to Duffy's rear door entrance many a time since our first pilgrimage there. This night, as we went inside the door, I said:

"Bob, I want to talk to you seriously."

"Well, whatever is the matter? You are so mopey and queer lately."

"We are at the show-down, Bob. We can't go on like this any more. This is the last time we are coming here. Have you ever had any intentions of marrying me?"

"Now, Meg, I do think you need a rest, as Molly says. Why don't you plan a trip?"

LISTEN, Bob! Surely you love me and want to marry me. Let us take that trip together."

"Meg, you must have known that I am to marry Flo. It has been arranged ever since we were kids. I'm crazy about you, but I must have a good girl to be my wife."

It struck me like a blow in the face.

"Bob Collins," I cried, "I am to be the mother of your

child. You stand there, telling me that you must have a good girl for your wife, when you made me what I am. You are as guilty as I."

He was frightened, but determined that he would not share the consequences.



He asked with quiet menace. "You want your children to believe you are the good woman you pretend to be, don't you?"

My words were of no avail.

In desperation, I cried, "I will go to Flo, and tell her what you have done to me. You shan't get away with this!"

I ran out of the store and went home. I threw myself on my bed and cried until daybreak, when sleep finally came to me.

In the morning I was too sick to go to work. After Joe went to work, Molly came in to find out what was the matter.

Poor Molly! She had tried so hard to be a mother to me, and I had failed her. I thought of good, honest Ruth, doing settlement work. Here I was, being the kind of girl she was trying so hard to eliminate. Molly, Ruth and Pat had sacrificed themselves for me. In return, I was bringing them shame and disgrace.

Oh, if I could only die, I thought in my agony. Between sobs and tears, I blurted my story to Molly. True to Irish form, she raved and condemned me. She swore, by all the saints, to have nothing more to do with a sinner like me. She would write to Ruth and Pat right away, and tell them what a curse I had brought on them. She wore herself out berating me, finally slamming the door as she left the room, vowing I should leave her house at once.

I sank down in a dejected heap, not knowing what to do, nor caring much what I did do.

In a few hours, her anger had subsided. She was my own loving sister Molly. Coming back into my room with a tray of food, she said:

"I am heartbroken over this, Meg. I don't know what is the right thing to do, but we must keep this to ourselves. We will try to work out some plan. Forget about telling Flo. It only means one more to know your shame. Let her have him! You don't want him after the beastly way he has acted. What happiness could you have with him?"

She was right. I didn't want him now. I almost hated him. How could I have been so blind?

"If I'm any judge of Bob," she went on, "he will leave town immediately—too scared to face you again. Oh, Meg, what will Joe say? I shall have a battle on my hands there. I won't tell him yet. You must go back to work, as though nothing has happened. Let me have a chance to plan something."

I dreaded going back to Duffy's. I felt as though I were branded, and they would read my guilt in my face. I had to work, though. Joe would be plenty angry without being asked to support me.

So the next morning, with sinking heart, I went back to Duffy's. Two of the girls in the office greeted me with the news that Bob Collins was called home. His mother was sick, and they didn't believe he was coming back.

Molly had judged him correctly.

"No wonder little Meg wasn't at work yesterday. Too lovesick, eh?"

SO the kidding went on. I was only too glad that they didn't guess the real reason.

I continued to work, forcing myself to laugh and join the others in their parties and good times. No one knew of the aching heart underneath it all.

Molly and I were planning my way out. Irish Hill must never know of my trouble. Molly would die of shame. Ruth and Pat must never know.

There was a hospital in our city to which they admitted girls such as I, and allowed them to work for their medical care, and for three months after the baby's birth. We decided I should soon go there. I began talking of the career of a nurse. I wanted Irish Hill to think I was going there to study nursing.

(Continued on page 88)

MY STRANGE BARGAIN *with* MY HUSBAND



When two of his friends brought him home one night, and had to carry him up to his room, I was frightened

"**S**TICK to it, Sally! Once you start a thing, finish it. Don't be a quitter!"

If I had followed my father's advice, given so often, this story would never have been written. He was a college professor and didn't get a very big salary. But my mother was a good manager, and did wonders with it.

I was brought up very carefully. My mother taught me everything about housekeeping, from dishwashing and dusting to cooking and sewing. I didn't like it. But I did like to read, and my father brought books from the library for me.

When I was about eight I was sent to a private school where the children of all the professors went.

Somehow I got the idea that earning one's living by trade was degrading. It may have been because the town was small, and nearly all the nice people had professions. Anyway, it was a very wrong idea. I would have been saved a deal of trouble if I hadn't started life with it.

I was sixteen when my mother died. I wanted to stop school right away and keep house for my father; but he

They were two lost souls when they made that promise to each other—a promise which led to—

wouldn't consider it for a minute.

"Mother wouldn't like it. Besides, I want you to have a diploma."

"What's the use of a diploma? I hate studying and I'm needed here. I can't do everything."

"It is always worth while to finish what you start, Sally, even if you can't see any reason for it at the time. I'll write to Aunt Sarah."

"**I** DON'T want her. She's always giving me advice. I wouldn't be happy if she came, father."

"Then we'll have a woman in to help. How is that? If you find it is too much for you, we can still fall back on Aunt Sarah."

"I'll get along," I promised.

And I did—for four years. Then Aunt Sarah came, not to help, but to take my place.

I was barely twenty when I married Rex Fielder. He was a promising young lawyer. His father had been a lawyer, too; but he was dead. Rex had a fine position with a firm of lawyers when I met him. He was earning

a good salary, and was in line for speedy promotion.

I loved him with all the strength of my being and I was so proud of him that I almost burst.

"Isn't Rex the most perfect thing, father?" I exulted.

"Not perfect, Sally," my father warned.

"No man is. Remember that success in marriage depends on team-work.

And stick to it, Sally. No matter what happens, don't be a quitter."

I had heard that advice so often that it went in one ear and out the other. I was so confident, so conceited, so proud, so happy! And Rex was human—very human. So was I.

When our baby daughter was born, it seemed to me I couldn't possibly be any happier. She was the sweetest, dearest little thing. And as pretty as a picture. People used to turn and stare at her when I had her out. We named her Regina, which we immediately shortened to Jeanie. And we raved about her until I know we made nuisances of ourselves.

I HAD three perfect years of marriage. Then Rex began to drink—I mean, too much. He had always liked his whisky, and often boasted how much he could take without feeling it. When two of his friends brought him home one night and had to carry him up to his room, I was frightened.

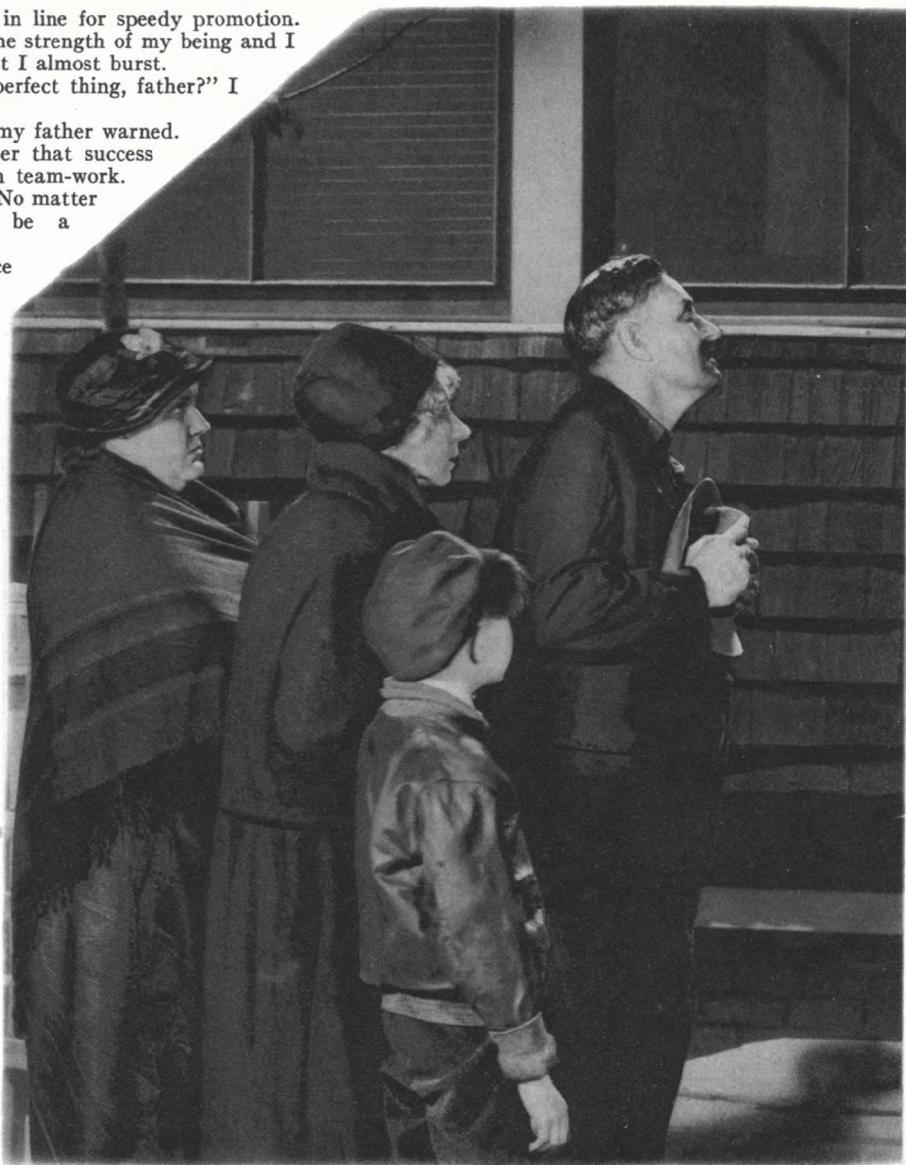
The next day we had our first scene. "You were drunk, Rex. You, my husband, had to be carried up to bed like—like any common ordinary person."

"Bad as that?" he laughed. "We did have rather a hot time last night."

"Rex, they told me—things. Lately you've been drinking more and more, and there's hardly a night when you're perfectly sober. I want you to stop. Stop entirely. Don't touch another drop. That's the only safe way."

"Want to make a milksop of your husband? Nothing doing! Perhaps I did go too far last night, though what business it is of yours I don't know. I wish you to keep your hands off my strictly private affairs, in the future. Do I make myself plain?" He was positively ugly.

"You certainly do," I retorted, "and so will I. They said last night if it came to the boss' ears, you'd be fired without a minute's warning. Do you think it will be any of my business if you're fired?"



"He told us to tell you he'd kept his word, and as how you'd understand."

"Fired? Me!" He laughed in a disagreeable manner. He wasn't really himself. "Nothing doing. I'm worth too much to them. Come to think of it, it might be a good thing if they did fire me. They aren't paying me half what they ought to, nor what they led me to expect. They're welshing."

"**R**EX!" I protested hotly. "If they fired you, what would you do?"

"Start in for myself."

"And what would happen to Jeanie and me while you were working up a practice?"

"Always thinking about yourself! Can't you see that I need a little help instead of continual fault finding?"

"That's what I'm trying to give you, but you won't take it."

"If a man's wife won't believe in him, who will? You're starting out to make trouble, Sally. I warn you."



Was it a bad dream? Was it a mistake?

"You're the one that's making all the trouble, Rex." "I've heard enough!" He got sullen. "I tell you it won't happen again, and that's the end of it."

But it did happen again. The firm had an important case coming up for trial, and they had given Rex entire charge of it. We both were sure they were trying him out, and he was absolutely confident he would win and they would reward him with a junior partnership.

WHEN that case came up, Rex had disappeared. I was frightened almost to death. I had visions of his having been killed, because of his part in the trial; and the firm put detectives on his trail. For months afterward, I hated the sound of a phone or the sight of a newspaper. They headlined his disappearance on the front pages and the reporters simply lived on our telephone.

I have no idea how the firm hushed it up when they learned the truth. But they managed it somehow. Rex

was off on a spree—his first, but not his last. The case was postponed; and when it finally came up, Rex wasn't even in the court room.

I never held up my head again. I only pretended. The senior member of the firm sent for Rex and talked to him.

The senior partner told Rex he had the making of a brilliant lawyer, if he would only keep away from drink. Rex promised everything.

The end of it was they helped him to get another position in a city, five hundred miles away. It was nothing like so good as the job he lost, but it was far better than none.

I pretended to my father that it was a step up. I couldn't bear to have him feel sorry for me.

We were terribly poor. I mean it seemed that way to me, after the manner in which we had been living.

REX began to take up with everybody and anybody. I never had been thrown with such people in all my life, and I left them severely alone. Rex soon learned not to bring them home. He called me a snob, but it didn't bother me any, for I knew it wasn't true.

It was about this time, as nearly as I can remember, that I turned to books in an effort to forget my troubles. I hadn't found much time for them since I had been married.

I read good ones—at first; but gradually I lost my liking for that kind and preferred the trashy ones. They were more exciting, more stimulating.

The new company was good to Rex, knowing about him beforehand. He held this position for two years, and when he lost it, I knew my life was ruined. I had married a brilliant, weak man, with an inherited appetite for strong drink. My only desire was to get so far from my old friends that they would never hear of my humiliation.

We moved on more quickly next time, and soon we only stayed a few months in a place. If it hadn't been for Rex's making friends wherever we lived, he wouldn't have had anything to do. But some one was always ready to find him a new job; each time considerably lower down in the scale. At last he was reduced to a position in a factory.

A truckman friend offered to cart our furniture, and a delivery man friend took us to our new home in his car.

From bitter experience, I had learned to go on ahead and clean up the rooms while they were empty.

When we arrived, Rex grabbed the suit case. Jeanie, who was nine now, took the broom and scrubbing brush. I followed with the pail, soap and cloths. The key we had was for the back door. So, while Rex tried to make it turn in the worn lock, I looked around.

Above us was a high hill and on its slopes were handsome buildings, set in spacious grounds. If only we had been going there! But our new home was the smallest, dingiest house I had ever seen, at the bottom of the hill.

IT was early in April and the air was really cold. We got quite chilled before Rex opened the door; and the house was worse inside. There was a kitchen, a fair-sized front room and a narrow hall, with steep stairs, on the first floor. On the second, were two tiny rooms with such a sloping roof I could only stand up straight at the door.

"Rex, I want to live up on the hill. Don't you suppose we could find a little house up there? This is awful!"

"On the hill is for the rich. Under the hill is for the poor. And I had no choice. This was the only one I could find for rent."

"Jeanie isn't very strong." She had run out to explore the yard, or I wouldn't have said that. "It must be more healthy up there."

"Can't be very different from this, Sally. Now don't begin the fault finding. Let's make the best of it."

"Listen, Sally! I realize that I can't stop if I get a taste, so I'm not going to touch the stuff. Once I leave it alone, nothing can keep me down. We'll be back where we were in no time at all."

"It's too damp. I'm afraid to stay here, Rex."

"Don't be so foolish, Sally. Nothing to be afraid of."

"But think of having Jeanie in such a place!"

"Keep her away from the neighbors, if you feel that way. You ought to be an adept at it by this time, if you could leave your trash alone long enough."

"You needn't talk, Rex Fielder. If it weren't for my trash, as you call it, I'd be in an insane asylum."

"We might all be better off if you were."

"You monster! You inhuman brute! The cause of all—"

"All right. Learned the names from your books, I suppose. I have to get back at you somehow."

"I wouldn't feel quite so mad, if you'd stick to the truth and not always live in rosy dreams."

"That's the only way I keep going, Sally. Maybe you think I enjoy all this; that I'm having the time of my life. I hope you'll never know what I've been through. Sometimes—" He broke off abruptly.

It wasn't often he gave me a glimpse like that. It made me blue.

BUT I soon forgot it in the discoveries that were waiting for me. There was positively not a single thing known as a convenience in the place. Think of having to go out on the back porch, no matter what the weather, for every drop of water you used. And then having to pump it up from a cistern! That pump nearly broke my back. As for my temper—

I used the kitchen for everything but sleeping, and unpacked only the barest necessities. Our other belongings went into the front room. Our one well-worn rug I left rolled up in there, along with some boxes, some extra chairs, a davenport and all sorts of odds and ends.

We hadn't any stove, but we found an old one, minus a leg, in the kitchen. Rex brought some bricks and propped it up and I built a fire. It really did make things seem more comfortable when we began to warm up.

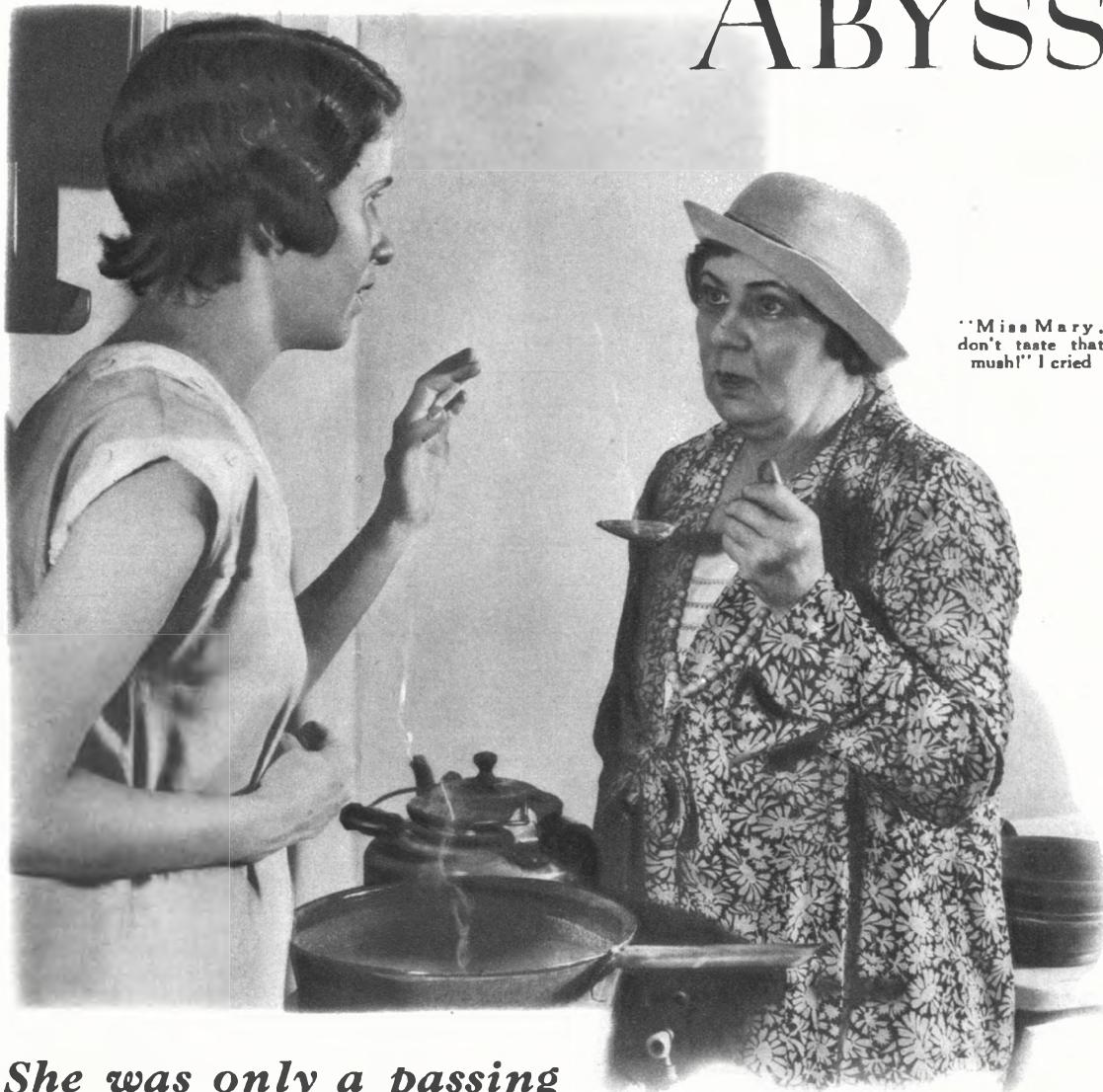
"It's just a sort of camping out, Sally. Let's make a picnic of it. You'll like that, won't you, Jeanie? It won't be for long."

Rex put up a shelf over the kitchen table to hold our few dishes, (Continued on page 148)



"That has nothing to do with the question," I said sullenly, refusing to look at him

On the EDGE of the ABYSS



She was only a passing stranger, but my destiny was in her hands

TALK about entertaining angels unaware. I guess I entertained one about eighteen months ago. She didn't look one bit like the pictures we see of heavenly beings. She was about forty, short, rather stout, with light brown hair. Her eyes were large and blue-gray with the depth of understanding in them that you find in the eyes of people who have lived fully.

The evening she came up our steps she was dressed in a suit of flowered silk and a white felt hat. She wore a pair of soft, black kid shoes with low rubber heels. This told you that her occupation called for much

walking. In her hand she carried a small leather brief case. People called her, "Just another book agent."

She came from the house next door which was so close to mine that only a driveway separated our porches. I had heard the conversation there. It went something like this:

"Good evening, Mrs. Kent. I am Miss (I did not get the name at all). I am doing some educational work in this school district. May I come in?"

"Are you a book agent?" inquired Mrs. Kent tartly.

"No, not a mere book agent, more of an educational adviser."

"I guess you were sent by the school board to rile me about my Benny. Well, I haven't time to be bothered with the likes of you. I know (Continued on page 180)

The LIGHT that



"Lydia, think what you're doing," I pleaded. "It's not decent, Lydia."

"I HOPE I die!"
"Now, sweet heart, don't talk nonsense. You're going to be the happiest woman in the world when it's all over."

I regarded my wife with amused tolerance. She was lying in a little white bed in the maternity ward, the "zero hour" at hand. I bent quickly, kissed her, apologetic, but too anticipant to fall in with her mood. She answered the touch of my lips with a look of reproach at my apparent lack of sympathy.

"For all you care, I might as well be dead," she

She was a spoiled wife, and in her revolt she made that terrible wish, never realizing that some day God might grant it

whimpered plaintively. "You won't suffer!"

"Silly girl!" I hastily assured her. "You know I'd cut off my right arm, rather than have anything happen to you. But it won't be so terrible as you imagine, dear. Other women go through it without making such a fuss. Why, you'll come out of this fine; may even be back here a year from now," I suggested hopefully.

"If I am, they'll carry me out dead!" my wife retorted miserably.

Awhile later, a competent, white-clad nurse dismissed me from the room and I was left to my vigil of waiting, nervous, plaguing myself with all sorts of unpleasant possibilities, and impatiently glancing at my watch and marking time with my anxious pacing up and down.

THE day of days had arrived. Beyond the white-paneled door down the hall, a tiny bit of heaven was on the verge of creeping into our lives; to my joy, to Lydia's perturbation. I was entirely out of sympathy with this attitude of my wife for the simple reason that I couldn't possibly imagine any woman's not wanting children.

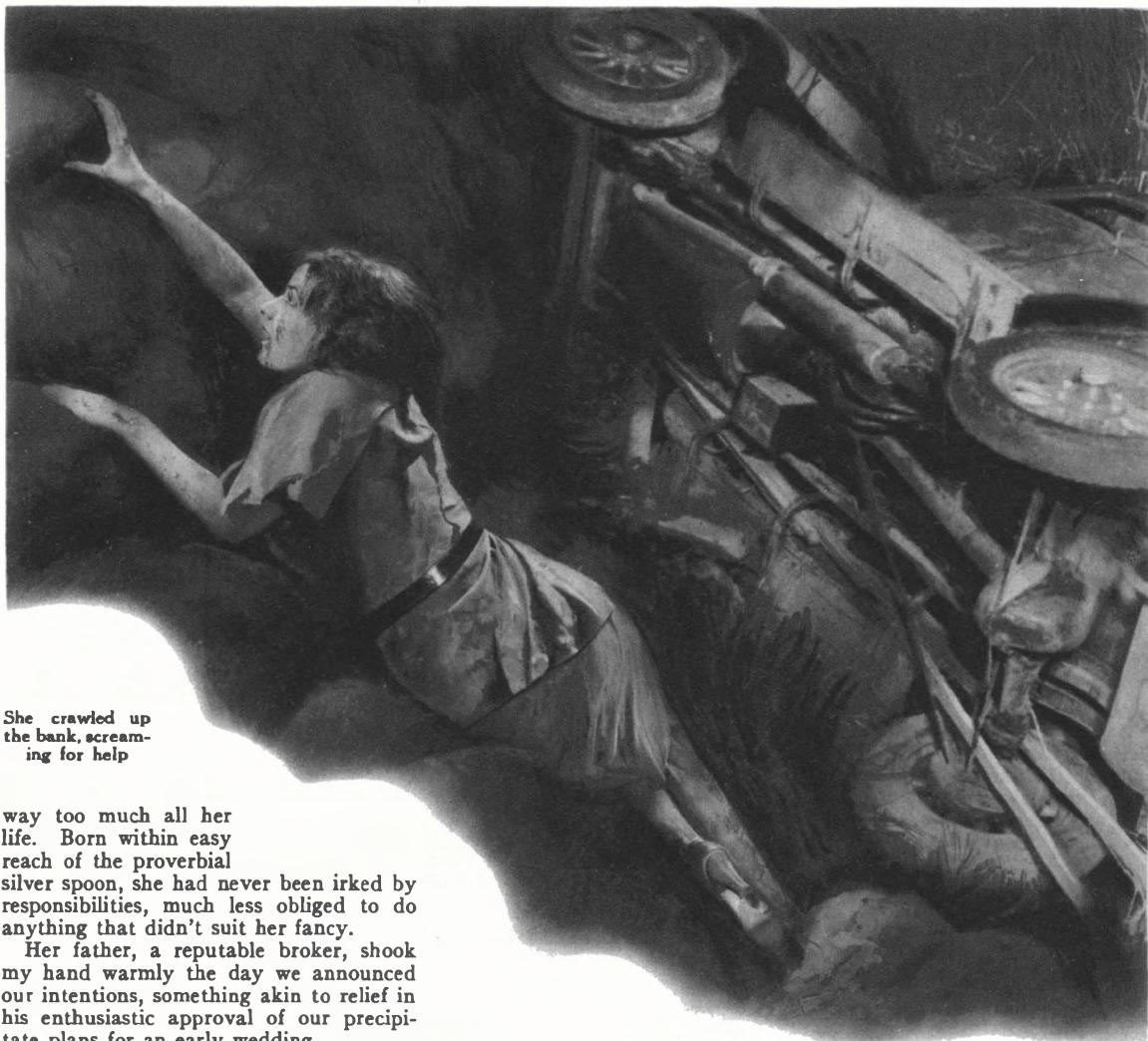
How she had balked when I first insisted! She wouldn't have a baby; couldn't see herself "tied down" by one. They were

mussy, demanded too much attention, crowded out other pleasures that young women craved.

I was adamant—for once. What was marriage for but to bear new life! Love? Yes, but the two went hand in hand, I argued. She was young and healthy, no reason at all why nature shouldn't take its course. I wouldn't be swayed; I won out.

The trouble with Lydia was that she had had her own

CAME with DARKNESS



She crawled up
the bank, scream-
ing for help

way too much all her life. Born within easy reach of the proverbial silver spoon, she had never been irked by responsibilities, much less obliged to do anything that didn't suit her fancy.

Her father, a reputable broker, shook my hand warmly the day we announced our intentions, something akin to relief in his enthusiastic approval of our precipitate plans for an early wedding.

We were married quietly, took a trip to the West Indies for our honeymoon, and returned to—our first disagreement. Happily I was victor. My presence in the hospital—and Lydia's especially—was conclusive evidence of that.

A FEW months later, an altercation of a more serious nature brought out a startling verification of her father's last-minute confidence:

"She's a little spitfire at times, Jim, my boy. But she doesn't mean half she says."

Words flew thick and fast, and my first glimpse of Lydia's ungovernable temper convinced me that silence was the better part of valor, and after that I tactfully avoided causes for any similar outbursts.

I don't wish to give the impression that I was long suffering, or a hen-pecked movie version of the fellow who has nothing to say at home.

On the contrary, I found the eloquence of silence smoothed these differences over a thousand times more easily than indiscriminate arguing. As I dreaded the inevitable tears that followed, I gingerly side-stepped the issue by holding my tongue in my cheek.

The last few months before her confinement were a sore spot to Lydia. She complained for no reason at all, constantly reminding me it was all my fault, and hoping I was satisfied now. What irritated her most was that she couldn't harry me into an argument. And as one-sided disputes are about as effective as haranguing an echo, she fell into the habit of nurturing her self-pity with fatalistic "hope to God" expressions, intended to excite my sympathy and baby her along.

R EALIZING the motive behind them, I took them with a grain of salt, much to her annoyance. In that way, I hoped to break her of this profane, offensive habit.

The trim figure of a nurse coming out of the sanctum of the closed door interrupted my thoughts. My face evidently expressed my eagerness, for a disarming smile answered the anxious query in my eyes.

"She's doing fine," the nurse confided pleasantly. "You've nothing to worry about, Mr. Bradford."

"Boy or girl?" I burst out.

The nurse grinned, and replied briefly, "Both."

Twins! A boy and a girl. Talk about your multiple blessings! I was so beside myself with ecstasy I wanted to run out in the street and shout out the glorious news for all the world to hear.

Twins! I wanted a boy. Lydia had (for the sake of argument most likely) preferred a girl. We both had our wish—twins! I was so exhilarated that the nurse turned quickly and fled down the hall, for fear I'd give vent to my feelings.

Later, my eyes wet, I bent over Lydia, her pert chin nestling pinkly against the whiteness of the snowy sheet covering her. Her eyes, petulant, needed no words to tell me, "I went through it all for you."

Humbly I touched her lips.

"**W**ONDERFUL little mother!" I breathed in a choked voice. "Sweetheart, you've made me the proudest, happiest father in all the world. Just think—twins! You're not sorry—now?"

My transports of joy failed to animate Lydia.

"Talk about blessed by act of Parliament," she said peevishly. "I sure get the breaks. About one in a thousand—ten thousand—get twins, and I had to be that one! I could cry."

Her lips were trembling with indignation. I winced at the thought of motherhood impressing her so vaguely. But I was too happy to give it much thought, following the nurse eagerly to the babies' ward a few minutes later.

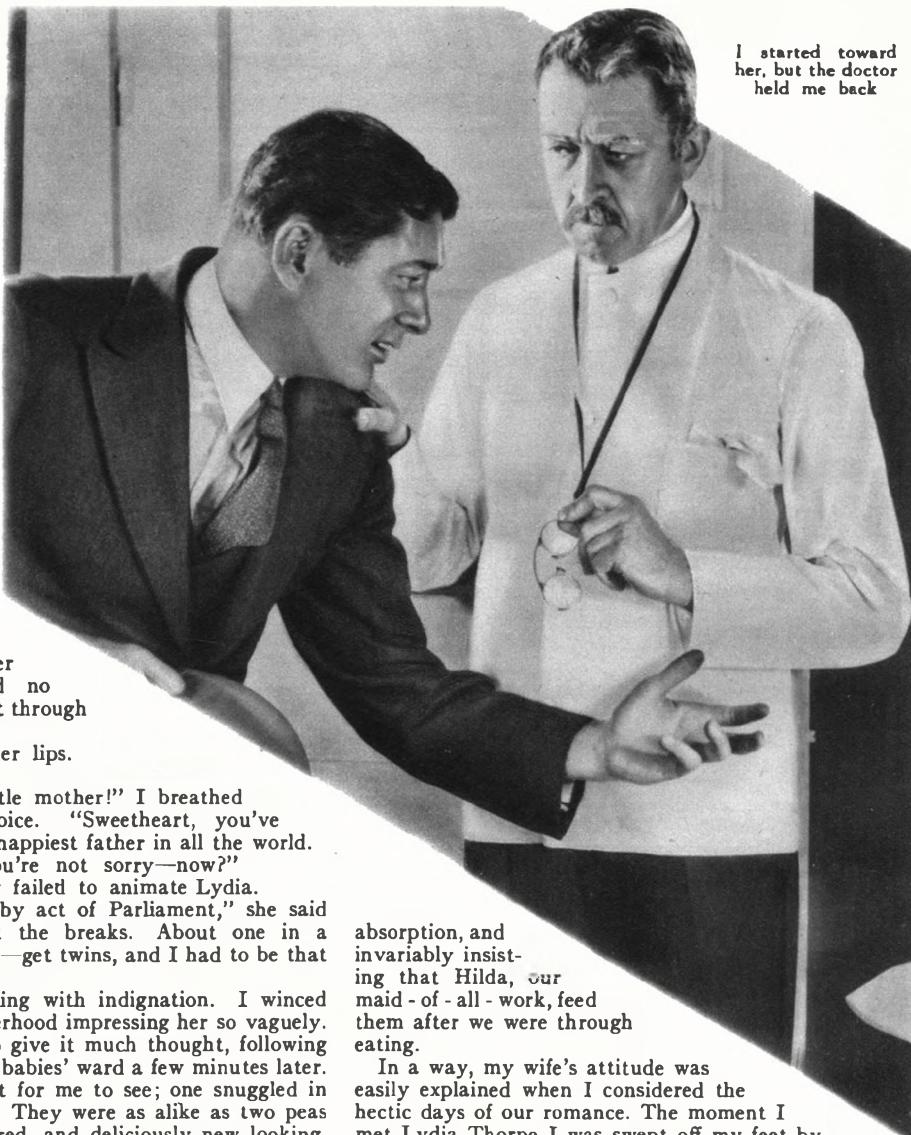
She brought them out for me to see; one snuggled in the crook of each arm. They were as alike as two peas in a pod, all pink and red, and deliciously new looking. Dark eyes they had, both of them, and tiny, rosy mouths that I hungered to press possessively—and would have, if the nurse hadn't restrained me.

"Time enough for that later," she remonstrated gently. And I had to be satisfied with that.

Something I have never been able to quite understand was my wife's peculiar attitude toward our little girl and boy from the day they were born.

I don't believe she ever quite forgave me for their coming into the world. For instance, when the least distressing incident provoked her to anger she referred to them in sharp tones as "your precious children"; using this expression as an effective bludgeon that cut deeply at all times. Still, in unguarded moments, she couldn't hide the warm spot in her heart, nor conceal her secret fondness for both of them.

For my part, I adored the little tykes. Their moist little smacks and delightful crowing swept away the cares of business the moment I stepped into the house. With one in each arm I'd parade to the supper table, plumping their fat little bodies into the double high chair I had had a cabinet maker make especially for them. Lydia would watch me covertly, often rebellious at my complete



I started toward her, but the doctor held me back

absorption, and invariably insisting that Hilda, our maid - of - all - work, feed them after we were through eating.

In a way, my wife's attitude was easily explained when I considered the hectic days of our romance. The moment I met Lydia Thorpe I was swept off my feet by her vivid personality, her good looks, and her knack of always saying the right thing at the right time. She was undeniably clever, witty, alive and full of fun—and I couldn't propose to her soon enough.

SHE readily accepted me, admitted she loved me dearly but, to my surprise, suggested we live in the "modernistic" manner—babyless, both free to pursue our own individual pleasures. The fast set she belonged to specialized in this distorted kind of driveling, attempting to dodge the real obligations of marriage with "free love" ideas that might be an excuse for anything.

I shook my head. That didn't conform with my ideas of matrimony at all. It lacked decency; evaded the real purpose of conjugalit. Living, loving and laughing, were my principles of getting the most out of life. And these necessitate a happy home—children.

Lydia's aversion to children was peculiar to her kind. Selfish, they live only for themselves, constantly in search of a good time, a thrill; and finding, in the end, nothing but disillusionment. When I insisted that we have a baby, Lydia's warped sense of personal freedom was brutally assaulted, and she never failed to remind me of this in the

years that followed the birth of our beautiful twins.

In the fond parents' eyes, children grow up overnight. Yesterday, no bigger than a grasshopper; today, toddling through a maze of childish adventures on sturdy, fat, little legs.

FIVE years skimmed by rapidly, and Dolly and Donnie were struggling through the intricacies of three-letter words when a promotion in business necessitated our moving to a town in the adjoining state.

The corporation I worked for is a nation-wide institution with branches in most of the principal cities of the United States. With nothing short of wild enthusiasm, I bounded in on my wife that evening, and proudly announced I was slated for the post of business manager.

To my surprise, instead of complimenting me on my advancement, Lydia said decisively,



"Jim, is that you?"
she cried

"You won't take it."

Nonplussed, I stared at her vacantly.

"What do you mean—I won't take it?" I asked uncertainly, my enthusiasm snuffed out like a match thrust suddenly into a bucket of water.

"Just as I said," Lydia answered, determined little lines around the corners of her mouth. "You don't think for a minute I'm going to bury myself in a place where we don't know a soul, do you? Catch me!"

It was my big chance, and I stuck to my guns.

"But you'll make new friends, dear," I hastened to explain, at the same time quite sure I was in for another tearful session. "We can make a home there as well as here.

All you're leaving behind is your mother and father—"

"All!" Darts of anger whirled in her eyes as she said it. "Well, let me tell you something—"

For half an hour, we kept at it. I, trying to make her see it my way, she, fretting, fuming, sulking. I was the most selfish soul in the world, all for myself, no consideration for her whatsoever.

"But it's not only myself I'm doing this for, Lydia; it's for you and the children, as well," I defended. "I see your side of it all right, but this is the chance of a lifetime, and I can't possibly let it slip by. Please try to be reasonable, dear; just think what this will mean to us later."

"You may be doing it for the children's sake, but not for mine." She started crying then. "That's just it—you think more of them than you do of me."

I expected that. It was her usual, unfounded accusation when all else failed. I loved the children, yes—what father doesn't?—but my devotion to her was also above question.

The upshot of it all was that we left it for her father to decide. Dad Thorpe, bellicose old gentleman that he was, sided against his daughter at once; much to Lydia's chagrin, greatly to my relief.

"By all means, go to it, Jim!" he said heartily. "Boy, if I had had a chance like that when I was your age, I'd have jumped at it, flying. When you leaving?"

Less than two weeks later, we rolled up the spacious Thorpe driveway and bade my wife's parents good-bye. It was a tearful event for Lydia, her copious weeping plainly intimating that she was making the supreme sacrifice on my account.

Dad Thorpe gripped my hand, wished me all the luck in the world. And when Lydia had cried herself out to her satisfaction, and the twins been duly kissed, we waved a last good-bye and hit for the highway—and the new life ahead.

IT was only a distance of some four hundred miles, a good day's drive, so we motored, stacking the back of the car with everything we could jam into suit cases and boxes. We had stored the furniture until we were settled and ready to send for it.

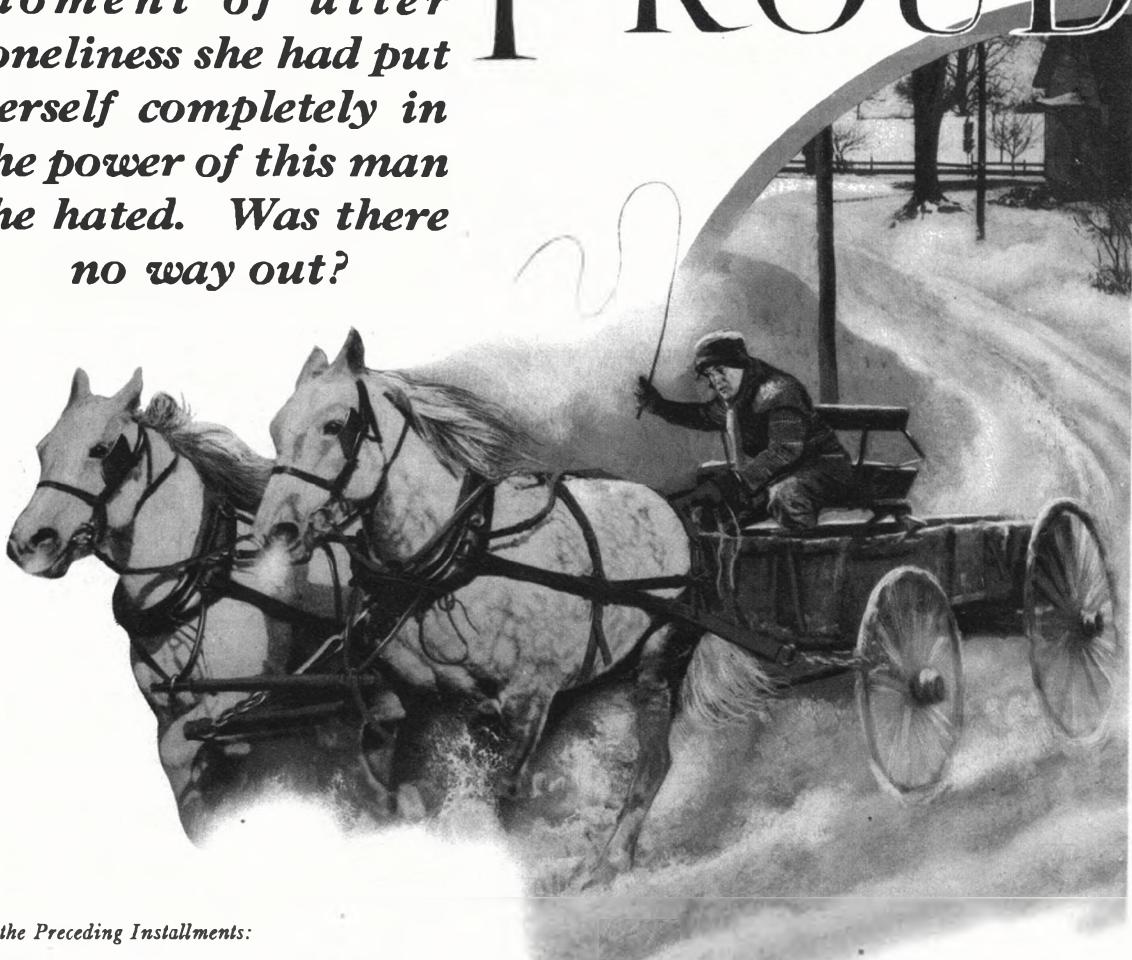
Late that night we pulled into—we'll call the town Oakland. We stopped at a hotel for the night, and the following day, after paying a visit to the executive offices of the company's branch and getting an idea of my duties, we started out in search of a permanent residence.

The streets, the homes, of Oakland delighted us; even Lydia couldn't complain on that score. It is a pretty little city, if a town of 200,000 may be called "little," with wide, paved avenues, tree lined boulevards, beautiful parks, and attractive buildings that are a sight for eyes accustomed to drab, colorless places of business.

Those living here take personal (Continued on page 154)

*In that reckless
moment of utter
loneliness she had put
herself completely in
the power of this man
she hated. Was there
no way out?*

PROUD



In the Preceding Installments:

I BECAME engaged to Carl Meredith during my senior year at Atwater University. Oh, I was gloriously happy! Carl was handsome, wealthy and very popular—the catch of the campus. Every one seemed to think that we were perfectly matched. Every one, that is, except Johnny Morris, my childhood sweetheart, who was also a student at the University.

At the senior ball came my great disillusionment in Carl. A cheap, flashy, stock company actress had been invited by one of the boys and after the grand march, led by Carl and me, Carl virtually abandoned me for this girl.

Later, that evening, I discovered them in a secluded spot on the porch, and heard Carl tell this cheap girl, as he held her in his arms, that after meeting her, he felt his engagement to me had been a mistake.

Already everybody was feeling a little sorry for me. And when one of the girls became openly sympathetic, my pride revolted. I wouldn't stay here and be patronized! I wouldn't face the ordeal of being jilted. I would go away! It didn't make any difference where, so long as I could be alone—so long as I didn't have to face the, to me, unbearable sympathy which I knew my father and my friends would shower upon me.

I went to a far western city. I changed my name, so that my father and friends could not find me. I got a

He whipped up
his horses

teaching job in a
small country town.

I worked hard, and soon had the
confidence of the children and
their parents. But I was lonely. On mail days no letters
came for me—only the home newspapers.

Gradually, I began to feel I had acted too hastily. I had let my pride run away with me. Then I read of Carl's marriage to Grace, the showgirl, and I felt I had done right. I never could have lived at home and faced life there, except as Carl's wife.

MY intense loneliness began to affect my health. I realized that my only salvation lay in joining in the social life of this western village in which I had taken refuge. I let myself be persuaded to attend a dance. My escort was Casper Taempke, a farmer. He had a reputation of being wild and rough, but I didn't know that at the time.

Casper had a flask of liquor and, in an effort to stimulate myself to a festivity I didn't feel, I drank quite a bit, forgetting entirely the dignity with which a schoolteacher is supposed to conduct herself. Finally, I lost all consciousness of what I was doing. When I came to, it was to find myself alone with Casper and hear him proposing marriage.

My first thought was to get back to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, the couple with whom I boarded, but Casper

WOMAN



"Mr. Ellis,
Mr. Ellis, the
letter! I
screamed after
him frantically

wouldn't let me go. "Don't be so high and mighty, Miss B-O-Y-D," he sneered. "Guess the school board wouldn't want you teachin' their kids if they knew what had happened."

Then he grinned lewdly. "Guess! I'm dead sure!"

Suddenly memory spoke—a man didn't speak to a woman that way unless—unless—Oh, God, what had I done—

The Story Continues:

THE ride home to the Comptons was almost a silent one. I couldn't believe that I, Deborah Stillwell, had been so cheap—fallen to such a level. It seemed as though some evil spirit had taken possession of my body for a little while, and then left the real me to bear the pain of my mistake alone.

I did not attempt to make weak excuses for myself. I knew I had done wrong in drinking as I had, even though I had been sorely tried by the news the paper brought me.

Thoroughly sobered now, thought after thought tumbled, one over the other, through my mind. They stabbed and hammered as we drove along the silent country road, and I answered Casper's commonplace remarks in monosyllables.

When we finally turned in at the Comptons' gate, I drew a long breath of relief. At least, I could escape temporarily from the trap into which I had fallen. When

Casper lifted me from the buggy and drew me into the circle of his arms, as he felt he had every right to, I pulled away from him and ran quickly into the house, with no reply to his remark that he would see me next Sunday.

I had groped my way through the dark kitchen to the stairway door when Mrs. Compton called out sleepily, "That you, Miss Boyd? Did you enjoy yourself at the dance?"

My heart almost stopped beating, but I made some sort of an answer, and she went on, "I'm glad you decided to let the school papers go for once, and went out and had a little fun. But don't get stuck on Casper, Teacher. His folks are good, plain people, but he's pretty wild, from all reports. Likes the bottle a little too well. Seth says you won't, and for me to keep still and let you go to bed. Good-night."

I fled up the narrow stairs as I said good-night, and flung myself, fully dressed, face downward on my bed and lay quite still.

If I only could turn back the clock—undo that night's disgrace! But I could not; I must take the consequences, come what might. Suicide beckoned, but something deep in my soul rebelled at such a cowardly act and I put the thought resolutely from my mind.

Nevertheless, terror filled my soul at what the result of that night's folly might bring me. I didn't dare light the lamp and face the mocking shadows in the room, nor my own reflection in the mirror.

AS dawn crept grayly through the window, I heard some one stirring in the kitchen. Another day was beginning. Mr. Compton was lighting the fire before he went out to milk. I heard the rattle of the milk pails as he took them from the shelf in the entry.

Soon I must go downstairs and face it somehow. Stiff and heavy-eyed, I rose, took off my clothes, brushed my hair, bathed my face and hands and got into my school dress.

The pile of papers I had brought home the night before, lay uncorrected on the stand by the bed, so I turned my attention to them. It was still early, and I would have them done before breakfast. After I had finished, I sat there in the cold little room, trying desperately to formulate some plan in my mind.

At last I resolved to appeal to my father. I would tell him the whole truth, not sparing myself. Knowing his relentless attitude toward those who had ever dared to hurt his pride, I had little hope of an answer.

My hands were quite blue with cold and fear as I rummaged among my things for some paper and an envelope. Before I began to write I went to the chimney and tried to warm my hands, but without much success.

When I finally began to write my letter I did not make any plea for forgiveness; I just stated the bare, hard, ugly facts; for I knew how much Dad hated any sort of emotional dramatics, or anything that bordered on the hysterical. Calmness and poise were a religion with him.

The confession looked so cheap and tawdry on paper that I nearly tore it up. But at last I gathered enough courage to put it in the envelope, seal and address it. When I came to put the return address on the back, I nearly forgot myself and began to sign my own name—the name I had disgraced.

Going down to breakfast, I set the letter on the clock shelf and asked Mrs. Compton to give it to the first person who might chance to pass on his way to town.

At table, the talk was naturally all about the dance. I tried to take part in it, but I seemed to fail miserably.

Noting the dark circles under my eyes, Mrs. Compton said laughingly, as she poured me a second cup of coffee, "Well, I guess school work agrees with you more'n parties. You certainly look tuckered out. It's a good

thing today's Friday. You can sleep and rest tomorrow." "Rest!" I thought. "I wonder if I'll ever rest again."

It was time to leave for the schoolhouse, for the clock said ten after eight; so I arose hastily from my place at the table, slipped on my hat and coat, took my dinner pail, which Mrs. Compton had filled with goodies left over from the feast of the night before, and with my papers tucked under my arm, I plodded down the narrow road to the school. A prayer of thanks trembled on my lips that I still had my work—something to do that made me forget myself.

Shame burned over me as I looked at the clean, shining faces of the little group before me after I had rung the bell for assembly. It was the custom for the teacher to read a few verses from the Bible before beginning the work for the day. But this morning I felt that I hadn't the courage to pick up the worn little black book which every teacher had read from before me. It would be a sacrilege. So I took up the story book I was reading aloud to the children as a part of the morning exercises each day, and opened to the place where I had left off the preceding morning.

AN air of expectancy settled over the room, for the children were all interested in the story of "Heidi."

But before I could begin, small Mary Potter from whose great blue eyes shone a soul much bigger than her slender little body, raised her hand and said quietly when I nodded permission for her to speak, "Teacher, didn't you forget to read to us from the Testament?"

"So I did, Mary," I replied, and turned to my desk for the book. There was nothing else to do.

As I opened the Bible, my eyes rested on the words, "I have not found thy works perfect before God." They seemed to spring out at me from the printed page, and I turned hastily to the Twenty-third Psalm. My voice trembled as I read the beautiful, comforting words of the ancient psalmist, for even they could not blot out the condemnation in my own soul that the first passage had aroused.

I thought of the letter I had written to my father; how I had sweat blood to write it. And, suddenly, with one of those blinding flashes of illumination, I realized that I ought not to have written it; that it must never be mailed.

I knew that my father would never forgive me. His pride would be hurt terribly by my disgrace. He would never own me as a daughter now.

Why had I been so foolish as to beg for help? I was still Deborah Stillwell in my heart. No matter what might happen, it was my problem. I must face it with whatever courage I might be able to muster under the circumstances.

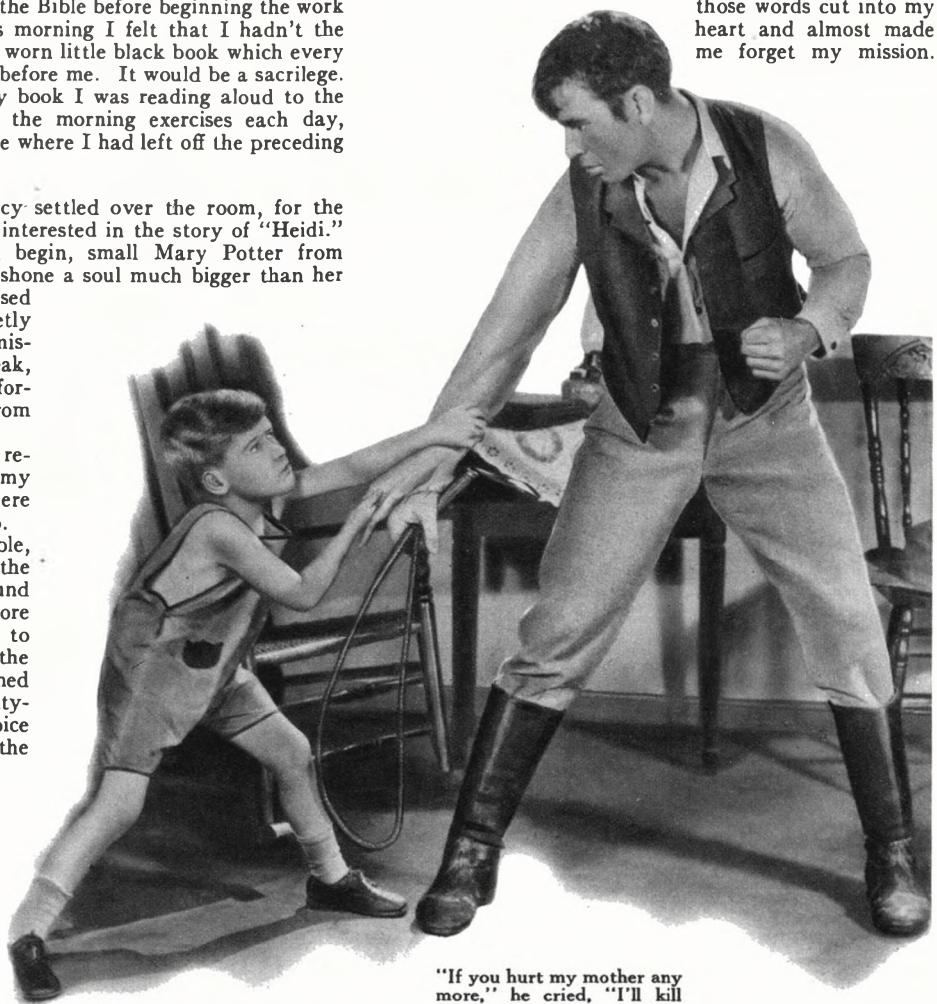
I could almost see Dad's lips curl and hear him say,

as his father had said before him, "The bed is of her own making. Let her lie in it! She is no longer my child."

But how was I to get the letter, I thought wildly as I made my decision. True, no one might be going past to town that day, but I couldn't afford to risk that. Finally, I decided to leave one of the older pupils in charge, go home and get it. If I hurried, it wouldn't take long. Giving a few instructions, I slipped into my coat and hurried down the road.

Half-way to the Comptons', I met Jim Ellis in his double-seated buckboard. He waved a greeting, saying he was going to take the Rices to town to catch the night train east. They were going to spend the winter back home.

"Back home!" How those words cut into my heart and almost made me forget my mission.



"If you hurt my mother any more," he cried, "I'll kill you when I grow up."

Just as Jim whipped up his horses, he called back to me over his shoulder, as he passed, "Came by the Comptons', and they gave me your letter to mail. I won't forget and bring it back as I did once with another schoolmarm." Then he whipped up his horses.

MY heart leaped and I screamed frantically as I started to run after the team. "Mr. Ellis, Mr. Ellis, the letter!"

Hearing my call, he hastily pulled up, looking a bit puzzled as I came alongside him, breathless.

I hastily explained that I had forgotten something important I wanted to say in the letter; that I was going

home in the middle of the morning for that very purpose, and that I'd send the letter the next time some one went to town. He offered to take me back to the schoolhouse and wait until I added a postscript. But I told him it wouldn't be necessary.

How relieved I felt when I held that letter in my hands once more! A weight seemed lifted from my heart, strange as that may seem, even though I had apparently locked the door and thrown away the key that might have been a means of escape from my present bondage.

I HURRIED back to school. The children looked astonished at my quick return. I was glad that I had not been forced to explain the letter to Mrs. Compton. I was sure that good-natured Jim Ellis would have forgotten the incident altogether before I saw him again.

That school-day seemed endless. But, at last, three-thirty arrived, and in a few minutes I was alone with my thoughts in the quiet little room. And nothing can be quieter than a country schoolroom on the plains after the children have gone home.

Tim Darmer, who loved to clean the erasers and blackboards for me on Friday, had finished his task and scampered up the road after his mates. The erasers lay in a neat pile on the front desk and the boards shone black from their recent bath. How much easier life would be, I thought, if we could only erase mistakes from our lives



as easily as Tim had cleaned those boards.

I held up my hand to protect my face

For a moment I dropped my head on my arms in front of the old desk and cried bitterly. Then I pulled myself together and, taking the incriminating letter from my pocket, I dropped it in the stove and watched the tiny flames lick up over the name "Mary Boyd" on the return address. I had no idea of what lay ahead but, come what might, I would face it. I had burned my bridges and I wouldn't cry over the consequences.

It was dusk when I left the schoolhouse. I had never

stayed so late before, and stars were beginning to sprinkle the sky thickly when I finally opened the kitchen door.

Mrs. Compton was just lighting the lantern, preparatory to sending Mr. Compton out to hunt for me when I arrived. A few years before, another teacher had stayed late at the schoolhouse, and when she came out to go home, she had walked in the wrong direction, and had not been found until almost morning. That incident had remained engraved on the minds of the Comptons, and they didn't want it repeated.

"Land sakes, Teacher," Mrs. Compton exclaimed as I opened the door, "whatever made you stay at school so late? Work'll always keep. I don't want you getting lost, like Miss Andrews was that time. That was no joke, I can tell you, especially after it began to snow and we were afraid that a blizzard would come up before we could find her. Don't you ever do that again, Teacher."

I promised and explained, by way of excuse, about some extra plans, as she hustled about the stove warming up my supper, for the rest had finished some time before.

When I was seated at the table, trying to eat, Mrs. Compton glanced at the clock shelf and said, "By the way, Teacher, I sent your letter to town. The Rices are going east for Thanksgiving, and Jim Ellis, who's going to look after their stock while they're away, drove 'em to the train. He stopped here on his way to their place, and I remembered just in time to give him your letter, although I did scorch a pan of cookies."

I thanked her, and breathed a prayer of thanks that the letter was just a bit of ash in the dying embers of the schoolroom stove.

The days and weeks wore by, and I plodded to and from my daily work. Casper came to the Comptons' regularly each week while the good weather lasted, quite obviously to see me, and assumed an air of proprietorship which I dared not resent. If the good Comptons thought his familiar manner strange, after what Mrs. Compton voiced on the night of the dance, they made no comment. After all, I suppose they thought it was my affair, and silence is the law of the plains.

THEN winter came without warning. One day it was Indian summer, the next morning a biting northeast wind was moaning around the lonely gray farmhouse, sending gusts of sleet and snow before it as I made my way down the road to school. I hoped it would continue, as it would mean Casper couldn't get over.

Thanks to my good landlady, I was prepared for the sudden change. She had seen that I was supplied with leggings and arctics.

I shall not dwell on the heartbreaking loneliness of that winter; the terror that filled me when I realized what late summer would bring to me, and how I waited eagerly, with it all, for the first sprig of green in the fields—the first lark, harbinger of spring on the plains.

The school term was a short one—only six months—and would be over the middle of April. So when Casper drove over during the latter part of February, during the big thaw, and insisted that I marry him soon, I promised I would, and set March thirty-first as the date of the marriage. That would be two weeks before school closed.

In my heart I prayed that some miracle would show me a way of escape.

Casper wanted to be married earlier, as he didn't want anything to interfere with the spring work on the farm, or rather his father didn't. But I would not consent, as I wanted to finish my term. For, in spite of my trouble, I had grown to love my loyal little flock dearly, and could not bear to think of leaving them before the term was out, as it would be impossible to get another teacher for such

a short time, and their little hearts would be broken.

Already they had made out a petition which each one had signed in turn, asking me please to come back and be their teacher again next year. That sheet, now yellow with age, is still one of my most cherished possessions.

So I compromised with Casper on condition that I would be allowed to stay on with the Comptons, and finish my work. He protested violently, and made several threats when no one could hear him; said it was all a lot of foolishness for me to think that two weeks more of schooling would make any difference to a bunch of kids. But the Comptons sided definitely with me, and that silenced him.

A LATE blizzard, unlooked for by even the oldest settlers, tore across the plains two days before I was to be married.

On Thursday, with Mr. Compton's help, I managed to get to school, fearing that some of the children might have ventured out. Friday it was too bad for either man or beast to be out of doors. In order not to be lost going between the barn and the house, a distance of a few rods, Mr. Compton strung a line connecting the two buildings, keeping hold of it when he went out to care for the stock.

Saturday it had ceased to snow, but the snow still crept angrily along the plains, driven by a steady northwest wind. And it was bitterly cold—my wedding day.

The minister, who drove from a distant settlement to perform the ceremony, fought his way through the snow that lay so heavily over the plains. I recall, even now, his frozen hands and face. Poor man, he felt it his duty to answer the call! Too, the fee, though small, would

help to buy a few comforts for his own young wife who had just given birth to her first child.

Later, I learned that he had nearly lost both wife and child, because the young mother had fretted so much over the fact that her beloved husband was out in such terrible weather.

As I dressed for the ceremony, I could not help thinking how different all this was to what I had planned for the spring, although I tried my best to keep my mind off what might have been.

Down in the sitting room, the little group was waiting for me. I stood for a moment at the window, watching the snow creep along the drifts. The sun had again been hidden by a dark cloud, but for an instant it struggled through, then dropped out of sight again. But I had caught a glimpse of it for a bare second, and it seemed to give me some sort of inner courage to face what lay ahead of me.

BANDS of steel seemed to be tightening around my heart when Casper and I faced the minister, and he began the simple ceremony. All I saw, as Casper slipped the plain gold band, which had been ordered from a mail-order house, on my finger, was little Ralph's serious face and wide, questioning eyes.

The storm had kept away those who had been asked to the wedding. And I was grateful for that, even though I appreciated Mrs. Compton's kindness. Even Casper's old parents had not ventured out. Mr. and Mrs. Compton and a hired man were the only folk present.

But kind-hearted Margaret Compton had prepared a feast for the occasion. Roast (Continued on page 136)



MARRIED FLIRT

She thought a wife and mother could play around like an unattached girl

I HAVE been trying to decide exactly what day and hour I ceased being a conscientious if dissatisfied wife and mother; and exactly what started me on the trail of trouble that is my story. For it was as if I was taken to a high mountain and tempted by the devil.

And I honestly believe it was that check from my New England aunt that brought out the first Judas symptoms in my nature. Oh, of course, there were contributing causes—such as no money, self-pity, envy and sheer selfishness.

When I showed that fifty-dollar check to Billy Snowden, my husband, he said generously, "Now, Betty you keep every dime of that for yourself. You've always put every cent that was given you into the family budget. But this time spend it exactly as you please. Enjoy yourself," he urged, his tired gray eyes twinkling as he kissed me good-by. "Go places and do things."

I sighed and looked after him as he hurried down the wintry street, headed for the newspaper office where he was on the editorial staff. Billy was tall and rather thin. But no matter how he felt, there was a boyish buoyancy in his step, a proud lift to his dark head that had helped to win me ten years before.

Only ten years, I reflected wearily, as I hurried to the kitchen to get the children's breakfast. And it seemed that I'd been married forever. Ten crowded, hard, soul-trying years had changed me from the care-free, hopeful, pretty girl I had been when Billy and I first met, to a tired, discontented woman.

BILLY was a reporter on the *Middletown Times*, and he had come to the office of the Quimby Mercantile Company to interview the boss, "Old Quince," himself. I was taking dictation in the boss' private office and when I glanced up and looked into a pair of frank, smoke-gray eyes I felt a queer shock; as if something important had happened to me.

Maybe Billy Snowden and I didn't know that we'd fallen in love before we spoke a word to each other, but Billy wasn't long in making a date, and before we parted that evening he told me I was the girl of his dreams. I



"What man?" I asked, my heart twisting within me. "Tell me, dear, so I can help Daddy."

loved him, too, though I kept him in suspense awhile for the good of his masculine conceit, but it hurt me worse than it did him. As I dished up oatmeal and boiled the baby's bottle, this raw, wintry morning, I recalled that cheap, heavenly honeymoon—a week-end at a friend's little mountain cabin.

RAFTLING up the canyon in our funny little car, so happy we sang and laughed at nothing; so in love that Billy stopped "Henrietta" in deserted places, to "kiss me with both arms." Canned stuff in a box, bargain groceries, and heaven in our hearts. I saw it all again as if I were a third person eavesdropping on memory. A boy and a girl dreaming under the pines; wandering hand in hand by a mountain stream, feeling sorry for all other lovers who weren't married and free to dwell in Elysium.

Poor young things, how rich they felt! How happy and strong, and confident that the world was a plum for their picking.

"You'll never be sorry you quit your good job," Bill assured me with that new masterful air I loved.

We were rattling back to town to begin our life together in a tiny cottage. "Now I have you to work for, sweetheart, I'll forge ahead fast. I'll be assistant editor, then Smith will retire or die of an explosion of the spleen—the old grouch! and the big boss, Booth, you know, from the city, will appoint me editor."

"And remember, you're going to write short stories in your spare time," I reminded him fondly. "And some day you'll do a best seller and I'll be the wife of a well-known author."

Well, that had been ten years ago. And Billy was still in his original position, minus his high hopes and eager expectations. Tears of self-pity blurred my eyes as I

pinned on Winkie's bib and poured cream on June's cereal.

How love had tricked us, blinded us to what married life really was! Not love, but Nature, the old cheat, filled our young veins with the elixir of madness, passion. I had been ripe for mating, and Billy had fitted my ideal of a lover. We had yearned and dreamed and suffered till we were joined together in wedlock, and our ecstasy was fulfilled, our rapture satisfied.

Now—three babies, a little home partly paid for, and bills, bills, dangling above us like swords hanging by a thread. Billy's job meant endless work, long hours, and apparently no chance of anything better. Old Smith let Billy do the drudgery while he took the credit. Those clever short stories Billy was to dash off in his leisure hours had been forgotten; likewise the great American novel he intended to write.

JUNE, don't chew with your mouth open, dear," I admonished my oldest daughter, a bright, sensitive child of eight. "And eat right along, or you'll be late to school."

Billy never crabbed, but I knew he was deep in a rut. Just the same old grind, day in and day out. Sometimes he tried working nights, hoping desperately to be more free from interruptions; to get some time to himself. He was thinner, more nervous lately, and there were threads of gray at his temples.

"Winkie," I told my second little girl, "see what the baby's crying about. Maybe he dropped his bottle."

I wasn't sympathizing with Billy this cold, dreary morning, however. My heart felt hard toward my husband for, by some quirk of reasoning, I had come to blame him for my present state of unhappiness. Other men got ahead, realized their wives' ambitions. Why couldn't Billy? I had to face the bitter fact that I had married a failure.

"It isn't the bills, the taxes and the worry over the kids that gets me down," he had said only lately. "It's seeing you tired and worn, and doing without help and all the nice things women like. That's what hurts me, Betty. Maybe though, after we get the baby paid for, and get caught up with the bill for Winkie's tonsils, and—"

"The last payment on the washing machine and the radio, and pay the carpenter for repairing our leaky roof, and get you a cheap new suit, Billy—that one's a disgrace—

"Oh, what's the use?" I ended despairingly. "All I need is a faded house dress and that coat with the imitation fur. The clerks at the Cash and Carry aren't used to fashion shows."

Yes, our lives were made up of imitation this, substitute that. A hurt, bewildered look shadowed Billy's frank gray eyes. For months I had been growing more impatient and hard. Now the constant inner gnawing and



Daddy was cooking supper

restless cravings were breaking out as lava oozes from an active volcano. And though the first time or two I said bitter things I was ashamed and tried to make it up to Billy, I had reached the stage where I didn't care. I wanted to lash out and hurt him. I was so miserable I felt like a trapped thing; and—you see I am not sparing myself—I felt Billy was to blame. He was a failure and I hungered for success. I longed for the fleshpots and he offered me husks.

WELL, I was in this dangerous state of mind when my aunt's birthday check came, and though I felt selfish when Billy was urging me to spend it all on myself, I forgot it the minute he was gone. I let the work go and sat down in dirt and disorder to allow myself the luxury of making lists of things I might buy with my new wealth. It would be so easy to spend it all on the children.

June was a charming child with a mop of red-gold hair like mine, her daddy's fine features and smoky eyes. How proud she would be in some new school dresses and a warm, green winter coat with a cunning beret to match.

Then there was Winkie, sweet and frail. Often under the

doctor's care, she required more care and sunshine than both the others. The cheery little mite would lie patiently on the porch for hours, all bundled up and humming to herself. How her pale, angelic face glowed over a set of paper dolls or a cheap picture book!

Our baby boy was too young to scorn his sisters' leftovers, or the old buggy in which he took his daily outings. Thank goodness, Baby Billy was strong and rosy! All he asked was necessary attention, and plenty of milk and sleep.

It struck me that my check would make a big dent in the annual milk bill that we always groaned over. Then,

"Any time I spend my money on household expenses," jeered the devil of bitterness that had taken possession of me.

"Let Billy worry over the hateful old budget that won't budge. Go and have a fling in the city. Forget you're a wife, jailed by marriage and chained by three little persons that drain you, body and mind, every hour of every day."

BUT my pencil stubbornly hovered over the list. Books, magazines. Billy would dote on them during his rare hours at home. He might come across a good yarn that would kindle the old

business course and every extra hour's work counted.

Yes, I would buy some pretty new clothes. Then I wouldn't be ashamed to accept some of the invitations the Middletown women had become all but discouraged in extending to me. There was the Thursday Literary Review at the branch library. There was the bridge luncheon club I had been asked to join.

My rising spirits crashed, however, as I surveyed our little home with the critical eyes of an outsider. Shabby, run-down—just the way Billy and I looked these days. Little folks are hard on imitation walnut and cheap rugs.

Those stains where June had tipped the ink over: a hole in the bargain stuffed couch, where Billy had fallen asleep and dropped his pipe. The curtains were mended, and shrunken from many washings. The floors needed doing over. There lay battered toys, a scuffed little shoe—Oh, it was hopeless! Nothing on earth could improve my home, my outlook, but money! And where was it to come from?

I was still in this black, rebellious mood Saturday when I left the youngsters in Polly's good-natured care and hurried away to catch the bus into the city. It doesn't seem as if I could have been sane and normal; for, looking back, I remember wishing passionately that I never had to go back.

I told myself, "I never want to see the tacky place again. No, nor any of them. I'm sick and tired of it all. I want to be free. Free to earn my own living and live my own life."

As I rode the thirty miles to the city that sparkling gold and white day of midwinter, I told myself that any girl was a fool to get married—tie herself down.

LOVE was a liar and by the time you found it out you were caught in a net of love's weaving. The one thing that mattered was money. Oh, I was in perfect condition to bargain with the devil! I was looking through the devil's lenses where everything good is distorted. I was almost ready to turn Judas and betray Love for thirty pieces of silver. I shudder now as I look back on the imitation soul of the woman that I was. But some of us find truth through the bitterness of experience that wounds and leaves ineffaceable scars.

At Newman's I was delighted to find a charming little black frock that was exactly what I wanted. It was chic and becoming, and I looked like a different, much younger, Betty in it. I ordered the hated brown jersey sent home and went jauntily into the hat department. Soon I was surveying my transformed self in the rest room mirror with pardonable satisfaction. The small black hat, set back modishly to show a gleam of curling bronze hair, was smart and gave me an air of real distinction. My



June tried to fix the baby's burned hand

creative spark in him, and inspire him to try his hand at writing a real story. Then I looked over the morning ads. There was a sale of hats and dresses at Newman's. I used to have good taste and if I could pick up something simple and becoming—black was the color this season, and I had always looked stunning in black with my bronze hair and deep blue eyes.

I was planning swiftly, excitedly. Polly, the sixteen-year-old who lived across the corner, would gladly stay with the children. She was trying to save up enough for a

black suede pumps, my gloves and new bag added a final touch. I felt a new sense of poise, of confidence that every woman understands. Clothes will do that for you, be you man or woman.

Suddenly I realized I was hungry. But I mustn't squander any of my precious, dwindling hoard on a real luncheon. Should I drop into a drug store for a cup of coffee—or stifle my hunger pangs and go to see a show at the new Premier? I stood near an elevator, debating, when a gay, rather hard feminine voice hailed me. It was as if Fate tapped me on the shoulder, though it was only Carolyn Crane, an old friend from the office of the Quimby Mercantile Company where I once worked.

"Why, if it isn't Betty! Where did you drop from, child? I thought you'd taken a vow never to appear in public. Gee, it's good to see you, Betty! And are you looking hotsy! Come right up to the tea room with me. One of the girls is waiting for me—my treat. I've had a raise. Come on and let's have a good old gabfest."

IN a few minutes of Carolyn's breezy conversation I learned that she was now in charge of all the office force; that old Quince, the boss, was taking a long vacation with his wife. His nephew, a good-looking chap named Dan Quimby, was in charge of things temporarily.

"Dan's smart, but he doesn't let business interfere with pleasure," Carolyn told me with her cynical smile. "How old Quince would rave if he knew all that goes on in his prim private office these days!"

Carolyn laughed significantly, and just then her other guest joined us. It was Nina Patton, the younger sister of a girl I'd known during my business career with the Quimby Mercantile Company. She was a piquant brunette with such a winning smile that I liked her instantly. While we waited for our orders, the girls chatted of office affairs, their daily problems, their dates. Then Carolyn urged me to tell the truth, and "nothing but," and give Nina an old married woman's tip.

"Nina is engaged to a poor athletic coach, Betty," Carolyn said in her mocking voice, "and they're planning to get married, mostly on her hope and his

chest! Tell her what you think of the ball and chain after ten years of it."

I hesitated, the painful color staining my cheeks. Nina's pansy dark eyes appealed to me eagerly.

"Honestly, Mrs. Snowden, aren't you for it? Isn't it the only thing to do when you love some one a lot and aren't happy apart?"

I felt a surge of pity for the child. It seemed so unsporting to advise her when I felt as I did. So I shrugged and gave her a warning in one word, "*Don't!*"

Nina looked distressed but determined. She cried. "Oh, I know lots of couples don't make a go of it! There's my sister—you knew Grace—has just got her divorce. But she's so horribly extravagant it would take a mint to support her. She calls me a domestic dunce."

"But I adore cooking and putting around a house, and Ted's such a darling and wants me to be happy—"

"Of course," Carolyn laughed. "They all do at first. Don't they, Betty?"

I spoke dryly. "Have you had experience as wash-woman, nurse, cook, furnace man, and so on and on? Because if you haven't had, you will. I have three nice children, and my husband is as good as most men. But it just isn't what it looks like from the pictures on the package, my dear. It isn't up to the ads—and that's honest."

There! I'd said very little of what was seething in my soul, and yet I was surprised that the cock didn't crow somewhere just as it did when Peter denied his Lord.

"Of course Nina will go ahead and get stung," put in Carolyn, blowing disdainful smoke rings. "She's getting a dandy salary, and if she'd let Ted go, she'd probably make a better match later."

"Betty," her amber eyes searched my face shrewdly, "have you forgotten what a bang-up good secretary you once were? Old Quince was always holding you up to the rest of us as the perfect example. If you're fed up on domestic science, I bet he'd take you back in a jiffy—"

SHE can have my job," Nina said quietly. But her little face was scarlet, her eyes glowing with defiance and something beautiful besides. "I'm going to phone Ted that I'm quitting my job and he can get the license. And I'm going to make a success of my marriage! I believe it can be done and it's up to me. There are a few things to do, so if you girls

will excuse me. Glad to have seen you, Mrs. Snowden."

She was gone and we stared after her, wondering. Then Carolyn laughed, "Plucky little kid! Wish I had her nerve! But I've seen too much of it at home. As the play says, 'The wolf's always howling at the door, and the stork flying in at the window.' No, not for little Caro! I'll have my cake and eat it too."

I felt oddly stirred by Nina's passionate young gesture. Her words were an echo of my own proud trustfulness when I had flung my gauntlet at life, ten years ago. I had told my doubting Thomas (Continued on page 163)



"What is it?" I asked.
"Bad news?"

Night of Horror



Stretching out a hairy hand, he lurched toward me

Beautiful derelict of the North—she came for only a moment and disappeared. But she left behind her—

THE fire demon had raged and roared in fury all down the northern side of the Silver Vixen Hills.

Our cabin in the valley, five miles away at the foot of the Southern Slopes, was nightly bathed in the lurid, bloody glory of its awe-inspiring image in the glowing skies.

For days past, the sun had risen and set a dull shrouded ball of sullen crimson—hung in the stifling air behind a rolling pall of billowing smoke.

With anxious hearts we had waited while the menace of its fiery breath flamed and crackled among the tortured standing timber on the quivering skyline.

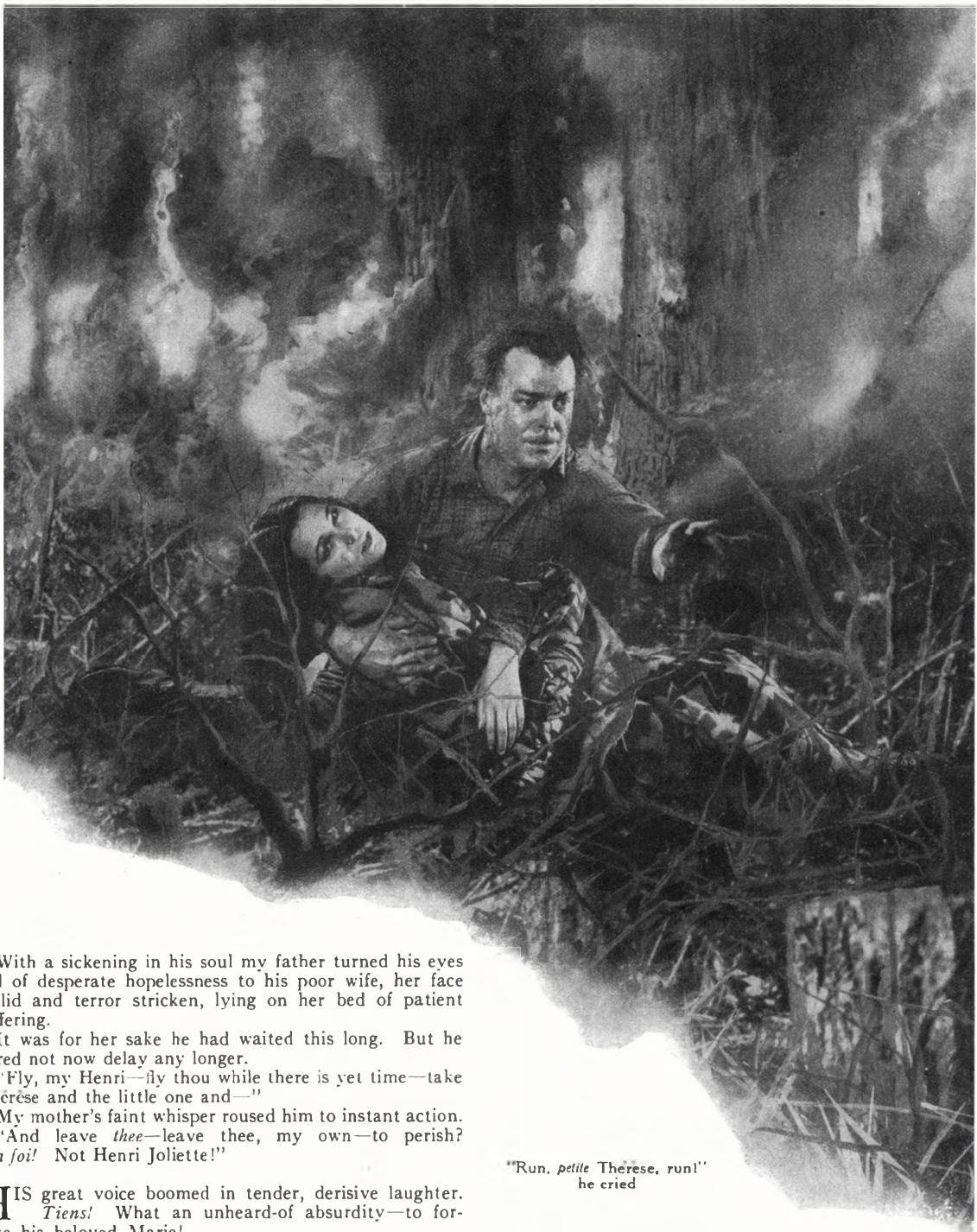
The rolling thunder and crash of its conquering armies struck like the knell of doom into our shrinking souls!

And still my father waited! Loath to leave the stout log cabin standing in the clearing that had sheltered three generations of our French-Canadian

race; hating to abandon to their fate the few cattle and horses so painfully and patiently acquired with so much of self-denial and so many hard-earned dollars, he waited—waited and hoped—alas!—against hope.

The treacherous wind that had blown so steadily toward the east, away from our little valley, had suddenly veered to the north during the night.

A fiery breath from that raging hell began even now to blow thin wisps of acrid smoke veils over the top of Silver Vixen, down through the screening spruce and gallant tamarack and into our smarting, streaming eyes.



With a sickening in his soul my father turned his eyes full of desperate hopelessness to his poor wife, her face pallid and terror stricken, lying on her bed of patient suffering.

It was for her sake he had waited this long. But he dared not now delay any longer.

"Fly, my Henri—fly thou while there is yet time—take Thérèse and the little one and—"

My mother's faint whisper roused him to instant action. "And leave *thee*—leave thee, my own—to perish? *Ma foi!* Not Henri Joliette!"

HIS great voice boomed in tender, derisive laughter. *Tiens!* What an unheard-of absurdity—to forsake his beloved Marie!

Snatching her up carefully in his strong arms, he hastily wrapped a blanket closely around her and my day-old baby brother.

"Come thou, Thérèse, *ma petite-vite*—quickly!" he shouted valiantly to me. "We will yet outwit that flaming devil—thou and I!"

He shook his clenched fist at the advancing smoke clouds and shouted his defiance.

My teeth chattering in terror and holding fast to the skirt of my father's blouse, I trotted after him down

"Run, *petite Thérèse, run!*"
he cried

the long trail, hoping to reach the distant settlement.

But alas! Father was no longer a young man—light as his double burden was, it tried his strength, worn down by many sleepless nights and days of anxious watching by the bedside of his sick wife.

STUMBLING and choking in the hot fumes of the smoke-laden air, we fought our way down the trail overgrown now by the summer's heavy bush.

The crackling roar as the fire leaped at last triumphantly

over the crest of the mountain drove us on in company with the countless host of terror-driven creatures of the Northern forests.

Twice he nearly fell; jolting feeble groans from the sick woman in his arms.

His crimson face streaming with the sweat of agonized determination, he struggled on another half mile or so. And then came the end!

Half blind with sweat and smoke he failed to see the deadfall, covered with creeping vines; stumbled and came heavily to his knees, twisting his foot under him as he



Fiery death's grisly hand
stretched forth to clutch
me at every stum-
bling, tottering step

fell! I tried, but vainly, to help him regain his feet.

"I am spent, *cherie*," he gasped. "May the good God have mercy on our souls!"

His voice came hoarse and rasping from his tortured throat.

Then, gently drawing the tiny baby from my dying mother's arms, he thrust it into my hands.

"Run, *petite Thérèse*, run! Thou mayest yet win through the river! *Adieu, cherie!*"

A hasty embrace and he forced me unwillingly on my way. Obedient always, I did as he bade me.

My brave, faithful father! His loving arms wrapped protectingly around his beloved Marie, his lips pressed close to hers. Ah, that last vision of those two devoted ones I shall carry always in my heart until my own last day!

In a panic of despair, falling over tree roots, scrambling up again, the thorns of the wild rose piercing through my thin moccasins, I ran my dreadful race; fiery death's grisly hand stretched forth to clutch me to his flaming breast at every stumbling, tottering step!

I could hear my father from far away still calling, "Run, *petite Thérèse*, run!"

After countless ages of purely mechanical effort, I found myself scrambling and slipping down the steep, gravelly slope of the wide, shallow creek.

Le Bon Dieu alone knows how I ever managed that nightmare crossing on those shiny, slippery stones.

THAT last awful struggle up the opposite bank, I can never remember. But I know that its awful image wakes me sometimes even now in a sweat of terror as it comes back to me in dreams.

A long day later, I limped into the settlement at Moosehead Landing a pitiable little object; clothes hanging in tatters, torn from my bruised and bramble-scratched body in my flight.

With blistered feet and half-closed eyes—still bearing in my half-unconscious grasp, the little form—lifeless then, alas!—of my poor baby brother whose life I had so vainly struggled to preserve.

Kindly neighbors took care of the forlorn and desolate little girl, until my mother's brother—hearing of his sister's dreadful end—offered me a home. Well, all that sad time of change and death is far behind me now.

It is ten long years since my uncle André's strong hands had tucked me into the sleigh box—carrying me away to his own cabin—*(Continued on page 77)*

I Paid *the Price of*

*Did she have to embrace
her husband's love
child as her own?*

MILO was an only child. His father died when he was twenty-three, leaving him the grocery store, and soon after that Milo and I were married.

He had worked in the store ever since he was big enough to see over the counter by standing on tiptoe. I had been keeping the books of the store for nearly three years before we were married. I had known Milo all my life. We were both born, and had grown up, in the same small town.

We were really more like brother and sister than lovers. I never had a brother, and my father was one of those quiet men whose children feel as if they never really get acquainted with them. I should have known very little about men if it hadn't been for my work in the grocery store. As long as Milo's father lived, when I wasn't working on the books, I would be out on the floor waiting on customers in order fully to earn my wages.

Milo's father was a good man, honest and upright, and he had tried to raise Milo right after his wife died; but he drove his help hard, and Milo the same way. A grocery store is one of the best places in the world to learn something about human nature, especially its petty meanness.

After Ellen, my second child, was born, Milo hired Jim Kane to do the bookkeeping. He had taken a course at a business college in the city. He was young and good looking, and all the girls, and even their mothers, liked to come in and have him kid them. It brought business to the store.

Five times I went down into the valley of the shadow of death, and endured such agony as I had not thought it possible for women to bear and live, to give my husband the children he wanted. And twice a little white coffin was carried out of our house, and I listened to the saddest sound in the world—the sound of clods falling on the coffin of the child born of one's own flesh and blood. I felt then as if nothing could ever come between Milo and me, so closely had our grief welded us together.

A NEW store started up in the village, and that cut into our income. Sickness, doctors' bills and a bank failure made it hard for Milo to keep his head above water for awhile. So I commenced to board our two clerks, to help out.

Finally, I took several more boarders. Of course, we got our groceries at wholesale, so we had "an edge" on the other boarding houses, as the men say.

I did all the cooking and work myself, at first, but finally had to hire help. I was so tied down to the house that sometimes I didn't go down to the store for a week at a time, although it was only a few blocks away. Our place was neat and clean, and we set a good table, "if I do say it myself," so that we soon had more guests than we could accommodate. People used to come from the city and



Minnie had turned away as if afraid to meet the girl's gaze

board with us during vacations. They liked my cooking.

Amongst our transients were some of the traveling troupes that showed in our part of the country. I wasn't so keen on having them, on account of the children, and if I could have seen into the future, I never would have started to take them.

But Milo liked to have them. He said they livened up our dull lives, and gave us a change.

One couple came several times. They put on a vaudeville skit. I thought some of it was pretty suggestive, but Milo just laughed and called me a Puritan.

His Unfaithfulness



"This is your mother, Ruth," he said

good man and have a home of her own.

Sometimes, when there was a rush, she would go down and clerk in the store. And when they were taking stock, she

would work there from early morning until late at night. She liked that work much better than housework. She wasn't any good at keeping books. She never could add a column of figures and get the same answer twice, no matter how many times she tried. But she was a good clerk, and the men liked to come in and have her kid them along while she waited on them.

SHE was an attractive woman, Minnie was, with brown eyes that looked as if little red flames were always dancing in them, and rosy cheeks, even if she hadn't any rouge on. She had pretty, naturally curly hair of a reddish brown color, that she always did up in the latest style. She had what is called "sex appeal" nowadays. Such a woman meets with a lot of temptation.

She had a lovely figure, and she always looked as if she had been melted and run into her clothes. I used to envy her figure and her curly hair. I wished I had been born plump like her. My hair was straight as a string, and I was always thin, especially after I commenced to have children, and had to work so hard.

Minnie was careless about little things, like holes in her stockings and gloves; and many a time I've seen her pin up a tear in her dress with a safety-pin, instead of mending it then and there, or changing her dress. But she was good-natured, and knew lots of funny stories, and kept us laughing a lot of the time.

Some of her stories were off-color, but I made her understand right from the first that I wouldn't have her telling them before the children. She had traveled all over the country, and could always think of something to talk about; although what she said never amounted to much, if you came down to the truth of it. (Continued on page 116)

And so I was, for that matter, for some of my mother's ancestors were among the first to come to this country from England.

The troupe got stranded in our town once; and

Shamus McGinty, as he was billed, left his wife at our place and went back to the city to get another job and make enough money to send for her.

I don't know whether it took him so long that he thought there wasn't any use in sending for her, or whether he found another and better partner for his act.

I guess she really had no legal claim on him, for that matter. Anyhow, he never sent for Minnie. She waited and waited—poor thing! And after awhile, she gave up.

I NEVER believed she thought much of him, anyhow. She said she never had really cared for vaudeville and that kind of a life, and perhaps it was true.

So she worked for me; did the chamberwork and waited on table for her board and such small wages as I could afford to pay her. She couldn't get up a real meal to save her soul. She had been raised in a city, and always cooked with gas, and her folks had been the kind that live out of paper bags, I guess, so she hadn't had much of a chance to learn housework.

I always had to go over the rooms after she got through, and straighten up after her.

I really didn't need her much, but I thought it would keep her off the stage with its temptations and bad influences, and maybe, after awhile, she would marry some

Was this Love

*In Preceding
Installments:*

I RAISED my daughter Eleanor to be a rich man's wife, but she fell in love with, and married a poor man. So it was not entirely her fault that the marriage went on the rocks.

Eleanor, with the training I had given her, just couldn't stand the drudgery and hardships of farm life. Not even her love for her little son, Ralph, could keep her on the farm. She finally ran away and joined a theatrical troupe.

Feeling deeply responsible, I had to do something for Edwin. I gave up my job in Detroit, and went to his farm in northern Michigan. I would look after him and the baby until I could think of some way of bringing Eleanor back to Edwin.

TOGETHER Edwin and I ran the farm. Surprisingly, I discovered I liked the life. I had hoped that Eleanor would tire soon of her theatrical career and that this, plus a mother's longing for her son, would bring her back. But month after month passed with no sign of a desire on her part to return. Finally one of her letters indicated that she was becoming interested in another man, Douglas Fisher, a wealthy Westerner.

If Eleanor were to be saved for Edwin and Ralph, I knew I had to act—and act quickly. It occurred to me that if Edwin had money it would be easy for him to win Eleanor back. Not that she was mercenary in a cheap way, but I had taught her to want the good things of life; the things Edwin could never give her on the farm; the things she had decided to go out and get for herself. How could I make Edwin rich? The idea came. Why



"I got an answer from Eleanor," he said.
"She's coming by plane."

not divide the farm up into lots and develop it into a community of summer homes? It was an ideal location—beautiful woods, good roads, plenty of water, and not too far from a number of fair-sized cities.

The scheme worked. We got backing from a Chicago real estate firm. The development progressed rapidly. If everything went well, Edwin would eventually be a rich man. I decided it was now time for me to step out and for Eleanor to step into her rightful place once more as Edwin's wife.

But I hadn't calculated on the effects of the growing intimacy between Edwin and myself. When I suggested his taking a trip to visit Eleanor and to bring her back, he flared up, "If she didn't want me when I was poor," he said, "she needn't come back now." And then he took me in his arms and told me it was I he loved. I pushed him away. I wouldn't let his lips meet mine. But suddenly I realized that I too, loved him—that I wanted to tell him that I was his forever and ever.

The Story Continues:

I HELD my emotions in check with all the strength of my many years' experience with life. If I had been a young woman I never could have fought off this

a Sin?

*New youth, devoted
love, comfortable
wealth—all were
within this
mother's
grasp if—*



terrible temptation to take for myself the man who was married to my errant daughter. The man for whom my whole being cried out. The man who had stirred me to the depths of my soul.

"Please go," I whispered. He turned with an automatic movement and went out of the room.

Choking back my sobs, I got out my grip and packed it. Then, dabbing on some powder to erase the telltale signs of tears, I went out into the living room.

EDWIN cast one glance at my bag. Then turned his eyes to my face. I could not look at him; I could not face the hurt expression with which he looked at me.

He seemed to understand that my mind was made up, and that I would not change it. He got his hat and coat and we went in silence to the car. And neither of us spoke during the hour's drive to Traverse City.

About a block from the station, Edwin suddenly swerved the car to the curb and stopped it. He turned to me, almost fiercely.

"Anna," he cried, "I can't let you go! You've got to go back with me!"

I was afraid to look at him.

"I can't, Edwin," I answered faintly. "I—I mustn't, Edwin!"

I dared not make a further explanation than that. I



I felt warm all over in the knowledge I meant so much to Eleanor that she was hurrying to me by air

kept my face averted. Two or three times I thought he was about to continue his pleading. But at last he breathed a long, deep sigh and started the car again. He drew up before the station and was about to alight with my grip.

"No, Edwin," I said, rather sharply, "don't go in with me."

ACTUALLY I was afraid, if he resumed his arguing, that I would lose all discretion and return with him to the farm. "Good-by, Edwin!" I held out my hand.

He was trembling as he clasped my fingers. His hungry eyes searched mine until I wrested my gaze away.

"Good-bye, Anna," he said hoarsely.

I turned and all but ran into the station. I could

feel his eyes following after me; but I dared not look back. Indeed, I didn't feel sure of myself until I was aboard the train, and it was puffing its way through the jumbled freight yards.

I returned to Detroit, where I engaged a two-room, furnished suite. And it was not until I was in bed the first night that I recovered my wits sufficiently to realize that I had left little Ralph without a woman's care.

But it was on Edwin that my thoughts dwelt. I fought against a powerful temptation to return to the farm. Something kept arguing that little Ralph needed me; but I knew that was only a smoke screen for the real reason of the turmoil in my heart. I wanted to go back—

felt I must go back—because I needed Edwin! I forced myself to think of Eleanor. Now more than ever, it was imperative that Eleanor should return to her husband. He was the sort of man who could not live happily without a wife to love and comfort him. And I know that this, too, was a camouflage for my actual emotions. For in my heart I was wondering how I could live without Edwin!

I seemed to see him standing before me, with his eyes pleading, just as I had left him at the Traverse City station. I whispered his name and blinked back tears, tortured by my longing. Why had I not remained with him? Why hadn't I had the courage to follow the dictates of my heart? Since Edwin and I loved each other, it was our right to be together; to become man and wife, even at the expense of his divorcing my daughter!

Yet I knew there existed even a greater right, and I clung to it in desperate prayer for proper guidance. Eleanor was his wife, the mother of his child! To follow the command of my emotions would not show courage, but cowardice. If I aspired to brave uprightness, I must put Edwin out of my heart; think of him only as a mother thinks of her son and strive for the one thing that would bring him real and lasting happiness. In a word, I must somehow restore Eleanor to him and rekindle their smoldering love!

IT was not easy to reach this point of reason. I attained it only after days and nights of bitter struggle against an all but irresistible impulse to go rushing back to him in eager surrender. There were days when I could not think sanely because my mind ran along that single fascinating track; nights when I could not sleep because of the agonizing temptation to play traitor to Eleanor and to myself.

When I came through it at last, my soul was scarred with the battle; my heart was squeezed dry until it weighed like a lump of hot lead in my bosom.

I went over the situation carefully. Their reunion as man and wife was economically feasible now. Thanks to Edwin's growing summer colony, there need be no financial strain to pry them apart again. They could live together in harmony. But what miracle could bring them face to face and regenerate their love?

I racked my brain, picking up and discarding a dozen ideas. The only workable argument I could find was little Ralph's need for his mother, and her love for him. I must play upon her heartstrings; fan that spark of longing for her baby until it grew into an irresistible fire. If I could do that effectively enough, Eleanor would come home.

But it was as if Eleanor had anticipated these thoughts. Before I had succeeded in putting them in writing, I received a letter from Eleanor which throbbed with eager excitement from the very beginning. She had written from Hollywood.

"I've got a break at last, Mumsy," the letter said. "Charles DeChein—you know, the movie director—saw me on the stage in Los Angeles and liked my work. He asked me to come out to see him, and he's given me a contract in the talkies. Three hundred a week, Mumsy.



I did not know nor care what was taking place

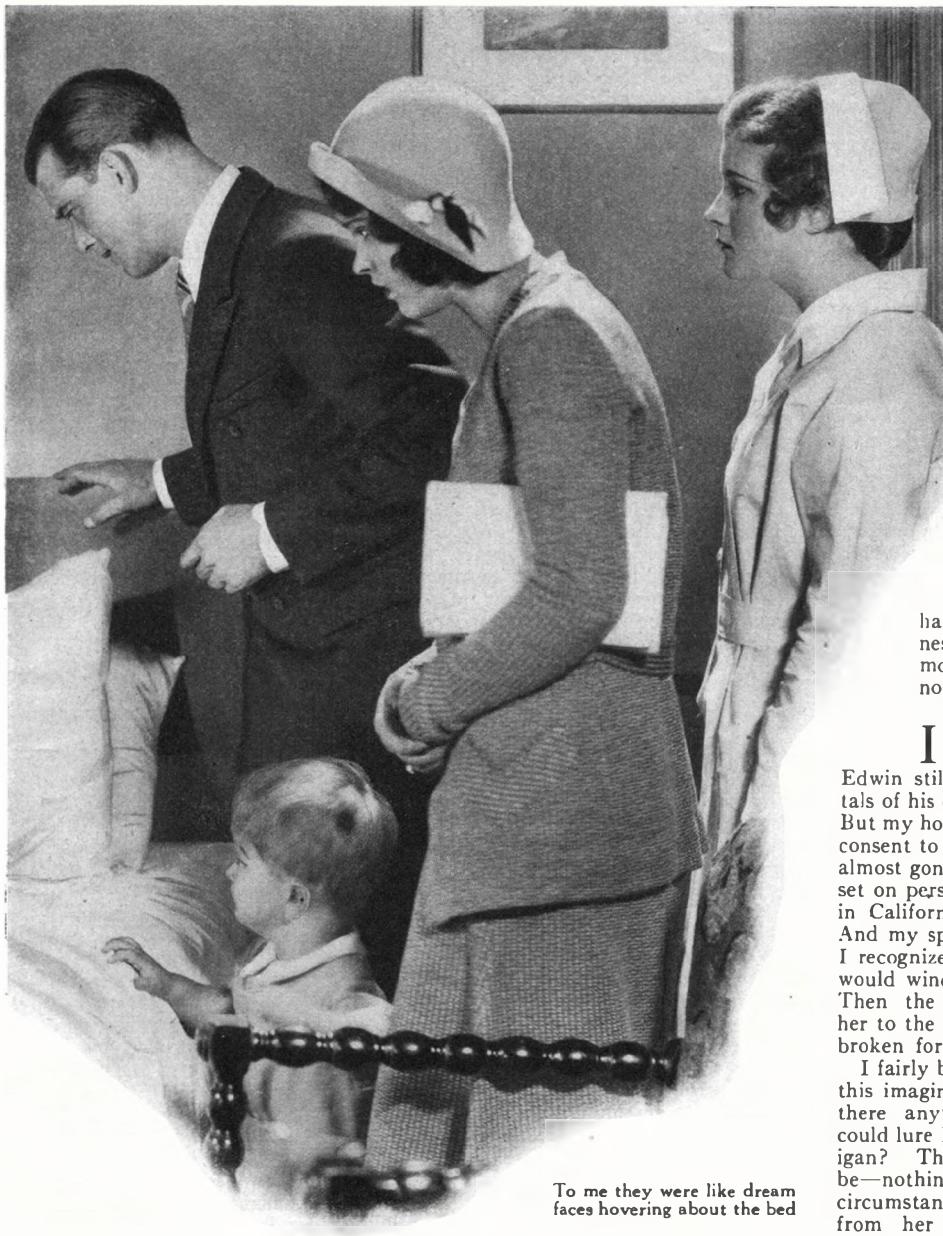
"Mr. DeChein says if I'll work hard I can become a star—and he's already given me a place as leading lady in a new picture called 'Love's Rebirth.' Production is to start in a couple of weeks or so. Until then I'm just wandering around the lot, getting acquainted and drawing my salary. It seems so easy now, but I know I'll have to work terribly hard later on."

My hopes oozed. In the face of her enthusiasm, could anything entice her away from Hollywood and a budding career? Eleanor's subsequent paragraphs seemed to answer this question with a ringing no.

THE best part of it," the letter went on, "is that now I can have my baby with me. I'm simply wild to see him—I don't see how I've been able to live so long without him. I'll just love him to death.

"And I don't see any reason why you can't bring him out to me and stay here yourself. My salary will be enough so that we all three can live in style. And you'll love Hollywood, Mumsy! You'll find it a lot different from the farm. And I'm so terribly homesick for you—you've no idea. Mumsy, I want you! Do write me at once, and say you're coming."

I let the letter lie in my lap as I stared at the window. Discouragement dragged at my spirits. Another plan had gone by the boards, even before it was fully formed.



To me they were like dream faces hovering about the bed

Little good it would do to fire her longing for the baby now. Her answer was already given, "I want him with me. Bring him out to me."

I could write to her, and reveal the news that Edwin was now a rich man. But what good would that do? Doubtless she would answer that she was glad—for Edwin's sake. But she would not return. And Edwin would never ask her to come back.

DEFEAT leered at me. I was all ready to surrender. I did not answer Eleanor's letter. I was too disheartened to write.

My nerves seemed shattered. Little things began to annoy me. I felt very tired. And the life here in Detroit was not like the life on the farm. I was idle. There was nothing to occupy my hands and mind. My thoughts roamed where they would and kept me in a turmoil of continual distress and anxiety.

I was constantly beset by an aching nostalgia. I longed to see Eleanor. I longed for little Ralph.

I thought of writing to Edwin, asking him to send the baby to me; but I knew such a request would be unfair. Ralph was all Edwin had, now—it would be cruel to take the little boy away from him.

I recalled Edwin's humble dejection at my last glimpse of him. It was unendurable to think of him so. I wanted him to look bright and gay, as he usually did. I wanted him to be happy—Edwin's happiness had come to mean more to me than Eleanor's happiness even.

I CLUNG desperately to my belief that Edwin still held the fundamentals of his early love for Eleanor. But my hope that she ever would consent to come back to him was almost gone. Her mind was now set on persuading me to join her in California, with little Ralph. And my spirits were so low that I recognized a possibility that I would wind up by going to her. Then the last tie that bound her to the Middle West would be broken forever.

I fairly beat my brains against this imaginary stone wall. Was there anything on earth that could lure Eleanor back to Michigan? The answer seemed to be—nothing! Only one possible circumstance could drag her away from her coveted career. If something were to happen to

little Ralph—I felt certain of her love for him!

The thought stopped suddenly. I sat up in bed, the blood pounding in my temples, ringing in my ears. If something happened to little Ralph! What if I were to send Eleanor word that her baby had been taken seriously ill! She would come east on the double quick, spurred by frantic anxiety!

And then I sank back again, realizing that it was only another silly idea. For when Eleanor discovered that it was all a hoax, she would be very angry—and justly so. She would suspect Edwin, perhaps, of being a party to it. She would take Ralph and return to California. And she and Edwin would then be farther apart than ever.

Such an idea could be made effective only if little Ralph were to pretend that he was very ill. And for obvious reasons, such a course was impossible.

Suddenly my mind was racing again. Little Ralph could not play the part of an invalid—but I could! If I

were ill, Eleanor would come to me. She loved me. And Edwin loved me. If I were to pretend to be ill and send them both word, they would come racing to my side.

The plan was now seething in my brain. I could scarcely bear the thought of waiting till morning to set it into motion.

But I had to wait. To make my scheme effective, I must have help. A doctor must be enlisted to give realism to my fiction of illness. Obviously, he would be Doctor Lawrence, whom I had known well ever since those tragic days when scarlet fever had snatched little Jimmy from my arms.

At last I got to sleep. In the morning I dressed hurriedly, and took a trolley car across the city to see Doctor Lawrence. It was a little before noon when the doctor welcomed me into his office.

He was a kindly, sympathetic man a few years older than I was; a widower. From previous association I knew that he possessed a keen sense of humor. I had a feeling that he would enter into my scheme with romantic enthusiasm.

NEVERTHELESS, I felt nervous and somewhat hesitant as I told him the story of Eleanor's and Edwin's estrangement, and outlined my plan.

"I want you to help me, Doctor," I frankly told him. "I'm going to pretend to be sick, so they'll both rush to me. And you must tell them that my condition is serious, so they'll stay awhile. I'm sure they—they'll get together again after just a little while."

His eyes twinkled.

"Just how sick do you want to be?" he asked.

"Dangerously," I returned. "So sick that I have to be in a hospital, and you have to wire my daughter and son-in-law."

"I see," he said, rubbing his smooth jaw. "Tisn't exactly ethical, but—I have seen cases where a woman pretended to be ill and actually fooled her doctor, even.

"Now if I were to be fooled into believing you were seriously sick of—say a nervous breakdown, I'd have to attend you, wouldn't I? And if I had a heart—which I think I have—I rather imagine I'd wire Eleanor and your son-in-law."

He smiled as he spoke. I thanked him.

"The way I'd diagnose your case," he went on humorously, "you wouldn't need to go to the hospital for about three days yet. But I think your condition is serious enough to warrant my wiring to Eleanor today. And then, in about three days, giving Eleanor time to get here, I'm afraid you might have a turn for the worse, making it advisable to send for your son-in-law. And"—he, spread out his hands—"it would be quite a coincidence, wouldn't it, when they both came in at about the same time?"

I had to laugh at his droll way of putting it; and I had to admit that his amplification improved my plan about a hundred per cent. I had not thought of the excellent psychological effect of bringing the two together at a moment when both were highly wrought up over my supposed illness.

"I'm not so sure about the hospital, though," Doctor Lawrence continued thoughtfully. "Too many complications—nurses who might not believe your doctor's word for it that you're a sick woman, and all that."

"As a matter of fact, it's my candid opinion that you're in such shape that I don't dare have you moved from your home. You'll need a nurse at first. After awhile, I imagine your daughter can relieve the nurse and take care of you all right."

An elaborate wink punctuated his final words. He called in his secretary, and in my presence, dictated a telegram to Eleanor in Hollywood, telling her that her mother had been taken ill very suddenly.

"I fancy it won't be necessary to advise Eleanor to

come," he commented. "Please get that right out, Miss Ewing," he added to the secretary. He turned to me again.

"Now then, in a nervous breakdown, there's no fever. But the patient becomes quite wan and weak." He cocked his head on one side and smiled at me. There was a spark of admiration in his eyes. "You're pretty robust right now—it's hard for me to believe you've got a nervous breakdown."

My heart skipped a beat. Was it possible that my plan was to fail, simply because I looked so well that no one would believe I was sick? I started to speak, but he cut me short.

"I'd suggest a little stage management," Doctor Lawrence said. "I'll prescribe a darkened room—blinds drawn—and a greenish light. The green light will make everybody in the room look sick—but it's my notion nobody will notice any one but you."

I thanked him for the suggestion, again laughing at the roundabout way in which he expressed himself. He got up abruptly.

"All right, then. I'll have a nurse around at your house day after tomorrow morning. She'll know what it's all about, and she'll call me and let me know when the time is ripe for me to come and tell your folks how badly off you are."

I gave him my new address and left his office, hopeful that my plan, with the doctor's improvements, would work wonders. Then I did a little shopping. Among other things, I bought a green light globe and a floor lamp to hold it. It was evening before I reached my apartment. As I entered, I noticed a yellow envelope thrust under my door. It proved to be a telegram from Doctor Lawrence.

"Phone me as soon as you get this."

I hurried out to a telephone in the hallway. Had Doctor Lawrence changed his mind—decided not to help me? I put through the call.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed when I told him who I was. "Say, it seems you're in far worse shape than we thought. You have to be in bed tomorrow morning."

"What—what?" I stammered. I heard him chuckle.

"I got an answer from Eleanor. She's coming by plane! So I've also wired your son-in-law—they'll probably both come in some time tomorrow."

IFELT warm all over in the knowledge that I meant so much to Eleanor that she was hurrying to me by air.

I thanked the doctor and hung up. Then I began to worry about the plane. What if it should fall? What if my daughter should be terribly injured through her anxiety to reach my side—when I wasn't really ill at all? I soothed myself by thinking over and over that people really were as safe in airplanes as on a train. But I slept very irregularly that night.

When I awoke in the morning there was a terrific ache in the back of my head. Headache tablets gave me very little relief. I realized that I had been driving myself relentlessly; for weeks I had been under a continual strain.

I set my will to ignore the pain, and decided to take it very easy for the few remaining hours before Eleanor and Edwin arrived. For I had to keep my mind clear in order to carry my plan to a successful conclusion. I refused to be stopped, or even checked, by such a little thing as a headache.

During the morning a pleasant young nurse came to the apartment and introduced herself as Miss Brothers. I liked her the instant she entered. She grinned broadly as I greeted her, and remarked facetiously, "Really, any one as sick as you are ought to be in bed."

From that I knew that Doctor Lawrence had explained everything, and that she was a willing and eager ally.

She helped me rearrange my bedroom so that the bed stood in the darkest corner. Then, drawing the shades and arranging the green light, she (*Continued on page 124*)

HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Smart Mother

I began teaching my little girl manners when she was first able to hold a glass or spoon. After she was five years old, I found it very simple to teach her how to set a table and how to serve by permitting her to invite her little friends to visit her for the afternoon, and have her act as hostess. At first I made the cocoa and gave her the little cakes—and she'd serve her little friends on her own little table from her own toy dishes. As she grew older she was taught to make the cocoa, arrange the cakes, etc., until she was able to do it all herself. She is now entering high school, and is known for her social graces and hospitality.—A. R.

Kitchen Efficiency

My kitchenette is tiny, and the only place to stack dirty dishes was the sink drain where I wanted to set the clean dishes after washing them. After sufferinging this inconvenience for a long time, I finally eliminated it by taking the white tray from underneath the burners of the gas stove and placing it directly on top of the stove. This provides a perfect and convenient place to stack the dirty dishes, leaving the sink drain completely free.—MRS. H. W. F.

A roll or pack of paper towels suspended beneath my towel rack, or set on the shelf over the sink, is an indispensable adjunct to my kitchen equipment. I use them for drying fowls, fruits and vegetables after washing, and for draining potatoes, doughnuts, onions and other foods that have been fried in deep fat. I also use them for wiping off dirt or grease spots from walls or floor, for wiping the stove tray when liquids boil over, and for wiping all greasy pans and kettles before washing. They are inexpensive, very absorbent, protect one's hands and save time, since a cloth when used must be rinsed and hung to dry.

—M. T. K.

The busy mother will find a potato ricer a wonderful help in preparing baby's vegetables. Use it in place of a sieve. It is much quicker and much easier to wash.—MRS. L. C. J.



No More Lost Gloves

Many times I have come home almost tearful over the loss of a cherished pair of gloves, or equally bad, over the loss of one of them. It was not only annoying, but expensive; so I decided something would have to be done about it, and this is what I did.

My coat has no pockets, except a tiny one inside the lining, from which a pair of gloves can be easily dislodged and therefore lost. So I sewed half of a snap fastener just below the arm in the inside of the coat, which fits the other half of the clasps on my gloves. Now, when I take off my coat and gloves in a restaurant or theater, I snap the two gloves together and with one of the free clasps, fasten the gloves to the coat.

On my slip-on gloves, I sewed the fasteners on the inside of the wrists where they don't

show. There is a pair for attaching the two gloves together and an extra one to go with the one in the coat.

The whole arrangement takes only a little time and is practically no expense. And it saves so much trouble. I haven't lost any gloves since I thought of it.

—MRS. C. S.

The Working Girl's Wardrobe

The girl who works is usually tired at night, and it is natural that she should constantly postpone the task of keeping her limited supply of lingerie, stockings, silk blouses, etc., laundered. I know one girl, however, who has clearly solved this problem. Her wardrobe is always in perfect condition. Each evening, on her return from the office, and as she is preparing her bath, at the adjacent stationary washstand she washes her hose and underwear; also her silk blouse, if she has worn one. With the few minutes given this task each night, merely filling in the time necessary until the bath water has run, an accumulation of laundry is avoided.

—F. L. K.

Save Your Walls

When I hang up a calendar or a light, unframed picture, I use adhesive tape or paper stickers, to avoid defacing the walls with nail holes.

—A. R. S.

Have you some time-saving tricks that your experience in the kitchen has taught you? Have you invented any little conveniences that lighten the home maker's burden in kitchen and dining room? If you have, be sure to describe them, and mail your items to HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS, TRUE STORY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We promptly pay \$2.00 for every hint chosen for publication. Material found unavailable will not be returned.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

By PRISCILLA HICKS

WHAT mother, at one time or another, has not had to face the perplexing problem of how to make her child eat an adequate amount of nourishing food? I know one mother whose little girl used to get "off her feed" every year when she came back from the country, and with disastrous results. She'd come back from her vacation with roses in her cheeks, but soon lost them.

After a sickness is another time when the feeding of children perplexes mothers. They want to build up the child, but the child, still being weak, has comparatively little appetite.

Dietitians all agree that milk is an ideal food for children and an adequate daily consumption of milk is one of the best assurances of a child's robust health. But in the situations mentioned above, and in numerous others, the mother finds it difficult to get the child to drink enough milk as a beverage. In such cases, try these milk dishes.

OATMEAL MILK SOUP

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of rolled oats or Scotch or Irish oatmeal	1 teaspoon of meat extract
3 pints of milk	1 1/2 teaspoons of salt
1 onion, chopped fine	3/4 teaspoon of white pepper
2 tablespoons of butter	1 1/2 tablespoons of sugar

Stir the oatmeal into the milk and let it stand for twelve hours. Crush the oatmeal with a potato masher and strain off the liquid.

Cook in a soup kettle over a slow fire, the onion, butter and meat extract. Add to these ingredients the liquid and seasonings, and cook the soup until it boils.

MALTED MILK CUSTARD (One Portion)

2 heaping teaspoons malted milk	
1 egg yolk, well beaten	
1/2 cup milk	

Mix malted milk with a little hot water to make a smooth paste. Add milk and pour gradually over egg yolk. Pour into greased cup, and let stand in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven, until set.

CUSTARD ICE CREAM

3 eggs	3 tablespoons of sugar
2 cups of milk	Vanilla

Add milk, sugar and vanilla to the beaten eggs. Cook the mixture in a double boiler until the custard thickens. Pour the custard, when it has cooled, into an ice-cream freezer and freeze it.



MALTED TOMATO SOUP

Mix in cup one tablespoon malted milk with enough hot water to make a smooth paste. Fill cup with hot tomato bouillon. Season with salt and a dash of paprika.

MALT COCOA BROWNIES

2 eggs	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup shortening	
3/4 cup brown sugar	1 cup of malt cocoa
1/2 cup sifted flour	1/4 to 1/2 cup walnuts
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	meats
	1/4 teaspoon salt

Mix the ingredients together in the order given. Break two eggs into a bowl and beat well. Then add melted shortening and beat; add the sugar and beat. After this, add the sifted, dry flour and the rest of the ingredients and beat well. Line square pan with waxed paper and spread the mixture evenly in the pan. Place the pan in the center of a moderately slow oven (325°) and bake 30 minutes. Turn out of pan as soon as taken from oven, and remove the waxed paper. Cut into squares with sharp knife.

MALT COCOA PUDDING

5 tablespoons malt cocoa	2 cups milk
3 tablespoons corn- starch	1/4 cup chopped wal- nut meats
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 pint whipping cream

Heat milk in upper part of double boiler; mix together cornstarch, malt cocoa and sugar; then add to the hot milk. Let cook until it thickens, and the raw starchy taste has left the pudding. Add nuts, mix well. Pour into chilled molds. Serve cold with whipped cream.

CUSTARD

2 eggs	Salt
1/2 cup of consomme	Pepper

Add the consomme and seasonings to the beaten eggs. Strain the mixture, and pour it into a small greased tin. Poach it in the oven until the custard is firm. Cut it into squares or lozenges and garnish the soun with it.

HELPS TO HAPPIER AND HEALTHIER HOMES.

TWO CHOCOLATE ENCHANTMENTS

*That turn guests... and husbands
into flatterers!*

WHAT gives a husband so much pleasure, what fills him with so much pride as having his good judgment confirmed? The two chocolate marvels shown on this page are just the kind that make your guests say to him "You certainly picked a clever wife for yourself!"

To serve your guests something made with chocolate is the surest way to win the compliment that pleases him so much, because chocolate is America's favorite flavor.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE! Most likely you already have a recipe for that good old favorite. But try the recipe for the tender, chocolate-rich cake shown on this page, and see if this isn't your favorite recipe from now on!

CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES are nubbly little bits of goodness, splendid for serving with ice cream, fruit compote or for nibbling at the bridge table. No matter how rushed you are, there's always time to make them.

"Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"
New Cook-Book—FREE

Get your copy of this thrilling new cook-book.

with its 137 recipes for chocolate and cocoa treats—cakes, puddings, candies, cookies, ice creams, frostings, fillings, sauces, homemade soda fountain beverages, steaming hot cups. It's FREE—send off the coupon without a moment's delay.

*For Perfect Results There's No Substitute for
Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate*

Probably, like most good housewives who have lived in America within the last 152 years, you have a cake of Baker's Chocolate on your pantry shelf. If so, you can be sure your chocolate dishes will be second to none for depth and richness of flavor.

Ever since America was young Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate has been the finest to be bought, mellow and creamy smooth. It is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, sorted, selected, roasted and blended with the skill of generations. Its goodness has set a standard unequaled today. Ask for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.



CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES

1 1/2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	2 eggs, well beaten
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
1/2 teaspoon salt	3/4 cup nut meats, coarsely broken
1/2 cup butter or other shortening	3/4 cup raisins
1 cup sugar	1/2 cup milk
	1/2 teaspoon vanilla

All measurements are level

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, chocolate, nuts, and raisins, and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Drop by teaspoons into small, greased cup-cake pans. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes, or until done. Makes 3 1/2 dozen cakes.

IN HANDIER NEW SHAPE

The new cake of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate which thousands of women have asked for... "squares" separated by deep grooves. Each snaps off easily, accurately, cleanly. No guesswork. No wasteful crumbs. No mistakes in measurement—each "square" is exactly one ounce. They melt so easily you need not cut them up unless you wish.



Devil's Food Cake. See page 17 "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes."

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION



Mothers! BAKER'S COCOA made with milk supplies wholesome nourishment which growing little bodies need. Of course Baker stands for the finest quality—known for 152 years.



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Please send free copy of your new 60-page "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes."	
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City_____ State_____	_____
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.	

Decidedly smart
for Bathrooms, this **BON AMI**



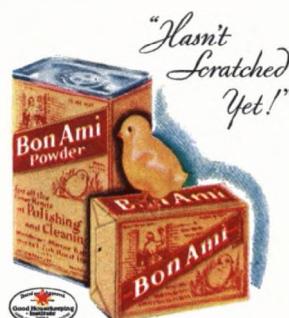
package de luxe



Smart, indeed—in every sense of the word! It's smart to have a good cleanser always handy on the side of your tub or on the shelf—always ready quickly to make spotless basin, tiles, tub, windows, mirrors, woodwork, etc. And Bon Ami in this new *de luxe Package for Bathrooms*, is so smart in appearance that you'll be proud to keep it out in plain sight, anywhere. It harmonizes perfectly with any bathroom color scheme. Smart, too, in the design of its sifter-top . . . under the neat cap are four holes already made.

This big (almost double size) black and gold package contains exactly the same Bon Ami millions have used for years. Ask your grocer for it—along with the regular Bon Ami Powder and Cake packages for kitchen and general use. Bon Ami has no unpleasant smell, doesn't scratch, doesn't leave gritty sediment—and does not redden or roughen your hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . NEW YORK, N. Y.



Good Housekeeping
Institute Seal

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Night of Horror

(Continued from page 65)

twenty miles further still into the bleak Northland.

Twenty miles! It seems but a very short way in these days of automobiles and smoothly flowing highways—just a few minutes' run.

But, *Madame, Monsieur*, just mush those twenty miles in a jolting, swaying dog sleigh over jarring ridges and unexpected dipping hollows of hard packed snow—with the thermometer hovering between thirty and forty below zero, the ice-laden wind driving fine particles of frozen air—tiny chips of glistening glass—against the smarting skin. *Mais oui*—that's different!

Far, far above the warmer region of the birch and poplar trees—away up on the steep side of old Silver Horn, clings the trapper's cabin that has now been home to me for so many happy years.

A forlorn, howling, eight-year-old bundle of orphaned misery, clutching in my arms a tiny puppy I had fiercely refused to relinquish, that was I—Thérèse Joliette—in those days. But Uncle André's heart was kind and patient always.

In youth and innocence, sorrow and regret are only empty names! Before even one little year was over the past and all the terror that had belonged to it began to fade from me, to be remembered only in my dreams.

MY mother's brother was father and mother both to me—the small Thérèse—that Fate had so unexpectedly thrust into his lonely bachelor life.

Happy and healthy in his love and care, I passed almost imperceptibly from romping childhood into what some one has called "the sweetness of glad seventeen."

Contented? *Mais oui!* But also there was one ivy in the ointment of my care-free existence!

The very first day of my coming to the cabin in the forest, that day my uncle's partner had roughly snatched me—a puny little child—from his arms and, in spite of my screams and struggles, had jokingly insisted on pressing his thick lips a vivid streak of scarlet in a black-bearded face to my shrinking baby mouth. From that day how I had hated and feared Hector Dumont!

I detested him, even then, with all the divinely given instincts of a woman's self-protection.

To my mind, his hated presence had always held a threat. Vague, unformed, in childhood—but growing more distinct with every year that brought my budding womanhood.

Every winter, from the tingeing of the first autumn leaves until the week before Christmas, my uncle and his partner were out on the trapping lines. And this fateful year of which I write, it was all as usual.

Hitching up the snarling, snapping huskies they had both mushed away down the sweet-scented forest paths—away on the death-dealing foray for the glorious skins that are, of a verity, the bread of life to us "North of 57."

"Jennie, the Breed," the half Indian

squaw had always come up from Moosehead to care for me and keep me company through those dark winter months; and even now though I was quite grown up—*jeune fille*, indeed—old Jennie came as always since my baby days.

Pleading a sudden illness one morning late in winter in my seventeenth year, old Jennie had begged leave to go back to her own tribe away down at the post.

Eh, bien! It would mean, at the most, but a few days till Uncle André's return, and she had left me that noon.

Standing in the little porch, my eyes had followed Jennie's stout old figure in its shapeless parka, trudging with true Indian stolidness over the hard-frozen snows.

A most strange foreboding, a sense of coming danger—a "hunch," as you Americans say—had cast a chill of fear over my suddenly lonely spirit.

It was only with a great effort of will that I kept myself from acting as a coward—from running after her and begging her not to leave me alone.

Ah, my friends, had I but yielded to that impulse! But my stubborn pride held me silent. I had gazed in anxious longing after that stolid form until at last it rounded the dangerous bend in the trail and passed out of my sight, on the long cold descent to the settlement in the valley.

A low pleading whine suddenly reminded me that I was not altogether alone, after all.

"Muskwa, little bear!" I called out in glad relief.

That tiny puppy had grown into a great dog now; half wolf, half husky—a good and faithful old friend.

He thrust a cold nose into my hand insinuatingly, thumping his heavy tail in fawning pleading.

GLANCING at the glass in the porch I read thirty below zero.

The coldly brilliant sun struck blinding dazzling of diamond sparks up from the surface of the frozen ground.

The pale metallic blue of a hard and cloudless sky shone clear as a crystal bell. With such a sky, by nightfall the mercury would surely sink—down, down, until—maybe it would touch the eighty-degree mark.

"*Ma foi!*" I shivered, though not altogether with cold, I confess. And acting on an impulse I drew old Muskwa into the cabin with me, dropping the heavy bar of timber into its sockets across the door.

Under the patient guidance of Jennie the Breed, I had been making a pair of moosehide moccasins and only a few rows of the scarlet and green beads remained to be sewn.

While the short daylight lasted, I busied myself in putting on those last loving touches, for they were to be a Christmas gift to Uncle André.

Very soon the pale snow light grew too faint to work at the frost-covered window. No gleam of sun would begin to reddens the eastern sky until after ten o'clock in the morning. Almost eighteen hours of shadows lay before me—all alone!

A tiny silver slice of new moon hung, as if trembling with the cold, far down in the darkening sky. One by one the brilliant jeweled fingers of God's angels pierced through the veil of gathering twilight. Silently and cautiously, the wild, shy creatures of the Northern night crept from their daylight hiding places, seeking their "meat from God."

Even as I watched, two gray skulking shapes detached themselves from the deep shadow of the overhanging snow-laden spruce and stood, motionless as graven images, on the edge of the clearing. Timber wolves, gaunt and hollow-flanked!

A feathered phantom swam softly down through the darkening skies. Over the snow-white carpet its fantastic image glided, not less silent than its ghostly substance about the darkening trees. A huge, white snow-owl on its nightly prowl for food.

Just the common signs of the coming night. So many, many times I had seen them all before that I regarded them with the indifference of long familiarity.

But all the same, somehow, this night I shuddered with distaste and turned thankfully from the darkening window to the warm, cheery light of the glowing fire within.

IN that strongly built cabin of stout spruce logs, what had I, Thérèse Joliette, the trapper's daughter, to fear? And yet—

Soon my eyelids grew heavy in the warmth and I began to nod. Reassured by Muskwa's protecting presence I climbed into the narrow wall bunk and settled myself cozily to rest.

The subdued tick-tock of the old clock on the wall, the crumbling fall of the burning ashes in the stone fireplace were the only sounds that stirred the peaceful silence of the cabin.

An uneventful life? *Mais oui!* Only three times in the whole long year was it possible for my uncle and me to make the trip down to the Moosehead Landing. Once at Christmas to attend high mass in the Mission Chapel; after celebration, then to sell our winter's catch; to haggle and bargain over the so beautiful pelts, to wring with persuasive gestures the last reluctant dollar and cent out of the tight-fisted factor at the post.

Then again, in the early days of spring-time, we went to replenish our stores. A slow and dangerous trip, this one! Down the steep and slippery side of the Silver Horn, over the melting ice drifts where one false step, one little moment's inattention, meant sure disaster, the loss of a precious team and sleigh, perhaps of our own lives as well.

Then once more in the fall of the year for the supplies to tide us over the dreary months of winter ahead.

The spring trip, in spite of all the many dangers of the trail, stood out first in importance in my young heart.

Eh, bien! But, of a certainty, I had a *bon ami*—a lover fiancé! With my dark brown eyes and hair of the color of new copper, I was not quite ugly—I!

(Continued on page 80)

Troubled with frequent headaches, colds, etc.? Attack these troubles by correcting their principal cause!



“BAD BREATH HEADACHES SKIN TROUBLES . .

these are all symptoms of Intestinal

—explains DR. KARL GLAESSNER.

Read what this famous Vienna doctor says!

If you have frequent headaches, dizziness, colds, coated tongue, bad breath—if you suffer from lack of energy or skin troubles—it is extremely likely that you are a victim of constipation . . . *intestinal fatigue*."

These are the words of one of the most distinguished physicians in Europe today, Dr. Karl Glaessner, head of the clinic for internal diseases in the celebrated Rainer Hospital, Vienna. He says:—

"Constipation may be the beginning of lifelong ill health. To overcome constipation, gently and permanently, Nature has given us . . . fresh yeast.

"Fresh yeast is a food, not a drug or patent medicine . . . It mixes with and softens the accumulated waste matter in the intestines and . . . restores normal action . . . The whole organism benefits."

The secret of fresh yeast is this: It actually "tones" and strengthens the sluggish muscles of your intestines. Thus internal secretions are stimulated . . . evacuations become normal again.

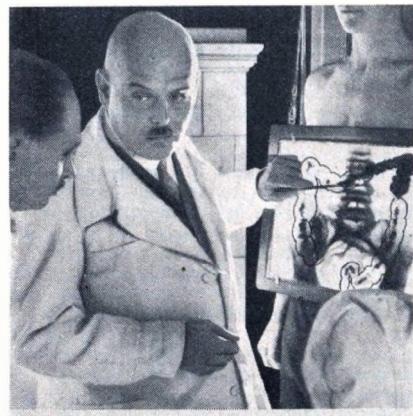
And as a result, poisons that were undermining your health are harmlessly cleared away.

Health quickly responds!

Your digestion benefits. Mealtime has a "kick" again. You feel much more energetic than before. And—best of all—the principal cause of those terrible sick headaches, colds, bad breath, etc., exists no more!

If you've never done so, try Fleischmann's Yeast by all means! Notice how much clearer your complexion becomes—how much better you begin to look and feel in every way.

Just eat 3 cakes every day, regularly—



HERE'S X-RAY of a typical case of constipation. Resulting poisons cause skin troubles, headaches, etc. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean and healthy, Dr. Glaessner explains.

plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass)—before meals, or between meals and when you go to bed.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

Read this Case Record!

"A man of forty-three," writes DR. GLAESSNER, "complained of chronic constipation, going hand in hand with headaches, bad breath, nervous depression, loss of appetite and inability to work.

"After eating fresh yeast for three weeks, the headaches disappeared, his appetite increased . . . and the constipation was completely overcome."



"MY DOCTOR recommended Fleischmann's Yeast," writes Mrs. Dahlia Ericson, of Louisville, Ky. "My system was sluggish and I had developed indigestion . . . Soon after I started eating yeast my indigestion left. I eat anything I like now."

Try it yourself! Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes every day.



Fatigue''

FATIGUE
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
FOR
HEALTH

Important

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, C and D.

René Ducros, the factor's clerk at Moosehead, was the dearest thing in life to me.

Not very wealthy—*mais non*—or of very great prospects, but who shall dictate where the heart's love may or may not be given?

I adored him as he worshiped his Thérèse. *Voilà, that's all!*

Our so precious secret had been carefully guarded until this coming Christmas, when my Uncle André was to be let in on our little romance then coaxed and persuaded into parting one day soon with his *petite femme* or little house-keeper, as he had laughingly named me in the first hour of our meeting so many years ago.

In drowsy content I dreamed and planned our happy future as I lay there and watched the old dog. Stretched out, he puffed and panted, with lolling red tongue, in the unaccustomed heat.

Pricking sharp ears uneasily now and then when the sturdy logs strained and groaned like a ship at sea, in the icy grip of the zero night.

I slept—and woke—who knows many hours later—with a great start and an undefined feeling that in my pleasant dreams I had become conscious of some slight sound other than the usual ones of night.

THE fire's bright blaze had sunk into dully glowing ashes—already there was a touch of chill in the cooling air of the cabin.

With haste I threw fresh wood on the dying fire and glanced up at the clock. Half-past three—another six hours, at least, till dawn.

The Northern lights streamed, colored search lights rippling over the round peephole I melted with my warm breath on the coated window pane. I could see nothing moving outside through the small clear space, nothing but the tiny section of tree and snow ground.

Weird shadows played fitfully across the cabin floor; and in their ghostly dimness crouched the dog, sniffling uneasily at the crack under the door, while low growls like distant thunder rumbled in his hairy throat.

With cocked ears he seemed to hear some sound my duller human sense as yet failed to catch.

"Muskwa, *venez ici*—come here!" I whispered coaxingly.

An apologetic thump of his tail, an angry snarl, were his only answer.

Now what ailed him? He tore at the stout panels of the door in frantic excitement.

Muskwa's hatred for the few breeds and Indians who passed the cabin on their way to the post had always been a trouble. But at this time of year, at such an hour, even an Indian trapper would hardly risk that trail!

Creeping fearfully to the old dog's side I laid a trembling hand upon his bristling fur.

Tiens! Every hair of his neck stood erect in mortal fear—or—anger!

Ah, what was that!

As if from a great distance, a curious wailing cry floated eerily on the still frosty air.

A dull thud—not a knock—but more

(Continued from page 77)
as if some soft body had fallen against the door.

"Qui appelle—who calls? What do you want here?"

My voice trembled as I waited in terrified suspense. Who would be abroad in these dead cold hours before the dawn?

Muskwa's fierce bay shattered the straining silence. And to my intense astonishment, a dog's answering bark came faintly through the night.

Dogs!

A thrill of relief ran through me at the familiar sound. Maybe Uncle had come home!

But no—*c'était impossible!* He would never come in such a fashion!

A dreadful fear brought my heart leaping into my throat!

Uncle André might be hurt, dying perchance, and this might be Dumont come for help!

My blood ran chill with fear. Gladly, oh, how much more gladly, would I have thrown wide the door to any prowling creature of the forest! The fiercest timber wolf held less of menace to my peace of mind than my uncle's hateful partner—Hector Dumont.

As I hesitated, fingering the heavy bar in uncertainty and dread, a feeble cry came muffled and faint, and the dog barked anew in frantic clamor.

"Open—*vite!*" A woman's voice!

I gasped. *Tiens!* A woman—at such an hour and in such a place!

Quieting the dog and forcing him into a corner, I opened the inner door a few cautious inches; admitting nothing but a blinding, whirling blast of frozen air. The outer storm door slammed back flat against the wall in the rising wind.

What was that? I started back in horrified dismay. There, right at my feet, a huddled figure knelt, almost covered by the quickly drifting snow!

Two wretched, cowering huskies, taking flight at the suddenly opened door, stamped in panic, dragging a one-man sleigh behind them into the darkness of the forest.

WITHOUT delay—no time for questions—I stooped. Taking her by the arms, I dragged the stupefied woman into the light and warmth of the cabin.

Speechless in my amazement, I forced the outer clothing—stiff with ice—from the inert, half conscious body; cut frozen moccasins from icy feet; rubbing the congealed blood back into its channels with handfuls of powdery snow.

Wrapped in the warm bear-skin from my bunk, sipping painfully a cup of coffee, the unknown wanderer began soon to regain a semblance of life and warmth.

With her poor lips frost cracked and bleeding, she was a pitiful sight, but I noted with surprise, for all that, how very pretty she must have been—and young. Yes, not so very much older than I was.

Her hair, the shade of the changing maple leaves of fall, lay in a gleaming frame, falling in rich disorder around her pinched and hollow cheeks.

With all the inquisitiveness of youth I burned to question her; to learn at least some little of the mystery that had led her in so strange a fashion to our

door. But I waited vainly. Not one word passed those bleeding lips; her silence remained unbroken!

I helped her to stagger stiffly to a bunk, where in a few moments she sank into the profound sleep of utter weariness.

Tormented by my curiosity, I stood beside her unconscious form. A white woman—and there were so few such here—a mere girl she seemed, alone and unarmed on this wild and solitary trail.

Perhaps a straggler from the vast lumber camp up North. I had, of course, heard rumors and whispered insinuations in the post of such women as were to be found down there. But, what in the name of a thousand names—what had led her wandering feet to this out-of-the-way trapper's cabin on this seldom used trail?

Ah well, I would be answered in the morning! "Of a certainty she *owes* me an explanation," I nodded determinedly.

As the slow minutes passed, the woman grew uneasy, moaning and tossing in her sleep, as one in a weary agony of soul. At length, unable any longer to endure the sight of her increasing distress, I gently shook her thin shoulder.

She awoke on a cry of hideous torment. Lifting a twisted face to mine she grasped my arm in a grip of piteous entreaty. The ashen face glistened with dews of suffering—a hoarse whisper from her cracked lips broke the silence of her stubborn will—

"*Mam'selle*—*Docteur*—hurry—" And she fell back moaning in a fresh spasm of torment.

"DOCTOR!" And where in this far outpost of the North twenty impossible miles from the nearest neighbor—where could I find such a one!

It was almost droll this request—and, distressed though I was, I smiled. Why, even if there *had* been a doctor down in the valley—and indeed there was none!—how by any chance could one have reached him? No dogs, no sleigh, and the snow had fallen heavily in the night!

"*Pardon!* It is quite impossible, Madame!"

I broke the news as gently as I could; here we were quite cut off—oh, for many days perhaps—from any outside help!

"Then may God help us both you and me, *Mam'selle*!"

"But, Madame, your own husband—where is he—your name—" I stammered in confusion.

"Husband?" A sly look sitting ill on her young face. A low laugh of derision.

"*Tous les hommes!* That will suffice—as for my name—*c'est rien*—nothing—and good enough for me, *Mam'selle*."

I stared in blank astonishment. Surely she must be mad—this creature!

"Every man." "Nothing!" I wondered in my innocence if pain had crazed her brain!

"Oh! well, if she did not choose to tell me more—what matter after all! She was in sore distress and in need of help—that alone was my concern!"

"What then is this sickness, Madame? Can I perhaps be of use?" I ventured timidly.

"Comment! I thought you at least had guessed *that!*" in impatient contempt.

(Continued on page 82)

ARE Frenchwomen MORE

ATTRACTIVE THAN



WHAT IS THE TRUTH? Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But . . . Frenchwomen are clever! They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely . . . They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This lavish use of cold cream is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's.

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"C'est un enfant, Mam'selle!" She shrugged her thin shoulders resignedly at my cry of wonder!

"A baby!"

A baby—about to be born in the cabin of Trapper André! A baby and none but me to help!

"God help us both!" I recognized now the awful tragedy underlying her exclamation.

All the years, since I was a little child, had been spent in this little cabin in the forest.

Almost always in the company of men or with silent Indian Jennie. What could I know of woman's bitterest hour of trial and of triumph?

In all my life I had never known the truth—never experienced the sight of the ushering into this world of another human soul! I grew faint in apprehension!

Then—all through that dark and dreadful time—in horrified fascination I stood beside that strange fellow woman and drank to the dregs the humiliating cup of helpless ignorance!

How slowly the leaden-footed hours dragged their weary length towards the promise of the dawn!

AT last! Oh! The prayer of thankful-ness sobbed from my fair stricken soul to heaven as the rising sun struck rosy sparks of light from the frosted window panes.

For—with the breaking day the first querulous wail of the newly born rang through the cabin!

With nervous, unaccustomed hands I followed the mother's directions—washing the tiny doll-like creature—and wrapping it tenderly in my own warm woolen shawl.

But how very blind we are! Oh! if I had only known the pit of humiliation into which those little, helpless hands should drag my soul—would I have kissed their rosy softness as they clung around my own that fatal day!

All day long the sick woman lay in semi-stupor—nothing I could do or say brought any answering gleam of interest into the half shut heavy eyes.

Then also, the peevish infant drove me nearly frantic with its ceaseless crying As the shadows of evening lengthened, her lethargy gave place to a restless striving. Her pale face flushed, her eyes grew brilliant with the light of fever.

"Mush, mush there! Vite, vite!—Oh! cher Dieu! Too late—I will never be in time," she ended in a wail of despair.

In that wandering mind she still traveled the snowy trail.

"How cold it grows!" Her voice sank in a sobbing groan as she lived again that awful mysterious journey through the frozen night.

With dusk the cries grew quiet—at last she turned understanding eyes on my anxious face.

"How did I come here?" She gazed around distractedly—"What is this place?"

Her voice was strangely hard for one so young. A short brooding silence followed my explaining words.

"In death—as in life—I chose always the wrong road!" was her bitter comment as she smiled grimly at her own ironic reflections.

(Continued from page 80)

Then, "Show me the child—there is a child, is there not?"

Silently I laid the wailing bundle beside her.

For a few moments she looked with a peculiar intensity into the tiny puckered face. Then to my confusion and vague resentment, she burst into a horrible cackle of most cynical laughter!

"Peste! What fools we women are!"

The harsh mockery of her bitter voice grated on my troubled ears.

"Bring water—quickly now—" she demanded abruptly—"at least he shall have a name!"

Holding the infant, she dipped her weak fingers into the bowl, making the sign of the cross on the little forehead.

"Jules, in the name of—" She stopped abruptly as if in sudden remembrance.

"No, no!" she whispered shudderingly. "I dare not—it is not fit that I—"

With shaking hand she held the child out to me.

"Say it, you—your lips are pure—your young soul is clean—"

In puzzled wonder I tried to remember the necessary words.

She seemed calmed and satisfied, but the effort had been too much. Seeing her sink back into an easier position I covered both carefully; and thoroughly exhausted by the long weary day of watching, threw myself on Uncle's bunk.

The deep waters of sleep passed in a flood over my tired brain. Only once, toward the dawn, the melancholy howling and quarrelsome yelp of timber wolves far off in the forest—roused me for a second from troubled dreams, but outraged nature took her toll and I slept again.

IT was not until full daylight struggled through the cabin that Muskwa's uneasy whining and fidgeting recalled me to my waking self. Half blind still with sleep I became suddenly aware of a biting, paralyzing cold. My newly awakened body was wrenched with shuddering chills!

With a quick cry of dismay I struggled to my feet. Both outer and inner doors swung wide—snow had drifted in and lay ankle deep across the cabin floor!

In frenzied haste I managed with shaking hands and freezing limbs to thrust the door shut against the icy blast and force the bar back into its wooden sockets.

I stumbled—half crying with cold and terror—to the other bunk.

Empty! Ah! No—not empty—the form of the little one lay there closely wrapped in the warm skins. But alone, and forsaken!

How I railed and raved against the hard and callous heart that could bring itself to commit so cruel and unnatural an act! But, by degrees, a saner view presented itself to my distracted mind. My own heart inclined more to pity for that unfortunate one.

What if her wild delirium had returned while I had so carelessly slept!

Obsessed by that overwhelming desire to reach her unknown goal—what if she, forgetting all else, had wandered out to meet her end in the awful cold of the zero night!

Oh! yes—that must be the true

solution—and *helas!*—she must all too soon have come to the end of her life's dark and sordid journey—her poor troubled soul by now had found God's blessed peace—but—

The infant stirred and woke. Its impatient cries of hunger recalled me to the fact of the problem I had now to face—alone! The small mouth must at least be fed. And how greedily he sucked the milk and water from the tip of a spoon! Of a certainty he was *brave homme*, this little man here!

From the very first he thrived. How he thrived under my proud but inexperienced tending!

Tiens! It makes me now to laugh aloud when I recall the shapeless, mysterious garments I fashioned for that poor little one! But what would you? I knew nothing of his needs—but if you, *Mesdames*, could only have seen the tiny body arrayed in the weird garments I made from my own ignorant notions of his requirements! *La! La!*

True, he cared nothing, being very man, for his fantastic clothing—so long as there was good warm food awaiting his hungry little lips. *Veilà!* His soul was satisfied!

It was longer than I had anticipated—more than two weeks of anxious care-filled days before my straining ears caught the welcome jangle of the sleigh bells—the yapping of the eager home-coming teams.

From far down the aisles of spruce and pine my uncle's cheery voice shouted aloud his greetings to his *petite femme*.

In glad relief I ran out to meet him, flinging myself into his outstretched arms in a passion of excited tears.

"What's this—*parbleu!* What's all this, eh?"

His voice shouted in teasing laughter as he swung me from the ground.

"Tears, *petite?* Comment? Not pleased to see the old man, eh!"

"Send him away," I whispered hysterically and clung the tighter. For Dumont was standing close by, in curious silence.

Uncle carried me indoors—kicking the door shut behind us.

"NOW—what has happened here—*ma Thérèse*—what upsets thee so? And where then is that worthless one?" Glancing around for Jennie.

He listened with many exclamations of astonishment while I told my tale.

Only once did he interrupt with amazed disgust; when I repeated the girl's evasive answers to my eager questioning.

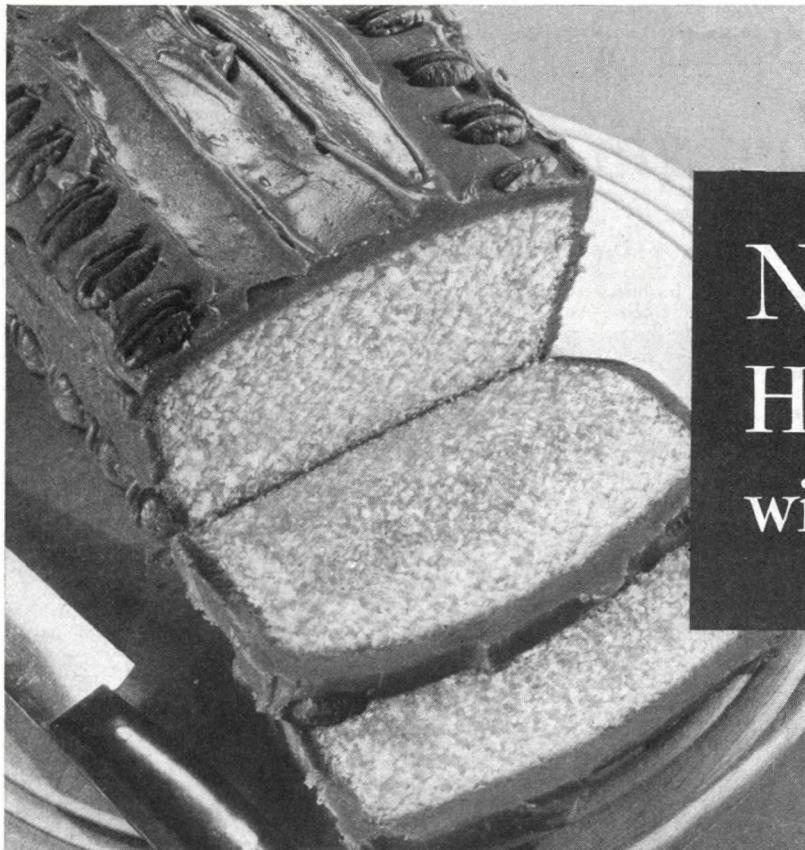
"*Sacré!*" he muttered angrily. "That you should have touched such as *she, ma pauvre innocente!*"

With many exclamations of concern for me in such a dreadful predicament—and sympathy for the blameless little one, he held me close—smoothing my hair with a mother's gentle touch.

"Well, well, little housekeeper, *c'est fini*—that's all over—trouble yourself no more, *cherie.*"

"But, Uncle André, come! I will show you—Stepping to the door, I flung it wide to admit the light of the setting sun. And there stood Hector Dumont!

(Continued on page 84)



Caramel Pecan Loaf Cake—notice the fine, tender texture Royal Baking Powder gives

DO YOU KNOW why cooking experts make such a fuss about "air holes" in cake?

Why they tell you coarse-textured, crumbly cakes are so unsatisfactory?

It's because cakes that have "air holes" dry out quickly—become flat tasting . . . stale . . . a few hours after you take them from the oven.

That's why you'll find nearly all domestic science teachers using Royal Baking Powder. Royal cakes keep fresh, moist and delicious for several days.

For baking powders are not alike. They

differ widely in their action.

Look at the pictures to the right.

See how cheap, ordinary baking powder causes large puffy gas bubbles in your cake batter.

When your cake is done, you find it ridged with "air holes" . . . one for every big bubble in the batter.

But with Royal, it's quite a different story. This fine Cream of Tartar baking powder forms only tiny bubbles in the batter. Rising evenly . . . steadily . . . these small bubbles build up a fine and uniform texture.

Cut your Royal cake. See how velvety smooth

No "AIR HOLES" with Royal

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Tiny, uniform bubbles, in batter made with Royal Baking Powder, give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh and moist for days.

it is! How fluffy . . . light . . . and tender.

And as for flavor! Well, you can certainly taste the difference when you bake your cake with Royal. Even several days later, you find it tender and delicious . . . the fine, even texture has kept in the moisture.

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I knew he must have heard most of our conversation. That explained itself—*mais oui!* But that could not account for that half triumph half frenzied rage—that convulsed his swarthy face into the semblance of a very fiend!—*Urai*, it puzzled me that look!

Lifting the little one, I laid him in Uncle's arms.

With alarmed and clumsy hands he gingerly held the sleeping infant—gazing with astonishment at the tiny hands and feet.

“*Ma foi, quel petit homme!* What a very small man we have here!” he breathed as he cautiously turned it to the light.

“Indeed,” I cried indignantly taking the child from his wondering grasp. “He is not at all then—small—he is a great boy!”

“*Eh, bien!* The family of Trapper André—it increases—*n'est-ce pas?*”

He laughed guardedly for fear of an awakening.

That evening as I gathered an armful of wood in the shed, Dumont entered silently behind me.

The coldness of my greeting aroused him to a fury of resentment.

WITH one swift movement he turned the key in the lock; his back against the door.

And for the first time in my life I found myself altogether alone with the man I had always hated and feared above all else on earth.

With his great frame in front of the door he regarded me with a silent amusement on his sneering lips.

“Open at once! Do you hear?” I stamped in anger.

“Not so fast, not so fast, my pretty one!” He grinned in enjoyment of my fear of him.

“I will call my uncle, you—you—*canaille!*”

“Ah, no! You and Hector have little talk first—*about dat!*” He nodded towards the cabin and leered significantly.

“I have nothing at all to talk to you about—that or anything else!”

“*Non, cherie?*”

“No! Let me go at once or—”

His interruption struck the protest from my indignant lips. Stretching out a hairy hand he lurched towards me. I was trembling from head to foot as he seized my arm in a vise-like grip.

Shaking the fingers of his other hand in my terrified face he spoke—

“Buffalo the ol' man, eh!—*tres bien*—ver' good!” he chuckled in grim delight.

My bewilderment amused him.

“No unnerstand—heh! heh!” he laughed in mockery leaning forward until his hot face almost touched my shrinking flesh.

“So clever little one—fool ol' uncle—but not Hector Dumont, *parbleu!* *Non!*”

Leering with the countenance of a devil, he breathed out the evil of his poisonous mind into my shocked and unbelieving ears.

I shrank back appalled.

“But—*Sacre!*—” His English failed him and he broke into his Canadian patois. “Women are beyond me—beyond all understanding—when you had

(Continued from page 82)
borne the brat—then why not have thrown it there outside?”—he made a gesture of dread significance. “The timber wolf—he would soon—and *none have been the wiser!*”

I cried out in horror, “What! You think—you believe—that!”

The full villainy of the man showed itself then.

“Believe that the child—*Non!*” he shrugged. “But all the same—it suits my plans very well to *pretend belief* *mais'elle!*”

Then he hissed triumphantly, “That accursed Ducros—you think he marry you—*now?*”

So he had guessed my secret! A foul stream of awful curses against my beloved René poured from his foam flecked lips as a cry of rage and terror broke from my tortured soul.

Unheeding my distress he spewed forth the venom of his degraded mind—each vile word searing my guiltless heart with a scorching flame of shame!

“An' then,” he finished gleefully, “I come back and marry you—*chère petite amie!*”

“Never, never! I hate you and detest you—evil, lying beast that you are—I choked with anger—“you—*you—breed!*”

“*Ha!*—you insult Dumont! *Eh, bien. Mam'selle*—we soon see—” He snapped his fingers in triumph in my blanching face. “You an' me we make fine couple—and we keep *our little secret between us, n'est-ce pas, Thérèse?*”

Flinging myself desperately upon him, I struck him full in his sneering red mouth; somehow got open the door and fled to the cabin, his evil laughter followed me—a living menace!

By morning Dumont had disappeared.

“*AWAY* on some business of his own,” shrugged Uncle André. “He left this for you, *cherie!*”

Uncle watched me curiously as I read the ill-written scrawl; he could not himself read.

“Dumont forgot not *ever* the insult You pay with many kisses for that blow!”

“What is that?”

“Oh, it is nothing much, Uncle. It's just a message—”

I faltered in confusion, and tried to hide my agitation over the business of preparing *déjeuner*.

All through that day, my mind struggled through a whirl of tumultuous thought.

What a terrible impasse! How in the world could I disprove that monster's poisonous story?

Ah, that miserable woman! She was gone—vanished into the air! Lost without hope of finding. There was no tongue to give that cunning devil the lie.

The fallen snow would have completely blotted out all traces of her passing. I had indeed no actual proof that she had *ever been!*

Oh, if only Jennie had not left me on that fatal morning!

What could I do? Who would believe my story?

Hélas! The only tongue in all the world that could have cleared my name was dumb. A faithful old dog's! Without a miracle, I could see no ray of hope to

save my stricken soul from disgrace.

Three days later we made our preparations and set off on our winter's trip to Hudson's Post—taking the little one with us.

Poor old Uncle André! He wondered much at his Thérèse's silent lack of interest. But I felt as though I would never have heart to laugh or sing again in this life.

Arrived at the post, the street was crowded with a happy holiday crowd.

Plenty of men but few women—and those mostly Indians or breeds. None who knew me.

Leaving me with the child, tired out and cold, in a room at the one small hotel, Uncle took himself off to talk over with his friends the all important gossip of the “catch.”

Christmas Eve!

Tomorrow morning, after mass, I had planned to meet my René for the first time in three long weary months.

And then—as we had planned to do—Uncle André was to be let into our precious secret; his consent gained to a formal betrothal, French fashion, and a promise of marriage in the spring.

But the dark snow clouds banking up in the west, scurrying across the face of the moon, seemed to be like evil spirits gathering around me with threats of sorrow to come.

THE wailing of the infant in my arms found echo in my uneasy heart.

In the gloom of the coming storm, I listened to the Christmas bells. And when their jangling voices were still at last, I sank into a doze to waken, refreshed, with daylight.

Wrapping the child in a new white shawl, Uncle and I made our way down the snowy street towards the little Mission Chapel.

Curious glances were directed toward us. And to my surprise, all the gay laughter and chatter died away at our approach.

As I passed through the crowd, on our way inside the church, frozen stares, half heard comments, nudges and half stifled giggles from some of the women seemed to fill the air with an intenser chill than winter's cold.

“Shameless!”

“Before our daughters' very eyes she dares to flaunt that child of sin!”

“To bring it to the house of God—*parbleu!* What assurance have we here?”

As I meekly followed my uncle, I could not help but hear many of those cruel taunts. Puzzled resentment filled my heart.

“Child of sin!” Perhaps, but surely that was no fault of *mine!*

Sinking thankfully into a seat down near the door I realized with a dark foreboding that my lover had not been among those at the chapel door!

Taking advantage of a lull in the service, I covertly searched the building with a sore and aching heart—and met the dark eyes of Hector Dumont fixed with a grin of triumph on my anxious face.

A shudder of sudden knowledge shook me to the soul.

This was his vengeance on me! This (Continued on page 86)

"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband

—and why so many women fail"



"Your complexion decides your beauty possibilities", says the celebrated beauty specialist, Desfossé, of Paris. "I have seen the results, only too often, when women have experimented with the wrong soap. Use a soap you are sure of. A soap made of vegetable oils—a soap that CANNOT hurt your skin—Palmolive."

You must keep skin young, lovely, say over 20,000 experts, who advise daily use of Palmolive Soap—the one world-known soap made exclusively of vegetable oils.

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless—that husbands watch our complexions much more than we think. It was my beauty expert who warned me: 'Keep your complexion young—that look of youth is what men seek.'"

* * *

"Don't neglect your complexion. Don't use your face as a testing ground for soaps.

"Let me tell you the cleansing method I consider best. A thorough washing with the rich, deep suds of Palmolive Soap. Then a refreshing rinse with warm water, followed by cold.

"Cream? Yes, if your skin needs it, before applying powder.

"But Palmolive Soap. That's the important thing. I can't tell you the cases I've seen where harsh, strong, irritating soaps have dried once-lovely skin.

"Olive and palm oils are safe. I know of no two cosmetic oils that are better for the skin. Many of my own preparations are made of these same beauty oils. More than 20,000 of my colleagues believe in them. believe in and advise Palmolive Soap. You just try the method I have outlined. Watch the change it makes; the new light of admiration it brings to your husband's eyes."



Retail
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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from page 84)

sudden cold hostility was the black seed of his sowing.

But even that awful thought was buried beneath the depth of that other tragedy. My René had broken his solemn promise—and failed me in my hour of need!

Mass over I stumbled up the stairway to my little room.

"Mam'selle, a letter for you." The voice of the concierge followed me up the hallway.

Ah, a letter! Breathless with relief I hugged the precious thing to my breast as I hurried on.

How could I have doubted my own René?

Trembling with eagerness I tore open the envelope, and the paper fell from nerveless fingers as my stunned senses took in the meaning of the few wavering, cruel words.

THÉRÈSE, FOREVER BELOVED: May you be forgiven for the betrayal of an honest love.

As you are so soon to marry the father of your little one, I wish for you only all the happiness with Hector Dumont that you would have enjoyed as the wife of RENÉ DUCROS

Of a truth, Dumont's vengeance was completed now!

THE roaring of a thousand waters rushed over me and I sank under this most cruel blow from the black hand of that creature against whom my woman's instincts had always warned me since I was a child.

"Petite! Oh, poor child, what is it ails thee then?"

Uncle's voice aroused me from my stupor of despair.

In a haze of apathy I saw him pick the crumpled paper from the floor where I had dropped it when I fell.

A moment, and his quiet face convulsed with sudden rage and horrified amazement.

Dragging me roughly to my feet he shook me fiercely by the shoulders.

"Blind old fool that I was! Bah, trusting imbecile!" His tones were high pitched in awful indignation.

"Thérèse, *regardez moi*—look at me," he thundered. "Is this shame come on my house? Do not dare lie to me, girl!"

"Uncle, oh, dearest Uncle André, it is a lie, an infamous lie—I swear by—"

"Stop, thou—" With one stride he crossed the room.

Tearing the plaster figure from its shrine on the wall, he thrust it into my shaking hands.

"Swear swear now—on the Holy Name if you dare!"

"I dare—I swear by this holy symbol—and by my own dear mother's soul—that I am innocent guiltless of this—this—"

The image fell clattering to the floor and in my uncle's arms I told him all the story of my love and hope of happiness, now lost forever.

"C'est tout—that's enough. I believe thee, my own!"

Then, with an ominous change of tone and a straightening of his bowed shoulders:

"I go now to find Dumont."

But he never found that evil one. Like a true coward, now that his work was done, his foul deed finished, he had gone—and left me to reap the bitter harvest of his vengeful sowing.

We started for home next morning. Oh how good it seemed to see the peaceful little cabin once again!

The old dog, frisking clumsily around, told us his joy in seeing us return so soon. Kneeling beside him in the snow I flung my arms around him, pressing my head against his shaggy mane.

"Oh, dear, dear old friend, if only thou couldst speak for me!"

The months passed and I tried in vain to forget.

The little Jules grew apace and strove to heal, with loving baby hands, the cruel wound in my aching heart.

Spring at length threw her flowery mantle over the awakening world, although here and there in the deeper hollows of the woods, soiled white patches of winter's garment yet remained.

A few more days now and the dogs would be hitched up and on the downward trail again.

I had no heart to fight; though Uncle was angrily insistent that I face our small world and live the lying scandal down. But I was determined I would go to the post no more until, by some miracle, my name was cleared.

Sitting in the warm sun outside the door of the cabin, I listened unheedingly to my uncle's grumbling comments on woman's foolish ways and unexplainable cowardice.

With wandering thoughts very far away, I idly watched old Muskwa's antics in the clearing.

The dog was uneasily nosing around in the soft, slushy ground, on some scent or other. A rabbit it might be—or a she-bear with her tiny cub, for sometimes they grew bold in spring.

"Ah! See! Whatever it was, he had found it now."

LISTLESSLY my eyes followed as he trotted, nose to earth, away under the new green of the spruces.

Turning to go indoors, I was startled by a long-drawn, mournful sound from beyond the sun-splotched clearing.

"Parbleu, what is that?" Uncle looked up inquiringly.

"Muskwa," I pointed, "perhaps a trap—"

At the repetition of the eerie sound Uncle caught up a rifle and strode warily across the clearing, disappearing into the edge of the forest.

But a few minutes, and both man and dog came into sight again—Muskwa trotting excitedly ahead.

But—what of my uncle! Pale and overawed he was; lips twitching in effort to control emotion. What could so have shaken the old hunter's iron nerves?

What, oh, what was that thing, dangling from his gun barrel?

Slowly and heavily—standing before me with downcast eyes—he dropped it at my feet.

The snow-soaked, mangled remnants of a woman's fur-lined parka!

My stunned brain at first refused to grasp the true significance of that pitiful, sodden fragment of fur and cloth. I

just looked—and looked! Then, like a breath from heaven, the truth revealed itself to my puzzled eyes.

Oh, God be thanked! For, in His mercy, He had performed the miracle!

Where the poor wandering feet had strayed—not very far away, alas!—aside from the trail in a deep hollow, still partly filled with melting snow, there huddled the white bones; all that remained of my mysterious visitor of that bitter night!

And, remembering the awful sounds that had disturbed my dreams that dreadful night, I turned shuddering away, and could only hope that a more merciful end had found her before those pitiless gray ones had scented their prey.

It was indeed a silent and subdued crowd that followed Uncle André and myself as we trailed that sad burden behind us into the little burial ground.

Old friends, horrified and remorseful at the injustice they had done me, stammered out words of shame-faced regrets. But there was one face I missed!

And it was only when the simple prayers had been spoken and we turned away to leave her to her final rest that, lifting my tear-filled eyes across that narrow grave, I saw my lover grief-stricken and humiliated—shrink abashed from my accusing gaze! And the sweet savor of triumph turned to dust and ashes in my mouth.

In sorrowing silence I turned toward home, and wondered in my heart what the future would bring for me.

Rounding the last dangerous bend in the trail, we came in sight of the cabin.

But what was this? The little window panes glowed warm with golden lamp light—smoke poured a cheerful stream up into the still air of evening!

"Parbleu! That lying rat, imbecile, if he has but dared!"

Uncle snatched the gun from the bottom of the sledge; his kind old face grim and hard.

But no! It was not Hector Dumont that faced us on the threshold of our home.

DRAWN and haggard, as if from many sleepless nights, my lover stood uncertainly, in an agony of silent entreaty. Head bowed and arms outstretched, in humble, contrite pleading for pity and forgiveness.

"Voilà tout! I silenced his heartbroken stammering against my lips all wet with tears; his dear head close against my wildly beating heart.

Uncle André laughed long and loud, to cover that emotion of which men are so strangely ashamed.

"Truly, thou shalt have a collar of silver—Muskwa *mon virux*," he shouted—"Mafoi, but he has well earned a reward that old one!"

"But for him—" Leaving the thought unspoken I buried my face, to hide a rush of grateful tears, in the rough hair of old Muskwa's shaggy coat.

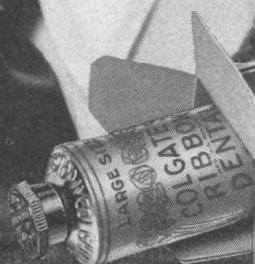
The little André and his small sister Marie, those priceless gifts which have blessed our happy love, are precious ones indeed, but not a whit more treasured are they than their elder brother, Jules, who came so strangely into my life on the wings of the wintry storm so many years ago.

"Heavens! Buddy must have a girl!"

"**N**O—you grown-ups are wrong again. I'm brushin' my teeth 'cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don't think it's keen—just try some yourself. It tastes swell—and I think a feller ought to have a right to do some things the way he *likes* to do 'em. Ma was complainin' the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin' my teeth reg'lar and he told her maybe she hadn't given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate's would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn't go wrong buyin' a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An' . . . I'll tell ya a secret Pa don't know . . . mebbe y' guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin' Colgate's."

* * *

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



25¢

The Secret I Had to Keep from My Children

(Continued from page 44)

Joe was still ignorant of the truth, but we decided we would have to know before I went to the hospital. Molly broke the news to him a couple of days before I left. I never knew just how or what she said, but I knew Joe. She must have put up an awful argument. He went on a three-day drunk. Before he returned, I had entered the hospital.

We girls worked hard there. I hated it, but resolved to make the best of it. There were all sorts of girls, good, bad, and indifferent. Some of them exchanged confidences and bragged of their experiences. It was the second or third time for some of them. Others had pitiful stories of broken faith. Some young, some up in years, but all, like myself, had broken the law of God. I kept to myself and said nothing.

During the waiting period, Molly was trying to persuade Joe to take my baby and raise it as their own. To this end, I had registered in the hospital as Molly Gross. She finally persuaded Joe, much against his will; then only on one condition, that they move to the East, where Joe had long wanted to go, to join Pat and Uncle. I was to be left behind. He wanted no more of me.

MOLLY had always fought this move, because she was raised on Irish Hill and loved the place, but she was obliged to listen to Joe now.

My baby was born, a little red-haired, blue-eyed boy. John Gross, we called him. During the three months I worked and cared for him, I grew to love him dearly. It was hard to think of giving him up, but what had I to offer him?

Molly had made her plans well, and at the appointed time was ready to leave for the East. I met her at the train just as she was ready to board the train. I handed her little John, while Joe glared savagely at me. I knew my baby was safe with Molly no matter how much Joe glared. What I didn't know was how much suffering Molly would have to endure, because of my baby.

I was ready to leave our home town, too. I had decided really to study nursing. Molly had written Ruth, and asked her to locate me in a good hospital for training, in that city. All arrangements had been made, and I was ready to go.

I arrived in Merrill the next day. Ruth met me at the depot. She was glad to see me, and was full of questions. I must tell her about Molly's baby and how did Molly and Joe make up their minds to go east? I answered her questions as best as I could; then I inquired about the hospital I was to enter for training.

Everything was settled and I was to begin my career the following Monday.

I had three days to visit with Ruth and become acquainted with the city. She was very glad to have me with her and took great delight in showing me the Settlement House where she lived.

I entered training with my entire being, resolved to be the best nurse possible—to devote my life to helping others.

Three uneventful months passed by with occasional letters from Molly. Little John was fine. Molly was getting accustomed to being away from Irish Hill, and "it isn't so bad," she wrote in one of her letters.

Then one day a telegram for Miss Shannon. I was sure something had happened to my baby. Quickly I tore it open. It read:

JOE HAS DESERTED ME WITH ALL AVAILABLE CASH STOP BEEN GONE FIVE DAYS STOP WHAT SHALL I DO

I was simply crushed. I had brought this worry, this broken home, to my sister, who had given me everything.

I knew it was because of the baby that Joe had left. I tried to think of a way out. How could I help her? My wages in training were practically nothing. I had only been able to save about one hundred dollars before John was born, and I had very little of that left. But help Molly I must. It was my responsibility. But how?

I showed Ruth the telegram. She was amazed, and couldn't understand how a man could so heartlessly desert his wife and baby. She denounced Joe as a cad. I could add nothing to enlighten her. I felt too miserable and guilty to blame Joe entirely. The situation had been forced upon him, much against his will.

"The only thing to do," said practical Ruth, "is to send her some money to tide her over for awhile, and give Joe a chance to come back."

"Yes," I agreed. "Pat and Uncle will help take care of her, until we find out what to do."

THE weeks went by, and dragged into a couple of months. Still Joe didn't return. We gave up hope now, and began to plan to bring Molly to us. Ruth would have the biggest share of the financial burden until I was through my training. I was sorry about this, but my hands were tied.

Ruth went cheerfully on her way, hunting a small flat and buying a few inexpensive pieces of furniture to add to the few nice things of Molly's that Pat was sending on.

Now that Molly was coming, Ruth was eager for her to arrive. She talked of Molly's baby incessantly.

My heart ached as I realized the real sorrow that would be hers if she knew the truth.

Molly came, and I had my baby in my arms again. He was eight months old now. A lovable darling.

"Oh, Meg, he looks just like you!" cried Ruth. "He has the same red curly hair and blue eyes."

I nearly choked with fright. Had she discovered the truth so soon?

"Yes," Molly calmly said, "he is a Shannon all right."

And so he was. He was a miniature of me. I longed to cry out, "He is mine!"

But what of Molly? She had aged five years in the few months since we had parted. Her face showed lines of

worry; her hair was tinged with gray. She looked weary and dejected. Oh, the grief and sorrow that were in my heart as I kissed my "mother" sister!

Ruth and Molly settled down to their housekeeping. I went to see them on all my free days.

About this time we were to have a new doctor on the hospital staff. We girls were quite excited over it. I did not see him the day he arrived, it being my day off.

The next morning, while in Ward Six, he came in and I almost collapsed. He was the doctor who had attended me at the hospital where my baby was born.

He came forward. Mrs. Dean, the supervisor, was with me.

"Good morning Doctor Earle," she said, "Miss Shannon, this is Doctor Earle." I murmured something I don't know what. He acknowledged the introduction, gazed at me a moment and passed on.

I continued my duties with a heavy heart. Days went by without anything happening. I saw the doctor every day and, as he said nothing, I decided my fears were all in vain. How could he remember me from among that vast number of changing girls? I breathed freely again.

It was my day off again. I was rushing down the hospital steps on my way home to see Molly and the baby. Doctor Earle was leaving the hospital, too. He stepped to my side and spoke.

"Good afternoon, Miss er Shannon, I believe."

From the way he hesitated over my name, I knew he had not forgotten me. I must keep calm and be able to hold my own, I decided.

"Good afternoon, Doctor Earle."

"I have been wanting to talk to you. This seems an opportune time. Will you take a drive and have lunch with me?"

I agreed with a sinking heart. I couldn't go home now. He mustn't see my baby. How could I handle this situation?

We found a little place, and he chose a table by the window, while I tried to be calm and appear at ease.

We chatted pleasantly of the hospital and the work there. He told me of his work at the hospital back home, of the unfortunate girls it sheltered, the refuge it was to them.

I commenced to feel as a mouse must feel when the cat toys with it.

"I am afraid I bore you. This is old stuff to you. You know the inside, perhaps, better than I." He smiled knowingly.

"I don't understand. Just what are you trying to say?"

"Just this, Miss Gross, as you called yourself back in Courtney Hospital. I have not forgotten the pretty, red-haired Irish lass whom I attended when her little boy was born. No, my dear, you are too outstanding a type for one to forget."

I fought back the tears. No use denying anything now. I knew the hospital

(Continued on page 90)



Yes Ma'am!

AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS have it
....that old-time "tang"...

"TAIN'T zackly sharp . . . jes dat ole-time buckwheat 'tang' what can't be beat!" . . .

How well your husband remembers it from his boyhood days! Frosty mornings—the smell of fragrant buckwheats . . . spicy sausages . . . coffee that put everyone wide-awake at the first whiff . . .

Now the whole family can enjoy just such a breakfast, on a few minutes' notice. Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour makes these wonderful old-time buckwheat cakes. There's only one difference—Aunt Jemima Flour is ready-mixed.

No overnight waiting for the batter to rise! Just the simple act of mixing up a cup of milk or water with a cup of ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. It's so simple . . . so easy. And as for flavor . . . these tender golden new-fashioned Aunt Jemimas surpass even the old-fashioned buckwheats of your childhood!

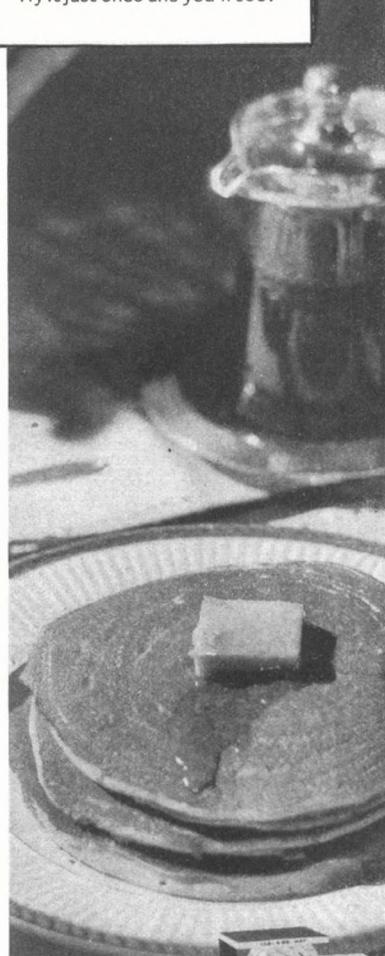
Prepare a delicious breakfast of Aunt Jemima Buckwheats tomorrow. Remember, Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour comes in the yellow package; Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red. The Quaker Oats Company.

● The pick of the crop!

Aunt Jemima Buckwheats are noted for their real, old-fashioned goodness. Old timers will tell you that's because the buckwheat in these pancakes is "the pick of the crop."

We use only the choicest of the harvest, in the famous buckwheat growing sections, for this ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour.

It makes the difference. Try it just once and you'll see!



The new economy breakfast . . . a steaming stack (3) of these marvelous pancakes . . . costs only 1¢! The makings of 30-36 cakes in a package



RADIO! Programs every week day—consult your newspaper.

(Continued from page 88)

records were at his disposal at any time. Desperately I asked him. "What are you going to do? I am trying so hard to live the right kind of a life. Don't spoil it all for me now."

"My dear, I don't intend to do anything if you will be a friend to a lonely fellow. 'Girly, I'm in love with you. I want you."

"Just what do you mean?"

"I mean I want you. I want you to be my playmate. I want you to have— to love and to be my own little girlie."

I had firmly resolved to be good. I wanted to live down the past. But what was the use? I thought, once you have done wrong, you can't go straight again.

"Don't look so devilish blue! I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to make life happier and easier for you. I'm generous, and easy to get on with, if you treat me right. What do you say? Shall I forget that you were once Miss Gross?"

I was too stunned to speak. I couldn't let this man ruin me at the hospital and bring more sorrow to my two sisters. Oh, he mustn't brand my son as nameless! What did it matter what became of me? I couldn't come back. I had tried, only to be pushed back again.

THAT night was the beginning. In the hospital, we continued as before. The staff must never suspect us. Outside, we maintained our little apartment.

So it went. Doctor Earle was good to me. A pleasant companion and the soul of generosity, I could have been happy, if conditions had been different. I was able to do many things for Molly and John which, I always explained to Molly, were presents from one or another of my patients. She, in her innocence, believed all I told her.

Molly and Ruth were plugging along to keep their little household going. My one ray of sunshine out of the dismal affair was that I was able to help them. Nearly a year went by, when a letter came from Joe. He had gone back to the eastern city, looking for Molly. Pal told him where she was, but advised him to write before going to her. He wanted to come home. Molly was beside herself, wondering what to do.

Ruth very decidedly said, "No! Any man who could leave his baby and wife flat, as Joe left you, doesn't deserve to be taken back."

But Molly and I knew the inside of the story. We were afraid to refuse him. In a week, Joe was with us. Not a word of where he had been. He was there—that was all. Always a good worker, he immediately found a job and everything ran more smoothly for the girls.

Several months slipped by before I discovered that Doctor Earle was very much interested in a young girl of a wealthy and prominent family.

It was a shock to me, at first. I had come to consider him as sort of belonging to me. After the first shock was over, I was glad of it. I saw it would be the beginning of the end of our affair. I said nothing to him about what I knew, letting matters drift as they would. I felt he would soon speak to me, in his own way.

He did. He came to me pleasantly and quietly, and told me that he had fallen in love with this young girl. He was sorry for his part in our affair. He begged me to forgive him; to try to go on as I had decided to do before I met him.

We parted with a friendly good-by, fading out of each other's lives for good.

I had been in training two and a half years. Little John was almost three years old; a bright, lovable youngster. Molly and Ruth were crazy about him. Joe was never mean to him, but was indifferent to all the boy's friendly overtures. One couldn't complain of his treatment, but the father love was lacking. I hadn't so much money to spend on him, now that Doctor Earle was gone. I had bought him many things then, and he was well supplied with everything he needed.

In due time I graduated and was ready for my first case. I got that, and others followed. Now I was busy with my work. Time flew by very rapidly.

John was six years old and starting to school, with his red curls brushed neatly back. I was so proud of him.

About this time I met Jim Cobb, a blond German giant, quiet, serious and conservative. He attached himself to me from the first. I liked and respected him. He was a good worker, had saved his money, and was now ready to marry. How a good man like that could choose a woman like me, was beyond me. Of course, he knew nothing of my past life, but it seemed that some inner sense should have warned him.

NOTHING did though, and he anxiously awaited my answer.

I knew not what to do. Had I any right to an honest man's love? I knew I would be a good, true wife; but would he believe it if he knew my past? I asked for time to consider his offer.

I took my problem to Molly. She was very much against my marrying him.

"Meg, you can't marry him—nor any other man. It is impossible to think of it. Marriage is not for you."

So my life was to be dragged out to the end alone! No one must help me hear my loneliness. I must stand alone. Life couldn't be so cruel! It was fair to others, why couldn't it be fair to me?

I pleaded, begged and argued with her, to see my side. I wanted a home, companionship and love, I argued.

"But not at Jim's expense," she said.

She didn't want me to marry Jim without telling him my past; yet she didn't want me to marry him and tell him. So matters stood.

When I saw Jim again, I was still as undecided as ever. He pleaded, and begged me to marry him.

In the end—because I wanted to, I suppose—I listened to him.

I tried to persuade Molly it was for the best. Joe had taken to drinking quite heavily again. I told her if things became too bad, I would be better able to take John and care for him.

We were married without Jim's knowledge of my past life. For eight years I enjoyed peace and happiness. They were the only really happy years of my life. We had a nice little home. When

we had been married a year, a little, blonde baby girl came to help us enjoy it. We loved her dearly, and the whole world looked good to us.

Not so for Molly! Joe had periodic spells of drinking. He was a beast when he was drunk. When sober, he blamed his drinking on me. He claimed I had got the best things out of life while he slaved for my child. He begrimed me my nice home, and that we were able to save, notwithstanding I bought all of little John's clothing, and paid his board.

I had eight years of this peaceful, happy life, when quite suddenly Jim had a severe appendicitis attack. He was rushed to the hospital at night, and the next morning he died; never came out of the anesthetic: not even a conscious moment to say good-by. Thoroughly stunned, I felt I couldn't go on. You feel that way but you must go on. You must play the game called life.

JIM died believing me one of the best women he ever knew. I had kept my secret and had made him happy. I resolved that I would continue to do right and bring our small daughter, Rose Marie, up to be a woman Jim would have been proud of.

Jim had fought in the World War, and had always expressed the wish that he might have a military funeral. I saw that his wish was fulfilled.

Commander Clark, who was in charge of the services, was a stately, dignified man of perhaps fifty years. I thought him the kindest and best man I had ever known.

He proved a tower of strength to me in my hour of need. He arranged all the details and conducted Jim's funeral so nicely that my heart went out to him in gratitude.

After the funeral, he helped me get adjusted to my new mode of living. He advised me concerning my financial affairs. He was like a real father to me, and as such I thought of him.

I had about fifteen thousand dollars, with insurance and our savings. It was necessary for me to resume my profession again, as I had resolved to invest that money for our later years.

As always, Molly came to my assistance and took the responsibility of caring for Rose Marie while I went out nursing.

Surely Molly has her reward in heaven, for I was never able to give it to her here. She gave and gave unto the end.

John was now fourteen years old; in his second year of high school. Oh, we were so proud of him. He planned to be a doctor. I told him I would help him to gain his wish.

I had put my shoulder to the wheel and was working steadily. Between my family and my work, I was very busy.

Commander Clark, or Daddy Clark as we now called him, was a frequent visitor at the house. What few days I had for myself I spent at Molly's, and he always made it a point to see me then.

We chatted over the phone when I was on a case, and I felt he was my one true friend. No one had ever been so kind to me before.

He listened patiently while I told him of Jim and our happy eight years

(Continued on page 92)



Enjoy the flavor famous for 65 years



Rushed to your grocer by swift, "fresh food" delivery

Its flavor is protected by FRESH FOOD delivery system

Coffee delivered like a fresh food because it is a fresh food. It comes to you at the Peak of its Flavor!

YES, coffee is a *fresh food*. Scientists now say that coffee, like cream or butter, is subject to rancidity. And this rancidity develops in days, not months, after roasting.

Chase & Sanborn's comes to you always fresh, at the peak of its flavor—guaranteed against staleness. To insure perfect freshness, this famous coffee is now rushed to your grocer

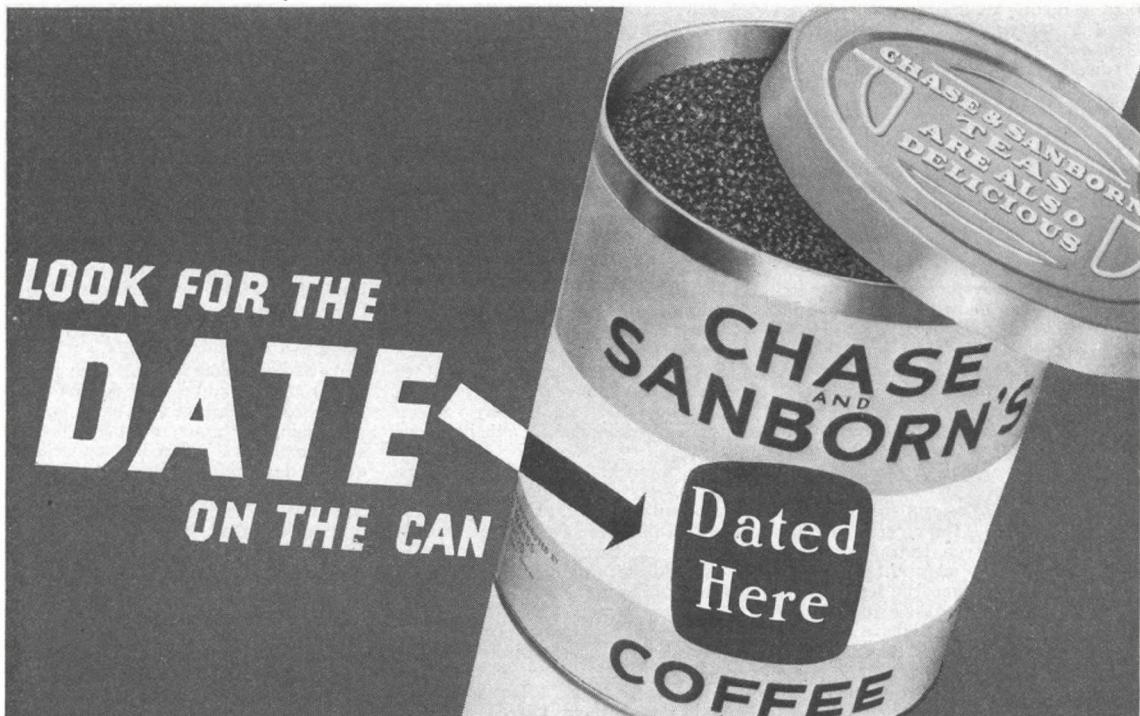
straight from the roasting ovens, by the same nation-wide delivery system which delivers Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily.

Every can is dated with the day it is delivered. You can't buy a can of dated Chase & Sanborn's Coffee which has been on your grocer's shelf more than ten days. The date is your proof of freshness. Here is the

explanation science now offers of the need for this precaution:

In every pound of coffee there is about half a cup of delicate oil, scientists explain. *Fresh*, this oil carries the delicious flavor and aroma you love. *Stale*, it grows rancid—is often the cause of indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness.

For guaranteed freshness, buy Chase & Sanborn's *Dated Coffee* today. Enjoy the precious flavor and aroma famous among coffee lovers for sixty-five years.



TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, EVERY CAN OF CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT
Copyright, 1932 by Standard Brands Inc.

(Continued from page 90)

together. He became a sort of father confessor and one night, when I was especially blue, I told him my life's story, keeping nothing back. He sympathized with me and clasping me tenderly to him, murmured:

"You poor, tortured child, how cruelly you have been treated! I am glad you unburdened your poor heart. Forget it now, and live anew. Life has been hard for you, but we must look for the sun."

He patted me gently, and kissed my forehead as a father would that of his erring daughter. I was very grateful for his words of sympathy.

With the coming of Rose Marie into his home, Joe drank harder than ever. He resented my children in his home, although I paid their way. I'll never forget the night he shocked and frightened us all with a fiercely sarcastic declaration that he had decided to turn his home into an orphan asylum, as he already had a good start.

I felt it was a sorry state of affairs. I was ruining Molly's life more and more. Her home life was one long argument for me and my children. It wasn't the proper atmosphere for the children, but I couldn't find a way out of the difficulty, try as I would.

DURING an extremely ugly, drunken argument, Moily suffered a stroke. Panic-stricken, Joe swore he would never touch another drop of liquor, and he never has, so far as I know.

For three months I nursed Molly back to recovery. Joe was pretty decent during this time. At last, I thought, we would have a happy home, as others did.

But as Molly grew stronger, I sensed that I was not wanted. Rose Marie's childish laughter made Joe nervous. There wasn't a day he didn't declare that if this noise didn't stop, he would have a nervous breakdown. He even began to hint that it had been the cause of Molly's sickness. I knew something had to be done now. Molly's health and spirit were broken; she must be our first care. Ruth and I shed many a tear over the silent, sad, drooping figure of our Molly. Her hair was gray, and her years showed plainly. My heart ached, for was I not responsible for the greater part of it?

Ruth had gone back to the settlement house to live, when Joe was drinking so heavily. We decided it would be better for her to come back to Molly, and I would put Rose Marie in a boarding school, and visit Molly whenever possible.

I told Daddy Clark of our plans.

"My child," he said, "you will be very unhappy under those conditions. You will have very little time to give to either your sister or your child. You owe it to both of them to be with them as much as possible. I have a better plan. Let you and me be married. I'm older than you, I admit, but I love you dearly, and Rose Marie will be as my own. I know your life, and love you none the less for it. Surely you care a little for me, my dear?"

I had never thought of him in the rôle of lover, and it was beyond me to answer at once. I greatly admired this quiet, dignified, well-dressed man. I had given him my full confidence. In spite of my past, he loved me enough to want to marry me. No one else wanted me. I

stood alone, unable even to claim my own. I was truly grateful. He deserved to be made happy if it were in my power to make him so.

Molly's advice couldn't be asked this time. Her home contained her only interest now. John was her greatest satisfaction. It brought tears to my eyes to see them together. He waited on her tenderly, bought her little things out of his spending money, and read to her in the evenings. I thank God to this day that he made the last years of her life happy.

Ruth was against Daddy and me marrying, on the plea that Jim had been dead only a year. I felt bad about this too; but how could it hurt Jim? Surely he would want me to provide a home for our little girl, whether he were dead one year or five!

Despite Ruth's opposition, we were married and settled in a little flat not too far from Molly. I spent part of each day with her, helping her with her work and planning her meals, then went home to take care of my own little flat.

We were quite happy and Daddy was a pleasant companion. True, I had furnished our flat and paid practically all of our expenses the first couple of months. It was nearing the third month of our marriage, and I felt I must speak to him about our expenses.

"Daddy," I approached him, "in just a few days our rent is due, and our everyday expenses are piling up. Will you give me the necessary amount? While we are on the subject, let us discuss my monthly allowance, so I will know how to plan."

HE was a Spanish War veteran, and received a pension. What other means he had, I didn't know. He was always well dressed, and seemed to have everything he needed. I didn't think he was a rich man, but I had thought him able to provide a home for us. Unfortunately, I had been too worried at the time of our marriage to investigate.

To my dismay, I found him financially irresponsible.

"I have fifty dollars a month pension, and twenty-five dollars a month as commander of the post," he pleasantly informed me. "That wouldn't help you much, as I have my personal expenses to take care of out of that."

I gazed at him in alarm.

"Daddy, you must have realized that a family would need more than that to live on. You will have to find a job. You are only fifty years old. Surely you can find some work suitable for a man of your age."

"Meg, my dear, my working days are over. I have enough money coming in to take care of myself. I know you have enough to take care of you and your—shall I say children?"

I was so surprised, so hurt, that I couldn't hold back the tears.

"Don't cry, honey. It is a fair enough arrangement. I pay my way, and you pay yours. Just a modern marriage—if you ask me."

Too hurt to argue, I left the room. Alone in my bedroom, I faced the problem. It wasn't a fair arrangement. I was to pay all of the household expenses

as well as my own personal ones. He could use his money as he desired. I furnished the home, and he lived like a gentleman.

But what could I do? I couldn't let the folks at home know that I had made another mess of things. Molly mustn't have any more worries. I had brought her more than her share now. So I decided to swallow my pride and continue for awhile.

A few days after this conversation, Daddy suggested that we buy a car.

"We really need one, dear."

"Have you money for a car?" I asked him.

"No, but you have!"

"Not for a car! Not one cent of my money goes for a car. We don't have to have one."

"No? Well, I think we will get one," he went on with quiet menace. "I want a car. You want your children to believe you are the good woman you pretend to be, don't you? Well, get me the car, and they can believe you are an angel. Refuse me, and I don't care who knows your story."

WHY, oh, why couldn't I have been stricken dumb before I had confided in this man? How could such a devilish mind dwell behind that noble, dignified looking face, that kind and soothing voice?

Needless to say, I drew the money and we had a car. We took Molly out for a ride nearly every day, and the innocent joy she got out of it more than made up for the money I had spent.

But the car was only the beginning of the things he found so necessary to have. Every week or two, there was something else he must have. I was almost beside myself with worry. My money was fast disappearing. I saw that I would soon have to go to work.

I begged and pleaded with him, but to no avail. He was the perfect husband as long as the money poured forth. He was pleasant and jolly and, to the outsider, we were a happy couple. My two sisters praised our happy home, and rejoiced with me that I was so happily married, never dreaming of the bitterness eating into my very soul.

Daddy was all that a father could be to Rose Marie. She loved him very much. I was the only one who knew the true man. My lips were sealed. I dared not speak.

We had been married a little more than a year when Daddy came down with a severe cold. He insisted on being up and around the house, refusing to believe he was really sick. The cold grew steadily worse, despite all our efforts, until pneumonia set in. In three days he passed away.

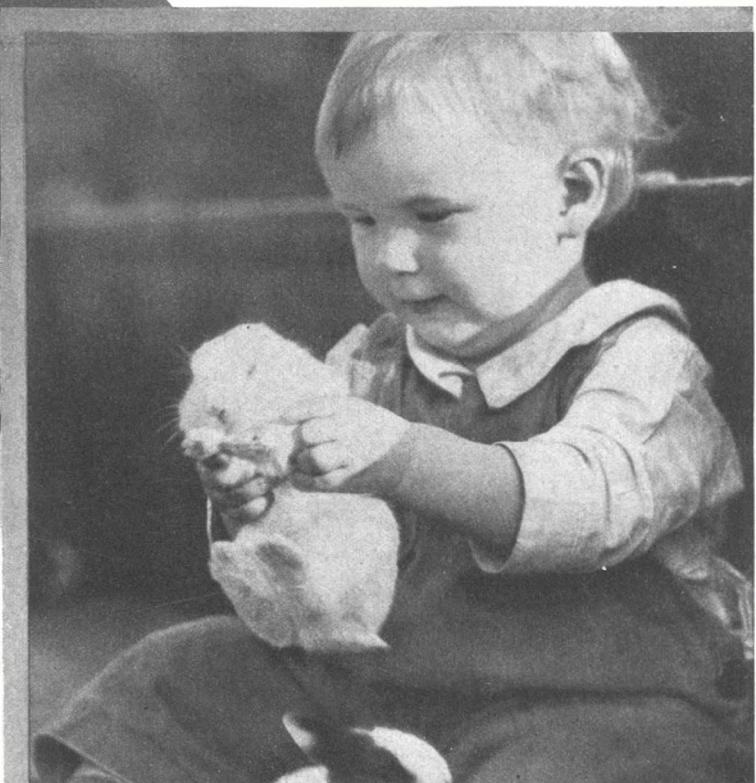
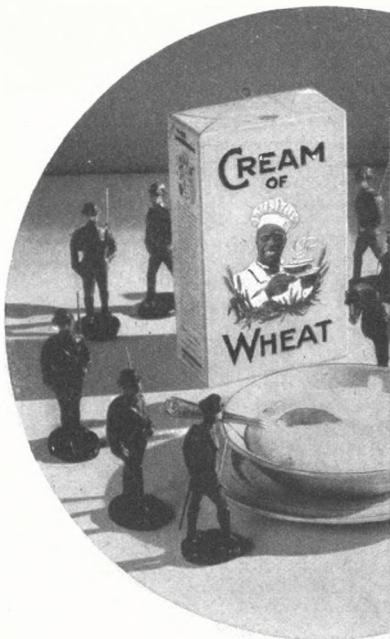
It seemed that, in my life, things always happened suddenly. I was never given time to think and be prepared.

I will not lie and say I was truly sad, neither was I glad, when Daddy died. It was as though a friend had passed away, one that I was used to, therefore one whom I would miss.

Daddy had often spoken of an aunt in a distant state. I knew he had written her once or twice since we were married.

(Continued on page 94)

TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Programs—Angelo Patri over C. B. S. every Thursday and Sunday evening at 8:45 Eastern Time. Jolly Bill and Jane every weekday morning at 7:45 from N. B. C.



The most hazardous period of childhood!

Do this, mothers, to help your child safely through it

THE most hazardous period of childhood—from the age of one to six. Twice as full of dangers, government records show, as the later years!

Guard your children, in every way, during this anxious time. Cream of Wheat will help you see them safely through it. See that they eat it regularly.

For more than thirty-six years child specialists have approved Cream of Wheat. Because it is so rich in energy. Because it is so easy to digest. And because it helps growing children gain as they should.

Cream of Wheat is a *natural* weight builder. It promotes the steady, healthy weight increase that every normal child should show. It helps to curb the nervousness, listlessness that often result from an underweight condition.

Cream of Wheat supplies abundantly

the energy that growing children must have. And it releases this energy more quickly than any other cereal in common use. Simple in form, free from the harsh irritating parts of the grain, a child's delicate digestive tract handles it easily.

Thus Cream of Wheat fortifies your children for the day before them. It guards them against the dangers of underweight. It builds up their resistance. Gives them the energy they need.

Give your children Cream of Wheat regularly. It comes in the hygienic, triple-sealed package that protects its pure quality.

The cost is moderate. Forty generous servings in the box, at little more than half a cent each.

Ask your grocer for Cream of Wheat—today!

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

Free—a book on child feeding

"The Important Business of Feeding Children"—authoritative information on correct diet for children

—a jolly meal-time game

colored posters, gold stars—lots of fun for the children. And it makes them eager to empty their cereal bowls. A wonderful help to mothers!

Mail coupon to Dept. TS-14. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

If Cream of Wheat sample is desired, check here © 1932, The C. of W. Corp.

(Continued from page 92)

I felt it my duty to inform her of his death and hunted among his belongings until I found her address.

She wired back, telling me to hold the body, that she was coming. We were all seated at the table, making a pretense of eating, when she arrived. She was a quiet little person, sweet and gentle, not as old looking as Daddy, himself. I had pictured her as much older.

"Which one of you girls was Albert's wife?" It seemed too strange to hear her call him Albert; he had always been Daddy to all of us.

I stepped forward. "I was his wife."

She clasped both of my hands in hers and looking at me with sorrowful eyes, she said:

"I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news; sorry to bring disgrace to the dead, but right is right. I was Albert Clark's wife."

I shook my hands free, and sank down upon a chair. I felt I would choke. The room spun around and around. Molly's, Ruth's, Joe's and her face were misty faces, that peered at me out of the gloom. Was there no end to the misery that seemed to follow me? I heard her speak.

"It pains me deeply to have to say these things to you. I assure you, until you telegraphed, I had no idea Albert had dared to marry again. We have been separated for over ten years, and I only heard from him occasionally. I never bothered to answer, and I suppose he thought I would never hear of his marriage."

She went on, "I did not come to cause you any trouble. In fact, I came to avoid it. Knowing Albert was a soldier, I felt sure you would apply for a widow's pension, and knew the Government would inform you that he was married and had a wife living. No one need ever know the true state of affairs outside of your own family. I will continue being the aunt you thought me until after the funeral. Then I will go back home and, unless you want to, you will never hear from me again."

I thanked her for her consideration and we two played our parts at the funeral for the benefit of the world.

My thoughts were very bitter as I gazed at his dead face. So calm and peaceful looking, as though never a wrong could be have done. I thought of the past year of mockery that we had lived; of the money he had forced out of me; of the insults I had taken. I had given everything I possessed and, in return, he brought disgrace to me.

Slowly I began to compare myself to him. I had always taken from Molly and had given her the same return. Was I being paid back in my own coin? My thoughts whirled around like a merry-go-round, condemning first myself, then him. Was this really Meg, the old Meg of Irish Hill, who sat here impersonating the dead man's wife, listening to the last words of praise for the dead and hearing herself proclaimed "the young and faithful wife of the dear departed?" Oh, how much suffering can a human being endure? My life had been a crazy nightmare, and I was sick and weary of it.

Mrs. Clark stayed with me the night of the funeral. We were a queer pair.

She, the middle-aged, gentle wife; I, the younger, bitter, wronged woman.

She told of her life with Albert Clark; of his greed for money but not willing to work for it; how he ran away with a woman with more money than she could give him. Women had supported him all his life, and I was only one of many.

In the morning she left, with many a comforting word and much good advice.

Just one month after Albert Clark's death, Molly had a second stroke and died.

Joe became as one demented. He accused me of being the cause of her sudden death.

"You and your carryings on are what put her where she is today!" he cried. "You shortened her life by causing her all this worry."

No use going into the details of the angry words we hurled at each other. It is enough to say I am ashamed of my part in the argument.

I stood beside my son, at her coffin, and begged her forgiveness. I prayed to God to reward her for her life of sacrifice for me. There are no words to convey the anguish and misery I suffered; no one to whom I could unburden the guilt that was burning in my heart.

AS John left her grave, he threw his arms around my neck, crying:

"Oh, Aunt Meg, she was the best mother in the world! No one can ever take her place with me. How I wish she could have lived!" He wept inconsolably.

But still the game of life must go on. How should we pick up the threads again? John was sixteen years old now. Now, if ever, he needed some one to guide him. What would Joe do about him?

Joe had been a good husband to Molly ever since her first stroke, when he had given up drinking. He had been more of a pal to John too. But with Molly gone, I did not know what to expect.

We went back to Molly's home, which had always been home to us girls. Pat was there from the East. I hardly knew him. He seemed like a stranger.

He admired John and Rose Marie. He commented on the fact that John looked more like me than my daughter did. It was quite true.

Pat left in a few days, and we continued to live in Molly's home, not knowing what else to do, or how to approach Joe on the subject. I kept the house and cooked the meals while Joe and Ruth went to their daily work.

Joe was very quiet and depressed, hardly speaking to any of us, reading his evening paper and slipping quietly off to bed when he finished.

Several weeks passed by, and we were all becoming more or less nervous.

Joe settled it. He couldn't stand to live there any longer, he wanted to get away. He spoke to me about it.

"I'm through, I can't stay here any longer. Her face is before me all the time. I want to go away, any place, anywhere, but I must go. You and I haven't always been friends, but at that, I've done something for you. I've given you my boy a name. You can do what you want about it. Let him keep it, or give him your own. Tell him if you care to, or any one who asks about me. The

furniture and fixings are yours and Ruth's. I may never come back."

He left that night, without a further good by to any one. I lay awake all night, trying to figure out what I should tell Ruth and John. How could I explain to John that the man he called father had walked out of his life, without even saying good-by? How explain it to Ruth?

SHOULD I now disclose my secret that I had fought all my life to keep? Was there any other way?

I could picture John's horror of me, when he heard that I was his mother. He was such a clean-cut youngster. He had such pure, loving memories of the woman who had mothered him. Should I shatter all that? I couldn't do it!

Perhaps I was a coward, fearing to expose myself and face the consequences. Joe cared not what I said about him, so I took the easiest way out and put the blame on Joe. I realize, now, that I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Joe. He shielded me, no matter how unwillingly, from the folly of my own actions.

Of course, John was deeply hurt when he realized his father had left him. I smoothed it over to him as best as I could. I told him Joe was nerve-wrecked and completely worn out, after Molly's death. He felt he had to go away for awhile, and didn't feel equal to saying farewell to any one just then.

He took it bravely, but I knew how he was smothering his hurt, crowding it down, trying to choke it out. He had a wound that would require time to heal. Oh, how I longed to take the hurt away! But anything I could tell him would only hurt him more.

Ruth, I knew, had to know the truth. She had to know that John was my son, and not Joe's; that Joe was free to go and leave John, if he wished.

I looked into Ruth's honest eyes. Oh, how I wished I didn't have to hurt her! Why couldn't I have been like her? Was I to blame for all that had happened?

"Ruth," I began and almost choked over my words, "I have something to tell you that I have kept hidden from you all these years. Oh, it is going to hurt you!" And I stumbled on, telling her all about John's father and of John's birth, and of how Molly had come to my aid, and raised him as her own.

"I ruined her home, spoiled her life. I drove Joe to drink and made a beast out of him. I wrecked my own life. But please, Ruth, don't let me ruin John's and Rose Marie's lives. Help me to save them."

Shocked and ashamed as Ruth was, she still found pity in her heart for me.

"Yes, Meg, I will help you. They shall be my children too. Between us, we will see that they grow up to be the finest boy and girl possible."

We two sisters have carried on. John is a fine young man, studying hard and earnestly to be a doctor. Rose Marie is in her first year of high school.

John has given up hope of ever hearing from his father. He thinks perhaps he's dead. We hope time will ease the hurt.

I live for my son and daughter, even though I can never claim my son for my own. In my heart I proclaim him, "My son, my own son."



Two reasons for decay Three rules for fighting it

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet... interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate, acids manufactured by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—see suggestions—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called *film*. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims the sparkling brilliance of your teeth.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network.

FILM is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. Film must be removed for safety—twice every day.

A new cleansing material

Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is **SAFE**—safe, because it's soft, twice as soft as polishing material in common use.

Because of its great safety it is urged for cleansing baby teeth and for polishing delicate enamel. Pepsodent marks the pinnacle of achievement in the making of modern toothpaste. Rely on it.

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year; children every 3 months; and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.



USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Too Good for Her

(Continued from page 21)

small bucket, I took them safely to our fish pond, and they made a huge success of our efforts. Gypsy planted ferns around the edge of it; and all that summer the fish flirted their graceful tails in lazy satisfaction.

My new playmate suited me to a T; she never quarreled with me nor outraged my feelings by wanting her own way. She just adjusted herself to my games and my moods and, no matter what we did, she was ready with a little finishing touch that delighted me. I made the acquaintance of Gypsy's mother and liked her, in my small-boy fashion, for the cookies she served with chocolate at the end of a long afternoon of intense play. She was frowsily pretty and insipidly sweet, and I wondered what was the matter with her. Later, at school, I was told "what ailed her"; and a little farther along in the grades, I received an explanation with full details.

FOLKS in those days, did not tell their children anything of an intimate nature, they were great believers in "innocence"; so we got all our knowledge from our mates at school.

And right here I want to make a statement that I hope every parent who reads this will take to heart. Any child who receives his information about intimate matters in a lewd and obscene manner will always retain that point of view; nothing can sponge his mind clear and clean again.

My mates made me understand that Gypsy Banfeild's mother was a prostitute, and what it meant—she was the town's evil woman.

Although I had not yet arrived at this sophistication that fall, when Gypsy started to school, still I pretended not to know her. I acted toward her just as the other children did. She came in lonely and forlorn, and remained that way; her big brown eyes wistfully watching the other children's comradeship.

The teacher caused quite a little diversion, when taking our names for enrollment, when she stopped with poised pencil to remonstrate with Gypsy about her name, "Oh, surely your name isn't that! It must be just a nickname." But when the wee girl painfully embarrassed denied knowledge of any other, the teacher frowned and said, "Well, I shall just call you Jane."

The child was slow to learn to answer to the new name, and it always caused a ripple of amusement when she had to be reproved for not answering to it.

I can see her yet, sitting alone on the long bench, the other girls crowded together to keep from sitting next to her; her brown hair sticking together in wisps from neglect; her rose-petal skin clean only in spots; her abnormally bright eyes taking up most of her face, and making the mouth look so tiny, with its snow-white teeth and crimson lips, that it had a strangely wilted look, like a rose that has lain too long in the sun. The name Jane was a misfit somehow.

We enjoyed our feeling of superiority over Gypsy Banfeild; and, by the way, that was our most pleasurable emotion,

only equaled by our feeling of satisfaction when we had excited admiring envy in the breast of some one less fortunate than ourselves.

It did not lessen the feeling of superiority, only made it bitter, when it dawned on us that Gypsy was smart. She assumed the head of the class, and goodness knows she was shown no partiality by the teacher, who missed no chance to bewilder the child, and made her the constant victim of close grading.

Let me say another word about the age in which I grew up, even at the risk of having some one say, "He is trying to make a scapegoat of his training." We were a church-going generation, but we failed, as a majority, to grasp and practice the principles of Christianity. I think about as much as most of us got from religion was a sort of "Churchanity," as I heard a great preacher say once.

I still went to see Gypsy on Saturday, when I could manage; and during the summer vacations we were often together. I wasn't by nature very straightforward, and it added to my pleasure in the girl's society that I had to sneak off to play with her, and it added to my self-esteem that I was never caught. I guess it was because the place was so isolated and we kept to the back of the lot where the brook ran and the shrubbery was so thick that it formed a perfect screen from folks passing in the road. Mrs. Banfeild took great pains with me, too, and always served lunch some time during the placid hours that we spent so intensively. The nicest ones were the ones she let us cook over a camp fire down under the great oak that stood in a curve of the brook. At these times, I impersonated the hero of the "Leather Stocking Tales," and Gypsy was one of his Indian companions.

I ENJOYED these play days most of any in my childhood. The lonely little girl never questioned my domination in anything, as some of my other companions did, but gayly helped me play my own games in my own way, supplementing my efforts adroitly.

We made a play house under the huge oak, and over the rude frame I put up, Gypsy planted morning glories and clematis, so the walls and roof were green and flower decked.

Here I used to read to her by the hour, those tales of adventure that thrill the boyish breast and, later, my own contribution to literature. I did my writing at home, after my father had sent me to bed, but I established a study down there, with a table, taken from the meager Banfeild kitchen furniture, for a desk. Here I would pompously seat myself and add a few more lines to my dog-eared tablet, while Gypsy sat in admiring silence, or sewed on a doll's dress. Then I would read the whole to her. The intense interest it received urged me to quite dramatic heights.

As the years rolled on, there was a change in the girl. I used to find her busy at various things, raking and burning refuse in the yard, grubbing and transplanting the natural vines and

shrubs of the woods. The old place assumed a beauty that was wonderful, considering what she had to work with. I assisted in this by direct labor, and contributions from our yard and those of the neighbors, too.

I nearly demolished mother's climbing rose vine, getting a slip for Gypsy. But the family dog had to take the blame; he was kept tied up for weeks.

The roses eventually hid the old walls of the house, the decaying logs furnishing an ideal anchorage for the tendrils of the vines, and the house had the appearance of peeping out from its burden of bloom.

Gypsy pulled the pickets from the back fence and mended the front and side portions of the yard fence, then whitewashed the same, also the well curb; the sagging porch was pried up, and an extra rock held it in place.

It was during this time that my father built the town mansion and hired a landscape gardener from a distant city to lay out the grounds.

Mother felt that this stamped us as true aristocracy, and I remember I put on some airs on account of it.

GYPSY took such great interest in this phase of our new home that I stole the plan from the secretary drawer, and was busy down in our own shady bower, covered with morning glories and clematis, explaining to Gypsy just how our grounds would look when the trees and shrubs were all in place and thriving, the afternoon that mother's club met and she wished to show them the same plans. Well, they were back in the secretary drawer the next day.

Gypsy had copied the name and address from the paper before I replaced it, and sent for a sort of correspondence course on landscape gardening (such studies were just making their appearance).

I used to help her with the exercises. These consisted of pictures of different style houses and grounds, and the student was to supply the shrubs, flower-beds and tree groupings. Later, some paints and brushes were sent with the studies.

They were meant for a much better educated person than the girl who bent her curly mop eagerly above them. But I think she got a good bit out of the course, for the Banfeild place became a "show place" when summer threw her gracious and charitable mantle over it.

But the change in the place was as nothing to the change that took place in the girl; she read all the magazines and books she could lay her hands on. Somehow she learned to sew; somewhere she learned to shampoo her mop of curly hair till it glinted in the sunshine with a sheen and a trace of red. Her throat was like thick velvet—ivory colored—and her eyes were of that brown seen only in a pansy's petal; the red in her cheeks was an extract from her beloved roses. Everybody talked about how "pretty the Banfeild girl was getting," and acted as if it were a disgrace.

Fortune still favored me, and I still
(Continued on page 98)



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

Does your face, too, tell of
Domestic Cares?

TRY THESE NEW HINDS BEAUTY AIDS

Because days crowded with household cares so often leave signs of tiredness and neglect, Hinds decided to do for faces what they've always done for hands . . . make them smooth as velvet, lovely and youthful. Try this simple, amazingly inexpensive treatment:

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM "This cool, fragrant cream liquefies 2 in 7 times faster than ordinary creams, floating out dirt without stretching pores. 40c and 65c a jar.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER "This stimulating new cleanser dissolves pore residue, so pores shrink back to normal size. 65c a bottle.

HINDS TEXTURE CREAM "A *greaseless* softening cream to make the skin satin-smooth. 40c a jar.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-24, Bloomfield, N. J.



(Turn to page 101)

A BADGE OF MARRIAGE?

Her poor bewildered husband simply can't understand the change that has come over Helen since her marriage last June.

She used to love to go to parties and to give them. But now she never wants to go anywhere and she hates to have people come into their home.

When old friends drop in unexpectedly she is so queer and so self-conscious. It was actually embarrassing the other night when Tom brought Ted Graham home for dinner without warning. And after he had gone there was another of those awful weepy scenes.

The real trouble with Helen of course is a bad case of Domestic Hands.

Unaccustomed to housework before her marriage, she simply has not learned that it is easily possible to have lovely, soft white hands and still get along without a maid.

A Soothing Pure-as-Milk Lotion that Keeps Hands Young

You can easily avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands and the inferiority complex that goes with them. All you need do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Within a few days' time even hands pitifully roughened by neglect grow softer, whiter and more attractive.

Don't Take Chances with Questionable Lotions

The delightful caressing texture of Hinds comes from the mildest and finest skin-softening emollients—a special secret of its half-century tested formula. Avoid imitations, many of which simulate Hinds cream-like texture by the addition of gumminy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Don't take chances. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Get Hinds from your druggist today. We'll gladly send a generous sample, free, if you will write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-24, Bloomfield, N. J.

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H I N D S
honey and almond
C R E A M

(Continued from page 96)

traveled my well-worn trail, all unsuspected. Life has lost most of its flavor, but the hours spent under the great oak has not grown stale to my memory. In them was the rare and precious quality of true companionship that, in a long life filled with human contacts, I have only met with once or twice.

Gypsy enlarged her scope of labor that summer by electing herself janitor of the church. Getting the church swept and dusted, and the fires built in winter time, was rather a hit-and-miss affair. Slowly it dawned on the committee having this in charge that the church was always in apple-pie order, no matter how dilatory they had been. This constituted a nine days' wonder till some one discovered that the Banfeild girl had taken it upon herself. My mother sent Gypsy several checks to pay for her work, but as these were never cashed, mother ceased to send them.

In my eighteenth year I took a trip with my father to Cuba. We were gone about two months. I found the long trip by rail and steamer full of new thrills and experiences.

I WAS going to college in the fall, and I felt I was quite the traveled man of the world when I returned to dazzle my mates for a few weeks before starting for the famous institute where I was to continue my education. As there were only two or three families in town who could afford college for their children, I was feted and petted, and life was a mad whirl. I had been home a week before I found a chance to slip away to the Banfeild place.

Tennis had just lately taken the town by storm, and I wore my tennis suit and carried my racket that afternoon, swaggering a little as I imagined the impression I would make on my old playmate. So, thinking of myself, as usual, I was unprepared for the impression that Gypsy made on me.

I saw her coming a long way down the fern-bordered path. She was like a flame in the woods. I hurried faster, and a strange thrill stung me; for the beauty approaching me was, in grace and grooming, like the pampered girls whose society I had so enjoyed on board the steamer, or had watched switching their draperies along the streets of great cities. Gypsy Banfeild was, by long odds, the prettiest girl I had seen in all my travels. And to find her here on the long familiar path proved to be an awakening shock to me.

I wonder now what material Gypsy had made her dress of, then I only saw the effect which she had put into it. It was thin and fluttered as she walked. With a great bunch of geraniums at her belt and a gorgeous bloom in her hair, she seemed too beautiful to be real, there in the old wood where stately trees laid jungle-like shadows on emerald green ferns.

After my first gasp of astonishment had passed, I assumed my best "man-of-the-world" attitude and took her smooth hands in mine, to look smilingly down on her. But this pose lasted only for a minute. For suddenly I flung my arms around her, and the scent of the blossoms and youth and health mingled together in my first embrace.

Gypsy pushed me away, laughing and blushing, and told me that she had a lunch ready for me in the arbor under the oak. I needed to be recalled again and again in my narrative that afternoon; for strange thoughts were confusing my tongue. But Gypsy was eager to hear and kept reminding me, "An' then what happened, Bruce?"

Time just telescoped into itself that afternoon, and I was amazed to find, the first time I glanced at my watch, that I was late for the match.

Gypsy went with me to the limits of her mother's wood lot, and there I threw my arms around the girl they had ached all afternoon for her—and I whispered, so the bees and butterflies and chirping birds could not hear, "I'll be back this evening after the match. Wait for me!"

DOOR GYPSY! When had she ever done anything in all her starved, little life but wait for me?

And now follows a sordid tale—with out the glamour of good intentions; without a struggle to be won. Gypsy Banfeild had always played my games my way. She continued in the rôle.

And I was gayly glad that she was so beautiful and so pliant. Almost I loved her; but I guess there was not room enough in my heart for both myself and her. So when the time came for me to start for college, any regret I felt was for myself.

I was delighted with my school and its activities; I poured like a strong tide through my new channels and the months tripped over each other's heels, till the Christmas holidays were upon us.

I went home to spend mine, and was received with all that delight that parents seem always to have on tap for us. I was the center of attraction for my old schoolmates, with my college mannerisms, songs and stories that were just—"Oh, you know! Nothing wrong, really."

I was all eagerness to see Gypsy again. But I had been home nearly a week, and still had not been able to speak away.

I came in rather late from a skating party one afternoon, and dropped down on the old couch in the library to rest, for I wanted to be peppy for the dance that was still to come that night. I was comfortably watching the twilight settle in the corners of the room, when mother and a group of her intimate friends drifted past the library door.

I heard mother speak a name that brought me up standing. And tiptoeing to the door, I stood listening, not ten feet from the ladies.

"Yes, I saw the girl Thanksgiving week at the grocery, and I was sure then. There is absolutely no doubt now. But what can one expect of the daughter of such a mother?"

"I had hoped that one generation would see us through with it. But I guess the old place will be a pest hole for another generation, and if the baby is a girl, I guess it will keep up indefinitely."

There was a queer catch at my heart, and then a wave of fear and repugnance swept over me. I lay back on the old couch, and thought and thought.

At last I decided that all I'd have to do was to keep still—I couldn't imagine

Gypsy's ever giving me any trouble.

Inside of an hour and a half, I had decided that no doubt there had been others. But my pleasure in the dance was gone. All that evening I lived again, another season in another place. At times the sweetness of those last weeks before I went away from school nearly overpowered me.

But my self-love vanquished my conscience in no time at all, and I went gayly on my way. No tea or dance failed to receive my acceptance.

I had firmly decided to go back with out seeing Gypsy. But whether it was curiosity, or the longing to bathe my soul again in the steady faith in Gypsy's eyes that impelled me, I don't know. At any rate, the last night but one, I could not stand it any longer. So I took my gun, and asking mother if she would not appreciate a rabbit for supper, started on the old familiar path.

The grasses and ferns were frost covered, thin ice broke under my feet with a musical tinkle. I loitered along the path, and it was after dusk when I came to the house, naked in its winter bareness. It was according to my mood that I approached the house on tiptoe, and gazed through the windows.

MRS. BANFEILD was busy preparing supper and, although I looked into both living rooms, Gypsy was not there. I lingered, and wondered where she could be. Suddenly I remembered that it was Wednesday night, and she might be at the church.

No doubt I would find the girl at her janitor work. So I slunk away and turned my face toward the dark bulk farther down the lane.

As I drew nearer I could see a thin banner of smoke flying from the chimney, and I knew I was on the right trail. Nearer yet I could hear the soulful tones of the organ—the wheezy old organ that could grow so tender and appealing under Gypsy's fingers.

Playing by ear was much looked down upon in those days, as the two maiden ladies who taught music in our town always said that they hated to give lessons to pupils who played by ear; so I put no value on the notes I heard, so soft and clear and rounded, like a perfect pearl on the jeweler's velvet of the accompanying chords.

Still, it was so beautiful that I hesitated to break in upon it. I stood and listened with the chill wind blowing my expensive overcoat around my legs, and drew my head down inside its fur collar, turtle fashion. I went around to the side of the building, and watched the girl's back as she sat at the organ.

When she had finished playing, she went and knelt before the altar, and I realized with a sense of shame that I was about to be a witness to her petitions. But I was not one to have his curiosity put aside by a nice sense of delicacy, so I listened with all my ears, even if my cheeks did burn.

For a while her voice was a vague murmur, but it increased in volume with her earnestness.

"Dear Lord, make him a boy. For it's easier to be a boy than a girl." And (Continued on page 100)

19 Joyce Compton



20 Jean Harlow



21 Frances Dade



22 Noel Francis



Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

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

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

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

bloom skins the most zealous *regular* care.

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

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

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

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢



26 Laura La Plante



27 Barbara Bedford



28 Lois Wilson



29 Anita Stewart

(Continued from page 98)

please, please stand by him, Lord, for you will be his only friend! Make up to him with some wonderful talent for the disadvantages he must meet, and the obstacles he must overcome. Let him have some great talent that will make up to him for the way his parents have treated him. Oh, Lord, lift him out of the dirt to something high."

The earnest entreaty went on and on. Years have drifted over my head, but the fervor and intensity of that prayer are with me yet. Memory has not dimmed nor blurred it, as it has many other things, and it has furnished hours and hours for thought and speculation and wonder, if the power and unselfishness of it did not explain after events.

The firelight flickered through the cracks and draughts of the old stove and kept little points of light chasing over the little figure kneeling before the altar.

Have you ever been so interested that all consciousness of self left you—that you forgot you existed? Well, it was with a real shock that I came to myself.

The girl finished her prayer and rose to her feet, shut the draughts of the old stove and, throwing her coat around her cape fashion, was leaving the building.

ONCE again I felt the strength of the wind and the blue-black of the early evening and I shivered with presentiment of sorrow to come. I followed the wall of the house and hid behind the vine-covered latticework at the side of the porch, and waited for the passing of the girl. I don't know whether I intended to speak to her or not, but when she passed I drew back in awed abasement. I stood so close that I could see her face clearly, even in the dusk, through the bare vines twined on the lattice work, and she might have seen me, if I had not stood so still. But her mind was turned inward; her eyes were bright with elation and her cheeks were flushed with it.

I drew back and my great moment passed me by. Oh, how many of us forego our great moments for lack of enough knowledge to know them, and enough strength to grasp them! Well, at any rate, she had no need of any of my half formed ideas that night. This is my last memory of Gypsy Banfeild.

I did not again seek her out. When college closed next spring and I had returned to the town that seemed so small and commonplace since my sojourn in a large city, one of the first items of news served me was that my old playmate had died when her baby was born. Dead and buried three weeks! And in the old house under the roses and clematis, a little, new heart was beating its way toward hard and bitter tribulations.

Strange to say, my grief was profound; I pleaded illness to gain solitude in which to nurse my sorrow.

It passed in time and I have enjoyed many gay times and many pleasurable ones. But life lost its meaning then, and has never regained it.

Life lost its meaning! A simple phrase, but oh, how I wish I could express the soul weariness and bafflement that lies behind it. Life that once was bright with gay omens pointing toward a definite goal, now presents an intricate pattern stamped with a defective die,

with my path running aimlessly from one obstruction to another.

It was late in the summer, just before I returned to college, that I went one evening to visit Gypsy's grave.

The old family doctor had told me where they had laid her, and stated that it was her last request.

"It was in her play house, under an old oak, that she wanted us to 'pitch her little green tent.' She said table stood where we were to dig her grave, and I saw to it that her wish was carried out. What a wonderful girl she would have been—under sunnier skies!"

So I knew only too well where to look. Sure enough, as the good old doctor had said, they had laid Gypsy where I had so often sat and read to her, or had written in pompous egotism my own wonder tales.

At her request they had laid Gypsy at my feet; and standing there in the green twilight of the spot, I saw and understood her last wordless message to me—a message of adoration!

I put my head down on the old table and cried till it seemed I would go into spasms; cried till all my strength was gone. Then, weak and miserable, I idly opened the drawer in the old table.

There was a lot of her work there, all neatly completed, sketches of different styles of houses and grounds laid out, the shrubs painted in colors and named below. Sandwiched in among them were some of my wild tales signed with weird names. I took these papers with me when I left. I shall keep them always. I sat late into the dusk and before I turned my back forever on the spot, I took some white paint found in the drawer, and added to the board that did duty for a headstone. It already held her name and the date of her birth and death, and I printed beneath, "Who has gone in search of beauty."

ALL afternoon I had heard, at intervals the thin wail of a baby and the brook murmured about me, and the leaves whispered against me. The place reproached me bitterly.

After this incident, I tried desperately to put the past behind me, and it seemed that I was to succeed and get off easily. But Fate lay in wait for me behind the years.

I finished college and took up work in father's bank. I married well. One of the other two rich families in our town supplied me with a wife.

Florence is a good girl, and faithful. We have three children, all girls; the little, nameless waif down at the Banfeild place is and always will be—my only son!

David, his mother had called him. I can't begin to tell how I felt toward that child. He began coming into town when very small, dragging a little wagon in which he hauled groceries. From the moment I first saw him approaching down the street, my entire attention was absorbed by him, although I always tried to appear not to notice him. But I saw every rag covering the well-built, sturdy little frame and every scratch on his chubby cheeks. David had fallen heir to all of Gypsy Banfeild's beauty. I don't think he was ever in need of food

or clothing, if Mrs. Banfeild had seen fit to bestir herself, but she was shiftless and she grew more so with the years.

He was shyly independent. One hot afternoon I came upon him trudging through the dust, his small face streaked with sweat, and I stopped and asked him to ride, for I was eager to become better acquainted with him, but he refused bashfully. Returning later in the evening, I was surprised to find him still on the road. I had forgotten how slow the human foot is compared to an auto's wheels.

He was reported to be very bright. How well I knew he would be! I often saw him at school entertainments, and the slights he received began to register on my sensibility like the flick of a whip on a raw nerve. I marveled at the stoicism with which he took the slights. He had learned by long experience to accept them as his portion.

The winter he was eight years old was the winter the schoolhouse burned. The foundation of the chimney settled. The resulting crack set fire to the second, third and fourth floors about the same time the high wind that always seems to be present at all fires, decided Fate against saving the building. The teachers coolly marched their charges from the building, and held a roll call in the yard. By this time the fire department and nearly all the town was on the grounds watching with that avid interest that we can never keep from feeling, no matter what the damage, when a fire is in progress.

SUDDENLY we were joined by the wife of one of our influential citizens. She drove into the grounds among us with her brakes shrieking and, frantic with terror, notified the teacher of the primary grade that her daughter Doris had not arrived home. Doris being the frail daughter for whom the doctor had ordered a short school day.

The frightened teacher pleaded with the mother to believe her when she claimed that she had dismissed the child at half-past one, just as usual; the testimony of the child's classmates bore out the teacher's claim and we tried to convince the frantic mother that her child was safe; that she had loitered on the road home to play. But while we argued violently with the now wild woman, and dragged her back from the doorways of the nearly demolished building, we were astonished to see the figure of a boy carrying a little girl come pushing forward through the smoke pouring out of the basement door. Just as he came out into the open, he stumbled. Firemen rushed forward in oilskins to drag them from the blistering heat. The girl was Doris, and the boy—my own small, nameless son. David was badly burned and scorched, and the old family doctor who had seen him into the world proudly took him in charge and carried him first to his own home for treatment, and then back to his gran'mother.

David told us he had noticed that Doris had been in the habit of going down into the basement because the furnace man was a colored man of whom she was very fond. Her parents always

(Continued on page 102)

A STORY WIVES CAN UNDERSTAND

HE caught just a glimpse of them through the French doors as they swung by to the slow rhythm of the dance, Paul and the slim young widow who was visiting the Ralstons.

She hadn't kept count—that is, not consciously, but at the same time she realized with an uncomfortable little feeling that this was actually the third time Paul had danced with that woman during the evening.

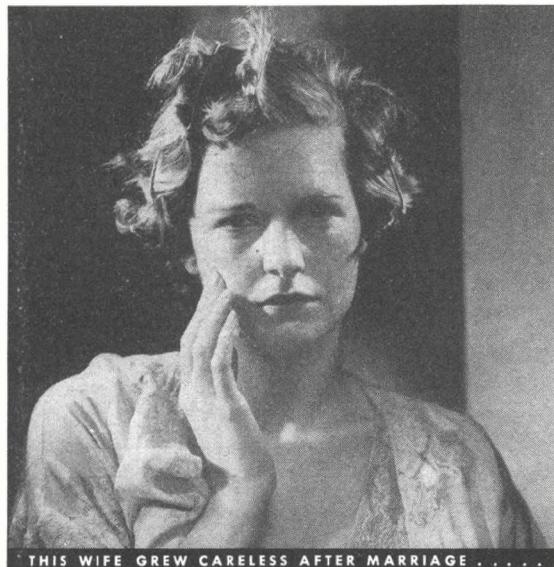
With a half-hearted laugh she tried to throw off the absurd suspicion. Her Paul a Romeo? What nonsense! But that night, long after Paul was asleep she lay awake, wondering. Could there be, ever "another woman"?

A Safe Rule to Follow

More than one wife has lost to the "Other Woman" simply because she grew careless after marriage.

Remember, the "Other Woman" is always sure of herself. She never permits her quarry to see her at a disadvantage.

The complexion must of course be cared for and the use of a good softening cream is a nightly necessity. But how unnecessary now to let one's husband see one, even in the soft light of the boudoir with a sticky, greasy face.



THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE

At Last a Marvelous New Greaseless Night Cream

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream*, a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of wonderful assistance in preventing dry-

Hinds Preparations For Cleansing and Toning

(SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM: Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER: A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly—refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the Texture Cream. Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

ness and in keeping the skin well conditioned.

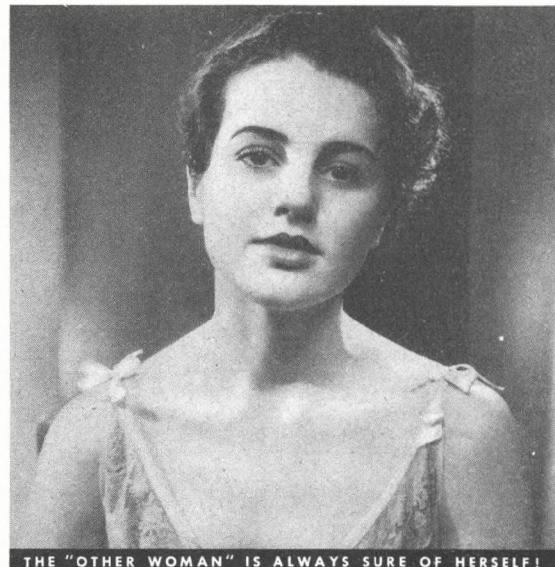
When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of Hinds Texture Cream, only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream. It is sold by all drug and department stores.

Special Introductory Offer

To acquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following generous introductory offer. Just send 10c (stamps or coin) and we will forward to you by return mail a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-12, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. This offer not good in Canada, expires July 1st, U. S. A.



THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

HINDS Greaseless TEXTURE CREAM

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employed him to cut their lawns (he had given her many a ride in wheelbarrow loads of new mown grass) and he would take her home, as there were no other children to go home with her at the hour she was dismissed. David had found Doris lying on some gunny sacks, waiting for the furnace man, and enjoying a nap.

The town went mad about him; the papers were full of the incident. One of the big dailies sent a crack reporter to write up the rescue as a Sunday feature. The town called in relays to offer sympathy and money; also to offer help in the nursing of the little hero. But David met these advances as he had the slights—stoically; refusing the money and help.

He nearly shamed us all to death when he replied to the question a reporter asked, why he had risked his life for the girl. "Sometimes she stops and talks to me."

The sneer the big reporter gave us seared into our memories forever; and he played up the reply by writing stuff that didn't go so well, but we felt that we deserved it.

I don't know to what friendliness this incident might have led us, but for the boy's attitude. He drew back from proffered kindness as from a blow, and we found that even the lowly have pride.

As he advanced into the higher grades, he took all prizes and honors with a clean sweep. His natural ability and unflagging work, unbroken by play hours or playmates, made him the sad victor at every turn.

I can see his solemn little face, as he would come up for a prize or an honor to be bestowed upon him, unsmiling, ungrateful.

When he finished high school, he was the class valedictorian. I looked forward to his address for weeks with a secret and avid interest. I visited the city and bought him a complete outfit, in the best taste I was capable of exercising, and sent it to him without a name enclosed. But he gave it to the washerwoman's son, while he wore the cheap suit the old doctor helped him to; not so nice maybe, but proffered by a friend. The nice distinction of this rebuke stung me for a long time.

He was great that night; his theme was deep and well developed and suddenly, as I listened, I felt the old urge to put pen to paper. In his smooth, flowing sentences I saw a talent that I knew I was responsible for, as well as all his misfortunes. And, again, my soul was a turmoil of emotions.

That night I took my old manuscripts from their hiding place and scanned them for signs of genius.

I had long been familiar with the best in literature, and I felt that my judgment could be trusted when it found more than a trace of talent in the wild imagineries of that boy of long ago. A sentence of description, vivid as a streak of lightning; a lilting phrase; a character that stood out in cameo-like distinctness. Sighing, I laid the ghosts of my stilled talent in their secret drawer, and I sat long into the night staring into space.

Just after this my attention was taken up by the trouble that was brewing in my own home; my pampered children

began to run wild. They had inherited my own slyness and disregard for authority.

Only parents can realize what parents suffer with bad children. Edwina disgraced us and we had little to cover it with, but we did the best we could. Virginia will always be sly; she married well and kept her husband in hot water till he divorced her. She receives alimony enough to live abroad, so we see her only at long intervals but we note each time that she has grown further away from our ideal of what a good woman should be. We say nothing to her. She would only laugh!

The youngest is bent on a career and freedom. She has not only had her way all her life, but has ruled her parents as well!

And I came at last to know that the only pride of parenthood I could ever

Banfeild's address. As he stepped away, I appraised him, as bankers form the habit of doing.

He was thin, nervous, alert; I tried to fit him into the salesman class, but failed. Shortly afterward, a hard-driven little car swung up to the curb and once again I was asked for David Banfeild's whereabouts. The driver scarcely thanked me as he drove away. Half an hour later, two men in a sporty model drew up and asked the same question.

To say that my curiosity was aroused would put it very mildly and when at last the first young man returned and asked for the best eating place in town, I put on my hat and offered to guide him. I bought his meal and, over it, asked a point-blank question. What did he want with our young townsman?

He had come, he said, to interview David Banfeild, on the subject of his latest success.

What! Didn't I know he was an author? He had just been awarded a great prize, and was the author of a number of books—two of them best sellers.

He named them. I forgot to breathe in my surprise; the books had been read at the literary society and the club had frequently fallen into an informal discussion of them.

As for the one awarded the great prize, I had read only the pre-reviews.

My mind went back to the evenings I had seen him bending over his account books. The reporter was still talking. Of course, Mr. Banfeild had used an assumed name; still one would suppose that his home town was in on the secret. I asked him of how much money the prize consisted, and had my breath fairly taken away. I thought of all my wonder about David's bank account. It was the sale of his books that had boosted that!

There is little left to tell. David soon found the confines of town too small, and in the outside world, the plaudits he received wiped away. I hoped—the memory of our slights and snubs. The town had been eager to forget, and to lionize him, but no one got any encouragement in that direction. And now the thunder of his triumphs comes back to disturb us; for the town can not preen itself on its only celebrity, for its conscience stings too much.

Two or three years after this, the little girl Doris, whom he had rescued as a child from the burning schoolhouse, was left an orphan and David returned and married her—their little kid friendship having ripened into love.

I am getting up in years; my nestlings are all scattered; my wife is still busy pretending we are the elect of the town because of the thousands of dollars tucked away in my name.

Often I rest at my desk and gaze into vacancy. No doubt the clerks think that I am planning how to make more money; but usually I'm wondering—just wondering—if I could have bathed my soul all these years in the faith that shone from Gypsy Banfeild's eyes, if life might not have held more than one kind of success for me. So, you see, my life is ending on the same note on which it began: just—myself.

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 it 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.

Despite these safeguards, there are some people bold enough deliberately to copy stories from other publications, and submit them as their own.

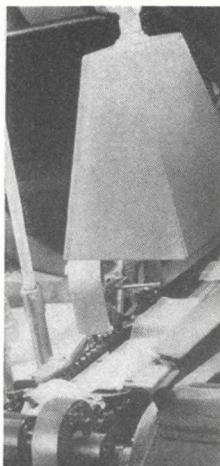
Those who have been or shall be guilty of such practice will be prosecuted to the hilt. Any co-operation from our readers is invited.

The publishers of TRUE STORY Magazine will not permit you to be cheated.

feel would be in my son—my unacknowledged son. A deep and secret pride

David had now a small but growing business, selling farm implements. He seemed to prosper amazingly, for he did his banking with me. I used to marvel at his accumulations, for his business seemed out of proportion to them. I always made it a point to pass his tiny office on my road home, and I would see him at his desk. Sometimes, coming home from the club, he would still be bending over his desk, but I never had an inkling of the real work he was doing till about eight years afterward.

It was a pleasant day in spring. I was idling at the bank door, and thinking it would be a dull day at the bank, for the farmers were busy putting in their crops, and the ladies would be kept at home with housecleaning and gardening. A stranger just off the train from the East, stopped and asked me for David



Fluffy rolls of snow-white Kotex filter...you see row on row of them when your eye travels down this room in the sunlit Kotex factory.

In the Kotex factory, Kotex is cut, folded, packed by machine. Under a giant spotlight, 152 eyes inspect its immaculate progress.

Where safety is vital to health, in the great hospitals of America, twenty-four million Kotex pads were dispensed last year.

so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on
the purity of genuine KOTEX

BY ITS very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

For beyond freedom from embarrassment, beyond women's mere emancipation for all activities at all times, there must be a serene assurance that one's protection is safe.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex, *nothing* must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish a misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness

is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable. No hovering question mark . . . *Where was it made? Under what conditions?* . . . to mar one's confidence. The familiar name of Kotex is women's shield against the mysterious, the nameless, the unknown. They trust it as they would dream of trusting nothing else. Kotex is doubly valuable to women because they can give

it, as they do, that priceless, comforting confidence. Who would risk a substitute? Make sure, when you buy it wrapped, that you get genuine Kotex. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores, also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Never pay
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KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS



The Woman Who Refused to Love

(Continued from page 37)

Roberta had her dates, and was very much at home. I got a real kick out of having her around, she was so sprightly and full of droll wit. One never knew what she would do or say next, and that made her particularly pleasing. I always knew what Laura had on her mind—and she *thought* she had me properly labeled, too.

Our "paying guest" showed me a darned sight more attention than Jeanne ever did, and I liked it. Oh, my, yes, how I did eat it up! It made me feel like thirty, instead of forty-five, and she was so sincere about it that I often forgot that I was paying her to do it. I perked up considerably, like a wilted old plant just giving up the ghost, and revived by a painful of cold water.

One night Laura went out to one of her numerous committee meetings. Roberta was dated for something outside. I lost myself in a book, and was startled when a hand came between me and the page. I looked up quickly into Roberta's laughing face.

"Oh, hello!" she said, mischievously. "I broke my date because I knew I'd have a much better time here with you. Shall we play backgammon, double canfield—or what?"

SHE looked prettier than usual in a soft green dress. I'd never noticed how round and white her neck was, and her dimples and the dancing light in her eyes were fascinating. I was flattered that she would break a date with a young fellow to stay at home with me—until I remembered that "board and keep" proposition. Even then, this act was farretched.

"Don't feel that you must sacrifice your pleasures to play the game for me," I remonstrated.

She laughed. "Don't worry. I'm not sacrificing anything. Bill is not nearly so interesting as you. And you're left alone so much, poor dear! It really is a shame."

It's a wonder I didn't break out into tears of self-pity! I aged immediately to fifty-five, at least. "So you are charitably cheering the derelict!"

"Don't kid yourself!" she retorted. "I wouldn't be so noble if I didn't want to be. It might advance your cause if Mrs. Winston should come in and find you—well, not exactly neglected, or bored. Promise you won't look bored?" She tilted her head to one side, like a saucy bird, and I joined in her laugh.

Laura did look surprised, I saw with satisfaction, when she found us talking and making merry. Roberta explained glibly that Bill had to break the date. "So we consoled each other."

Women surely are masters of the art of lying with a poker face.

"That is pleasant," Laura said. "Henry used to be expert at cards." I tried to detect even a faint trace of irony or jealousy in her tone, but she seemed indifferent and it made me mad. Why are wives so confoundedly sure of their husbands? I fairly itched to be able to put a frightened look into her eyes.

"I never can defeat him at any game.

He is the cleverest person," Roberta said ruefully. "I'm living in hopes of winning in *something*, some day."

"I heard a story today that interested me," I said abruptly. Roberta laid down her cards and fixed her gaze on me, as if her whole life depended on hearing that story. Laura rearranged a vase of yellow roses, and hummed a tune under her breath.

"A married man ran away with a pretty divorcee. He was desperate because he wasn't appreciated at home. His wife took him for granted; he was just a meal ticket to her, a machine, a convenience. The divorcee, you see, was wise enough to feed his vanity—and his love. Sordid, but pathetic, too, in a way."

"I'm surprised that such a story should interest you," my wife said dryly.

Roberta said quickly, "I've heard of cases like that, and my sympathies are always with the man."

Laura spilled some water on the table and wiped it up before she replied, with unusual heat, "I don't agree with you. Usually such an act is merely an excuse for suppressed desire. The man argues himself into feeling abused and neglected, in order to bolster his courage to do something despicable."

Her cheeks were pink, and the line of her usually tranquil mouth was hard. "Goody, goody!" I thought rebelliously. "Such conduct is so far removed from you and Mr. Winston," Roberta murmured and rose. "Good-night."

At the landing she turned and smiled at me. I waved to her. "She's such a sweet child," I said, "and yet she is mature for her years. She surely has an understanding heart."

"Do you think so?" Laura said, and lingered to straighten magazines, and pillows on the couch. I played a final game of solitaire, and fairly jumped when my wife said, from the doorway, "Good-night, Henry." Henry! It was like having a stranger speak familiarly to me.

"JUST a minute, Laura," I said, on the spur of the moment. "I've been thinking. You've spent eighteen years in service, looking after me and Jeanne, with only brief vacations. You are entitled to a real rest, full of interest and pleasures. I wish you'd take a trip to Europe. You've always wanted to go. Stay three months—even six—if you like."

She stood there, tall, fair, regal, and her eyes were full of surprised intentness as she gazed at me. Her brown hair was turning slightly gray; there were faint wrinkles at her quiet-lipped mouth, and the corners of her clear gray eyes. About her was an arrested look, a breathlessness, as she asked, "And what would you do?"

"Oh, I'd get along. A man can always find something to amuse him—new interests—" I opened a book.

She did not reply for so long I glanced up. She was looking fixedly at me, a little frown between her brows, a brooding in her eyes. "I'm—rather surprised," she said. "It's thoughtful of you, and generous. I'll think it over. No hurry

is there, about the decision?" she asked. I hesitated. "Not specially."

Very slowly she went up the broad staircase. Usually she moved with brisk decision. She did not look back.

I stayed in the library until almost twelve. Then I went to bed.

I wakened from a deep sleep with a start. You know, the creepy feeling that some one is in the room. My eyes popped open. Moonlight was streaming across the bed; there was an elusive fragrance in the room that drowned my tobacco smoke.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw the shadowy figure of a woman. For a moment I thought it was Laura; that she was frightened or ill. Then I realized that it wasn't she, and snapped up in bed like a jack-in-the-box.

Roberta stood there with arms extended. A kimono covered her nightgown, and her curly black hair hung loose. My feet made instant connection with the floor, and I took her by the arm.

"What is it?" I said quickly. "Has something happened?"

She gave a great start and jerked away from me; then she stiffened, and choked back a gurgle of alarm. "Why—I—I must have been walking in my sleep," she said blankly.

THE possibilities of scandal loomed before me like a headlight. Laura's room and mine were connected by a bath. We kept our doors shut. Suppose my wife should wake, and find Roberta in my room? She was a sensible woman, and had never displayed any jealousy (not so flattering to me, maybe!) but I felt that the sleep-walking explanation would be hard to swallow.

"Well, your subconscious mind chose a dangerous direction," I said hastily, *sotto voce*, and turned her toward the door. She didn't seem in much of a hurry to get out, and it made my hair rise. Sweat popped out on me. I began to suspect that somnambulistic alibi, myself.

Roberta laughed softly. "It might not be a bad idea if Mrs. Winston did find me in here—"

"Girl, are you crazy?" I exploded. "You aren't very careful of your reputation. I'm a man, even if I am a husband and a father. And I don't want a divorce—I'm after a reconciliation. If this is your notion of diplomacy—"

I heard Laura's voice in inquiry, her steps across the bathroom floor, and nearly had a fit.

"Get out of here!" I hissed, shoved Roberta across the room, opened the door, and thrust her outside as if she had been a log of wood.

I leaped into the bed just as my wife opened the door. "Henry, are you sick? Did you call me? I thought I heard voices," she said anxiously and snapped on the light.

There I sat, bolt upright, in my striped pajamas, short of breath, maybe red-faced, feeling as guilty as heck. Her eyes looked at me solicitously as I faltered something about getting up for a drink,

(Continued on page 106)

"Romance would be more enduring"

IF A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE WERE
PART OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

"Several years ago, I was matron-of-honor at a fashionable Parisian wedding.

"The bride was an exquisite wisp of a girl with skin like alabaster . . . and eyes that danced with the sheer joy of living.

"It hardly seemed possible that a serious care could ever bother her pretty head.

"Yet, three years later, she came to me for medical advice. A drooping and haggard shadow of her bridal self. A victim of ills all too common with our modern women.

"But it wasn't these ills that had wrought the havoc. They were trivial enough. Those deep lines of premature age had been etched by worry . . . worry born of her physical irregularities . . . worry that periodically swelled into panic as she pictured herself facing a crisis which her frail health could not withstand.

"Few women realize that 'FEAR' is a toxic which often upsets the entire system. Yet many of the causes of needless anxiety may be prevented by proper and sensible marriage hygiene.

"If a doctor's advice had been part of that marriage ceremony . . . youth and romance would not have flown so soon.

"But in choosing a method for feminine antisepsis, it is well to use care. It is not wise to accept unprofessional counsel. Some personal antiseptics have very little germicidal value . . . others are too strong and drastic to be safe. Indeed, even many seemingly mild solutions are very irritating to viral membrane.

"In my own eleven years of medical practice, I have always advocated 'Lysol' disinfectant. 'Lysol' is safe. Just as it is the choice of obstetricians for the delicate services of childbirth . . . so it has the approval of gynecologists the world over, as the most reliable disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Used in the dilution recommended, it is not only pene-



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Madame Docteur Cécile Pau, distinguished French Gynecologist; head of the Clinic Faculté de Paris at the Hospital St. Antoine, Paris, France.

trating and thorough in germ-destroying efficiency, but it is healing and soothing to the most sensitive tissue.

"The use of "Lysol" would be a pleasant ritual with every married woman . . . if she but realized how much it can contribute to her mental serenity . . . as well as to her feminine health and daintiness."

(Signed)
Dr. CECILE PAU

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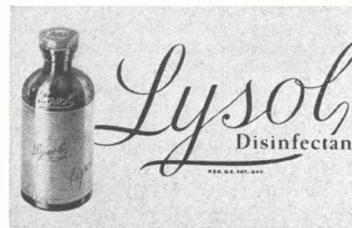
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(Continued from page 104)

and stubbing my toe and swearing. That excuse sounded gossamer-thin to me, and evidently it did to her, for over her face crept a queer expression.

She sniffed daintily and I was panicky, remembering that fragrance I'd noticed; the elusive perfume that Roberta used. I nearly fell out of bed as Laura suddenly stiffened like a pointer, and I followed the direction of her gaze. I was horrified to see an inch or so of pink swan's-down, or whatever it is you call the fluffy stuff that had edged Roberta's negligee.

I saw instantly what had happened. In my haste to get her out, I had closed the door upon her robe, and this telltale evidence was the result. For a moment Laura stood there as if petrified, then stooped and picked it up. She didn't say a word, just stood there holding that tiny piece of daintiness between her finger and thumb. Her face was pallid, and the sick look in her eyes made me cry, or curse. To make matters worse, I couldn't think of a thing to say.

She turned stiffly toward her room. "Sorry," she mumbled, went out and shut the door. Sorry—for what? I sat hugging my knees, like a fool, not knowing what to do next. I wanted to wring Roberta's pretty neck, darn her! Now she had put me in the middle of a bad fix. Laura was awake—and how! But what that waking might do to my peace of mind was quite another question.

I FELT like going in and confessing the whole hoax, my previous unhappiness and my present distress, but, somehow, Roberta's last move prevented that. It certainly cast reflections upon me!

I rolled and tumbled, fussed and fumed, and finally reached the conclusion that Roberta was too dangerous to have around. No telling what she'd do next, in her zeal. But was it zeal? What the devil had made her come into my room? I'd be as comfortable now, as if a lighted bomb were sputtering under my chair.

I determined to tell her to fade out of my home as soon as she could, without beating a hasty retreat, which would be too suspicious. Better the old indifference on Laura's part, than a disgraceful break—with me the innocent, stupid victim of a well-meaning but foolish girl's idea of melodrama.

Sleep wouldn't come. As I lay there, thinking a thousand things, I heard a rush of bare feet, a soft pounding on my door, and Roberta's voice calling in a frightened whisper: "Mr. Winston—I hear something downstairs—oh, come!" The door opened and she stood there, clinging to the knob, cowering, half in and half out—the living, breathing picture of alarm. But I was skeptical.

I bounded out of bed and grabbed my bathrobe. Was this another trick? Quickly I strode to Laura's room, tapped, and opened the door. She was standing by the window like a tall white ghost. "Roberta says she heard something downstairs," I said. "She's terrified. Will you stay with her while I investigate?"

She came instantly. "But, Henry, it might be dangerous. Hadn't you better call the police?"

"I'm going down," I said. Laura

followed me closely. Roberta grabbed at my arm with a whimper of fear, but Laura spoke to her soothingly and put an arm about the girl's shoulders. Magnanimous, I call it, in the face of that incriminating bit of fluff!

They followed me down the stairs, close at my heels, as I switched on the lights and went through every room. There wasn't the slightest trace of a burglar. Dark suspicion loomed in my mind—doubt of Roberta. I didn't believe she had heard a thing. What ailed the crazy girl?

In my irritation I turned abruptly, and knocked a vase from a table. It rang on the floor like a pistol shot. Roberta screamed, and crumpled up in a faint. "Bring her upstairs!" Laura directed practically, and ran up ahead of me.

I picked Roberta up. How light she was—like a child—and soft and round and sweet! Maybe she really had heard something! I was sorry I'd accused her, in my mind. She was an appealing person. I sensed banked fires, depths of emotions strongly reined in, a promise that would be royally fulfilled to the right man.

It struck me that it would be rather wonderful to be the right man—and then I shied away from the thought as if it were a red-hot iron. My gosh, what had I let myself in for when I made a bargain with this girl? She might be an innocent angel, but—well, but—

Half-way up to the landing—Laura was already past the curve, out of sight—Roberta stirred in my arms. Her lids lifted; dark eyes looked at me—I don't know how—there isn't a word that expresses it—but my blood began to pound in the most absurd and disturbing way. Her arm crept about my neck, soft, round, compelling—lips as ripe and full as a rose.

OH, what's the use? I found my lips pressing hers in a kiss that was electric. I wanted to pitch that witch-girl down the stairs—the scheming little devil—and I wanted to crush her to me and kiss the breath out of her. If that isn't a damnable state of affairs for a man who is trying to regain his wife's love, I don't know what is.

I hesitated briefly, while those luminous eyes held mine—and then I sped up those last few steps on high, and dumped that girl into bed as if she had been a live coal. And I didn't tarry.

"Nothing I can do, I suppose," I said definitely, and stalked out of there like a boor. I shut myself in my room in disgust—with myself, most of all.

It's rather a shock for a man to find out that he's not so high and mighty, after all. I left the house next morning before anybody was down to breakfast; and I dreaded going home that night. I needn't have. Laura met me, cool and perfectly groomed, as always, but there was a difference. Or maybe it was my guilty conscience, and I imagined that.

But she hovered near while I took off my overcoat—something she hadn't bothered to do for about eighteen years—and delicately handed me the information that Roberta wasn't with us any more.

"It seems that she found a place nearer her work," she explained. "Being the

last day of the month, she moved right out. She said to tell you good-by for her, and to thank you for all your kindness."

I didn't stop to analyze the sudden pull at my heart. "Rather sudden," I grunted. "She must have found us—dull."

"I hardly think that was it." Laura said enigmatically, with a peculiar smile. I wondered if she had suggested other quarters for Roberta, or if she had gone of her own accord, fleeing from—what? I remembered that ecstatic kiss, and the hot blood flooded my face, and burned deeper when I caught Laura's intent gaze fixed upon me.

We had an exceptional supper, all the things I liked, and afterward, when I picked up my paper, as usual, Laura sat looking at the fire. It was strange for her hands to be idle. I shot an uneasy glance at her—and of course I would say the wrong thing!

"Well, are you going to travel?"

A shadow crossed her face; she seemed to flinch, and her usually controlled fingers started weaving. She said slowly, "Henry, I almost believe you want to get rid of me!"

I stuttered an instant denial that sounded like admission. "Why—the very idea—of course not—merely thinking of your pleasure."

HER smile was one of those Mona Lisa affairs that a man can't even begin to read. "I've been doing some thinking, too, Henry, and I've decided. I'll go, on one condition."

"What's that? That I'll shut myself up in a monastery?" I asked with a flippancy I didn't feel.

A tinge of color surged into her cheeks. "What a—strange thing for you to say! No, on condition that you go with me."

I swung about to stare at her. Doubtless my mouth made me look like a bad case of adenoids, and my eyes bulged. It was the shock of my life.

"You've been working as hard as I have, all these years. You've been faithful to your trust. You need amusement and recreation, also—"

"But I'd be in the way. You don't need me," I protested.

"Oh, don't!" she said, softly. "Jeanne is no longer a child. She will be marrying before we know it, and we would be very lonely and restless without each other. We need to grow closer together, instead of drifting apart."

There was such a lump in my throat—excitement and triumph and a choking pity for both of us—that I couldn't say a word, for a minute. I played with my watch fob, and stared at the rug until I had my voice under control; and then, instead of saying something sweet and appropriate I was horrified to hear myself blurt out:

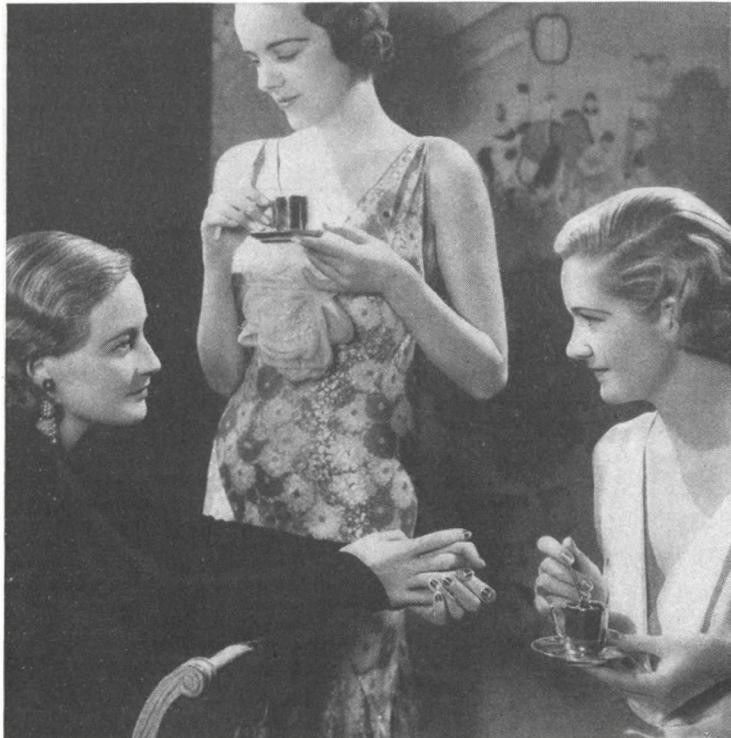
"Say, I'm surely going to miss that gay little sprite of a Roberta! Wasn't she a peach? So appreciative and understanding, so affectionate!"

I think the devil himself must be back of some impulsive words. There was a second's dead silence—I heard a clock ticking in another room, and it sounded like thunder. Then a miracle happened.

(Continued on page 108)

does the SOCIETY Woman wear nail tips

TINTED or NATURAL . . . ?



Cardinal with black—Natural with brocaded lame—Coral for white satin . . . Gowns from Bergdorf Goodman

TO TINT OR NOT TO TINT . . . any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety. She decided that from now on one shade of nail polish was just going to be the beginning!

She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she'll appear in if you know what color frock she's going to wear. Which she knows very well simply makes her more devastating!

So if you want to keep up with "Smart Society," get out your wardrobe and de-

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BUT DON'T FORGET that quality counts! Cutex Liquid Polish hasn't a flaw . . . It flows on in a smooth, even sheen, and dries practically instantly.

Every finger nail encased in Cutex is safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to glitter and gleam for days on end, if you're too lazy or too rushed to change it.

Pick your favorite shades today.
NORTHAM WARREN-New York-London-Paris

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*
ONLY 35¢

Both! She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors from palest to deepest . . . says world's authority on manicure

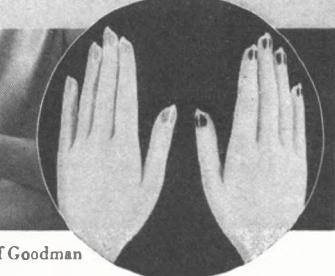
Natural Just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. It goes with all costumes but is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

ROSE is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. It is charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with hunter green, black and brown.

CORAL nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods and be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!



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Scrub nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White, Pencil or Cream, under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢



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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . Rose Coral Cardinal

(Continued from page 106)

Laura rose swiftly, her cheeks scarlet. If she hadn't been so much the poised, gracious woman of culture, I think I'd have dodged, expecting a hearty cuff on the jaw for my impudence. She took the paper from my hand and flung it on the floor; then she seated herself in my lap and curled her arm around my neck.

She hadn't done such a thing in so long I was paralyzed with amazement and sat like a stock.

She pulled my arm around her waist and put her hand under my chin, raising my face.

Her eyes were expressive of fright, and timidity, and a bit of shame, and there was a choked falter in her voice as she murmured:

"Roberta ~~was~~ a sweet little thing, wasn't she? But remember, Henry, that there is another appreciative and affectionate woman closer to you. Kiss me, you dear old humbug, as you used to do—use your arms, foolish! Tighter. Now tell me that you love me better than any woman on earth, as you did in the honeymoon days. Can you—truthfully?"

Well, I was sort of out of practice, but I made a good stagger at it. It seemed to please Laura, anyway, and you are mighty right that her change of heart pleased me, to a queen's taste.

We're booked for passage next week, and I'm as frolicsome as a real second honeymooner. Ready to live to the

ripe old age of one hundred, in peace and love. I'm overjoyed at the success of my ruse, and it's a secret I'll not be telling Laura now—or ever. There are a few personal matters it's wise to keep to oneself.

But still, manlike, I can't help wondering about Roberta. Did she take the bull by the horns and, understanding her sex perfectly, bring on the dénouement with one smashing, well-aimed piece of deviltry?

Was she a consummate actress—or was there something back of the fervor of that clinging kiss? Could that flaming love light in her eyes have been feigned?

That's something I'll never know, and I guess it's just as well.

Wild Blood

(Continued from page 25)

"lock off," she said grimly, her homely face a mask. But her hands were gentle. Poor, old Aunt Polly. Although almost as narrow and prejudiced as her brother, sometimes she was very kind to me. "Try and get in my bed, child," she urged. "I'll help you. Lean against me."

The lumpy mattress and rough sheets felt like heaven to my broken flesh. "Good Aunt Polly!" I murmured weakly. "Honest, I didn't do anything bad. I want you to believe me."

"Dancin' jigs crazy-like ain't nothin' good," was her sour reply, but she wrapped a cooling bandage with trembling fingers.

I LOOKED at her lined, hopeless face, as she leaned over me. Never in all of her fifty-odd years had she known anything but hard work. I pitied her, even as I pitied myself. What had life given Aunt Polly?

A sudden and entirely new fear arose within me. Was my life to be like hers? Would it crush me, break me, leave me old, sour, drab, forgotten by every living soul? Well, it shouldn't! Those blows from that old blackthorn stick had done more than tear my flesh. They had brought hard, calloused spots of defiance to my spirit; aged me, embittered me, far more than long years of suffering could have done.

My father should never strike me again; of that I was certain. I didn't know how I could stop him, but I would—with his life or my own, if necessary. This I solemnly but vehemently swore, as I looked at Aunt Polly, a quaking, cowardly old woman.

"He's gone back to town," she mumbled, breaking in on my tempestuous thoughts. "Gone to see if you're too old to be sent to a reform school. Some states say a girl's of age at eighteen, and you are that, of course. What made you do it, Olive? You oughter known better."

"Aunt Polly," I forgot my pain and drew my body upright, "you mean he'd have me locked up with bad girls—just because I danced? He couldn't do that! There's justice somewhere. Please don't let him send me there!"

"You hadn't any right to act like you did," she said doggedly. She had taken her one stand when she stopped that beating. Had defied her brother for the first time. Now the little flame had burned out. She was again the old submissive, frightened spinster who still thought that men held the upper hand in this world. You might hate them, fear them, was her creed, but your place in a man's house was almost one of slavery.

"Try to understand, Aunt Polly," I pleaded, laying my hand over her work-hardened one. "When I dance I don't feel wicked. There's something inside me that wants to sing with joy, as I move with music. Something light, beautiful—like a bird soaring in the air, singing—Why, David, in the Bible, danced—"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "It's awful to talk that way, Olive. Bringin' up the Bible to excuse your wickedness. I won't listen. Just you lay here quiet and go to sleep. It's prayer meetin' night, and I've got to go. Josh won't come in here. I'll hurry back soon as I can. It is after eight now."

SHE took up her tin basin and went out. A little later I heard the front door close, and knew she had gone to the little chapel not far from our house.

I lay very still for a long time, my heart filled with a new foreboding. What was going to happen to me tomorrow? Would my father carry out his dreadful threat and take away the little liberty that was mine? Rob me of my right to youth and youth's pleasures? Put me in a reform school? Oh, the shame, the terror of that outlook!

All my life he had shown me no kindness. I'd always known he hated me because I was my mother's child—looked like her, so people said. I wasn't to blame for that mother's sins, no matter what she had done. He shouldn't do it—he shouldn't! But how was I to stop him? There was not a single person in Cranford who wouldn't sympathize with Deacon Carton. Like Ishmael of old, every hand would be raised against me. There wouldn't be a single voice lifted

in my behalf, whatever father did with me.

But could a girl of eighteen be locked up? I had to find out at once. In my father's room across the hall was a set of musty old law books which he sometimes studied, especially when another cotton planter tried to get the best of him in a deal, or when, as had happened several times, a laborer demanded more money than father thought he should pay.

I managed to stand, although each move was agony. I crept to the door, moving like an aged and infirm person, and opened it. All dark in the narrow hallway. A mouse scampered across my foot, then scurried away. I felt sorry for the poor little creature. We had much in common at that moment.

BEFORE I reached the room I was making for, I stopped, my hand going to my mouth. From the front yard came a shrill, cautious whistle. I knew the signal—it was Rafe! Often he called me like that.

I forgot everything but that he was near. Even my aching body was no longer remembered, as I hurried to the hall door and opened it. Rafe was standing on the steps and came to meet me. There was an air of excitement about him that I had never seen before.

"Olive, little kiddie," he said breathlessly. "I knew you were alone. Just left your old man in town, and saw Miss Polly in the chapel, before I hurried here. Honey, there's the devil to pay—and for what? You should have heard Josh Carton bawl me out before a crowd of gaping cronies. But maybe I didn't tell him where to get off!"

"Did he do anything to you? Why, you poor baby, what's that bruise over your eye? Don't tell me that miserable old hypocrite dared to strike you."

It was too much. The next minute found me in Rafe's comforting arms, sobbing out my whole sordid story of that terrible beating I had suffered. The moonlight streamed down upon us. I raised my eyes once and saw the expression in his. Pity, anger against my father and, as I fondly thought then, love for me. Love! It was what my

(Continued on page 111)

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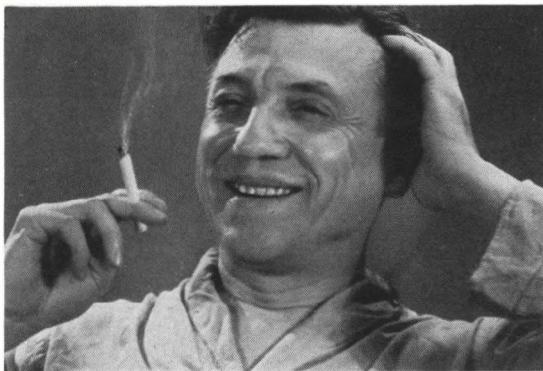
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SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

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(Continued from page 108)

starved heart craved above all else. "Little darling," he breathed huskily, kissing my uplifted mouth, "you shan't stay here another hour. I've got my roadster outside. Come with me, Olive. Let's beat it together—drive to Atlanta. Only fifty miles. You know I'm going there anyhow, to take a job. Expected to leave Saturday, but I can fix it up with my folks. I'll drive back home and tell Dad I've just got a telegram from the electric company, asking me to come at once. He'll hand out a roll to tide us over; he's so anxious to have me start my career. Are you game, kiddie? Will you come along?"

Game to go with Rafe? Had the skies suddenly parted and shown me a beckoning angel, I could not have been more thrilled. Away from all this sordid ugliness, cruelty, fear. With the man I loved—always! My father would no longer have any power over my actions, once I was Mrs. Rafael Fitzmorris. Of course, Rafe and I would be married at once.

"Yes, I'll go!" I cried eagerly. "I'll have to get a few things—this frock is—torn into ribbons where he beat me—"

"The dirty old scoundrel!" Rafe cut in. "Wish I'd knocked him down and tramped on his ugly, sneering face. I made a break for him, but some smart Aleck pulled me away. He'll never lay hands on you again, sweetheart; or eyes either, for that matter."

THRILLS went up my spine as I looked into those eager blue eyes, heard him tell how he had defied my father. His blond hair caught the moonbeam shine, and gleamed like gold. He was a young god to me as we stood there, locked in each other's arms. I would cheerfully have followed him over the earth, barefoot and ragged, only to be near him.

"Don't stop to get anything but a coat and hat," he warned, glancing over his shoulder as he spoke. "Not that I'm afraid of the old skunk, but I don't want another row. Hurry, darling."

I managed to reach my own room, where I crammed a few necessary articles of clothing into a suit case, slipped on my well-worn black coat, crushed a knitted tam on my head, then hastened back to the porch. Rafe led me down the walk, across the road to his parked roadster and helped me in the seat. The next moment we were spinning toward Cranford.

We didn't talk much as we sped along under the soft light of a full October moon. Just little snatched endearments now and then, known the world over as belonging solely to very young lovers. "Sure you love me, Rafe?" I asked once, hardly daring believe it was true—this wonderful change in my life.

"You bet you," he answered boyishly. "Just wait and see how much, sweetness. Glad you're going away with me?"

"Oh, so-o glad!" I leaned against him. "To me, Rafe, you are the grandest man in the whole world. I—I feel almost like God sent you when I needed you so terribly—"

How we were going to live, once we reached Atlanta, the bustling Southern city I had never seen, I did not know nor did I care so long as I was with Rafe.

Rafe was my guide. He knew and he could do nothing wrong. All my physical pain, my mental anguish, slipped away. The road wound round and round like a silver ribbon, the stars spread across the blue-black sky like jewels. There was a crisp tang of autumn in the air, and I shivered a little in my thin coat.

He noticed this. He drew up a robe that had dropped on the car floor.

"Put it around you, sweetheart. Poor little kidlet, you shall have a nice warm coat just as soon as we can go shopping. You'll have to wait outside in the car, skeesicks, while I go inside and pull the old man's leg good and hard. Better slip down below the seat, though. No telling who's about."

We were now spinning up the circular driveway that led to the Fitzmorris house, the show place of Cranford. He didn't have to warn me. I would rather have died then and there, than to be torn from my lover's side.

My lover! How beautiful the word sounded. How strange, too! Why, although I had known this splendid blond boy almost all my life, as a beggar maid might know a prince, never had I dreamed of such a thing as this! A chasm had always separated us, greater than thousands of miles could stretch. It wasn't until the past summer, when he came home fresh from a large university, that he had noticed little Olive Carton, now grown to a girl of pretty curves, clear complexion, big, wistful brown eyes and a mop of curly brown hair. Our life-long acquaintance had ripened quickly into one of those boy-and-girl affairs, which I had sadly thought was nearly ended, having learned only that afternoon that Rafe was accepting a position with a large electrical concern in Atlanta. And now this!

He was inside his home a long time, while I cowered under the steering wheel, covered with the lap robe. Once I heard footsteps crunching on the gravel and raised my head, thinking Rafe had returned. But I ducked down again when I saw the old colored gardener plodding past the roadster. My heart was in my mouth. Suppose he should open the door of the car, thinking he must drive it into the garage? What would I do?

BUT the old man didn't stop. He went on around the house, and a minute or so later, Rafe came down the high stone steps.

"Don't move," he cautioned in a whisper. "Dad's at the door."

Then I heard him fumbling at the back of the car, evidently putting a suit case in the baggage carrier. Now he was getting inside. I crept as far away as I could, still covered with the blanket. He called out cheerily, "Bye, Dad. I'll write you in a day or so. Thanks a lot for the money. Be good to yourself."

"You do the same, son," his father answered. "Hate to see you leaving at night, though. Morning would be just as well. Be sure and keep a watch-out for road loafers. Don't pick up strangers."

"Not a chance," laughed Rafe, giving me a significant nudge. "No room in this machine for stray passengers, Dad. Good-by! See you soon, I hope."

Then the engine roared. We were off.

"Keep low till we're out of the burg," Rafe cautioned, when I would have got back in the seat. "You can't tell who's watching my movements, after the row your father and I had this evening. I want people to see me; to say I drove away from Cranford alone. That's why I went right up to our house as I did. Both Dad and old Simms, the chauffeur, can say I came there alone."

I pondered over this as I crouched on the floor. What difference did it make, after our marriage, who knew we had eloped together? Of course, I understood that Rafe couldn't let anybody know now. But why was he trying so hard to establish an alibi concerning himself? Why not have struck out on a direct route to Atlanta, which wouldn't take us through the main street of the town?

Before I could collect my thoughts about this puzzling question, I felt him slowing up; heard him call out the name of Sam Drennan, a boy we both knew.

"Hi, there, Sam! Just stopped to say good-by, old top. Got a summons to go to Atlanta tonight. Hard lines, isn't it? Buckling down to work isn't what it's cracked up to be, I'll say. Give my love to Peggy and tell her I'll be running home over week-ends, and we can have that party we'd planned for next week just the same."

LEAVING tonight, Rafe?" Sam's voice sounded nearer. "Not running away from old Carton, I hope. Gosh, but he was hot and bothered about that girl of his, wasn't he? Don't blame you for beating it till the squall blows over. No sense in his kicking up such a row over a little dance, though. But I guess he's scared the kid will turn out like her mother. Cute little trick, isn't she? You sure had your nerve, though, making her go through that dance—"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over what old Deacon Carton says or does," Rafe put in sharply. "The girl's nothing to me; feel sorry for her, that's all. Well, I must be off. Good-by, Sam. Don't forget what I said about Peggy."

Again the car was under way. I raised myself quickly, a sob in my throat. Rafe's careless words had cut me to the heart. "The girl is nothing to me. . . . Feel sorry for her. . . . Give my love to Peggy. . . ." Peggy Drennan was Sam's pretty young sister. If Rafe and I were married, how could he go home to a party without me? He must know that the Drennans wouldn't want me at their home.

"I heard what you said," I told Rafe, staring at him in the moonlight, tears in my eyes.

"Heard what?" he asked quickly, in a sort of harsh tone. "About you? Good Lord, Olive, I had to throw Sam off the track, else he'd run around blabbing the news, and when we reached Atlanta we'd be stopped by the police. You know your father. That's about his speed."

"I didn't mean only that," I said, my voice growing timid. Rafe looked angry and I couldn't bear having him cross with me. I had already gone through enough that night. "I meant about Peggy—sending her your love—saying you were coming to her—party." I choked on the

last word as I remembered his tone. "You jealous baby!" Rafe laughed loud and long, as if mightily pleased with himself. He took one hand off the wheel and pulled me closer to him. "Don't worry your precious little brains about Peggy Drennan, kidlet. She's nothing to me. I was doing all that to run a big bluff. Sam will say he was the last one to see me in town, and that I was alone. See?"

"Then you didn't mean it about coming back next week?" I asked childishly, leaning my cheek against his sleeve.

Oh, what a joy it was to touch the rough tweed of his coat; to feel that Rafael Fitzmorris loved me, shabby, neglected, little Olive Carton!

"Oh, I don't say I won't take a flying trip back, just to let folks think I don't know anything about your mysterious disappearance."

"Listen, Olive, you didn't leave a letter behind to say where you were going, did you?"

"No, I forgot about that—"

"Fine! Splendid! Let that old rat worry some," Rafe laughed, evidently highly pleased at this.

"But I should have let poor Aunt Polly know," I said with self-reproach. "She's tried to be kind—"

"A little worry will do her good, too," Rafe declared vindictively. "Honestly, kid, when I think of those two old people raising you, I wonder how it is you are so sweet and cute and lovable. It's a miracle."

"I'VE got Preston blood in me," I said proudly, thinking of my mother's family, none of whom I had ever seen. "They are all nice people, I've heard. One of them, a cousin, married the governor's niece."

Rafe laughed. "You're a scream, kid. Gee, I'm glad I wandered over to your place tonight. What were you going to do, anyhow?"

"I—I don't know," I told him. "I was so miserable, Rafe, I might have killed myself."

"Don't talk like that, sweetheart." His hand sought mine and squeezed it. "You're made for the happy, jazzy things of life, and I'm going to see that you get 'em. We're headed for pleasure, baby, you and I. We'll hit the high spots of Atlanta together, and forget Cranford. Wait and see."

Made for the happy things of life! In my childish innocence this pleased me, comforted me.

But as I look back today on the path over which I have since trod, I still remember those words uttered by a careless, reckless youth, and a sharp sword seems to twist my heart in two. Made for the happy things! Lucky for all of us that we cannot see into the future.

It was long after midnight when we saw the lights of Atlanta. A punctured tire had held us up on the road for quite a while, Rafe working and grumbling until he had it mended. The city lay quiet in sleep in the outlying districts, but when we reached the center of town people were passing in droves, evidently leaving cafés and dance halls. Watching them go by, I had my first moment of uneasiness.

"Where are we going for the night,

Rafe?" I wanted to know. "It's awfully late."

"Going to a good hotel, of course. You and I both have baggage, so that makes it all right."

I didn't know why two suit cases made any difference, but I asked no more questions. I waited while Rafe saw about a garage for his car, then followed him into the lobby of a big, handsome building, and sat down in one of the big velvet chairs while he went over to the clerk.

How proud I was of him! How straight and splendid he looked, and how respectfully the man listened to him. Wonder of wonders that he, Rafael Fitzmorris, handsome, college-bred, flattened by all the girls he knew, was to be all mine as I was to be all his! I didn't ask myself whether the childish delight I felt was love or glamour, or just great relief, at escaping from my awful home life. Rafe was my hero, my deliverer, my knight. I was living in one of my fairy-tale dreams now. I worshipped him, just as little Goldilocks in Grimm's fairy-story book must have worshiped the prince. My heart fluttered in my very throat as he turned around and came toward me, a brass-buttoned bell-boy behind him.

"Come on," Rafe said, leading the way to the elevator, the boy following with our bags; his so shiny and new, mine a shabby wreck with yawning slits on each side.

As I followed Rafe down a long, carpeted corridor with many numbered doors on either side, I felt awed and nervous. Never had I seen such a large, elegant place.

Was this to be our home after we were married? I hoped not. I wanted a tiny cottage with a cute little kitchen where I could play among shining pots and pans. A kitchen like one I had seen and loved, in a magazine.

At last the boy stopped, unlocked a door and went in, switching on many lights, opening a window, pointing out the bathroom, then pocketed the coin that Rafe gave him, said good-night and went out. Immediately Rafe turned the key in the lock, then wheeled around and held out his arms to me.

"KISS me, cuteness, as if you loved me," he said boisterously. Then his lips closed down on mine and clung there, taking my breath from me. I had never experienced such a kiss. I struggled frantically to release myself from his arms, but he held me fast, his mouth glued to mine.

Then, with a passion-shaken laugh, that low, tremulous laugh of sure, exultant conquest, he said:

"I love you, Olive, I adore you. You are—so beautiful! And all mine, aren't you? Nobody ever did this before? No other boys have ever kissed you like this—and this—and this!" Again his burning lips sought mine.

"Don't!" I begged, gaspingly. "You—hurt me, Rafe." I pulled away from him, trembling from head to feet. Somehow, I didn't like the Rafe that faced me at that moment as well as I had the boy who teased and flirted with me in Cranford. I was afraid of this strange man whose eyes glittered down into mine.

"Little shrinking violet," he mocked,

coming toward me again, but I warded him off with outstretched palms. "I'll teach you how to love, sweetness. Want me to, don't you?"

"Not—not now," I quavered, retreating across the room, my back to the big dresser. I could see his face in the mirror, and his expression startled me.

"We mustn't stay up any longer, Rafe," I went on hurriedly. "Where's your room? I'm awfully tired and sleepy."

"Why, this is it, silly!" he grinned, running his fingers through his mop of curly blond hair. "Your room and mine, too. I registered here as Mr. and Mrs. Morris. Left off the 'Fitz' part. Clever, wasn't it?"

I felt the blood leaving my face. My hands groped backward for the dresser to support me.

I was innocent, but not ignorant. Aunt Polly had seen to that. Besides, there had been a girl in our town who went off with a man, and didn't get married. People said terrible things about her and, although I had known her quite well, my aunt would never let me speak to her again.

I summoned all my courage and said, "But I'm not your wife yet, Rafe. You—you can't stay in here—or I can't. It'll be—different tomorrow, when—when we are married, dearest."

He looked as if he were stunned. I can never forget the queer, narrowed eyes that bored down into mine for a long, long moment. Then he threw back his head and laughed uproariously, as if at a huge joke.

"WHAT—what are you laughing at?" I managed to stammer, a strange fear stealing through me.

"At you," he grinned. "Your funny little ideas about life and everything, baby. What on earth would a fellow like me do with a wife? Why, my dad would have a stroke if I hinted at such a thing. I didn't tell you I expected to marry you. Now did I?"

My heart fluttered wildly for a moment, then stopped beating; or so it seemed to me. My knees began to tremble violently. Things grew indistinct in that room, yet through a sort of haze I still saw his handsome, smiling face, his amused blue eyes. I tried to speak, but only a faint gasp came from my lips. For me, Olive Carton, the world had suddenly faded away, leaving only Rafe and me whirling round and round in limitless space. Not going to marry me? I think I must have whispered this aloud, for Rafe answered the question promptly.

"Of course not, Olive. Surely you understood that! I'm not yet twenty-one. I'll have a dickens of a time living on the ridiculous salary my company is allowing me—at first. Oh, I mean to look after you all right; get you into something by which you can support yourself. I'd thought of the stage, or maybe dancing in a club. You know you're a cracker-jack dancer. Be sensible, kid. I've got a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket; enough to give us a little fling before we settle down to work. After that—"

"There won't be any afterward," I heard myself saying in a dull, lifeless voice. "You've made an awful mistake

(Continued on page 114)

"Ethics be hanged!"

women are entitled to these vital beauty facts"



SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 100 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc 1215 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin Coarse Pores Blackheads Flabby Skin
Dry Skin Wrinkles Sallow Skin Pimples

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp Dry Scalp Oily Scalp

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

The room was tense with excitement when Dr. . . .* rose to answer his medical colleagues.

As one of the best known dermatologists in America . . . his words were awaited with keen suspense.

"You tell me that it would be unethical to publish this report," he began. "But I say to you that no ethical question is involved!"

"We have conducted an impartial clinical test of the preparations that women use on their faces to improve their complexions. The case records conclusively point a way by which a woman can have a better, healthier skin. Is there any justifiable reason why women should not have the advantage of our findings?"

So it was decided to release the facts . . . but to withhold the names of the physicians, in deference to professional custom.

For 30 days, 15 of the nation's most distinguished dermatologists conducted a comparative test of leading soaps, creams and lotions, on the faces of 612 women. At the beginning and end of the test, micro-photographs were taken of each skin, and a record written of its condition.

That Woodbury's Facial Soap won these tests . . . over other soaps, over famous creams and lotions, over expensive beauty methods . . . will come as no surprise to the millions of Woodbury users.

But for you, if you have not tried Woodbury's . . . here is evidence that it is more than a soap. Here is scientific proof that Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin clear, fine, smooth, colorful, as no other cleansing treatment does. That it is the finest of all daily skin cleansers . . . for both the normal and the supersensitive skin.

Read the complete details of the nation-wide Half-Face Test in the columns at the left. Then decide whether in fairness to your complexion, you can afford to delay your test of this scientifically proven way to skin loveliness.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, at 25¢ a cake. Its regular use on your skin costs less than a penny a day.

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NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and Columbia Coast to Coast Network.

(Continued from page 112)

about me, Rafe. I'd kill myself before I would be like—like other girls I've heard of. There was one in Cranford—Lila Mayhew. Aunt Polly calls her a—a scarlet woman—"

"Rot!" he cut in. "Oh, sweetness, can't you understand? It's different with us. I love you. I'm going to take care of you always; see that you get a good berth in life. That's better by far than what you've left behind, living with those terrible Cartons, having people always pointing you out as Mona Carton's girl—snubbing you for what you can't help. It wasn't your fault that your mother ran off with another man—a common gambler, too. Come, be sensible. Let's talk it over: make our plans for the future." He touched me gently.

I flung his hand from my arm.

"I'm going to—to look out for myself," I murmured faintly. "It's true I can't help what my mother did, but I can keep from doing as she did, and I will! No, Rafe, you must go, or if you won't, I'll have to—"

"You said you loved me," he persisted, following me as I retreated across the room. "Was that a lie, or was it because you thought you were going to be Mrs. Rafael Fitzmorris?"

"I—DID love you with all my soul," I told him, more in tragic grief than in anger.

"Did? You do! You know you do, so don't try to argue, Olive. I swear I'll stick by you, even if I can never make you my wife. I may never marry, but if I did, it couldn't be Mona Carton's girl. Don't you understand? My father would kick me out of his house forever. But he doesn't have to know we're together in Atlanta. That's why I was so careful tonight. Protecting you and myself, too. Not a person in Cranford will ever connect our names, or dream you left town with me. We're as safe as if we had gone a thousand miles from home. I'll find you a room tomorrow, and spend all my spare time with you. I take my oath on that."

Spend his spare time with me! Find me a room! Where were all my glorious dreams of the little cottage Rafe and I would share; the spick-and-span kitchen where I'd sing while cooking for him—my husband?

In my anguish of mind and soul I could have shrieked aloud, torn out my hair, or—jumped from one of the windows, eight stories above the ground. I think my swift glance toward one of these windows must have warned Rafe of my wild thought, because he caught me roughly, his grasp tearing the slimy fabric of my frock.

"Listen to me," he began hoarsely, his face mottled and ugly now, "I'm running this thing, and it's going to be run my way. You shan't make a fool of me. We're here as man and wife, and here we're to stay till tomorrow afternoon. You were ready enough to come. Gosh! And I thought you loved me—were crazy about me—"

"Oh, Rafe, I do! I am!" I cried incoherently. But as the words left my lips, I knew I lied. I didn't love the big, blond boy—or rather man—standing in front of me, red-faced and angry, in his

shirt sleeves. No, I had loved someone who no longer existed, a Rafael Fitzmorris my own imagination had clothed with all the charm and virtues of a knight of old.

The real Rafe—what did I know of him? Nothing at all, except that he could dance well, that he wore fine clothes, drove a fast car and was generally popular with the idle young people of our town. But of his character—his real self—I had known nothing.

And it was then that the stupendous mistake I had made rushed over me. Miserable as my home life had been, cruel as my father was, disgrace could not touch me while protected beneath his roof. Disgrace—that bugaboo which from infancy I had been taught to dread—why, it was hovering over me now; had me in its meshes as a spider wraps a web around the fly. Branded all my life because I was the child of a shameless, unfaithful wife, a heartless mother, I had now burned another mark on my brow; had done it in all ignorance of the true character of this man whom I had worshiped with every fiber of my grateful young heart.

That instinct of self-preservation which comes quickly to all women in times of great need, now came to me. In a single moment I decided that all men were alike—in some respects; whether they were brutes like my father, or concealed their true selves under the smooth civilities of a gentleman. That they cannot be driven, defied, coerced. The woman must always use her wiles to gain her way. I now used mine, my newborn cunning, perhaps inherent in all of my sex, handed down to us no doubt from our cave-women ancestors.

"MY arms—my back," I quavered. "The pain is worse, Rafe. If—if only I could get something to ease it. See?" I pulled away my dress from one shoulder, showing a throbbing, angry welt which did ache and burn, and made an ugly disfigurement against my soft white flesh.

This had the desired result. Rafe's horrified eyes roved over that cruel mark where the skin was torn and the blood had congealed.

He exclaimed pityingly, "No wonder you're acting queer, you poor girl! That's why you've been flinching every time I touched you, isn't it? We've got to fix you up somehow, darling."

"Maybe you could get something at a drug store," I suggested, watching him through my lowered lids.

"Not a chance," was his discouraging answer. "It's nearly two o'clock, and every place would be closed. But I have it—the very thing, Olive. Witch-hazel! Always carry it along. A hot bath will help, too. Go in the bathroom and turn on warm water, as hot as you can stand it, while I get the bottle. We'll fix you up okay."

My heart sank. I had thought he would rush out at once, giving me time to escape. Where I would go, I had not the slightest idea. And I had no money, except a half dollar which I had meant to spend at the fair. But thoughts of a park came to me. Lots of homeless people spent a night in places like that,

I had read in the papers. I must get away—out of sight of this man whom I now knew I hated, loathed! I tried other tactics.

"Couldn't you get me medicine—stimulant—something of the kind?"

"Got that, too!" triumphantly. "A flask of good, old, pre-war liquor, swiped from Dad's private stock. We'll both take a good swig and forget what's happened. Now hurry into that bath, sweetness, and when you're ready just sing out."

He turned toward his suit case which was resting on a stool, mine beside it. There was nothing to do but seem to obey him. If no other way turned up, I resolved to spend the entire night in that bathroom, refusing to come out.

I jerked up my coat as I passed the chair across which it was flung. I might need it if I stayed all night in that tiled room.

I bolted the door and leaned against it. Physical nausea now held me in its grasp. What an awakening for a trusting, worshipful girl of eighteen! Had any one else ever suffered such a shock of disillusion about the one person in the whole world whom she had thought perfect? Here I was, Mona Carton's daughter, following in her mother's footsteps. Branded again, like poor Hester in Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, which I had once found in the library and read with such heart-searing sympathy.

BUT I wouldn't be like Hester, nor like my mother! I was going to rise in the world; not allow myself to be trampled in the dust.

I was young, attractive, bright. I was also clean, and 'nothing on earth should drag me down—nothing! No one!

I glanced around the tiny room. One window there, and before it a fire escape! The only one in Cranford was on the Masonic Temple, and ended at the second floor. Maybe if I reached the second floor of the hotel I would find a window open; one leading into a writing room or some sort of public reception apartment. This was my only chance, anyway, and I meant to take it, come what would.

"Is the water hot?" Rafe's voice sounded very close—so near that I jumped with fright, glad the door was securely fastened, when I heard him try the knob.

I quickly turned on the faucet. "Just fine," I told him. "I'm going to feel lots better soon."

"Don't take too long," he urged. And I heard him move across the room; heard the bed creak as he threw himself upon it.

I tried the window cautiously. It stuck, and for a moment I thought I could never raise it. Then it gave slowly, noisily. I wheeled around and turned the other faucet full tilt. The water streamed out with a loud gush. I tiptoed back to the window and this time I got it up. The next moment I was out on the tiny iron landing, was carefully propelling myself down the ladder to freedom—to safety!

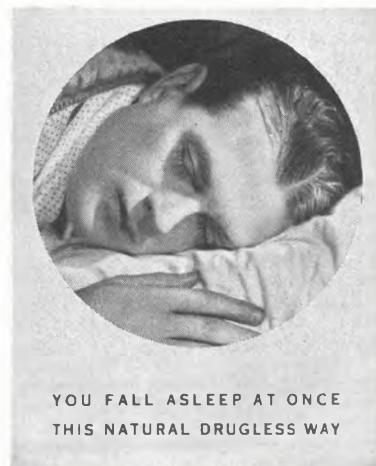
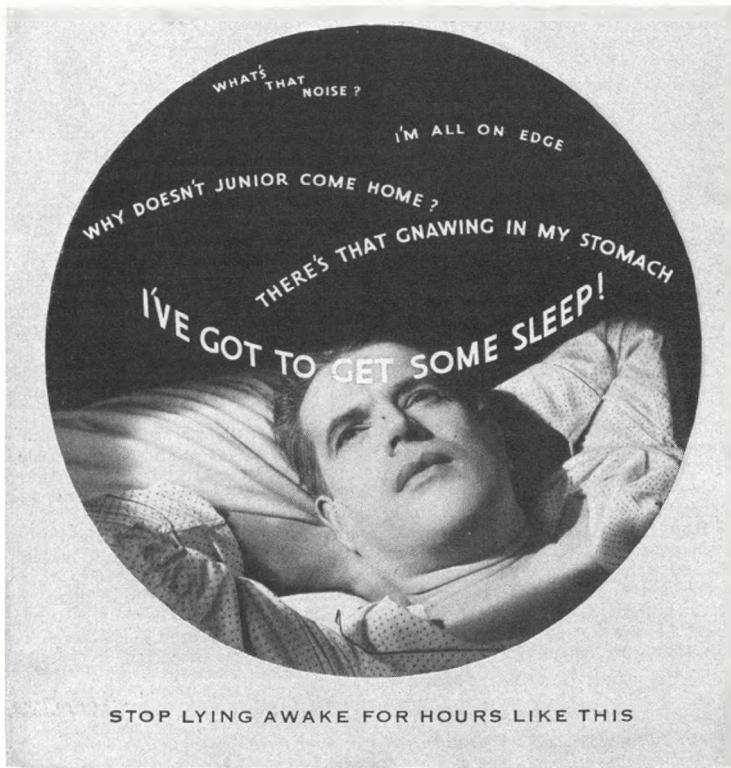
Now to the seventh floor, the sixth, the fifth—and still I moved downward, not daring to look below. Heights always

(Continued on page 116)

SLEEP

TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED

Instantly... *Without Drugs*



No More Bed Tossing... *New Energy Tomorrow*

DO you lie awake and toss at night? Do you turn and thrash, with nerves unstrung before you fall asleep?

And do you pay the price next day, with overwrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's logy and dull?

If you do, take heart. For 20,000 doctors will tell you that there's now a drugless way to bring you sleep—naturally, quickly.

Deep sleep! Sound sleep! Sleep that rebuilds fagged-out minds and bodies in a most amazing way.

It's a delicious food-drink you take before you go to bed. As free from drugs as the bread you eat—or the milk you drink.

You fall asleep almost the moment you close your eyes. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far.

For this new way does more than induce sound sleep. It rebuilds your body, your tissues, your nerves while you rest. So try it without fail.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink you

take at night with warm milk. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a wholly *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and muscle cells. For, in addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains (in concentrated form) a natural vital property called "lecithin" which is an important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these valuable food properties rebuild worn-out nerve, brain and body cells as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is because it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs—helps your stomach "rest." And in this way combats digestive unrest—one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

At the same time—by stimulating and aiding digestive processes—Ovaltine tends to

draw excess blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

You'll Sleep Tonight

If you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. That's simply folly now. Try Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how quickly your nerves calm down—how swiftly you fall asleep.

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors. Forget the fact that its use has spread to 54 different countries... *Try it and see for yourself.*

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You will sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that's yours next day.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.*

875-R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A.
according to original Swiss formula

(Continued from page 114)

made me dizzy. I lost one of my pumps. The fourth, the third—then the second floor was reached at last! And there the ladder ended.

Every window dark, except one. From this shone a dim light, scarcely discernible because of the drawn shades. It must be a public room, a parlor or something. I cautiously tried it, the sash shot up immediately. I stepped over the sill, my stockinged foot came down on a chair that stood by the window. There I halted with my heart in my mouth, and stared around me with terrified eyes, taking in the room.

It was a bedroom—like the one I had just left. There were clothes tossed all around the place—a man's clothes! A suit case yawned wide on a little camp stool, exactly as Rafe's had done, and I could hear water running in the bathroom. I glanced in that direction, then smothered a cry. For in the doorway of that bathroom stood a man.

"Here—what the deuce does this mean?" he asked sternly. "What do you want in my room?"

I couldn't answer. Strength deserted me. For a long moment we gazed at each other in silence, my breath coming in short, rasping gasps as I read his face.

It was a young face, and a good one. The eyes were gray and keen, with that cool, clear stare which some people possess, and which is so disconcerting when fastened upon one. His tanned face was alert, clean-cut and intelligent, rather than handsome, his figure tall, muscular. His rumpled brown hair was damp. He had evidently just finished shampooing it. He was clad in pajamas and bathrobe.

Will Olive refuse to divulge her real identity, and as a thief face the horrible disgrace of her betrayal by Rafe rather than go to jail? The world won't believe her if she tells the truth. They will say her wild blood is driving her, in the footsteps of her mother, to a life of sin. And what else is left to her after this? Did ever a girl face more terrible alternatives—prison or shame? You will find the soul-stirring story of Olive continued in the

April TRUE STORY Magazine—On Sale Everywhere March 4th

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Why are you coming in here?"

I thought quickly. I couldn't just run back up the fire escape without an explanation. So I came in and sat down in the chair by the window. I couldn't tell him the truth, so I manufactured a clumsy lie.

"I—made a mistake," I stammered. "Please excuse me. I—was sure this was—my room, but mine is—on the floor above. I'll just go through your door—" I stood up and moved a step or two, but his hand shot out and caught my arm. He wheeled me around so that I faced him, although his head was fully a foot above mine.

"Not so fast, young woman," he said curtly. "You're lying, and I'm going to find out why. I don't often make errors in people, and I see that you're a crook. One of these second-story climbers—thieves, sneaking in bedrooms to steal whatever you can pick up—"

"Oh, no, no!" I broke in, horrified at his accusation. "Really, honestly, I'm not! I'm stopping here—I—"

"What's your name—the number of your room? Quick, no nonsense now! No stopping to think up some fabulous tale!"

"Sallie Maxwell—room number 383—" I gasped, frightened out of my very wits at his expression, and at the sudden view of myself in the mirror opposite us. No wonder this man took me for a thief. My coat was hanging from one shoulder, my tattered frock was dirty and rumpled, my hair was disheveled and—worst of all—I had lost one of my pumps! Oh, I did look terrible!

"Sallie Maxwell, eh? Room 383? Funny that you should have thought

this window was yours, my number being 102. How did you get on the fire escape? Your room, if any, would be on the opposite side of the building, and you couldn't have reached this side without passing through some one else's room. Where's your haul? Dump it out on this table at once! No stalling now—I mean business."

"My haul?" I repeated dazedly. "You mean—oh, please believe me! I'm not a thief, I give you my word of honor. No, my room isn't—what I said it was—I don't know the number, but it's—above yours—way above and I had to—get out of it. I—was sure this was a—parlor—the light and everything, and all the others dark. Oh, please let me go! I must get out of the hotel before—he catches me—"

"Before he catches you?" sternly.

"THE—the man I'm running away from," I stammered. "I can't let him find me. I'd rather die! Please—"

"You mean the house detective," the young stranger cut in with a harsh laugh. "So he's after you, eh? Well, you little sneak thief, you've struck the wrong place and the wrong man. No use to fight, I've got you."

His iron grip on my arm tightened. He pulled me across the room to a small stand beside the bed. I saw a telephone, and wild despair swept through me as he lifted the receiver.

"What—are you—going to—do?" I jerked from quivering lips, still making a frantic effort to release myself.

"Call the office and tell them I've caught you," was his terrifying answer. "Have you sent to jail where such creatures as you are belong."

I Paid the Price of His Unfaithfulness

(Continued from page 67)

Some of the womenfolks shook their heads about our taking an actress under our roof to live, and said they wouldn't have her around their husbands for anything. But I never dreamed of being jealous of Milo.

He and I had known each other all our lives, and he had never gone with any other girl. We knew the same people, and he knew everything I had ever done, and almost everything I had ever thought.

I thought the same of him, but I found out I was mistaken. A woman can know a man from childhood, even in a small town like ours, and live with him for forty years, and still not know half of what he thinks or does.

I've heard men say the same thing about women, but it isn't true. For one thing, it's a whole lot harder for a woman with children to get away from her family, even in these days of automobiles.

Father can go anywhere and stay as long as he likes, and things move right along at home. But if mother goes, the children think they have a right to go, too. And it's a good thing for mother, at that, I'll say! And if mother stays away overnight, nothing seems right and everybody's peeved.

THE minute my children stepped into the house after school, or any other time, if they didn't see me, they commenced:

"Mother! Mother! Where's mother?" God bless their little hearts! I loved to have them that way, and it warms my heart to think about it after all these years! Children are a wonderful protection to a woman.

Looking back on it all, I can see I had grown careless about myself, my hair and my nails and in lots of other ways.

I had grown too sure of Milo. I

thought the children formed a bond between us that nothing could ever break. It doesn't do for a woman to be too sure of a man. And she should be ready to protect her husband from the wiles of designing women.

As old Aunt Nancy Allen used to say, "It's a woman's duty to protect her husband from designing women, just as much as it is a man's to protect his wife from the advances of other men." She was dead right, too.

Milo told me Minnie had an awful crush on Jim Kane, but I thought he just imagined it. Jim was a nice, likable fellow, and would make some woman a good husband when he got ready to settle down. Somehow, I couldn't see him as Minnie's husband. He didn't seem to me to be very deeply interested, but Milo said that was the reason she liked to work at the store so much.

(Continued on page 118)



Johnny comes marching home

ANY small boy's mother knows that sudden sinking of the heart, that premonition of impending disaster.

He's coming home . . . into the yard and up the steps. No loitering . . . no laughter . . . no cat-calls to "the gang." A little group of them, pale-faced and excited, watch his progress from the curb. And Johnny marches in. His eyes look very big and wide . . . his lips are puckered in a tremulous attempt at a whistle . . . he holds his left hand at the wrist and the ends of his fingers are red. . . .

"Aw, it's nothing, Ma," says he. "We were down at the lumber-yard. I got it jammed under a plank."

* * *

As long as boys are boys they will meet with accidents. But a modern mother

doesn't lose her head. When Johnny comes marching home she telephones the doctor and follows his instructions in administering first aid. And when it's all over she gives her boy a pat on the back for being a good soldier. The steady spread of common sense and preparedness has made cuts and bruises far less dangerous than they used to be.

See to it that your own cabinet is stocked with reliable first-aid materials and the simple, effective home necessities that now contribute so much to family health. And if you would be sure of their purity and quality, consider the name of the manufacturer.

Products made by E. R. Squibb & Sons have established a tradition of reliability that has been growing for 74 years. Their unvarying excellence is trusted without question by physicians and hospitals. Good druggists everywhere are proud

to display the Squibb Seal above their counters. And throughout the land the public has come to share this confidence —to recognize that when a product bears the Squibb label it contains the Priceless Ingredient: the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

SQUIBB HOME NECESSITIES

E. R. Squibb & Sons make every type of medicinal preparation. Listed below are some of the Squibb Products most frequently purchased for the home:

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA	SQUIBB DIPHEN	SQUIBB ADEX TABLETS
SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA	SQUIBB CASTOR OIL	SQUIBB OLIVE OIL
SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL	SQUIBB BORIC ACID	SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM	SQUIBB EPSOM SALT	SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER
SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM	SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE	

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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(Continued from page 116)

After awhile, Minnie seemed to be feeling sort of under the weather. She got pale, and had dark circles under her eyes, and didn't sleep well and lost weight. I surmised maybe she was secretly grieving for that worthless Shamus McGinty.

Then I was afraid she might be coming down with typhoid and tried to get her to take a good dose of calomel. But she just laughed at me, and said she would be just right after awhile. Still I never suspected anything until old Mrs. Andrews opened my eyes, and I discovered what all the neighbors had known for a long time—about Minnie and Milo.

Mrs. Andrews came over to my house one night and wanted me to go down to the store with her to get some coffee for breakfast. She was clear out and had forgotten to order any, she said. But that was just an excuse. I offered to let her have some, but she said she'd rather go and buy some.

I WAS glad to get out of the house and get some fresh air after being in the hot kitchen all day, putting up berries.

Milo had told me that he and Minnie and Jim would have to work, taking stock, that night. Mrs. Andrews and I went down the back way. It was only a few blocks from the house. There wasn't any light in the front of the store, but the little office at the back was lighted. The shade was down, but a little light shone around the edges. Mrs. Andrews said "Sh-sh-sh!" and peeked through the crack. Then she motioned for me to do the same. Jim Kane wasn't there, but Minnie and Milo were, and she was sitting on his lap and he was kissing and petting her in a way he had never done with me.

At first I couldn't believe it! My own husband that I had trusted above all people on earth, caressing another woman before my very eyes! That sight left a scar on my soul that will never leave it, this side of the Dark River. Everything seemed to be whirling around me, and the very earth was sinking under my feet. I thought I was going to faint. Then I partly came to myself. I guess I just went mad for awhile. The door was locked, and I pounded on it, kicked it, and grabbed the ax from the woodpile and would have broken it down if Milo hadn't opened it. A quiet, self possessed woman like me! I could hardly believe it was I doing it! Milo was deathly pale, and Minnie wasn't anywhere in sight.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked, trying to act surprised and innocent. That just made me madder than ever.

"Matter!" I said. "You ask me what is the matter? When I've just seen Minnie sitting on your lap, and you loving her as you never did me—you that's been my husband all these years, and the father of grown children!"

Milo had never seen me like that, and it frightened him. He thought I had gone crazy. I don't doubt I would have taken the ax to Minnie if she hadn't already slipped out through the front door, as Milo let us in at the back. It was a good thing all the other business places had closed up for the night.

"Get out of here, you old gossip!" Milo shouted to poor old Mrs. Andrews.

"You're the cause of all this rumpus!"

I saw red then. For him to blame her when it was his fault! I didn't blame Minnie half as much as I did Milo—even then.

"To think, that after all these years, you would fall for a woman like that!" I raged at him. "An old bald-headed man like you with children almost grown! Fall for a woman that hasn't got anything but good looks and a knack of wearing clothes to recommend her! You'd starve to death if you had to depend on her for your meals!

"What does she care for you? Nothing except for the property she thinks you

grown, and I was thankful they were away at business college when the trouble came up; but there was little Bob. He was only twelve, and I had always believed that almost any kind of father was better for a boy than no father at all, unless he was a drunkard or a criminal.

Milo stormed and raged, but I stood firm. I knew his feeling for Minnie was only a sort of infatuation. She wasn't the kind of a wife he needed. If I let him go to her, they would separate eventually, and he would be sorry all the rest of his life that he had forsaken his family for her. I told him to send her right away; that she couldn't stay another night in that house. But he said he was just as bad as she was, and I didn't tell him to get out. Besides, it would be better to keep it as quiet as possible, and not have any more scandal than we could help because it would hurt the business.

Minnie stayed in her room till she could get her things packed. I could hear her crying all night.

Milo took her breakfast to her. He gave her money to go away, and to live on until her time came and the baby was old enough for her to go to work.

I knew it was no more than fair to the child, but it came hard, after all the hard work I had done and the sacrifices I had made, to see money go for the keep of a woman who had stolen like a snake into my home and wrecked our happiness. But if we can't half-way live up to the Golden Rule, we've no right to call ourselves Christians. So after I came back to my right mind, I gave it in that much.

How much it cost Milo I never knew; but I expect it was a good deal. I never asked him if he went to see her when he went to the city to buy goods, but I suspected he did. Well, it was his baby, all right, and it wasn't only his right to see it, but his duty. The poor little child had rights, too. People in such cases nearly always think last of what should be the first consideration—the rights of the poor little innocent children.

THAT was the thought I clung to when waves of anger and hatred threatened to overwhelm me and upset my reason. I clung to it as a shipwrecked sailor clings to a life preserver. There were times when I felt as if God, Himself, had deserted me.

I couldn't see how He could let such a cruel thing happen to me! I couldn't see how I had deserved it. I haven't got it figured out yet, but somehow I have a feeling that He was merely testing me for some kind of work He wanted done, perhaps here, perhaps somewhere else. He was trying to learn how strong I was.

But for years and years, when I looked in Milo's face, which wasn't often, I couldn't see him plainly because Minnie's face would always seem to come between us.

Finally Minnie fell in love with another man. She wrote to Milo, and he gave me the letter to read. She said the man she was going to marry was a good man and he simply worshiped her; but he was very strict where women's morals were concerned. He knew nothing about the child. If he did, he would never

Criticism Winners

November, 1931,

TRUE STORY Contest

First Prize: \$25.00

Nan B. Flenurg,
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Second Prize: \$10.00

Miss Irene Davis,
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\$5.00 Prizes

Mr. Lyndon F. Barker, Blackfoot, Idaho; Mrs. Ruth M. Anderson, Chancellor, Ala.; Clara F. Gorndt, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Joe Paterno, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Paul Hacker, Lamar, Colo.; Miss Ruth Lesh, Eagleville, Mo.; Claud P. Phelps, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. R. C. Thrall, Elgin, Okla.; Mrs. Frank W. Tischler, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mrs. D. B. Jessop, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Carrie Magness, Venus, Texas; Mrs. Percy Lipes, Little York, Ill.; Mrs. Sam Bennett, Rosemount, Montreal, Canada.

have, and the money she thinks she can get out of you! Money I've slaved to help you make! And when she gets tired of you, she will grab some other woman's husband and quit you cold!"

Believe me, I said plenty! I was like a person with a mortal wound, mad with pain and suffering, so I neither knew nor cared what I said.

Milo had the nerve to ask me to get a divorce from him, because Minnie was going to have a baby by him. Of course I refused. He had killed my respect and love for him, and I could never trust him again; but there were the children to think of. A divorce is hard on every one concerned but the children suffer most.

Emily and Ellen were practically

(Continued on page 120)

What would it mean to you to BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?



LIPSTICK

Apply Seventeen Lipstick to the upper lip and to the center of the under lip. With your finger, gently work in the rouge until the outline is soft and natural. You will be delighted with the soft, natural effect—possibly only with youth-tone shades. Light, medium and dark... in a smart black-and-silver case.



Apply Seventeen rouge to skin made firm and dewy by Seventeen Creams and Freshener. Remember that youth lines are up lines—avoid color placements that emphasize downward lines of the face. Choose your shade of Seventeen Rouge from five fascinating youth-tone tints.



TWO-TONE POWDER

Here's the Two-Tone Powder that lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth! Ingredients of two weights are blended. The heavier clings closely to the skin. The lighter weight, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone! What a glorious difference—from the masking dullness of ordinary powders!

HAVE you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth's own subtle coloring in powder, make-up? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here's what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with make-up. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It's in the past. Your complexion's future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in Youth-Tone shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You'll want Seventeen Rouge. Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For perfect results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing your own mirror reflect the radiance of seventeen!



Seventeen

(Continued from page 118)

marry her. If she married him, and kept the baby near her, he was bound to find out about it, sooner or later, and she was afraid he would leave her.

I wouldn't give up a child of mine for the best man that ever lived, but Minnie was of a different nature, and I don't suppose she was really to blame. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, as the saying is, and I guess the Lord knew what He was doing when He created so many different types; like some one wanting to polish a lot of pebbles with sharp corners, by mixing and shaking them up to grind the corners off on one another.

She begged Milo to come and get the baby. She said our children were all grown up and out of the way, and she thought I ought to be willing to take care of the child, as much as if I had been its stepmother.

SHE put in a lot of soft soap about my being a broad-minded woman, and having such a great sense of justice and all that, but it didn't cut any ice with me. Trust Minnie to be liberal with the blarney! She was part Irish.

I refused flatly to take the child when Milo gave me the letter, and did a little raving and raging myself, after all that time. It brought everything back. But in the end I gave in, and went with Milo to see Minnie; and we brought little Ruth back with us. It was only fair that Minnie should have her chance if she was sorry for the wrong she had done and wanted to go right. If we didn't take the baby, Minnie might put her in an orphanage. Minnie was better looking than ever, and little Ruth was certainly a sweet child—nearly four years old. "I'm afraid you'll be sorry some day if you deceive the man you're going to marry, Minnie," I said. "You know murder will out!"

She got redder than ever in the face, and I knew she thought I meant to throw up things to her, but I didn't. I had seen a lot of women try to deceive their husbands, and have to take the consequences.

"The right kind of a man wouldn't want to separate a mother from her child. He will be more apt to hold it against you if he finds it out for himself than if you tell him now. If you tell him, and he turns you down, you would probably be better off without that kind of a man anyhow. Almost every man in the world has stepped aside from the straight and narrow path at some time or other, and he ought not to hold one misstep against his wife."

"You don't know Sam," she said. "He's the most honorable man I ever knew but he's narrow, in some ways, and this is one of them. If I were to tell him the truth, he would never marry me. I can't give him up. I love him more than I ever did any other man!"

And Minnie put her handkerchief to her eyes and cried like a baby. At that, I think they were real tears, although she was an actress and could force her tears in order to get her own way. I had seen her try that trick on Shamus McGinty. Milo's face was a study. I had never read her letters to him, but I could imagine what she had written to

kid him along and get all the money she could out of him.

"If we take Ruthie," I said, "it is only on condition that we adopt her. I refuse to take over the care and responsibility of raising her, and then perhaps have to give her up."

I didn't want Minnie to have anything to say about how Ruthie should be raised; for if I did, there might come a time when I would be bitterly blamed for things I ought not to be blamed for. I thought too, if I said that, she might change her mind and keep the child. But it didn't make any impression on her. She was crazy about that man. The baby was in her way, and she just shoved her aside, as she might have done a cat or a dog.

So we took Ruthie home with us and adopted her legally. She would inherit as much of our property as any of the other children, and have a legal right to her father's name, which was no more than fair to the child. She wasn't to blame for what her parents had done. The children didn't like it very well at first, but they became reconciled and came to think as much of Ruth as if she had been their real sister. Some one told them the truth about Ruthie's parentage, and they never had the same respect for their father after that. Every one that knew us wondered at my standing for such a thing.

"Can you beat it?" they asked each other. "Ella's one woman in a thousand. It takes a broad-minded woman and a real Christian to forgive a man like that, and raise his child by another woman!"

But they were all wrong! Even Milo hadn't got me figured out right. I had never forgiven him, and I felt as if I never could. The real reason I took Ruth was that I thought the child would be a perpetual reminder to Milo of the wrong he had done me.

IN fact, to tell the real truth, I took the child from motives of revenge. A woman like Minnie will flare up at nothing and get over it right away; but a quiet, reserved woman, such as I am, will be a long time in forgiving a grave injury. But no one suspected this: Milo least of all. Outwardly I was calm and kept up appearances. No one ever suspected what I went through; the mental torture I endured.

What angered me most was that I realized how impossible it would be for me to ever make him suffer as I had; so he would realize how he had hurt me.

Manlike, I don't really believe he ever thought, at first, that he had done anything so terribly wrong. What he hated was being found out. But if I had done what he did, it would have been a horse of another color. He would never have forgiven me, I'm sure. He had killed my love and my faith in him. As far as my affections were concerned, I was widowed as much as if he had died, even more. It would have been far less cruel, really, if he had killed me or tortured me to death.

Sometimes, at first, I did have wild thoughts of getting even by making him jealous; then I would come to myself and smile at the thought of my trying to do such a thing! In the first place, I had

never been a beauty, even as a girl; now I was a plain-looking, middle-aged woman, amiable and accommodating perhaps, but not the kind of woman most men would look at twice. Even as a girl I had always worn plain dresses and white collars, most of the time, and I had studied my arithmetic and algebra when other girls were reading novels. I had always been sort of prim, precise and accurate. My father was a carpenter and I guess I took after him. I wasn't one of the "It" women, as they say nowadays. Maybe Milo wouldn't have cared much, anyway, if I had found another man to love. I would only have besmirched myself in the eyes of the world and my children, and every one would have said, "Maybe there was some excuse for Milo's acting the way he did, after all. You can't always tell about these shy, quiet women."

Most people thought I had a cold nature. But no woman ever got even with a man by throwing herself away. And no matter what a father may do, it never hurts children as much as what a mother does. The worst of it would have been that I would have lost Milo's respect, and my own, too.

AND, after all these years, I've come to understand that it wasn't because Milo didn't really care for me and the children and his home, that he acted the way he did. It was just a case of temporary insanity on his part, because of the eternal monotony of his life, and having had to work ever since he was a little mite of a boy.

He had never had a real vacation in his life. For going to the city to buy goods wasn't any vacation, as I know myself: just hurry from place to place, and worry about every order for fear it wouldn't go with the folks at home, and you couldn't make a quick turnover and a thousand things that the person who hasn't kept a grocery store hasn't any idea about. He had always had his nose to the grindstone. Minnie was pretty and a novelty in our little town, and he was attracted by her cheap tinsel and glitter as a child is by some flimsy toy.

And I know now there comes a time in every man's life, the same as with women, when he feels irritable, restless, and dissatisfied without any apparent cause. And he does the most irrational things that he is ashamed of and sorry about afterwards. Middle-aged folks, both men and women, need and deserve a lot of sympathy they don't get.

Emily got married and went to live away down South. We saw her only once in three or four years. Emily finished business college and instead of coming home to keep books in her father's store, she got a good position in the city. She liked city life so well she couldn't bear our dull little town for more than a week-end at a time, so we didn't see much of Emily any more.

Don't think I blamed Emily. As I said, all of us are born with different temperaments and none of us to blame for it. You can't order children and have them just exactly as you want them, or return them if they don't suit. Emily liked city life and excitement, and craved

to be where something was going on all the time; and I liked peace and quiet and seeing the same old friends; and wouldn't have traded the green meadows and lanes and blossoming orchards around our little town for all the cities on this earth and all the money in them.

Even now I hardly ever turn on the radio when I'm alone. I get out some old records and play the phonograph until Milo comes in and shuts it off and tunes in on some jazz orchestra.

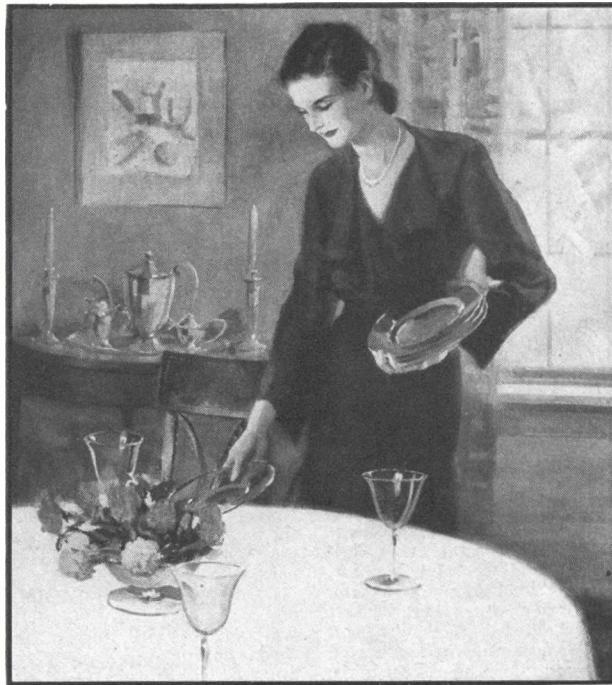
Bob grew up and went to college and went off with a crew of mining engineers to South America. No small town grocery for Bob, either. Sometimes we didn't hear from him for months at a time, when the rivers were up, or they were having a revolution or something.

So Milo and I would have been alone, if it hadn't been for Ruthie. She was so much company for me, and help, too; after she got old enough. At first I never looked at the child without a bitter feeling. Milo loved her better than he ever had one of the other children, but he tried to hide it when I, or any one else, was around. Maybe he felt remorseful because of the stain on her parentage. Ruth was a pretty child and smart as a whip, but shy and modest, never trying to put on or show off or attract attention to herself, like so many children that come into the world the way she had. She didn't take after her mother a bit, except she had a happy disposition. She was one of the most affectionate children I ever saw. She was like a ray of sunshine on a gloomy day around the house. All the boarders loved and petted her, but it didn't spoil her at all. She had light brown hair, almost drab, clear hazel eyes and rosy cheeks, and she never used lipstick or rouge. She naturally detested both of them. She called herself "drab." She was always neat, but she wasn't the dresser her mother had been.

SHE liked quiet, subdued colors. She didn't care much for jewelry, and never wore those long strings of bright beads and dangling earrings her mother had been so fond of.

I wasn't responsible for it, either. I had let her choose what she liked from the time she was a very small girl. Day by day she wound herself around our hearts till she seemed as much our own child as any of the rest had done. I forgot that I had taken her to punish Milo and came to love her for herself. She always called me "Mamma", and a stranger wouldn't have known she wasn't my own child. They usually remarked on how much she resembled me. She formed a new bond between her father and me. Milo worked harder and harder. Maybe Minnie had bled him harder than I had any idea of; or maybe he wanted to lay up all he could to leave the children, especially Ruthie, because of the blot he had cast on the family name. He grew more saving and closer all the time. If Ruthie wanted anything, she would be more likely to come to me for the money than to her father.

Well, in the end, some one who had a grudge against Minnie told her husband about Ruth. It turned out just as I had warned her. He left her, not because of what she had done, but because of the



Some women are funny that way

Some women have a knack of finding joy in the simplest everyday things.

A table set with crisp, snowy linens—a cake baked to fluffy perfection—sunbeams dancing on spotless floors—towels fragrant with sweet, airy cleanliness—in such simple homely things, these women find delight. They're funny that way.

It pleases us greatly that these women are the very ones who fill our files with friendly letters about Fels-Naptha. Yet it doesn't surprise us. For, as far as soap-and-water tasks go, Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help that makes it easier to get things done beautifully.

Fels-Naptha, you see, is more than soap alone. It is good soap and *plenty* of naptha. So much naptha, you can smell it plainly. The velvety feel of the bar and its *clear*, golden color will tell you that the soap itself is unusually good. So you get two skillfully combined cleaners in one big bar—soap and naptha working hand-in-hand. Under their gentle urging, even stubborn dirt lets go—without hard rubbing. Smudges vanish and woodwork sparkles. Bathtubs gleam.

Windows shine. And clothes come off the line clean and sweet!

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil. And Fels-Naptha, containing glycerine, treats your hands gently and helps keep them nice.

On your next grocery list, jot down Fels-Naptha—the 10-bar carton, preferably. Then try this soap! And see for yourself why so many of the best housekeepers say—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

Here's a Chipper for you!—We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamp to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address completely

deceit she had practiced against him. Maybe he just used it for an excuse, or there might have been other things that we knew nothing about. Anyhow, he left her and got a divorce, and Minnie had to go to work again. She didn't get any alimony, of course. It was hard on her after those years of comparative luxury and security.

It wasn't long until she married another man that probably didn't have scruples of any kind. But that marriage went on the rocks, too. After awhile it got so that she wrote only once a year or so, to let us have her address for Ruthie's sake. She quit telling us about her affairs, but I had to address her letters several times under a new name and, although I didn't know anything, I surmised a lot. I had a feeling she was sinking lower and lower.

Finally Ruthie graduated from high school. Her heart was set on going to college. Milo was against it, but I stood by her.

"Women haven't any business going to college. They don't need college educations to keep house and raise children which is what God meant them for, so much education just ruins them. They look down on boys that haven't been to college, especially if they're poor. There ain't enough rich and educated men to go round for the college girls. This college education is the ruin of the family," Milo would say.

WHEN he would get to raving good and hard, I would give him a straight look right in the eyes, and he would get red in the face and fling himself out of the house and slam the door. For him to talk about "the ruin of the family" was a little too much.

But I knew the real reason he was so set against Ruthie's going to college was that he couldn't bear to have her go away from us. He knew men—and he was afraid of a lot of things that might happen to our little girl, seeing whose child she was. But I knew Ruthie better than he did.

"If Ruthie wants to go to college, she shall!" I said. "I'll pay her expenses out of the board money." At that Milo gave in. I knew he would. But some of the board money furnished her lots of extras, and made it easier and pleasanter for her in many ways. Sometimes she came home for the holidays, and sometimes Milo and I went to the college town where she went to school, and spent them with her. We were both country-bred and old-fashioned, I especially; but it didn't make any difference to Ruth. She was a loyal little soul and if we had been ten times more countrified than we were, she would never have been ashamed of us and would have introduced us to her friends as proudly as if we had been royalty itself.

So it came to Ruthie's last year, and Milo sort of rubbed it into me when she told us that she and a young lawyer had fallen in love with each other. He wasn't a college student. He was several years older than Ruth and a fine, steady young fellow. She had met him at the home of a friend. It seemed to have been a case of love at first sight. Hilgard wasn't a rich man. He had a name and fortune to make for himself; but she said he came of an old and honorable family, and he

was proud of his ancestry. He wrote and asked us for our little girl and said he would see us when we went down for the holidays. Milo was all broken up about it.

Just a few days before we were to start for the college town, there came a telegram from Ruth.

LEAVING HOME THIS MORNING STOP WILL ARRIVE TUESDAY STOP LOVE RUTH

We knew something had happened, although she smiled and was pleasant and friendly toward every one at the depot. But she looked pale and tired, and there was a pitiful droop to the corners of her mouth. I felt as if what I had always dreaded had happened. Ruth had grown up believing I was her mother.

Perhaps it was wrong for us to let her think so. I never could bring myself to tell that her own mother was dead, and if she had known her mother was living, it would have raised all kinds of questions and tended to unsettle her. Nobody had ever told her different, and she had naturally never thought to question the fact that both of us were her parents.

But now Nonette Walburg, a classmate of Ruth's from our town, had fallen in love with Hilgard, herself, and was jealous of our little girl, and had taunted her with the fact that she was an illegitimate child. She had called her a worse name than that. Hurt and ashamed Ruthie had come to us to learn the truth.

"IS it true, papa?" she asked, standing there so young and innocent, her soft eyes looking straight into his as if pleading with him to tell her it wasn't so, and yet feeling it must be by the look on his face. The time had been when I had wished for such a revenge as that. But when I looked at Ruthie's white face and tragic eyes, and witnessed Milo's shame and embarrassment, I really pitied him and wished I could spare him. And all at once I felt every bit of anger and resentment on my own account vanish, never to return. He had made me suffer terribly but he was having to endure a fearful punishment.

"Tell me the truth, papa!" Ruth begged.

"Yes, Ruthie, it is true!" Milo said, and bowed his head in shame.

Ruth stood there a moment, speechless, and as white as the little statuette on the mantel back of her. Then she gave a low, heartbroken moan that seemed to contain all the anguish of a whole lifetime of suffering. And if any man, tempted as Milo had been, could have witnessed that scene, it would surely have caused him to stop a moment and ponder on the awful consequences of seemingly trivial acts of folly.

"And who is my mother?" Ruthie asked in a dull, small voice that sounded unnatural, as if some one else were speaking. It seemed as if all the joy and gladness of her light-hearted, innocent youth had been drained from her face and her voice. "Why haven't I been told before?"

We had to tell her the truth or, at least, a part of it. It wasn't Ruthie that cried when the story was ended. She was white as a ghost, but she never shed

a tear. I thought she might faint.

Milo put his arms on the table, rested his head on them and sobs shook his whole body. It brought tears to my own eyes to watch him. I had never seen my husband cry before, except when our babies died.

Ruth had looked at him when he was telling her the story as if he were some one she had never seen before; but when she saw that he was suffering the very torments of hell, the sight was too much for her tender little heart. She went and put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Poor old Daddy!" she said. And then she turned to me. "And poor mama! You've been such a wonderful mother to me!" That was my reward for all I had suffered. "But I want to see my own mother."

She wouldn't be denied. We left next day. She wrote a long letter to Hilgard, but we didn't know, until later, that she had broken her engagement to him. She felt that, proud as he was of his own honorable lineage, he would not care to marry a girl with a stain on her parentage, although he would never ask to be released from his engagement; because she, not knowing the truth herself, had not deceived him. She wouldn't let me send a telegram to Minnie.

"I want to see my mother just as she is in her everyday life," she said. But when we reached the city where Minnie lived, I felt I simply couldn't go in on her without any warning at all. I managed to slip away and telephone her, give her that much time for preparation. At that, I did it more for Ruthie's sake than for hers. I could guess from her letters that she had retrograded, but I could not know how far she might have fallen. I wanted Milo and Ruth to go to see her without me, but they wouldn't hear to it.

Minnie lived in a little, shabby cottage in a poor quarter of the city. Just before we reached the gate, a man came out and walked hurriedly away. He was big, heavy set, and of greasy complexion; he had a brutal jaw and small black eyes and a kind of sinking look. And he certainly needed a shave and a haircut.

MINNIE came to the door to meet us. She wore some old, shabby, bright-colored pieces of finery. I could see that Ruthie knew it for the keynote of her mother's character, as soon as she looked at it. I imagine Minnie lived chiefly in a kimono. Through the bedroom door I could see an old, red, torn one thrown across the foot of the bed.

The room was littered with cigarette stubs, and I noticed a couple of beer bottles on the dresser. The whole house smelled of tobacco, the sour, stale odors of beer and wine and something stronger. It nauseated me. I knew we could have smelled it on Minnie's breath, if it hadn't been for the candy she had eaten. I noticed that her finger tips were stained by cigarettes. Her hair had grown gray and thin, and it was bobbed. She hadn't done a good job with the last application of henna, or whatever she used, and the gray roots showed next to her scalp. Her cheeks were highly rouged and her lips had been hastily daubed with lipstick. Her eyebrows were full of powder, and

the same old, dangling earrings weighted down the lobes of her ears, just as when I had first seen her. Ruth turned so pale I thought she was going to faint. I waited for Milo to speak. Minnie had turned away as if afraid to meet the girl's gaze.

"This is your mother, Ruth," he said, and hung his head. I would have had to forgive him then, if I had not already overcome all feelings of revenge.

The introduction seemed to give Minnie new courage. She came forward and took Ruthie in her arms. No doubt her heart was ready to break—poor thing!—for no mother could fail to love a dear little thing like Ruth.

Past memories swept over Minnie. She realized what she had done; what she had lost. Her eyes filled with real tears and shame painted her cheeks redder than any rouge could ever have done. Ruth could not repress the faintest shudder of repulsion when her mother's arms went round her. I know Minnie couldn't have helped noticing it.

We stayed and talked awhile, and I could see that Minnie had fallen pretty low. I pitied her beyond belief, but I was powerless to avert the consequences of her own actions. I pitied Milo, too; his face was crimson and great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

MINNIE asked us to stay to dinner with the old assumed and affected air of cordiality that I remembered so well, but I know she would have been greatly embarrassed if we had. I couldn't have stood it to see Ruth at the same table with that big, greasy man we had met coming out of the house. I knew that Ruth was anxious to go. Milo and I went out and stood in the yard awhile, and left Minnie and Ruth alone. The foxtail was thick in the yard and filaree, with its sharp little curlicues that stick into one's stockings. The grass was dry and yellow, and it looked as if no mower had ever cut that lawn, if it could be called that. All the shrubs needed pruning, and half of them were dead, or dying, from lack of water.

"Good-by, baby!" Minnie said, and held her child tightly to her, while the tears ran down and made little rivulets in the rouge on her cheeks.

"I didn't do right, honey, and I've had to pay for it. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart that I've disgraced you like this, but maybe you'll forgive me, dearie, when you're older and know more of life."

Milo and I shook hands with her. She put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my eyes as if she wanted to tell me something she couldn't find words for. It was a strange look. I remembered it afterward.

"I haven't any words to thank you, Ella," she said, "for what you've done for Ruth. God will reward you."

Then we told her good-by and went away. At the street corner, we turned to look back. Minnie was standing there, watching us, looking her last on the child she had given up for a man.

Our train didn't leave until the next morning. We had given Minnie the address of the hotel where we were staying. A few hours later, Milo was called to the telephone in the hotel office.



MOTHER: Mummie's so glad to see the roses back in her little girl's cheeks.

MARY JANE: I guess Aunt Sue was right about Post's Bran Flakes.

IRREGULARITY, due to lack of sufficient bulk in the diet, makes one feel run down and out of sorts. In fact it is the cause, physicians say, of a high percentage of bodily ills.

To keep regular, eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. As a breakfast cereal these golden, toasted flakes are delicious with milk or cream. They contain such beneficial elements of whole wheat as: iron, phosphorus and vitamin B, together with the outer coating of the grain, a gentle regulator. . . . Start regulating yourself with Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow. Form the habit of regular elimination. Eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly for two weeks and see how easy it is to acquire this healthful habit. You will feel better for it.

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*in your child by neglect
of one simple precaution
during Pregnancy!*



X-ray shows how
bow legs may result
when mother's diet
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Minnie was dead. The doctor who was called said her death had been due to an overdose of some narcotic. He seemed to think it was accidental. She had been accustomed to taking it for insomnia. But I remembered that strange look in Minnie's eyes as she stood with her hands on my shoulders.

We saw that she was buried decently. Her husband was too ill from the effects of some vile bootleg liquor to attend the services.

"You were my real mother," Ruth had said to me. I couldn't tell her that I had taken her at first from motives of revenge, and that her childish innocence and helplessness and sweetness had won my heart.

Perhaps I should have confessed it to her; but she had idealized me, attributed qualities to me that I did not possess. For her own sake I could not bear to disillusion her. I felt that it was better for her in those dark days to believe she was leaning on some one stronger than herself, to have some human being she believed to be better and wiser than herself, to look up to.

We took her away for awhile to a quiet, seaside town that was nearly deserted at that time of year, where we would meet no one at all that we knew. Several telegrams and letters from Hilgard were forwarded there to Ruth. One day as she sat alone on the beach, watching the waves break into foam at her feet, she saw a tall, distinguished looking man approaching.

"Ruth," he said reproachfully, "why did you run away? How could you have so little faith in my love? Don't you know I wanted you for yourself, alone; for your own real worth and nobility of character? For me, you stand out from other womankind like a jewel amongst a lot of glass baubles. There is no family but has a skeleton in its closet—dear. My work as a lawyer has taught me that."

And so our little girl crept into his arms and found love and shelter, loyalty and sympathy and understanding, that have never failed her yet.

Milo and I have been alone a long time now, but we are closer in spirit than we were in the days of our youth.

Was This Love a Sin?

(Continued from page 72)

had me lie down and we experimented with positions until we found the one in which I looked sickest.

"It's a relief to have a case like this," she commented, as we set the stage, "after the kind we nurses usually get. It's fun!"

Then I got ready for bed and lay down. Miss Brothers raised the shade and sat near me. We talked for hours, mostly about the probability of the success in my gentle hoax.

SHORTLY after noon the door-bell rang. Miss Brothers leaped up, jerked down the shade and turned on the green light, while I settled back on the pillows, and closed my eyes. The nurse went to open the door.

"Oh," she said. "It's you!"

Doctor Lawrence strode in, smiling.

"If I'm going to be stage manager of this show," he said humorously, "I want to be sure the stage is set." His eyes twinkled at me for a moment; then he sniffed and turned to Miss Brothers.

"They tell me women make the best actors," he remarked with a wry grimace. "Maybe so. But you certainly need a man to tell you how! Where's the smell of the disinfectants? Where are the bottles? There ought to be a stand here by the bed with dark bottles on it—evil smelling medicine. And a glass—with a spoon sticking out of it. And what would be hanging on the foot of the bed, h'm-m?"

"A chart," Miss Brothers answered humbly, smiling sheepishly,

"Of course, of course!" he returned. "But where is it? You're one swell nurse, my dear. But I'm afraid you'd be a rotten liar!"

He opened his bag and fumbled in it; drew out a brown bottle which he handed to the nurse.

"Put a little of that on a dab of cotton

and stick it under the mattress. And a little of this"—he produced another vial—"in each corner of the room. Maybe a cold compress for the head—No, that won't do," he broke off. "This is a nervous breakdown. No fever.

"Lemme see now." He looked around the room quickly. A bedpan—where's that? And your thermometer? My, my, my, Miss Brothers! Is this a sick room?"

Miss Brothers and I both had to laugh at his manner; but the nurse looked considerably chagrined.

She sent out for a hospital chart and other sick-room paraphernalia, placed a stand beside the bed; when the room finally was arranged to Doctor Lawrence's satisfaction with an array of drug bottles, a pill box or two, and with its smell of disinfectants, the room became so realistic that I almost felt that I actually was sick.

THE doctor gave the room another keen survey, and caught up his case.

"This certainly ought to do the job," he said, smiling at me. He chuckled for an instant in his engaging way and then turned toward the door. "Good luck!" he called over his shoulder, and went out.

Miss Brothers raised the shade and turned off the green light. But I did not get out of bed. I had discovered that I felt very languid and very tired; and the ache in the back of my head was growing troublesome again.

For a little while the nurse sat talking to me, but it was evident to her that my mind was elsewhere, and she retired with a book to a chair before the window.

I was thinking of Edwin and Eleanor—wondering what would happen when they arrived. I computed the time. Rushing east by plane, Eleanor was sure to arrive during that day or evening. Because of train connections, Edwin could not

possibly reach Detroit until about eight the next morning. Consequently, my daughter would be the first to come to my bedside.

The afternoon wore slowly away. I began to worry again about Eleanor, coming by air. What if something should happen?

Suddenly there came a short, cautious ring at the door-bell.

"There she is!" I whispered.

Miss Brothers sprang up and lowered the shade, switched on the green light, and straightening her cap, hurried to the door. I closed my eyes and lay quiet, determined to show that my daughter was not the only one in the family who could act.

As the nurse opened the door, I heard an anxious, masculine baritone:

"How is she?"

A breathless voice, tremulous, frightened.

It was Edwin!

It was all I could do to keep from springing out of bed. All I could do to keep my eyes closed tight as he tiptoed into the room and stood looking down at me. Edwin!

"Anna!" My name seemed to explode from his lips: an agonized whisper. My brain reeled, my blood raced. I dared not open my eyes. I dared not look at him.

He sank to the chair beside the bed. I could picture his face, drawn with worry and fear for me. I could feel his eyes on my closed lids, burning. His breathing was sibilant, proving that he was controlling himself with a violent effort.

AND I lay there with a rigid stillness that strained my nerves to excruciating tautness. I longed to scream aloud to ease the terrific tension in my breast.

After what seemed an age, I heard Miss Brothers' voice:

"I wouldn't stay too long. You see, even when she's in this coma, there's an unconscious reaction."

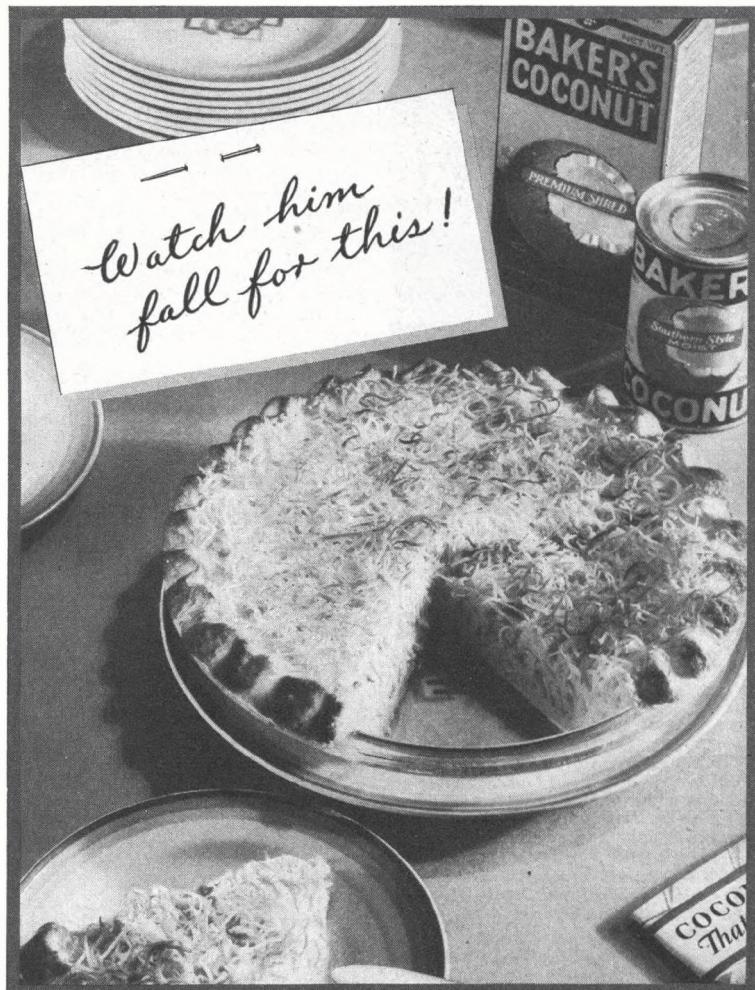
"I see," he whispered hoarsely. He arose. I heard him tiptoe into the other room. And a babbling treble sounded through the door—Ralph's voice. He had brought the baby with him.

I felt weak and limp, completely upset by the unexpected deviation from the smooth-running course of events as I had pictured it. Edwin's coming first, and the stupendous surge of emotion which his very nearness had engendered, had dragged the strength from me in fiery drops. I could not have arisen from my bed then if I had wanted to.

How had Edwin got here? He could not have made connections by rail. He must have come by automobile—driving headlong across the length and breadth of lower Michigan to reach my side!

There was a long silence, punctuated by occasional childish chatter from Ralph, probably sitting on his father's lap in the next room, and Edwin's cau-tioning "Hush!"

Then the bell sounded again. As the door opened, I heard a quick gasp. I divined that Eleanor, entering, had seen Edwin and Ralph. A torturing silence followed. I could picture the little boy staring at the strange woman, who somehow seemed hauntingly familiar to his childish mind.



WHEN it comes to pleasing a man, here's one trick you may have overlooked. Serve him coconut—coconut cake, coconut pie, any dish, so it's coconut.

Men, young and old, fall for it. A recent check-up in leading cities proves that. Thousands of men told our inquiring reporter how they love coconut. And what's more, they said they'd been ordering coconut dishes in restaurants because they didn't get them often enough at home.

Well, that means only one thing

to a wife, sweetheart or mother. It's time to begin to-day—to-day, serve him a coconut pie and watch him beam. And remember, the better the coconut, the harder he'll fall. That's why it pays to get Baker's. Use either style—Baker's Premium Shred, which keeps fragrant and fresh in a triple-sealed carton, or Baker's Southern Style—packed in a tin, so that it comes to you as moist and creamy-fresh as fresh coconut! Baker's Coconut is a product of General Foods Corporation. © 1952, G. F. CORP.

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In the mornings, on the handkerchief



Then Eleanor came hurrying to my side on tiptoe. I heard a sob and she whispered:

"Oh, Mumsy, Mumsy!"

Her lips pressed against my forehead. A hot tear dropped upon my cheek. I fought to keep my eyes closed. Again my nerves were jangling like fire bells, and a scream gathered in my lungs. If I had foreseen one-tenth of the torturing difficulty of this task I had set for myself, I never would have had the courage to tackle it.

I heard a sound at the front door, and guessed that the nurse had slipped out into the hall to telephone Doctor Lawrence that the stage was all set for his entrance.

Presently she came back and whispered to Eleanor an admonishment similar to that with which she had banished Edwin from the room. Eleanor drew her breath sharply, tremulously, between her teeth. She tiptoed into the living room.

I lay there in bed, scarcely breathing—listening for sounds from the room beyond the open door; listening to utter silence; wondering what the scene was like out there; agonizing over the stillness. The terrible, significant stillness.

WHY didn't they say something? Why didn't they talk to each other? Where were they? Sitting together on the divan, or on hard chairs, prim and forbidding, with the room between? And who was holding little Ralph?

My nerves were stretching almost to the breaking point. I shook my head from side to side.

Edwin! Eleanor! Was this task I had undertaken for love of Eleanor—for love of Edwin—to crash down and smother me under the weight of their indifference? Did their silence mean that their love was dead—and cold? A couple of strangers in a strange room—that was what they were like. Husband and wife! Could those two silent people out there ever have been husband and wife?

I wondered if I were going mad from the strain of it!

A quiet rap on the door sounded like an explosion in my straining ears. Miss Brothers hurried out and admitted Doctor Lawrence. He greeted Eleanor and Edwin, his clear voice carrying distinctly to me.

"So this is the big boy," he said, and I could imagine him chucking Ralph under the chin.

Then I heard Eleanor, whispering. And from the doctor's answer I gathered that she had asked about me.

"It's very hard to tell in a case like this," he said. "She's in pretty bad shape, but I have hopes. It all depends on the turn she takes at the crisis."

Again Eleanor's whispering voice came to me. And Doctor Lawrence replied:

"Well, it's a complete nervous breakdown. Largely brought about, I'd say, by a peculiar mental condition. By that I mean that she'd obviously had something on her mind for quite some time. Something she's brooded over constantly."

A sharp, pained ejaculation came from Edwin. The doctor went on, his words carrying clearly, deliberately no doubt, to my hearing.

"I spoke of a crisis, though actually in a case of a badly disordered nervous system like this, there isn't such a thing as a crisis in a strict medical sense. What I meant is this: somehow we must determine what has been troubling her mentally. If we can do that—and providing it isn't too late—your mother will probably come through all right."

There was a long, pregnant silence. I stirred in agony on the bed. The suspense was fairly eating me up. The ache in my head was by now almost unbearable. Then Doctor Lawrence continued:

"That's the situation. I'd advise you two to stick right here in Detroit until this crisis is reached—and passed. This is so important that I've had the nurse make arrangements for a room for you, just across the hall here."

Then Edwin's voice reached me. "I've already registered at the Fremont, across the street. I'll stay there."

I felt myself sinking. These words brought the final blow. My nerves snapped, and all feeling had gone from my body. It was as if my limbs and trunk had dissolved into thin air, leaving only my head, with that terrific ache gnawing, gnawing, at the back of my brain.

I HAD surrendered. To me, now, nothing mattered. All I asked was sleep—the long, dreamless sleep of death.

I did not know that Doctor Lawrence had come into the room until I heard, as from a long, long distance, a muffled oath.

"Miss Brothers," he cried, "this woman's really sick. Here!"

In a nebulous sort of dream, I sensed that there was quick activity about me. As a dream face, I saw the doctor. I realized he was taking my temperature. On the other side of me I sensed Edwin and Eleanor, with little Ralph. To me, they were like dream faces hovering about the bed. I did not know nor care what was taking place. I drifted on and on along the borderland between consciousness and coma.

Time made no impression. It was all a grotesque fancy, unreal, impossible. Only vague snatches reached my upper consciousness.

Very dimly I heard the doctor snap out, "Here, you two!"

And then, from the door, his angry voice barely penetrated my sinking mind, "I'll tell you what's the matter

Romance!

Drama!

Adventure!

Mary and Bob, those two never-tiring radio travelers in search of true stories, offer you all of these for the mere tuning in on the N. B. C. Red Network. For their itinerary and list of the stories to be broadcast, see the announcement on page 206 of this issue.

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time

7:30 P. M. Central Standard Time

with your mother. And you won't be very happy about it—"

And his growling tone was cut off when he closed the door softly, but with a kind of wrathful snap.

Then I knew no more.

They told me afterward that I lay in a coma for five days, while Doctor Lawrence and Miss Brothers battled, and Eleanor and Edwin prayed, for my life. And then, as if gray dawn had broken, I came up again and into the dream-like borderland.

Beside me were two nebulous figures, very close together. I recognized very briefly their familiar faces—Edwin's and Eleanor's. Then I fell into a quiet sleep.

I do not know how long I slept. When I awoke the ache was gone from my head. Feeling had come back to my body, a slight and very tired vitality was flowing through it. A languid quiescence held me in a soothing embrace.

Doctor Lawrence was standing beside the bed, smiling down at me. He saw that I was awake.

"Well," he said, "so you've decided to come out of it at last!"

Summoned by his voice, Edwin and Eleanor hurried into the room. They stood at the bedside. His arm was about her waist and he held her close. Little Ralph came up and stood in front of them, his wide eyes ogling me. "Gamma sick!" he piped up shrilly.

"MUMSY" Eleanor whispered, shaking her head a trifle. Edwin, looking down with somber eyes, suddenly smiled tremulously.

Doctor Lawrence motioned them from the room and closed the door.

I watched him as he came back.

"You told them!" I whispered accusingly.

He nodded. A grim line appeared at each corner of his mouth.

"Yes, I told them. And I didn't do it very gently, either! I imagine those kids will behave themselves now!"

"Doctor," I gasped, "you didn't—tell them my plan!"

He smiled, and patted my hand. He seemed very solicitous, almost tender.

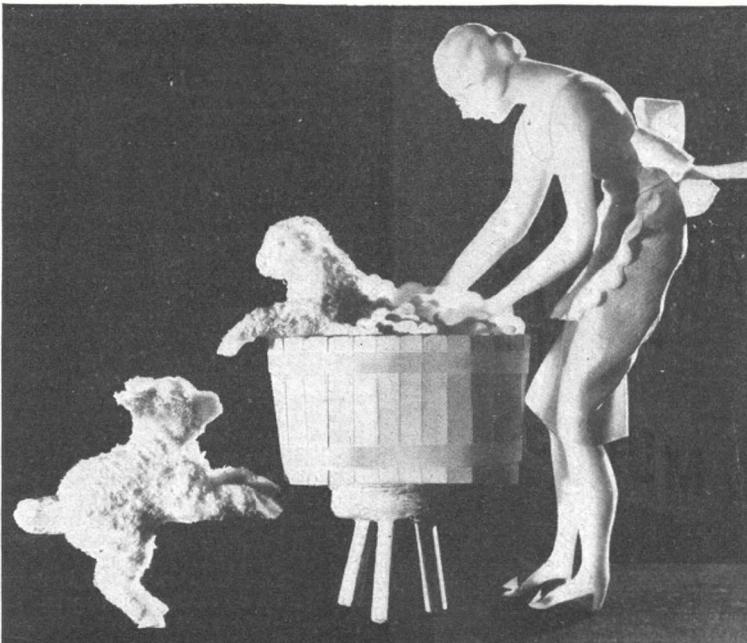
"No, no, nothing like that," he reassured me. "What I told them was that you'd worried yourself sick because they were acting like a couple of young idiots. And it's the truth. You've been working yourself up to this thing for months—the wonder of it is that you didn't keel over before you did! I told those two kids they'd have to get together and act like human beings, or there was no telling when you'd get well. I tell you, I threw a scare into them!"

Perhaps this revelation should have cheered me up. Instead, it sounded a somber note in my weary mind.

They had taken Doctor Lawrence's warning to heart, I thought drearily, and they were acting their parts! They were pretending that they had become reconciled—in order to help me get well.

Doctor Lawrence was quick to notice that I was brooding over something. He sat on the edge of the bed, and took my hand.

"Now listen to me," he said very quietly, "everything is going to come out all right. You must quit this worrying right now, or you'll have a relapse. I



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Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in its most modern form—tiny, tiny pearls so fine they feel powder-smooth between your fingers. They are so eager to work that they dissolve and fluff up into velvety rich suds as soon as they

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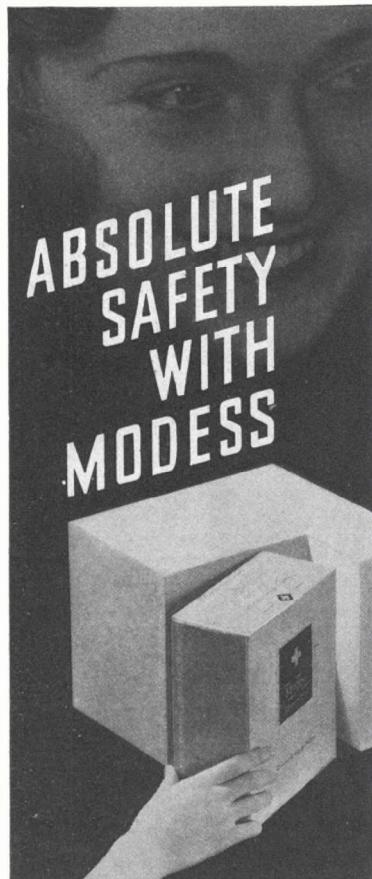
Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhs. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

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COSTS LESS THAN EVER

FOR fifty days or more of the year you need sanitary protection. Modess—the gently fluffed, surgically clean pad, with safety backing—gives you perfect protection and comfort during these extremely trying days.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. The most you should now pay is 30¢ a box.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

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Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

tell you there's nothing to fret yourself over. You've done what you started out to do—and that's that!" He arose, and smiled once more. "You'd better get some more sleep," he said. A moment later, he was gone.

But in my weakened condition, hope was slow in coming back to me. I watched Eleanor and Edwin anxiously, listened to their talk, and struggled against an anguished doubt. Were they sincere in their apparent devotion to each other? Or was it a sham, deliberately designed to relieve my mind of worry?

WHAT of Eleanor's career? In Hollywood, triumph awaited her. She could go on and on, I was sure, to the heights of motion picture stars. I knew my daughter. To her the lure and the glamour of the pictures—and plenty of money—must beckon with a power beyond resistance.

And hour by hour, as my strength came back, the test approached. The day was very near when Eleanor might announce that she was hurrying back to California, and taking little Ralph along!

The time came when I could leave my bed and sit up in the living room. On another day, when Doctor Lawrence called, he remarked:

"Well, I could keep on coming, but it would only be because I like to come. There's nothing more to be done but for you to take it easy and get well."

A warm look of admiration lighted up his fine gray eyes and he smiled at me. "You're a mighty courageous woman," he said.

His words and look stirred me for a moment; but after he was gone I fell back into my brooding speculation. What would happen now?

A messenger rang the door bell and delivered a telegram to Edwin, who answered the door. It was addressed to Eleanor.

Edwin handed it to her with an air of hesitancy. I could tell that he sensed, as well as I, that it contained a message of momentous importance. It was as if the fate of all of us hung in the balance as Eleanor tore open the yellow envelope and quickly read what was inside.

The color faded from her cheeks, and she drew a long, unsteady breath. Little Ralph tugged at her arm, prattling, "What is it, mamma, huh? What is it, mamma?"

Eleanor looked at Edwin, and then at me. Without a word she handed the telegram to Edwin, who read it and passed it on to me. He did not speak. The message read:

IMPERATIVE YOU RETURN AT ONCE
STOP PRODUCTION BEGINS MONDAY
MORNING STOP START BY PLANE OTHERWISE
WILL HAVE TO MAKE OTHER
ARRANGEMENTS FOR LEADING LADY
STOP WIRE ANSWER

Saved from the Black Plague By Shipwreck and Starvation!

HE was on a munitions ship that was blown up during the World War in the middle of the Pacific. Followed an incredible nightmare in open boats, during which the men in one boat ate the bodies of those who died. And after it was all over, among the survivors, this one man who had been afflicted with a frightful disease found that it had been literally starved out of him! In the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine, Lowell Thomas, famous radio speaker and author of books of adventure, tells this all but incredible story—one of the strangest in the annals of the sea.

TO this same issue Dan O'Leary, the veteran walker, contributes "Fifty Cents a Day Keeps Me Fit at Ninety"; a remarkable account of his own simple program of personal living, which has brought him to a ripe old age with robust, vigorous health. The fields of exercise, recreation, nutrition, beauty hygiene and child guidance, are covered in articles by such widely-known authorities as Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Milo Hastings, Dorothy Walter Baruch, Dorothy Cocks and others.

CAND, of course, there are the usual sparkling short stories, continuing serials by Harold Bell Wright and Nina Wilcox Putnam, articles in lighter vein (in one of which Ina Claire reveals her dress secrets for blondes), and all the imitable departments and features that make PHYSICAL CULTURE unique among magazines. Don't miss

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR MARCH

It's on Sale NOW at All the News Stands

From the yellow sheet I looked at Eleanor. Edwin also was regarding her with anxiety. She was staring at the floor, her chin trembling, and I saw a tear sparkle at the corner of her eye.

She looked from Edwin to me and down at the floor again. And once more suspense went screaming along my nerves, so that I wanted to spring up and seize her by the shoulders, demanding, "What are you going to do? What are you going to do?"

Edwin coughed. Little Ralph stared at his mother, his mouth standing open as if he, too, felt the tension. Eleanor looked down at him: a slight smile flashed on her lips and was gone.

"I—" she began, and closed her lips tight. Then she seemed to gather herself as a diver does when he is about to plunge from a great height. She finished very rapidly, "I'm not going back!"

How to describe my feeling at that moment is quite beyond me. It was as if something had let loose, or burst, inside of me. Once more the impression that I was dreaming came over me.

EDWIN swallowed audibly; a fierce burning came into his eyes. It was like the light I had seen on that never-to-be-forgotten day on the farm when he held me in his arms!

Eleanor looked up at him and smiled. In a husky whisper he uttered her name; they moved toward each other as if groping their way. She clung to him. And little Ralph, with a wide gesture, spread his arms to circle their knees. Edwin stooped to lift him up and the child gurgled joyously as he hugged them both.

The tension broke, and all of us were half laughing, half crying, together.

They went back to the Dayton farm a few days later. I felt very lonely in my tiny apartment—so empty after they had gone. But there was no emptiness in my heart, only thanksgiving and joy. And if I ever feel a little pang in the remembrance of those days which I spent in Edwin's home—if I ever grieve for the joy I might have found in Edwin's love—I am able to banish it in the proud knowledge that I was strong enough to sacrifice it all for the sake of the three who are dearer than life to me.

Eleanor is very happy at Crystal Falls. I like to believe that, with those hectic years behind her, she would be happy anywhere with Edwin and their son.

A day or so after they departed, Doctor Lawrence came to see me, and I told him that Eleanor had gone home with Edwin. His eyes twinkled.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "If those two were pretending, they soon got over it."

The months have sped by rapidly since then. Eleanor writes me joyously that soon little Ralph will have a baby brother—or perhaps a sister. Supreme proof that my plan has worked out.

Doctor Lawrence—Doctor Frank to me now—has been a regular visitor ever since Eleanor and Edwin left me. He insists that I need a new interest in life to prevent a recurrence of my illness. And when I ask him what kind of an interest, he looks at me with a warm light in his gray eyes which, more and more, is finding a response in my heart.

THE END

They're thinking of letting him out . . .



HE ONCE WAS HEADED FOR SUCCESS . . . HE WAS THE HARDEST WORKER IN THE OFFICE. FULL OF PEP . . . ENERGY TO BURN . . .



BUT LOOK AT HIM NOW . . . HALF ALIVE . . . LISTLESS . . . CAN'T WORK . . . NO GOOD TO HIMSELF OR TO THE FIRM . . . AND THEY'RE THINKING OF LETTING HIM OUT



WHAT MYSTERIOUS SOMETHING HAS CHANGED HIM SO? WHAT IS WRECKING HIS CAREER?

The Answer

THOUGH HE DOESN'T SUSPECT IT, POISONS ARE AT WORK IN HIS OVERTIRED BODY . . . STEALING HIS STRENGTH . . . MAKING HIM A FAILURE. MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CALL THEM FATIGUE POISONS. IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT STIMULANTS INTERFERE WITH THE REST WHICH THE BODY NEEDS . . . THAT THEY ENCOURAGE THE DEVELOPMENT OF FATIGUE POISONS. IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAVE AVOIDED STIMULATING CAFFEIN BEVERAGES AND TURNED TO POSTUM.

FATIGUE POISONS develop in your body if it is constantly tired and overworked. They often cause nervousness, lack of energy, or even breakdown.

Nature, however, is able to throw off Fatigue Poisons with the aid of sound sleep, proper diet and exercise. But if you continually drive tired nerves and muscles into action with caffeine stimulants, if you go beyond the safe limit of your endurance, you squander your reserve strength. And then the dangerous poisons of fatigue can drag you down.

Let Postum help you fight Fatigue Poisons. It contains no caffeine—does not in-

terfere with Nature's struggle to throw off these poisons. And it satisfies your desire for a delicious mealtime drink.

Make This 30-Day Test

Eliminate caffeine from your diet for thirty days. Drink Postum instead. Then see the amazing difference. See how much better you sleep, look, and feel.

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"Bob says my hands are as pretty as they were on my wedding day, two years ago. My dishpan 'beauty treatment' with Lux keeps them soft as silk and creamy white."

Charlotte Halloran

Mrs. Robert Halloran, Los Angeles, Cal.



- with seven children I have to do dishes fast so I use the quick Lux way

"Lux saves me time, saves me work. Those tiny Lux diamonds dissolve like a flash. In lukewarm water, too. Leave even greasy dishes sparkling in no time at all. And the big box of Lux does my family's dishes for a whole month."

Margaret E. Dobbins

Mrs. James Dobbins, Long Island City, N.Y.



LUX
for dishes
Lovely hands
for less than
1¢ a day

I Thought I Was in the Way

(Continued from page 31)

her own son. It really did seem as if he had always belonged to us.

He spent much of his time in his room, where he had put up an easel. Here, out of his imagination, he painted all sorts of pictures.

He had never been able to take up the study of painting as a profession, but he was naturally gifted and sold quite a number of his pictures.

He was working toward his goal by putting away a certain sum each month from the money he earned painting signs, which was his trade.

He called these savings his "famous" money. Through study, he intended some day to paint a picture which would make him famous.

I grasped all this in the months that followed, when I learned to understand him as well as I did mother, just by watching his eyes and lips.

I OFTEN caught him looking at me when he thought I wasn't watching. There was a certain look in his eyes which I could not define.

Was it pity, or was it love? I went about my duties silently; but I didn't want to be pitied, I wanted to be loved. My mirror told me that I was beautiful; my eyes were very expressive. No wonder, I talked with my eyes. In them I put all the different emotions which I couldn't put into words.

My eyes could not lie, and perhaps they betrayed the love which was growing strong and mighty within me.

I was no different from any other young girl. The mating call was strong in me, and I had found my mate!

But, instead of filling me with joy, it weighted me down with a feeling of hopelessness.

The significance of the difference between us hovered like a dark shadow over me, waking or sleeping. Mute I suffered. He was not for me. I had no right to even dream of tying myself to his perfect young manhood. I was doomed to live alone in my world of silence. In spite of this knowledge, everything in me cried out for this man.

One evening he passed the house in his little roadster; a young girl was in the seat beside him.

He waved to me as they passed.

For the first time in my life, I knew what jealousy meant. It closed over my heart with cold fingers, ever tightening.

I stood there on the old porch a long time. My eyes sought the sky where millions of stars were blinking. Mother had tried to teach me that, up there, was a God who ruled all things—a God who loved all people.

I felt defiant toward this great Ruler of the universe; I could not fathom His love. Why couldn't I be like other people? If He ruled all things, all He needed to do was to say to my ears, "Open!" and they would hear. Evidently I was outside of the circle of love, or He would do this for me.

So I reasoned in my ignorance. Later, I have read books which have opened my mind to the infinite love of God.

But as I stood there, a thought came to

me which filled me with hope. I rushed in to mother, pulling out the little pad and pencil which I always carried, and wrote:

"Mother, take me to a doctor. Maybe he can open my ears."

She put her arms around me and held me close.

My secret was no secret to her. She knew why I so eagerly wanted to become like other girls. She had read the dawning of my love for Sam in my eyes, even before I was aware of it, myself.

Gently she told me, in the way I understood so well, that she had taken me to a great doctor when I was a very little girl and he had said I could never hear.

That night I cried myself to sleep. Mother sat on the edge of my bed, stroking my hair with her gentle fingers, until I was asleep.

From that day on, life seemed worthless. Sometime I would lock myself into my little room and cry until I was sick.

I know mother suffered with me; and today I wonder if she had anything to do with what happened later. I'm tempted to believe that she played a part in bringing about that which proved to be the greatest mistake in my life, and which has caused me so much heartache.

But to go back to my story.

One day I was in Sam's room, dusting. He had gone out, as I thought, to work for the day.

THERE was a big picture of him on his dresser. I picked it up and stood gazing at it. Tears welled up into my eyes. Then I bent and kissed that picture.

Of course, I hadn't heard Sam enter. But when I raised my head, I saw him in the big mirror, standing at the door watching me.

My face turned crimson. I felt as if I had been caught in the act of stealing. He put an end to my confusion by coming to me and putting his arms around me. He drew me to him. When I lifted my flushed face to him, he bent down and kissed me tenderly. I began to tremble. I saw his lips form the words, "I love you!" I searched his eyes to see if they carried the same message.

I could not define that look. It was full of tenderness, but was it pity, or was it love?

My eyes sought his lips which were forming the words:

"Will you marry me, Peggy?"

Oh, what bliss to be resting there so close to his heart!

The desire to tell him how much I loved him, almost overwhelmed me. But my eyes told him what my lips could not utter. In them he read the depth of my feelings.

Everything was forgotten in the joy of knowing that he wanted me for his wife. I refused to think of the difference between us, nor did I heed the small voice of warning.

I clung to him, unashamed of the tears streaming down my face. He led me down to mother, busy in the kitchen. With an arm around me, he told her.

She kissed us both. She was made

happy through my happiness. If she harbored any doubt of the success of such a strange union, she didn't show it. She acted as if it were quite natural.

Six months later we were married. Sam's "famous" money was spent in setting up housekeeping.

Oh, I was wonderfully happy in our four little rooms which I made so beautiful!

To belong to the man I loved was to me heaven on earth. I honestly believe that he, too, was happy—at first. He was always so kind and considerate toward me.

He started out to teach me to sound out words, but he was the only one who understood my crude efforts.

Two happy years passed. It was only when we were in other people's company that I sensed a vague disappointment in his expression. His many friends invited us to parties.

We must have been a strange pair. I felt very much out of place among them. Naturally, I couldn't take part in their good times.

WHEN they were laughing and joking, using their lips too rapidly for me to read them, I sat there like a statue, silent and serious.

Perhaps I was over-sensitive, but I used to see quick glances in my direction, and then see them turn to Sam, full of pity. It hurt—no one can guess how much.

Sam tried hard, though, to make me feel at home among his friends. Every now and then he would turn to me and, in the way I understood so well, he formed words slowly with his lips that told me what they were laughing about, thus making me feel that I was taking part in the fun. But I realize now that it must have been embarrassing to him.

However, I know that my beautiful face and expressive eyes won for me a place in the hearts of many of his friends.

Sam invited them to our home, and they came gladly. I tried to make them feel at home, and always served some dainty refreshments.

I had a few unfortunate friends of my own kind, with whom I associated. Sometimes Sam would go with me when I visited them. But he must have felt as much out of place with them as I did among his friends. He never could learn our rapid finger movements.

In the third year of our marriage he began to spend more and more time in the little room which I had made into a studio for him.

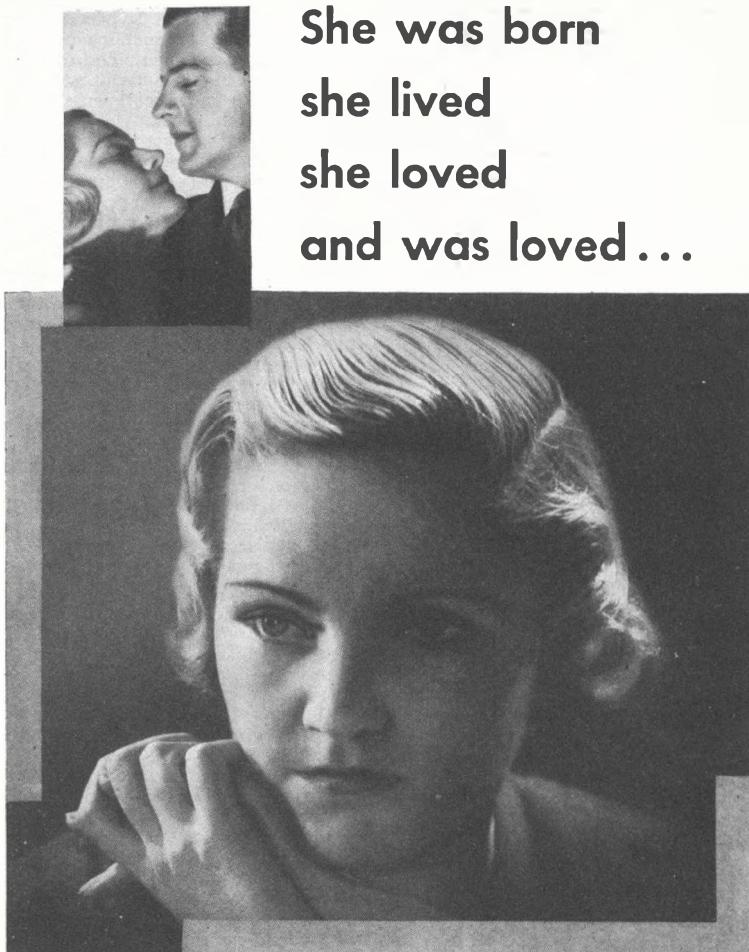
I would slip in there and sit in a corner, watching him paint. But it was as if he didn't know I was there, so absorbed was he in his painting.

His dream of taking up the study of art was further away than it had ever been. I sensed that I was the obstacle. But, to me, his paintings were so beautiful that I wondered how they could be improved.

One evening he started working on a picture, which I sensed he would rather I did not watch him create. So I stayed out of the studio. In the morning he locked the studio door, putting the key in his pocket.

When I looked at him questioningly, he tilted my face and smiled down into

**She was born
she lived
she loved
and was loved...**



**...and she was a very
unhappy woman!**

POOR little marionette! Going through life. Making all the motions. But feeling little more joy, little more zest than the puppet she resembles. Only half-alive!

If you know any such woman—do show her this advertisement. Let it tell her what to do!

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What she needs
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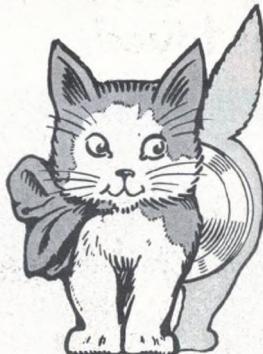
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Here is the wisest Kitty Cat. She thinks of this and thinks of that. And when she thinks, you hear her purr—We know you'll think the world of her. And being even wiser yet, She wants to be a real SPOOL PET. So use a spool that bears the mark Of number 80—Coats or Clark!

Special Offer Brings These Clever New Spool Toys

Here are six clever animal toys that any child can make with spools. They come to you printed on cards in color. Simply cut them out, paste their heads and tails on the ends of spools and they stand up for you as lifelike as can be. Complete directions for making are given with each toy.

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More than 300,000 boys and girls have already sent for these clever spool toys and have had great fun making them and playing with them. The complete set of 6 includes Puppy Dog, Kitty Cat, Bob Bunny, Hal Horse, Clara Cow and Petie Pig. To get them all, simply send 5¢ with coupon below. (Why not let us include a copy of "Sewing Secrets"? See additional offer in coupon.



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CLARK'S O.N.T. — J. & P. COATS
THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

my eyes reassuringly. It hurt to know that he was hiding something from me.

But I, too, had a secret. For some time I had wanted to tell him, but something held me back—an instinct, perhaps, that the news wouldn't make him happy.

The maternal instinct had been strong in me since childhood. To know that I was to have a child of my very own filled me with joy unspeakable.

Here again, I had let my heart speak louder than reason. What right had I, a deaf mute, to bring a child into the world? I, who had nothing to give but a silent love. These thoughts were only vague at the time, still they made me shrink from telling Sam about the baby.

One morning he forgot to lock the studio door when he left for work. We had overslept and he left in a rush.

I was very curious to know what he was hiding from me, but I knew it would be wrong to pry into his secret against his wishes. That he hadn't left the door unlocked intentionally, I was sure. He had guarded it so carefully of late.

Many times that day I passed that door, reaching out to turn the knob, then drawing back.

BUT my curiosity finally got the better of me. Like a thief, I stole through the door and locked it behind me.

The untidiness of the room struck me first. I longed to straighten it out. My eyes soon caught sight of what they were looking for.

In a corner stood a big canvas, carefully covered. I still had time to turn back and save my self-respect. I walked the few steps back to the door and put my hand on the key, ready to close the door and lock it. But the temptation was too great. I must see that picture! I retraced my steps and lifted the covering.

For a long time I stood looking at the painting before the meaning of it was beaten into my brain. Then I stood as one petrified.

I will try to describe that picture.

A man straight and tall, not unlike my Sam in features, stood gazing out toward a high mountain peak in the distance, one hand shading his eyes. A path led from him, all the way up to the top of the peak, where stood a beautiful goddess, beckoning him to come to her. She held a small palette in her hand. The expression in the man's face told of his intense desire and longing to heed the beckoning call.

What kept him from treading the path?

Looking closely I discovered a chain, so tiny as to be almost indistinguishable, twined about his ankles. This chain led to a door in the background, which stood ajar. Two slim, beautiful hands were reaching out holding the chain.

The picture was finished. He had called it "The Peak of Fame."

What irony! That peak could never be reached while he was bound with chains.

It was my slim hands which held the chains—I knew it! I knew it! I also knew that though it was in his power to break the chains, he would never do it!

As always in the stress of great emotion, I lost control of myself. I beat my fists against my temples. I paced the room like a trapped animal, making an

agonized sound in my throat. My nails cut into my palms until they bled.

Tears would have relieved me, but no tears came.

Very forcibly that picture revealed to me the wrong I had done to Sam, by tying myself to him.

I loved him better than life itself! How could I release him? To live apart from him would mean for me to wilt and die, but I would gladly have given him his freedom by leaving him. But Sam would never permit it, I knew all too well. His sense of honor would make him hunt me up and bring me back. He dominated me. I would never be able to resist him.

There seemed to be only one way open for me to set him free. Others had done it. Somehow I would find the courage to do it, too. I loved Sam enough to die for him.

I began to think up the easiest way, and the quickest, when I felt the first faint stirring of the small life within me.

The blood rushed to my face. A great desire to live for this child surged through me.

My life was not my own; it belonged to my unborn child who was far more precious than the heights of fame. When I left that studio I felt years older. It seemed indeed as if the sun had gone down, leaving me groping in the dark.

I locked the door from the outside, and taking the key to the front door I threw it into some bushes across the street.

Sam should never know I had seen that picture. Let him think that he lost the key to the studio.

As the weeks passed, I was no longer able to conceal my condition.

There was a strained, worried look in Sam's eyes. I sensed it was my condition which caused it. His kindness and consideration at times brought tears to my eyes. I would have given much to know whether it was love or pity which prompted his tender care of me.

Without being told, I knew he feared the coming of our child. Was it that he feared it might be a deaf mute, or did he think me unfit to be a mother?

HE ceased taking me with him to his friends' houses and no longer brought any of them to the house.

I spent part of my time with mother, but mostly I stayed at home, making little garments, dreaming of the child which I already loved with a fierce love.

In June, our little girl was born. When I opened my eyes in the hospital, Sam was bending over me with a strange new light in his eyes. My heart leaped for joy. I was no longer uncertain about Sam's feelings toward me. Those eyes looking deeply into mine surely carried the message of love from one soul to another. Tenderly he bent and kissed me, before he rang for the nurse to bring my baby.

I cannot try to describe what I felt, when I held the little one to my breast. Nothing can be compared with my emotions, they were bitter-sweet. Sweet, because I loved her so! Bitter, because I could not speak to my child. Never would I be able to say all those endearing words which were crying in me for utterance; never would I be permitted to hear

her sweet cooing. Never would I hear her say "mother." Never would I be able to instruct her with a mother's words of wisdom and love.

That she would be a perfect baby, I had never doubted. My defects were not those to be inherited. I had been a perfect baby, born with all my senses.

Do you ever stop to thank God for the wonderful blessing of hearing and speech, you mothers, all over the land? Or do you send your children out with an impatient "I haven't time to listen to you," when they come running in to tell you some exciting news from their play, or come to ask the answer to some important question?

How often my little girl has come running in, all aglow and eager, to tell me of something wonderful which has happened to her, forgetting, for the moment, that her mother cannot hear!

When she suddenly remembers, her face falls, her little lips quiver and she walks slowly out.

Imagine my feelings! I'm left alone in my silent world.

I would give my life to be able to share with my little girl all her joys or sorrows; to hear her sweet voice. It is her daddy who has taken the place which rightfully belongs to me. She has turned to him as a flower turns to the sun. They live for each other—these two.

She is bringing Sam the happiness which I could not give him, as she grows into young womanhood. He is proud of his beautiful daughter, and rightfully so. She is talented and shows signs of becoming a great artist. He is going to give her every chance. Perhaps she will reach the "peak of fame" which he was not permitted to reach.

I have reconciled myself to the inevitable. I'm happy in a sense. I'm permitted to serve these two who are dearer to me than life, even though it be in silence.

333 New Delicious Recipes Only 10 Cents

Every woman who cooks should have a copy of the new True Story Cook Book—333 New Ways to a Man's Heart. This cook book contains 333 recipes from the personal cook book of Phoebe Dane, one of the greatest Southern cooks of the last generation. These recipes are simple, easy to follow, and inexpensive. Price only 10 cents. See announcement on page 188.

FOR YOU:FREE!



THIS DOUBLE GIFT!

MRS. ALBRIGHT WANTS TO TELL YOU

"La France certainly gets the dirt out in a hurry and blues my clothes at the same time!"

Lina S. Albright

Springfield, New Jersey



MAIL the coupon—now! Get your sample packages of La France and Satina! See how quickly La France soaks away all dirt from clothes, and how evenly La France *blues while it cleans!*

"La France has certainly been a great help to me," writes Mrs. Albright. "It certainly gets the dirt out in a hurry and blues my clothes at the same time. I like Satina, too, for it makes the starched pieces so fragrant and much easier to iron. I only wish everyone knew of these two products, and what easier wash-days they make."

We want to send you a gift package of these two marvelous laundry helpers. We want you to have the joy of hanging out the whitest wash you've ever seen. Quickly, thoroughly—without hard rubbing—La France soaks away grease and dirt. And as it cleans it blues—saving you the labor of lifting clothes in and out of bluing tubs. La France will not injure the daintiest fabric or the most delicate color. It keeps white silks from yellowing.

La France is so easy to use: Just use it with your regular soap. Wash

the clothes in the usual way—(many women who use a washing machine find they need run it only half the usual time).

With the gift package of La France, we'll send you also a sample of Satina—to make your iron glide; to give an exquisite finish; to keep your clothes clean longer; to give a delicate fragrance. Simple to use: Just dissolve Satina in boiling starch, and starch clothes as usual.

Clip the coupon—now! Get your double gift with its double help! What La France and Satina are doing for thousands of grateful women, they will do for you! © 1932, G. F. CORP.

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. T. B.—3-32
Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And P. S., please include a free sample of Satina.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address
General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

Riddle: what's lovely on lips but horrid on hands?



AN easy riddle. The answer is—red! Red lips...mmm! Red hands...ugh! Don't have them...even though yours are busy, houseworking hands...even though ovens, pans, brooms do their best to rob your hands of youthful smoothness. Frostilla Lotion is sure protection!

A few soothing drops of Frostilla Lotion...massaged in daily...and your hands can face exposure and wetting...without losing their white, soft smoothness. The world's finest ingredients... (many imported)...are blended in Frostilla's formula. It's a sixty-year favorite.

Let Frostilla Lotion solve your riddle of getting and keeping lovely skin!



FROSTILLA

It All Began with a Pick-up

(Continued from page 34)

time. I almost forgot I had a husband and a home.

After the show we stopped for a little bite to eat, and then the men took us home in a cab letting us out several blocks from our homes.

The only thing that spoiled my evening was that I worried on the way home for fear something would happen. Pete might come home early, and I wouldn't be there—as it was then past midnight.

How glad I was I had told Pete that I was going to a show. If he were home, I'd tell him I had stayed for two shows. When Mr. Spruce realized I was worrying, he told the cab driver to hurry, and in no time we were home.

How glad I was, on entering the house, to find Pete hadn't come home yet. I quickly undressed for bed, and made believe I was sleeping when Peter came in so that I would be in the dark, as I was afraid he might read my guilt in my eyes.

WHEN I promised myself that it would be the first and last time I ever would do anything like that, I meant it; especially when Pete kissed me good-night in the dark, thinking I was sleeping, although I didn't fall asleep till almost dawn, from fear, guilt and excitement.

The men called and wanted Betty and me to go out again with them the following Thursday night. We both declined, as we had made up our minds not to go any more. But Mr. Spruce kept calling me, and Mr. Pickup kept calling Betty, begging us to go just once more. So we finally agreed to go "just this once." Then we really and honestly intended to quit, as the thrill was beginning to wear off, and Betty's husband, Jack, was coming home the beginning of the following week.

Jack wasn't going on the road again for a year. Betty was elated over it, and couldn't think of anything but Jack, as he had been gone nearly three months. Since Jack was coming home soon, we decided to tell the men Thursday night that it was the end of our dates, and to please never call us again.

Little did either of us realize why Thursday night would be our last time to go out with them, nor the stark tragedy that awaited us.

Thursday night we met the men at the appointed place and time, and again we went to a show. I didn't enjoy it as much as I had the time before, nor do I think Betty did, as her mind was too full of Jack and his homecoming.

After the show Mr. Pickup suggested we eat, but neither Betty or I would go. We were in a hurry to get home, and have the evening over with. Mr. Spruce coaxed and coaxed us to have dinner, but we would have none of it. We said we would rather go straight home. I guess the main reason was because the men didn't seem quite so nice as they had before. Why, I couldn't tell. It was a woman's intuition, I suppose.

Reluctantly, Mr. Pickup got a cab and we started.

But instead of going toward home, the cab headed for the city limits and was

going at a terrific speed. The men in the cab started to make love to us, and both made their horrible intentions known to us. We begged and pleaded with them to let us go home; said we were good girls and had good husbands. Betty pleaded for the sake of her two little children. But our highly polished, gentle-mannered, educated, handsome men had turned into ugly beasts—fiends, I should say.

Mr. Spruce laughed at our distress, and said, "Good girls! If you were such good girls, you wouldn't have let us spend our money on you, and you would have been true to your husbands by staying at home; not running out with other men."

I fairly screamed, "Mr. Spruce, I've been true to my husband all my life, and I thought you two were gentlemen—not beasts."

"Ha! ha! ha!" he sneered. "Well, after tonight you won't be true. What do you think we took you out for? Just your company? You must think we are fools! You are married women, not innocent girls, and you knew. Don't try to pretend you didn't."

That's what we had thought they had taken us for—"just our company."

What blind fools we had been! I was terrified. All I could think of was my husband. He would be sure to find out if such a hideous plot was carried out. Then the whole truth would come out, and it would be the end of our life together. That's all I could think of.

I even forgot Betty, the men in the cab, everything, except the fear of my husband finding out about me.

As the cab sped on, I became frantic, I believe almost insane. I think Betty had fainted.

Maybe Fate intervened, or maybe it was my guardian angel which came to my assistance. For just then we were stopped by traffic.

I OPENED the door and jumped out before Mr. Spruce realized what I was doing, leaving Betty at the mercy of the two men. Mr. Spruce started after me but, seeing a policeman nearby, stopped. There was another cab near, so I jumped into it and directed the driver to take me home. In the meantime the cab with Betty and the men in it sped away.

Oh! what a coward I was, to leave Betty at the mercy of those men! But Betty never entered my mind until I was safe at home; all I thought of was getting home before Pete did. I succeeded, but at what a price to Betty and her once happy family!

All night I lay awake, thinking of Betty and her fate. I couldn't toss, couldn't cry, couldn't say a word to Pete for fear of his finding out about my own foolishness.

Pete asked me if I had gone out, and I said, "No, I've been in all evening."

What a lie, but what else could I say? Oh, what a night of torture I spent!

The next morning, as I was preparing breakfast, the telephone rang. When I heard it, I nearly fainted from fright, from fear of what it might reveal.

I thought Betty might have gone to

the police station and had the men arrested and was calling up to tell me, or maybe the police were calling. Little did I realize the horrible news we were to receive. All I thought of was myself.

Pete got to the phone before me. I heard him cry, "What! No, it can't be Betty! Are you sure? Poor Jack. All right I'll be right over."

I hurried back to the kitchen, and when Pete came, I had my back turned, looking out the window. I didn't dare face him, I was afraid his eyes would accuse me. Instead, he half sobbed, "Grace, do you know what's happened? Oh, I can't bear to tell you, it's terrible!"

I turned around and faced him, trembling like a leaf, and looked up into a haggard, white face.

"Betty was picked up on the road about five o'clock this morning by a passing motorist. She had been beaten terribly and criminally attacked. Jack's mother just called. They identified her by one of Jack's cards. She is in the H—hospital, still unconscious. Do you want to go there with me?"

I heard no more. Merciful oblivion overtook me, and when I awoke, Pete was sitting by my bed, holding my hand and crying.

How heavenly to know he was there by me! After fainting, I was too weak to go with Pete, so he went alone, returning a few hours later.

When he saw me up and about he said, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you're all right. I know it's terrible about Betty, dear, but you mustn't let it upset you so. I know you love her and would do all you could for her, but there is nothing any of us can do now."

"What do you mean?" I said faintly. I felt an icy hand take hold of my heart, and I expected Pete to tell me that Betty was dead.

But what he told me was far worse. Death would have been a blessing. "If you promise to brace up, I'll tell you," he said. "Betty came to shortly after I got to the hospital. But, oh, Grace, how can I tell you?" And he actually broke down and cried like a baby.

SHE is out of her mind—insane—she doesn't know any one and keeps mumbling things to herself, but no one can make them out."

When Jack saw his beautiful little wife, who had turned into a hopelessly insane person, staring at him, not knowing him nor their children—Well, all I can say is, he's a heartbroken man.

He goes to see Betty as often as possible, hoping against hope that her mind will come back, but the doctors say it is hopeless.

Sometimes Pete and I go with him. Not that I want to go, but I must, so Pete and Jack will never get the least bit suspicious.

I do not go very often now because, for days afterward, I cry and get hysterical.

Pete thinks it is because of my love for Betty. Partly it is, but little does he know of the real reason. For when we go, and Betty stares at me with her vacant eyes, sometimes she sits and stares at me so long that I imagine there is accusation in them, also bitterness, even hatred; as if they were saying,

Yes..but which laxative?

You complain of a headache. No pep. Just don't feel right. Nature is flashing its warning signals. "Guess I'll take a laxative," you say.

But which laxative should you take? Isn't it only common sense to take the laxative which most nearly duplicates Nature's own way of acting? That's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It doesn't force—it's simply a gentle help to Nature. It acts naturally, yet effectively.

The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is universally recognized by the medical profession.

And it is the special Ex-Lax formula, combining a delicious chocolated base with phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Don't gamble—get Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not force them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, get Ex-Lax tonight. At all drug stores, 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for a free sample.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Timex-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

T32

Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....

Address.....

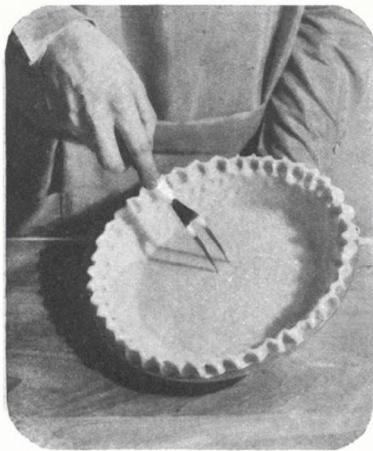
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keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



THIS PREVENTS "Bulging"

by

BLANCHE KELLER KENDALL
(Home Economics Lecturer)



WHEN you bake your next pie, be sure to perforate the dough for the lower crust as shown—after it has been placed in the pie tin.

This insures the right kind of crust for the filling you use. Puncturing the dough as shown prevents "bulging"—and helps you get an even, appetizing crust.

Make these holes with a carving fork and space them about a half inch apart.

Be especially careful about the ingredients you use in making your pie crust. If you like flaky crust, here's an excellent recipe:

HOT WATER PIE CRUST

1½ cups Occident Flour
½ cup shortening ¼ cup boiling water
½ tsp. salt ¼ tsp. baking powder

Pour boiling water over shortening and beat until creamy. Sift in the flour, salt and baking powder. Stir and roll out. This will make two crusts.

Wouldn't you like me to send you our complete set of recipes for all kinds of baking? Just mail the coupon below and I'll send them by return mail.

Yours for better baking,

Blanche Keller Kendall

Blanche Keller Kendall,
Home Economics Dept.,
Russell-Miller Milling Co.,
Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me the book of recipes developed and tested in your Home Economics kitchen.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Grocer's Name.....

"You selfish coward, you could have prevented this. But all you thought of was yourself, your own husband. You didn't care about me or mine—especially my children."

I know there is no such a thing in her mind because she has none. It is only my own guilty conscience bothering me.

Jack, Pete, everybody, for that matter, think Betty was kidnaped and forced into a machine that fatal night, on the way home from the show near her house, as she had told Jack's mother that's where she was going.

No one seems to realize the truth, and I have to keep it to myself. What good would it do to tell it now? Oh, if I only could! But it wouldn't help anybody and would hurt plenty, especially Jack, who still believes in his wife's faithfulness. What a crushed man he would be if he knew the truth! So why tell him? It wouldn't help Betty any.

Won't it be better for the children, when they grow up, to hear the story as it is believed, than to hear the truth?

Oh, why was I so selfish and cowardly

on that fatal night? Why didn't I stop and tell that policeman standing near the cab I took? Perhaps we could have followed them and prevented this terrible tragedy. But all I thought of was getting home and "saving my own neck," as the saying is.

Even if we had betrayed our real selves to our husbands; even the loss of my husband's love, loss of my home, disgrace—anything would be easier to bear than my accusing conscience.

All day long her staring eyes haunt me, at night I dream I see her pointing at me and laughing. But I suffer most for my cowardly deed when her little children come to see me, kiss me and call me Aunt Grace. I realize I failed them and helped rob them of their dearest possession, their mother.

Young girls, don't pick up with fellows, no matter how nice they seem, or you may pay as I am paying; to go on living a horrible nightmare all my life.

My only hope is that God has forgiven me and I'll be able to find peace and forgetfulness in eternity.

Proud Woman

(Continued from page 58)

turkey and all the things that went with it which her pantry afforded, and ice cream, in which small Ralph reveled.

He squeezed my hand as we sat at the table and said in a soft whisper that nobody else could hear, "I wish you'd look happier, Teacher. Pop said weddings wuz joyous occasions. But you don't look very joyous, you don't!"

I had pictured my wedding day as something beautiful, to be treasured as the years unfolded with the man I loved. The memory has grown dimmer with the years, but it is still faintly etched in bitterness and sorrow.

CASPER went back home the next day, and I was to follow in two weeks—the day after school closed.

Monday morning the roads were almost impassable, for the weather changed very suddenly and grew warmer; although there was still a decided chill in the air, typical of what is to be expected when an out-of-season blizzard hits the plains.

Overhead, the sky was clear and beautiful. Spring had been laughing in the wings, even while winter staged his last fierce performance of the season.

One of the older boys joined me as I reached the foot of the hill leading up to the schoolhouse, saying, "Pa thought the snow might have sifted into the coal shed and made the wood and coal damp, so he sent me early to see about the fire, Teacher."

I thanked him and we proceeded up the hill in friendly silence.

When the bell rang that morning, every child was in his place, and a suppressed air of excitement filled the room. Every one looked at me, then at Gerald Wharton, who turned very red in the face as he stumbled to his feet.

"Miss Boyd, Teacher," he began, "We're sorry it stormed so we couldn't get to see you married; but we every

one of us hope that you'll be very happy. We all think you're the best teacher this district has ever had, and we have all brought you something.

"We thought you wouldn't mind if we used the opening exercise period to give the things to you."

THAT was a long speech for Gerry. When he finished, he brought a bulky bundle to the front of the room and laid it on my desk. All the others followed quietly in turn. My eyes filled with tears as I tried to thank them, and a couple of the little girls tried embarrassingly to console me. But I quickly gained control of myself and turned to the lessons for the day.

I have received many expensive and beautiful gifts in my life, but never any that brought so much honest love and loyalty as those did. Hand-pieced quilts; canned fruit; pictures; linen, which I knew had been taken from precious supplies; a three-legged iron pot, and a rolling pin from Emmy Laurence's mother, who sent word that "it was one useful article that no one ever seemed to give a bride. She had used it, both on pie crust and her husband, so it was well seasoned."

The Friday night that school closed I gave a little program and we had a box social afterward. The auctioneer who sold the boxes filled the crowd, which overflowed the room, with his own enthusiasm, and we made nearly fifty dollars; more than had ever been made before at a school affair.

I made Mr. Compton promise that some of the money would be used for two Maxfield Parrish prints, so that the children next year would have something else to look at beside the solemn countenances of Washington and Lincoln.

Casper came over for the social, and conducted himself in a more dignified

(Continued on page 138)

Envied for her kitchen

Yet this new kind of retail store furnished it for much LESS than her neighbors paid . . .

EVERYBODY admits that hers is the best-equipped, most modern kitchen in the block. Why did everything in it cost so little?

She simply didn't pay for a lot of things she didn't get, things that most women never realize are added on the retail prices they pay. She didn't pay for expensive less-than-carload shipping, or high store rent, or lavish retailing services.

She bought from a new kind of store, the Sears retail store, where three great savings are effected.

① Purchasing kitchen equipment direct from factories in tremendous quantities for 375 stores saved her money.

② Shipping refrigerators and ranges in carload lots, through our own warehouses, saved her money.

③ Locating outside of high rent districts and banishing all pomp in retailing saved her money.

These triple savings—in buying, shipping, and selling—are given to you in prices that are convincingly lower and in quality that is proved and improved by Sears laboratories. Refrigerators, ranges, utensils—all are studied, analyzed, tested for high quality, long service, and top value. Not until each has passed these tests is it offered through Sears retail stores and backed by the Sears guarantee of your complete satisfaction.

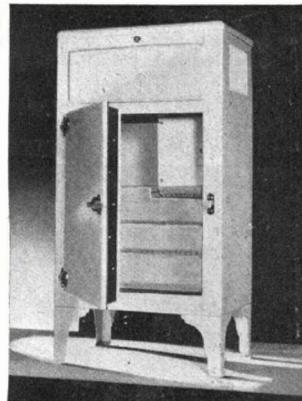
Equal assurance of first quality is offered at *triple savings* in every department of the 375 Sears stores. They are divided into three types to serve best their communities' needs.

In metropolitan districts, complete department stores serve your home; clothe the entire family; outfit your car; and equip you for your work and recreation. Modified stores in other localities offer nearly as complete selections except for women's and children's apparel. Neighborhood stores in metropolitan cities specialize in tires, automobile accessories, tools, radios, and hardware.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO. . . . RETAIL STORES

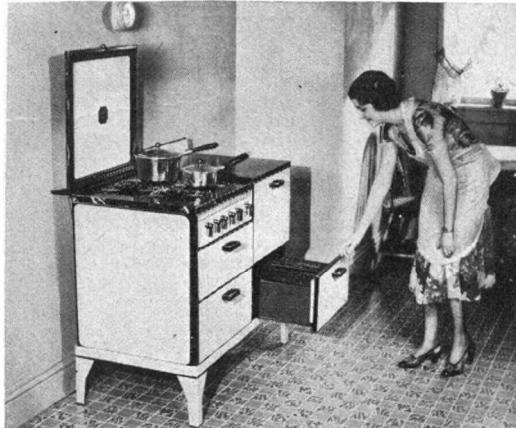
"The Thrift Store of the Nation"

Shop at SEARS and Save



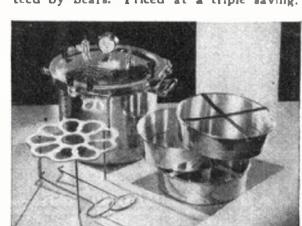
Sears COLDSPOT® Electric Refrigerator

Tomorrow's refrigerator! Ultra-modern to its massive chromium-plated hardware. Scaled freezing unit with a lifetime oil supply that never needs a thought. Operates at about half the cost of ice. One-piece, no-seam porcelain interior with rounded corners is easy to clean. Unqualified guarantee. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Four sizes, each priced at a triple saving.



Sears PROSPERITY® Tabletop Gas Range—Oven Heat Control

New beauty, coolness, efficiency for your kitchen. In ivory or two-tone green triple-coat porcelain enamel that cleans like a plate. Insulated oven saves gas. Prosperity oven heat control takes guesswork out of baking. Two big service drawers contain apic jars. Broiler slides out like a drawer. Broiling pan will not splatter. Both oven and broiler enamel lined for easy cleaning. Lift cover conceals burners and transforms your stove into a work table. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Priced at a triple saving.



Sears KOOK-KWICK® Pressure Cooker

America's favorite, biggest selling pressure cooker. Cooks a meal in $\frac{1}{3}$ the time with about $\frac{1}{3}$ the fuel, by test. Retains natural flavors and vitamins. Made of heavy cast aluminum to last a lifetime. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and guaranteed by Sears. Priced at a triple saving.



Sears BATTLESHIP® Pure Heavy Cast Aluminum Ware

This shining, smooth, heavy, special analysis cast aluminum ware is second to none. Recommended for waterless cooking. Sears triple saving prices for this fine cast ware are practically as low as ordinary stamped pieces cost elsewhere. Sauce pan, skillet, and Dutch oven with rack are illustrated.

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The latest New York and Paris styles, adapted for you...by experts who know your figure, your preference in clothes.

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Lane Bryant offers more variety, smarter styles and lower prices than you can find elsewhere—for we are the world's largest specialists in apparel for stout women.

Pictured above: dress of all-silk flat crepe for \$10.95. Other silk dresses \$4.95 to \$25.00. Smart coats as low as \$10.95...hats, \$1.00 to \$5.95...shoes as low as \$2.95...corsets, hose and underwear. And we pay ALL postage.

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Please mail my free copy of your new Style Book

Name _____

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(Continued from page 136)

manner than usual; probably because Mr. Compton kept a stern eye on him. There was a good deal of the usual joking over our marriage, and I tried to smile and appear unconcerned, thankful that Casper was not drinking that night.

The next morning I packed up my few belongings and left the Comptons, going to my new home with my husband, who lived twelve miles east.

If Mrs. Compton ever suspected that everything was not as it should be, she never mentioned it, good soul that she was.

The last thing I saw, as we drove over the hill, was Ralph waving his cap at me.

I went to live with Casper's old parents. They tried to welcome me, but I could feel that they were disappointed over the fact that their only son had married an alien whom they could not understand. They were suspicious of my strange ways.

Mrs. Taempke had been accustomed to working indoors and out; and she couldn't understand a woman to whom all this was absolutely foreign. My slender white hands looked very useless to her.

Too, I had grown very thin in the last two months. I ate very little and Mrs. Compton became actually worried about me. But I always assured her that I was quite all right. So I presume that good old Mother Taempke thought I'd be a terrible nuisance, rather than a help to her in her old age as a good daughter-in-law should be.

THE first few months of my marriage were not bad, compared to the years that followed, though a nameless fear seemed to walk beside me when I knew that my baby would be born in these strange surroundings, so different from anything to which I had been accustomed.

Casper often taunted me when I blundered about the housework, telling me I might think I was a lady, but he had married me when he didn't have to and I'd better be spry about my share of the work.

I must say I tried very hard to learn, but everything was so new and strange that tasks which probably would have been very simple for another, often were difficult for me. I had to get acquainted with cooking, washing and cleaning all at once—all foreign subjects to me.

Sometimes I would have given a year out of life to have old Tessie at my elbow when I was sorely puzzled. I shall never forget the look of absolute disgust in old Mrs. Taempke's eyes when she viewed my first washing; for I had blued, boiled and starched all together, backward. That, together with my first batch of bread, were humiliating milestones on the new road I had to travel.

Just before Robert, whom I named after my father, was born, Casper began drinking very heavily. He became ugly and quarrelsome, leaving cruel marks on my arms when I refused to cry out against his treatment. Once he struck me and sent me reeling against the hot stove when I said I would not go out and milk the cows for him, as I'd never done such a thing in my life.

Mother Taempke, whose job this had always been, was laid up at the time with a bad attack of rheumatism. I endeared



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does not interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

myself to the stern old soul at this time by ministering to her needs in a way that surprised even myself. I seemed to possess a natural flair for nursing, and there was healing in my hands which relieved the pain in her aching body.

After that spell, from which she recovered in a remarkably short time, Mrs. Taempke looked at me with new respect in her faded old eyes.

One day she said, rather curtly, trying to hide her feelings, "I know we ain't your kind, Mary, and this life must appear turrble hard and lonesome fur ye. Of course Casper is fur from perfect, but I kin see how ye fell in love with him. He's that big and handsome."

There was a ring of pride in those last words, the pride of a mother who finds it hard to see anything but perfection in her only son, no matter how bad he may appear to others in his family, or the world at large.

She was kindness and consideration personified, in so far as was possible, when Robert was born, the middle of August, doing her utmost to make me comfortable, and flaying Casper unmercifully with her tongue when he didn't behave as she thought he should at a time like that.

Both old people were tremendously proud of the baby—their first grandchild. I found new favor in their eyes through the fact that the child I had borne their only son was a boy. Boys were highly desirable in their eyes; girls were just something to be tolerated.

THERE were few neighbors, but when one woman who called dared to mention by a hint what, in reality, was true—that the baby was a fine boy to have been born so soon after our marriage, Mother Taempke rose up and told her in no uncertain terms that I was *married* to her son and the gossips could hold their tongues!

My soul seemed to shrivel at the meaning smile Mrs. Raymond gave me as she left, and I hoped that the small son I held in my arms at the moment, would not have to suffer for what the neighbors knew to be true and would, no doubt, gossip about among themselves, regardless of what Mother Taempke might say in my defense.

Fortunately that prayer was answered; for we moved away from the community before those women, who always remembered to count nine when a first baby came along, and their children, with whom Robert would have to associate in school, could taunt him about any irregularities in his arrival on this plane.

What Father and Mother Taempke could not see was the striking resemblance small Robert bore to the man for whom he had been named. He was all Stillwell. Even as a tiny baby, the manner in which he doubled up his tiny fists and struck out with them when he wasn't fed on the dot, was my very dad when something happened which displeased him particularly.

As Robert grew older his eyes, too, set wide apart, developed into the steady gray of Dad's, which seemed never to look at, but through you.

I shall never forget the first time he looked at his father that way when Casper had been drinking, and cursed me. It enraged him, and I hastily sent Robert



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from the room on an errand, for fear he would be beaten.

All the days seemed rather alike—just working, eating and sleeping. But what a comfort my boy was to me! He made life bearable—gave me something to live for, and made me forget myself.

About two years after Robert was born, Casper had a terrible quarrel with his father over his continued drinking, and we moved farther west, to another part of the state, where Casper rented a farm and proceeded to run it in his usual shiftless fashion.

In those two years, however, I had learned a great deal about housework and farming in general, for both Father and Mother Taempke were very thorough in their own way, although they had no special gifts for making money. I often have wondered how two such good, honest, hard-working souls could have had such a shiftless, wild son.

I set out at once to raise chickens when we went to the new farm, and made a really decent profit, which would have made our lives much more livable if Casper had not spent nearly all of it on drink. For now we were only ten miles from town, and Casper spent much of his time there, drinking, when he should have been home attending to the farm work. There was no windmill on the place and often I thought my back would break when I pumped water for the stock; for I couldn't bear to see the poor things go thirsty.

HERE my other son, Tad, four years Robby's junior, was born, brought into the world by a toothless old hag, the mother of a large brood of scrofulous, puny children. In her way, she tried to be kind to me at this time; but I, who had been gently born and reared, sometimes shrank away from her bony hands and ugly face.

When I was able to be about again, I was amazed to find that my hair had turned almost snow-white. It was still abundant and waved about my face. But it gave me a strange feeling when I first looked in the glass and realized the startling change it had wrought in my appearance.

Serious-eyed Robert was the first to bring the change to my attention. He looked at me long and searchingly the first day I was well enough to be out in the kitchen and said:

"Mother, I'm glad you're well enough to be out here with me again, but your hair looks so funny. It's all white like a snowdrift."

Then he added loyally, for we were great pals, Robby and I, "But I like it that way, and I'm glad God sent me a brother. Aren't you, Moms? It gets lonesome sometimes, and he'll be lots of fun when he gets bigger and doesn't holler so much. Say, mother, did I ever look so red and homely as Tad, or make so many funny faces?"

I assured him that he was even worse, and hollered more. Then as a tear and a smile struggled for supremacy in my heart, I caught Rob's slender little form in my arms and held him close to me for a moment. In that instant, I had a vision of Robert taking a man's place in the world outside the narrow, stultifying confines of his present surroundings—a



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leader in his chosen field of endeavor. Then it was gone, as Tad's small voice was lifted in vigorous protest. It was his dinnertime, and we had forgotten his existence for a brief space.

But that was the first and last time that small Tad was ever overlooked by Rob or me. As he thrived and grew under the love we lavished upon him, growing into a handsome child with sunny, blond curls, we two rather combined forces to protect him from the hardships that still surrounded us so thickly.

If Tad cried, it sent Casper into a rage, when he came home under the influence of liquor. So Rob and I took turns keeping Tad quiet, especially after we had both been terrified by Casper's threatening violence during one of these trying times.

After Tad's coming, which taxed our slender resources, if both boys needed shoes and there was only money enough for one pair, Tad always got them.

At six, Robert possessed the intellect of a twelve-year-old boy. Every year seemed to unfold some added characteristic of the man for whom he had been named. And at nine, he showed a presence of mind that quite put me to shame.

Casper had brought home a new mower and, boylike, the children were both eager to explore the new piece of machinery. Tad, in the excitement, had run in front of the keen sickle as the horses became restless and started up, and his legs were badly cut.

All Casper could do was swear helplessly; but Robert got Tad onto his back some way, and brought him to the house. While I wrung my hands in a panic, crying, Rob quietly got a basin of water, put some drops of carbolic acid in it, as he had seen me do before, and carefully bathed Tad's bleeding legs, saying in a soothing tone, as he sopped on the water, "Be a man, Tad, don't cry. Robby'll have you all fixed up in a jiffy. Won't we, Moms?" he queried, turning to me. That question brought me to my senses and we soon had Tad fixed up nicely.

WHEN both boys were old enough to attend school, Rob occasionally came home with a black eye, but he always saw to it that Tad didn't.

However, with all the love we both showered upon him, my younger son refused to be spoiled. He was a sturdy little chap, and how he loved to get out among the chickens and other young things on the farm, in the spring!

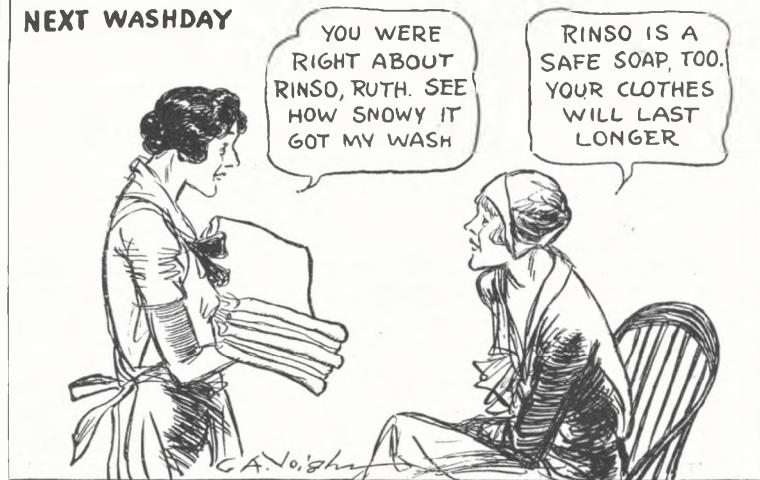
I often marveled at the love he expressed in his sunny disposition. When I recalled what I had gone through before his birth, I couldn't see much to the theory of prenatal influence I had studied at the university.

I had disgraced my name—dragged it through the gutter, I knew; but when I looked at my two sons when Bob was busy at some work, or helping his brother when he got into difficulties, I couldn't help feeling a great but humble pride in them both. And I was sure that their grandfather Stillwell would have loved them too, had he known of their existence.

The winters were always the hardest to get through. How I dreaded them! Casper would go to town, often leaving us with little food and fuel. Many times all three of us were cold and hungry.



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In the summer it was easier. If hail did not destroy them, the boys and I used to have jolly times, picking the wild strawberries that grew in the low, grassy places on the plains. And what an addition they were to our meager fare!

Then, too, we could roam the plains when the work was done and Casper was away in town. I'll never forget how excited Rob and I were the day we found the Indian ax, right near a lark's nest. Robby had remarked as we all three peeped at the small bird guarding her young:

"You know, mother, she reminds me of you when father is not himself, and you try to save us from a beating."

We had left the little bird undisturbed, and carried the ax home as a relic. The boys asked a multitude of questions, and I tried to recall something of the Indian lore with which the plains abounded.

Holiday times always brought a fearful tug to my heartstrings. Try as hard as I might, I couldn't quite blot out the pictures of my old life and the comforts with which I had been surrounded. If I'd only had just a wee portion of them, they would make these lean days so much happier for my two boys.

Once in a while Casper would bring home a few extra groceries at Christmas time, and I always tried to save a turkey for that day. But the children never had any story books or toys; things I felt every child had a right to expect.

AT such times, my heart ached unbearably. I don't think any one could describe my feelings the Christmas that Rob was twelve. It had been an unusually bad year for hail, and rust had taken a heavy toll of the crops. There wasn't even an extra nice dinner that year. Casper had sullenly departed for town the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and failed to come home that night.

There wasn't much for breakfast the next morning, but when Robert came in from attending to the chores, he called brightly, "Merry Christmas, mother and Tad!"

Then after he had washed, and brushed his hair, he put his hand in his pocket and slipped around to Tad's chair before he took his own place, and laid a home-made whistle on Tad's plate. Small Tad was delighted and blew it shrilly. One of the boys at school had taught Robert how to make it from a piece of cottonwood, and he had saved it as a surprise for his brother.

I rewarded Rob's thoughtfulness with a smile, but my heart rebelled at our poverty, and new and desperate plans to escape the terrible existence formed dimly in my mind. But those plans were much easier to think about than they were to carry out; especially when I faced the facts that I had no money and no place to turn for the bare necessities with which to make a new beginning.

Tears welled up in my eyes when I saw Robert bravely push his half finished breakfast toward Tad, four years his junior, and tell him to eat the rest of his share, as he wasn't a bit hungry.

Then he turned to me and said, "You know, mother, a big boy like me doesn't get nearly so hungry as a little shaver like Tad. When I'm a man, I'm going to see to it that you and Tad have everything



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fine. I've decided that I'm going to build bridges like the one across the river just before we get into town—only bigger. And people pay a lot of money for that sort of work, don't they, Moms?"

"Then I'll buy you a lot of new dresses—silk ones—for Christmas, like those I saw in the windows the last time I was in town with father, and we can wear shoes even in summer, if we want to. Won't that be about all right, mother?"

Robert had always shown a special bent for mathematics, so the teachers in the country school where the boys went when they could, told me. It was, therefore, only natural that he should dream of tunneling mountains and spanning streams as an engineer.

When he voiced these plans for the future, I tried to encourage him as best I could, and prayed that somehow, some time, somewhere, he'd get his chance to make his dream come true; although at the moment I couldn't see how it would ever be accomplished.

Of course they taught nothing in the country school but arithmetic and that, at times, not so thoroughly. Often I helped Rob with problems that seemed to be beyond the teacher. For the instructors who were sent to our outpost community in those days were, for the most part, willing young souls who did their best as far as they could; but the majority of them had gone little further than the eighth grade, themselves. Nine months in a normal school, taking what was known as the rural extension course, qualified them to teach in the country schools of the state.

HOWEVER, I managed to feed Robert's appetite for figures in a measure. I taught him something of algebra and geometry. Once, in a happy mood, Casper had allowed Robert to buy some second-hand text books when Robert went to town with him.

Robert came home overjoyed at his good fortune and told me how it happened. His small face positively glowed with happy anticipation.

On the day after school closed for the summer, Rob had teased to be allowed to go to town, and his request had been granted. A group of high school boys had come into the store with their books, rejoicing in the fact that they were free until September. One boy had tossed down some books that he had just taken from his desk in accordance with the instructions that all desks were to be cleared of personal property during the summer. Rob was standing near, and when the boy turned to make some purchases, he picked the algebra up eagerly and began thumbing through it. When the boy turned back for them, Robert was engrossed. Seeing his interest, the youngster said impulsively, "You kin have the whole caboodle for a dollar, Bud."

Casper had come up at that moment and, still loving to show off before others, had given the boy the dollar.

What a veritable gold mine those dog-eared volumes proved to Robert! In addition to those on geometry and algebra, there had been one on English literature and ancient history.

I can see Rob, even now, as he put them away almost reverently on the top

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shelf of the cupboard in the kitchen, before he dashed out to help his father with the chores, saying breathlessly, "We'll go over them, Moms, times when father is away, or doesn't need me to help him. Later on, I'll be able to help Tad with his problems."

And how patiently and persistently the boy did work with his rude tools, composed of some pencil stubs, string and the bits of brown paper that we always saved when a package came from town. We had some real lessons when Casper was away, or lay in a drunken stupor and paid no attention to what was going on around him. When young Tad would protest that he was lonesome for some one to play with, we would put away our lessons, and I would sometimes tell them stories which I took from my storehouse of memory.

But those study times became shorter and shorter as Robert grew big enough to handle the horses and work in the fields. Often his slender body would be too tired at night for anything but sleep. Sometimes, when Casper was away on his numerous trips to town, Robert would get out his precious books after the chores were all done up. But more often than not, we were both so weary that we nodded over the problems.

Then, too, Casper was not kind to his sons. When I used to speak to Robert about the black and blue marks on his arms and legs, he always replied that he had been clumsy and bumped into some piece of machinery, but I knew better, for I had those same telltale marks on my own flesh.

Even when my heart ached, it beat with a certain bruised pride that my son was brave enough not to complain about his lot in life. No Stillwell worthy of the name ever had but once, and that was the time, almost thirteen years before, when I had been weak enough to write a letter of appeal. But that had been torn up before it had a chance to get in the mail, and bring my father's wrath down on my head. I was thankful for that!

When we first moved to the farm, the neighbors used to drive over occasionally. In their various ways, they tried to be friendly to us as newcomers who had just moved into their midst.

But after a while Casper began to veto all visits with others in the community. Sometimes I would not see those who lived only four miles away for weeks on end.

IN that country the man of the house set the standard for his family; and if he showed himself unfriendly he was let alone. Casper, knowing that his treatment of his family would be frowned upon by others, refused to be neighborly. Too, his methods of farming marked him as a shiftless sort of person who thought more of drinking and carousing than he did of getting ahead in the world.

If he borrowed any implement from a neighbor, more often than not he failed to return it on time; or else he sent the boys back with it when it needed repairs that he should have made. That, of course, did not set so well with hard-working men in the community, to whom a mower or a plow represented money which had not been easily earned.



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Perhaps some people may think that, on occasion, I should have defied my husband's commands to stay at home. But neither the boys nor I had any suitable clothes to wear. Often I felt ashamed to send the boys to school dressed so shabbily.

The few things I had possessed when I married Casper had long since worn out, and I felt ashamed to appear in my present shapeless habiliments. Even our outpost community demanded a better appearance than we were in a position to make.

But how I did long, at times, for some sort of contact, however humble, with the outside world! I was mentally starved.

One thing that brought me a great deal of joy a few years after we moved to the new farm was the fact that rural free delivery began to operate. The carrier's route brought him within a mile of our house, on the main road.

Casper, not to be outdone by others, put up a mail box. In the beginning, he even subscribed to a paper or two, so it could not be said that the Taempkes never received any mail.

Those papers were a source of joy to Robert and me. Then, too, on rare occasions I would receive a card or letter from my good friends, the Comptons, who had never forgotten me, even though I hadn't seen them for years.

When Ralph graduated from high school he had sent me an announcement and a picture of himself. Looking at the manly face that gazed back at me from the picture, it was hard to associate it with that of the small boy who had been so upset because "Teacher didn't get any mail."

THAT weather-beaten mail box represented my one slender link with the outside world. And nothing seemed strong enough to kill my habit of plodding wearily to it, even after a hard day's work, and in all sorts of weather. The boys sometimes accompanied me, but they seldom, if ever, went in my stead. It seemed to feed something that was slowly but surely starving in my soul.

Too, it was the one time when I could get away from the drab, unpainted farmhouse which I called home, and be alone with my thoughts of the old life, in another world that now often seemed like a tattered dream which would one day vanish altogether.

Once in awhile, when the smile of a wondrous mirage crept through the purple hazes of Indian summer on the plains, the girl who had been I would come back for a brief moment, and stretch out her white hands to the woman I had become. One afternoon in late summer, she was waiting for me at the old box, which still stood stanchly on its iron posts, defying summer storms and winter blizzards.

The last letter the box had yielded had come from a lawyer, telling us that Father Taempke, who had outlived his wife by three years, had left all his small property to a local church in the town where he had gone to live after he left the farm.

Casper had received the sum of one dollar in order to make the will legal. In a terrible rage, he had vowed to save the bill enclosed in the letter and burn it one day on the "old man's" grave. But he

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Make-Up Genius
using Rouge.

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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The

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(Enclose 10c (coin or

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MINIATURE
POWDER COMPACT
FREE

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Blue . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry
	<input type="checkbox"/> Grey . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Light [□] Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Oily
Creamy . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> BRUNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/> LIPS
Medium . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Light [□] Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> None
Ruddy . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Black . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> BROWNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry
Olive . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> LASNES	<input type="checkbox"/> Light [□] Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> AGE
	<input type="checkbox"/> Light . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> REDHEAD	
	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Light [□] Dark	

never kept his resolutions, so he spent that pittance for drink as he did the other dollars that came his way.

That incident rose before me as I lifted the big fall catalogue of the mail order company, that was a part of almost every household in the isolated district in which we lived. It took the place of motion pictures and magazines in many of the homes. Some houses in the community were actually built, furnished and operated, by orders filled from this giant concern, which drew much of its life-blood from the great rural districts of the United States.

Underneath this heavy tome was the thin little farm paper. Casper had long since stopped the weekly paper, because he said he didn't want Robert and me to be wasting our time reading when we might be busy at some sort of what he called useful work. Goodness knows, it wasn't often that he caught either of us reading! But the thin, limp, unillustrated little journal had continued, because it contained so little of interest. Had Casper ever surmised that it brought me some measure of comfort just to take it out of the mail box as it often lay there in solitary state, he would probably have stopped that, too.

UNLESS one has lived on the limitless plains of the great Northwest, where the prairies stretch endlessly toward far horizons, one cannot appreciate just what the thought of getting a really friendly letter, full of harmless gossip, can mean to one. Comedy and tragedy, joy and sorrow often lie sheltered within the tin walls of Uncle Sam's mail boxes.

I could not give any logical reason for the terrible feeling of disappointment that surged over me and engulfed my whole being when I saw nothing else; but it seemed as if an almost divine expectancy had been dashed in the dust when I didn't get a letter. Strangely depressed, I lifted the ponderous catalogue and started home.

Plodding wearily back to the house, my mind went over and over the years. A thousand and one incidents seemed to unroll like a film upon a motion picture screen. I wondered why memories—old dreams—flooded over me so this particular trip. They seemed to be etched in dry-point before me. Certainly I hope that no woman who may chance to read my story will ever let her pride become a crucible which crushes all love and faith, as I did.

As I turned up the road leading to the house, I could see the two boys sitting on the doorstep waiting for me, and I felt that, for their sakes if nothing else, I ought to do something to make a more livable existence possible. But how was I to accomplish the impossible when there was no way to be released from the present life?

I smiled absent-mindedly at the boys, who were running toward me, crying, "Oh, let's see the catalogue, Mom. Anyway, it's too heavy for you to carry any longer," smiled Bob, as he relieved me of the burden.

The two boys had been waiting patiently for their supper, both ravenously hungry, as small, rapidly growing boys are apt to be. And there was, I knew, nothing in the house for the evening meal

but a small portion of cereal. I hoped, as I cooked the porridge, that Casper would bring home some supplies, and not spend all the egg money on drink. He had taken the last dozen to fill the crate which he took to town.

Hail had destroyed the garden and taken most of the crops; there was no milk, as Casper hated cows. I had asked him to keep just one, as I felt that the children needed the nourishment that milk affords, promising that the boys and I would look after it. But he only sneered and swore at me.

As I watched the solemn, pinched little faces of my two boys at the old kitchen table, gravely eating their meager supper of oatmeal, a definite plan of escape began to form in my mind. It must be possible in some way to get away from the man who had caught me in a cruel trap when I was in such great trouble, and was not wholly responsible for the one terrible mistake I had made.

I grew absolutely desperate when I caught the haunting expression on Tad's small face, as he looked up at me and said wistfully:

"I wish there was jes' a little more porridge, Mom. I still feel sorta empty, don't you, Robby?"

"Do you suppose father will bring us something from town? If he does bring some flour and a can of syrup, like he did once before, will you make biscuits for us? M-m-m, they were so good! I can just taste 'em. Honest, I think I could eat a dozen all by myself right now, Mom."

I told him I would make the biscuits if father brought the wherewithal, and I set about clearing up the few dishes, while Robert got down his books which always made him forget everything, from being hungry to an undeserved beating from his father. Books seemed to be a passion with the child.

As I washed the dishes, plan after plan ran through my mind; but none proved feasible when viewed from all angles. I sat down opposite Rob and fell into a reverie. A question from him aroused me, and I turned to explain something that was puzzling him in mathematics.

TAD had fallen asleep, his head on his arms over the table. He stirred uneasily as a loud crash of thunder, which often presages summer storms that come up so suddenly and travel with such speed across the plains, reverberated through the quiet room. Above the crash, my ear caught the rattle of harness and the pounding feet of galloping horses coming up the road.

Rob heard it, too. He rose hastily, put away his books and reached for the lantern that stood on the floor behind him. Before he had it lighted, Casper half lunged, half fell, into the kitchen. He had been drinking heavily. His eyes were bloodshot and he was in a towering rage because Rob hadn't been out to take the horses the minute he stopped at the door.

He cursed frightfully, waking Tad, as he threw a few parcels on the table and turned to me. The two boys were huddled on one side of the room, gazing longingly at the supplies. Had father brought the flour and syrup, their faces asked. Had he?

Knowing Casper's ugly moods at times like these, I tried to appear indifferent for the sake of the boys, as I moved toward the table to unwrap the packages, and motioned to Robert to go out and take care of the team before the storm broke and it began to rain in torrents.

At that moment Casper's eyes fell on the catalogue that Tad had been looking at before he fell asleep, and his face turned livid with anger.

Before I could get out of reach, Casper struck me and sent me reeling against the wall as he babbled drunkenly:

"What you wastin' your time for, runnin' to the mail box when you shoulda been pullin' mustard in the north field—you and the brats? And I married yuh when I didn't have tuh!" he snarled as he threw the heavy catalogue across the room, and twisted my wrists until I cried out with pain. The veins in his neck and forehead stood out purple. I thought they must surely burst, and it seemed that my heart must leap out of my throat.

Terror overcame the pain in my wrists as he sneered, "I'm goin' to paint you with stripes from this whip, and then I'm goin' to finish you off with this. Then maybe, next time I go to town, you'll know better than to disobey me, and stick to your work instead of runnin' to the mail box as soon as my back's turned."

REACHING out, he tore the dress from my shoulder. I fell against the table and slipped to the floor. Casper threw back his arm. The whip hissed as it straightened out. I held up my hand to protect my face. But before Casper could raise his arm, Tad, who had thus far stood paralyzed with fear, sprang suddenly forward and grabbed it. His little voice rose high over the terrific crash of the storm. "If you hurt my mother any more," he cried, "I'll kill you when I grow up, I will!"

With a fierce twist and a curse Casper wrenched his hand free and sent Tad sprawling.

Is this the end of every hope, I thought blindly. Does Casper really mean to disgrace me further and disfigure me for life?

Thoughts of murder; the desire to kill; crowded into my mind as the lashes from the whip fell on my back and shoulders. Then my soul seemed to be leaving my body. I was floating through unlimited space. Suddenly everything went black, and I had the sensation of falling—spinning downward from the top of the world.

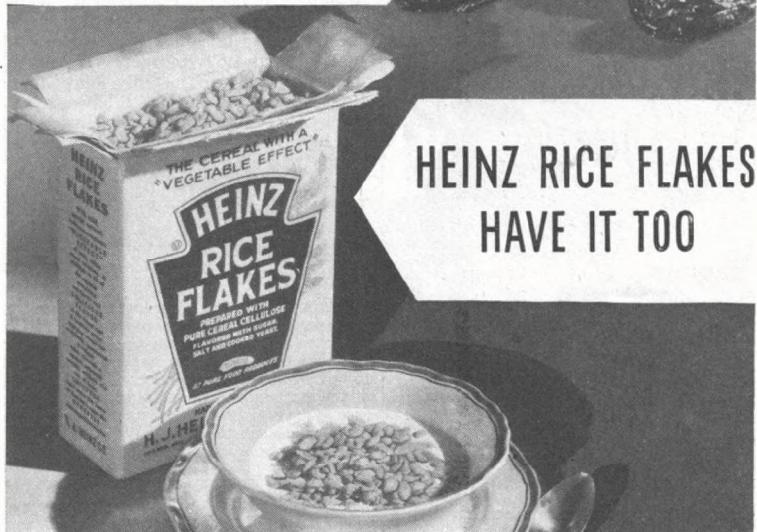
Did ever a woman face a more terrible problem? It is impossible to go on with this horrible life. She must escape. How? Death would be a blessed and welcome end. But there are her children. She cannot leave them alone, at the mercy of their brutal father. Murder? The thought has already flashed into her mind. Will it flame to action? Continue this mother's soul-stirring story in the

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No matter what your home making problems you will find expert advice and counsel in the True Story Home Maker Library. See announcement on page 188.



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TRY these golden-brown, crunchy little flakes! You'll like them! And they'll help you. Because . . .

Pure cereal-cellulose is added to these crisp, delicious flakes!

Cereal-cellulose is an effective, but gentle corrective, made from whole grain rice by a special Heinz process. It is added to Heinz Rice Flakes, and has the same mild, natural laxative effect as the cellulose in oranges, prunes, spinach, and certain other fruits and vegetables!

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My Strange Bargain with My Husband

(Continued from page 48)

and drove nails into the walls to take the place of closets. My only consolation was that this must be the bottom. Surely there could be nothing lower!

The village had what was called a general store, with the post office in one corner. The very next day I bought a pad of cheap paper and a stamped envelope. Without saying a word to Rex, I wrote to my father. As far as he was concerned, I had lost all my false pride.

I told him everything, and I ended by describing the hole to which Rex had brought us.

"I can't stand it, father. I'm coming home. I'm sure Aunt Sarah will be glad to go back to her little apartment. Jeanie can have my old room, and I can use the guest room. I'm so homesick to see you! Just to think of living decently and respectfully and comfortably once more almost turns my head. I haven't any money, or you would see us instead of this letter. Please send some right away. I'll be watching every mail."

I HAD forgotten the kind of man my father was. The hard years of my married life had dimmed the picture. This is what he wrote:

DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter did not surprise me as much as it would have, if I had not been reading between the lines of your infrequent epistles. Nevertheless, I am glad to have your full confidence. I have looked at the matter from three angles: yours, your husband's and Jeanie's. I have come to the conclusion that there is only one place for you—at your husband's side. "For better, for worse."

I am sorry Jeanie is delicate, but am glad you have left the crowded city, and are out in the country. Plenty of fresh air and nourishing food are the chief requirements for health. You have the first. As to the second, after due consideration, I am enclosing twenty dollars. I will send the same amount on the first of each month. Rex should be able to meet your other expenses. It would not be wise to remove all his responsibilities.

Sally, stick to it. Finish what you have begun, even though you may not see the reason why. In the end, you will not be sorry. This is my firm conviction. Courage, Sally.

For the first time in more than a year, I cried. I was sick with disappointment. I had stuck to it, far beyond what any reasonable person should expect. But then, my father wasn't reasonable on this one subject.

Crying only made me feel worse. So I left all my problems and troubles just where they were, and forgot them in a new book.

The day after we moved into this impossible house, I had walked the five miles to the nearest town and hunted up a bookstore. The man kept a supply of novels, printed and bound in the cheapest way, costing from ten to twenty-five cents.

What dope is to the drug fiend, those books were to me; but I thought they were my salvation. I could go without necessary food and clothes; I could stint my husband and child without a qualm, but I must have my reading. I was

positive I would go crazy without it.

When I took Jeanie to school, I found it was made up mostly of foreigners. I gave her orders never to play with those children, but Jeanie was her father's own daughter, so far as making friends was concerned. I couldn't be with her every minute, and I couldn't punish her all the time. So she really did about as she pleased, except that she didn't bring her playmates home to clutter up things and make work for me. I had drilled that into her.

Rex's hours at the factory were long and hard. He would come in, eat his dinner, sit for awhile on the back porch, smoking his pipe, then go to bed. That was all right for spring and summer; but when fall came, and it grew cold, we had to sit in the kitchen.

He coaxed me to fix up the front room. "Lay down the rug and put up the curtains, and let's get those boxes out of the way. It'll be something to look forward to, when I come home tired at night. I'll fix a place for Jeanie's books."

"The kitchen is good enough. Her books can stay on the floor. How comfortable do you think it would be in there without any stove?"

"I had a chance to get one, cheap, from the man who works next to me."

"Rex," I demanded angrily, "have you been spending money on an old stove we don't need?"

"But we do need it, Sally."

"I won't give it house room."

"Don't take that tone, Sally. I did some estimating and planning for this man. He's building a garage. The stove is in payment."

"When we all need warm winter clothing the worst way."

"Can't you fix up last year's things? You're handy at that. I've made good so far, Sally, and if we can pull through until spring, I'm bound to get a raise."

"Prospects—always prospects! Why don't you do something? Jeanie's feet are frosted, and she has a sore throat about once a month."

"WHAT more can I do? I give you every cent I earn, except ten dollars for the rent."

"You can at least stop talking and leave me in peace."

The man brought the stove and he and Rex put it in the front room, but I wouldn't let them set it up. I had no money for two fires. I could hardly keep one going.

My father had promised to send something extra for Christmas, and I had that to look forward to, all the month.

I needed it terribly. Shoes and woolen stockings and warm underwear, even if you buy only half you need, cost money. I decided, if the money came in time, to have a real Christmas.

We only had one mail a day, in the afternoon. I kept on watching and hoping until the twenty-third. Then I gave up. The next day would be too late for me to go to town and shop.

I was bitterly disappointed. What I really wanted was an armful of books! When I got home, Jeanie was there,

whimpering about her throat hurting. I put her straight to bed.

Altogether, I was in a very bad humor when Rex came in. It always irritated me to see him in his old clothes, with his hands dirty and his nails broken. He emptied the teakettle, set the tin basin on a chair and began to wash, making a lot of noise and slopping up the floor, as he always did. I was fixing a plate for Jeanie.

"Sally!"

I didn't pay any attention.

"Sally, make me a cup of good, strong coffee, will you?"

"Since when have you been able to provide coffee with your dinner?"

"Just tonight, Sally. I must have it!"

"There isn't enough."

"I'll go without in the morning."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. That is when you really need it, not tonight."

"I'll make it myself. I must have it!"

He came over to the stove.

"You will not! The fire is damped off, and there are only two scuttles of coal in the bin."

"Here, take this to Jeanie. Wrap her up well while she eats. It's like ice upstairs. And put this hot brick at her feet. If she should get very sick, I don't know what I would do."

A BAND seemed to tighten around my throat until I thought I would choke, Until that minute, I hadn't realized how dear she was to me.

When Rex came down, we ate our supper in absolute silence. He wasn't hungry, and neither was I. All I cared about was to get to my reading. I left the dishes, got out my book, and drew my chair close to the lamp. The next instant I was living in another world.

"Sally!"

No answer.

"I think I'll go over to the store for awhile."

"Better go to bed."

"I don't feel like going to bed just yet. They'll have a good fire there, and some one to talk to."

No answer.

Rex went out, and he didn't come back for five days. Then he spent two more in bed. Jeanie and I celebrated Christmas alone. My father's check came the day after Christmas, and it was for twenty-five dollars. A letter from him said he hoped I wouldn't spend it foolishly; to keep it for an emergency. Perhaps the emergency was right here, for I was absolutely sure Rex had lost his job.

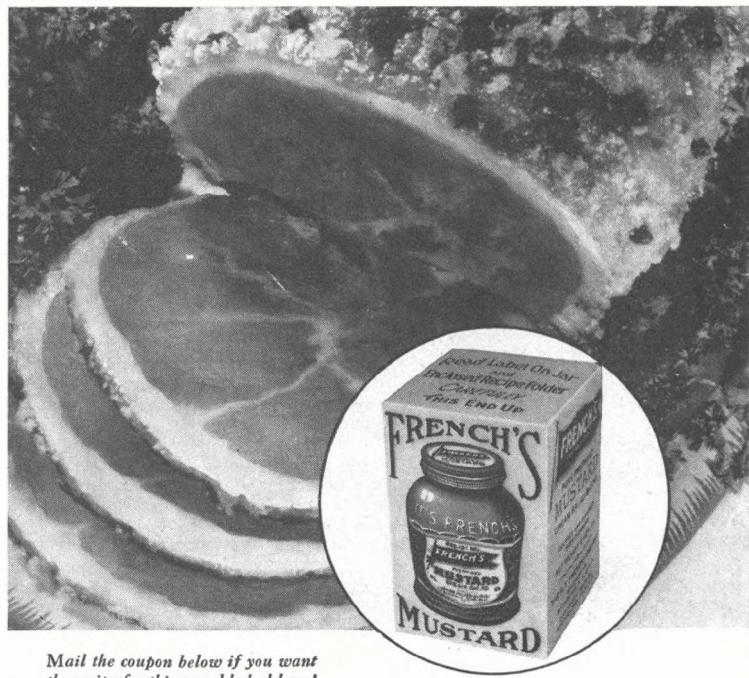
After his week's vacation, Rex went and came as usual for several days and I began to hope, but I wouldn't ask questions. I would know soon enough.

Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, he came home. I knew before he said a word.

"We're moving tomorrow, Sally. I sure am lucky. One of my friends will take us in his old truck. I told him he might have the rug for his trouble. It's all of a hundred and fifty miles from here, and it means a long day for him. The guy who hired me knows of a couple of rooms we can get, so we're all fixed."

"I won't stir one step."

"Don't take that stand, Sally. There's nothing else for you to do. I won't be earning quite so much, but neither will



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Because it is *different, better.*

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2 Only the finest mustard seeds are used in French's Mustard! There is all the difference in the world in the flavor of various mustard seeds.

3 The vinegar used in French's is such as you would use for your own table.

4 The spices which help give French's its subtle, delicious flavor are the best that money can buy.

5 All these delicious ingredients are "creamed" together—not just mixed. Your own experience in "creaming" butter and sugar will tell you how important that is!

No wonder French's Mustard is *better flavored . . . a really delicious seasoning.*

Not just *hot*, like ordinary mustards.

No wonder, either, that every food with which it is served, takes on a special deliciousness. Your family will enjoy even the cheaper cuts of meat, when you serve French's Mustard with them!

Try adding a dash of French's to salad dressings. See how it "perks" them up. Serve it with cold meats. Add it also to cheese and egg dishes.

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MUSTARD**
"It's Creamed"

pull out the books. One thing was sure, they weren't trash!

I forgot the cold and the dusty room and the dinner. I searched through those boxes like a starving person looking for a morsel of food. I found a volume of Shakespeare's plays, a complete set of Dickens, another of Wilkie Collins, half a dozen histories, and an encyclopedia. The most exciting among them was dull and dry to my over-stimulated taste, but even the encyclopedia was better than nothing. They would fill, even if they didn't satisfy.

When Jeanie's birthday came—fortunately it was on a Saturday—she went with me to the store to buy her treat. She chose a larger cake than I felt I ought to afford, but I let her have her way. The child was probably starved for such things. I couldn't remember the time when we had had dessert of any kind.

I iced it and put the candles on. Then she began measuring it with her fingers.

"What are you doing, Jeanie?" I asked curiously.

"I wanted to see how big we could make the pieces. There'll be Birdie and Beulah and Wilhelmina and Carmen and Olga and—"

"Jeanie! What are you talking about?"

"My party. I asked eight, and we'll make ten."

"But, Jeanie! I only meant that you and I would be the party."

MOTHER! I thought you cleaned up the front room on purpose. We were going to play games, like we did at Birdie's last week. And I thought you'd help us like Birdie's mother did."

"Did you go to a party at Birdie's last week?"

"Yes'm. And there were ten of us and we had ice cream, but I don't mind about that, 'cause my cake is bigger. I've been to all the birthday parties, and I want one of my own."

"We can't have one here, Jeanie. The stove isn't set up nor the boxes carried out nor the rug unrolled nor the curtains hung. Some day, when we go to grandfather's, perhaps I'll send you to the same school I went to when I was a girl. And then you can have a birthday party and ask everybody you like. I think we'll have ice cream, too. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes'm, but I've asked them."

"Then you'll have to unask them. You can't have them, Jeanie."

Pretty soon she began again. "Can we have our party at dinner, mother?"

"Don't you think the candles will look better when it's dark?"

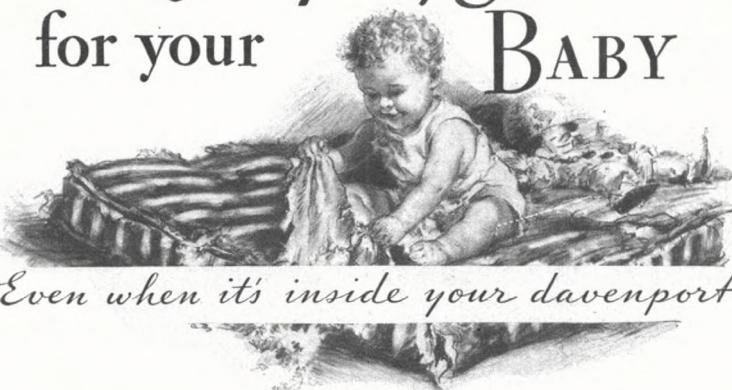
"I'd rather have them at dinner. I don't feel like waiting."

"Very well. It doesn't make any difference to me."

After all my trouble, Jeanie didn't enjoy it as I thought she would. No sooner were the candles lighted than she blew them out, though I wanted her to let them burn pretty well down. Then she took only a tiny piece of cake, and I had expected her to eat enough to make her sick. She coaxed to have the candles left on, and I cut between them. I had a pretty good piece, myself, and the cake was delicious.

I made up my mind to light the candles

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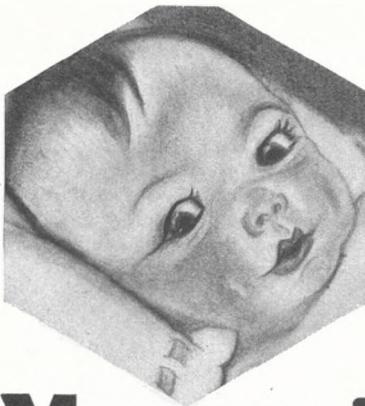
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again at supper. We would have two parties, and maybe a third on Sunday. We put the cake in the cellar and I covered it with the dishpan, to keep it moist, and also to protect it from the mice.

When I went for it at supper time, it was gone, plate and all. Nothing else had been touched and I could find no traces of any one breaking in. I always kept the house well locked, whether I was in or out of it, and no one but Jeanie knew where I hid the key. It looked suspicious.

Jeanie came in late. I told her right away. "Your cake is gone."

"Yes'm. I took it over to Birdie's house. Her mother said it wasn't any trouble at all, and she let us play games and helped us, and we had a beautiful time. The candles were lovely and I cut the cake, and Birdie's mother said it was so nice that you and I had the first party off it."

"As soon as you are through eating, you can go straight to bed."

"Yes'm. I don't believe I want anything to eat, mother."

"I suppose you had so much cake, it took away your appetite."

"I didn't eat but one piece. My throat hurts, mother."

THAT sounded like an excuse to me, so I sent her to bed. Next morning she was very hot, and complained so much that I looked at her throat. It was almost covered with white blotches. I had never seen it so bad. I left her in bed and went for the only doctor in the place. He was quite old and very nice.

When he came downstairs, he stopped to warm his hands at the kitchen stove.

"She is subject to sore throat, you say. This is a bad attack but she will be better in a few days. Then you must have her tonsils removed."

I stared in sudden fright. "I can't afford it. She'll outgrow it. I did. I used to have the same sore throat."

"Her tonsils are badly infected. It is comparatively simple to remove them now but if a mastoid develops, we will be in for trouble. I can arrange to have it done free of charge. I should say to give her about two weeks to recover from this attack. Let me see."

He took out an old note book, fussed with it for a minute or two, wrote something in it, and put it back. "Take her to the hospital in town two weeks from Wednesday. They will be expecting you."

I didn't dare argue, though my knees were shaking under me. The thought of an operation always frightened me.

When I broke the news to Jeanie, she was simply delighted. She grew so excited I thought her fever was coming up again. I didn't write it to Rex. He had enough to worry about, so far away.

The extra expenses of the next two weeks just about drained my pocketbook. That didn't bother me, because Rex always sent his wages so that I got the letter on Monday, and we wouldn't go to the hospital until Wednesday.

When Tuesday afternoon came, and there was nothing from him, I knew the worst had happened. Nothing would ever restore my confidence in him again. I had been a fool to believe what he said

—after all my experience. My disappointment was so sharp that I realized how high my hopes had been. This was the end! I would go back to my father, if I had to beg my way. He would take me in, once I was there.

The smell of a hospital brings a rush of disagreeable feeling to this day. Jeanie, happy, unafraid, walked cheerfully away with a nurse. I waited.

"Mrs. Fielder?"

I stood up hastily. An elderly nurse with a hard face had spoken to me. But where was Jeanie? I couldn't have said a word, if my life had depended on it.

"Your daughter is resting comfortably. We will phone you when to come for her."

"I haven't any telephone."

"Some neighbor, then? Or a store?"

"Mr. Ricotti has the only one." I spelled the name for her, and then I got enough courage to ask, "Why can't she go home with me?"

"We never let them go home the same day." She turned deliberately and walked off.

Next morning I had finished my work, and just taken out the volume of the encyclopedia with the T's, when Mr. Ricotti came to the kitchen door. The minute I saw him, I knew he had bad news. But even so, I wasn't prepared.

"The message—for you—from the hospital." He drew a large red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead, and it was a cold day. I couldn't take my eyes off it. "It says—you go for de little girl dis afternoon. She—die!"

Every bit of feeling suddenly dried up in me. I hadn't the slightest desire to cry. All I could think of was that I hadn't any money for a funeral, and Rex couldn't help. I must telegraph my father if it took my last cent. I wrote the telegram while Mr. Ricotti waited, and I was thankful when he went off, with his horrible handkerchief that looked like blood.

NEXT, I must fix up the front room. While I was trying to move one of the boxes out, somebody knocked at the kitchen door and then walked in. I had forgotten to lock it after Mr. Ricotti went.

"I'm Birdie's mother, an' I do jus' be hearin' about the bit of a gurrl. I'm that sorry! But she was too good for this wurld, as I do be sayin' many's the time to my Birdie. Sure, that's too heavy for the loikes of you!" She had the box in her strong arms, and held it as easily as I did a book. "An' where shall I be aputtin' it?"

I don't know how it happened. She took hold as if she had lived in the house, and I let her. She pressed curtains and hung them, she fixed the pipe and set up the stove, she brought blacking and polished it until it looked as good as new. Then she built a fire, saying we would both catch our death of cold, working in such a chilly room. She spread out the rug and admired it with all her kindly Irish heart.

When we were through, she stood, hands on hips, and looked about. "We'll be aputtin' her over there." She nodded toward the window. "A bit of green, now. She loiked me flowers. Would you be mindin' if I fix it up for her?"

Inside of ten minutes my little house was full of foreigners. I couldn't understand half they said, but it was easy to understand what they meant. When they had finished, the plain, bare room looked lovely. It was a mass of ferns and rubber plants and green vines, and geraniums full of gay blossoms.

Once started, they didn't seem to know how to stop. One, I think it was Wilhelmina's mother, brought a cottage ham, all boiled. Another brought a loaf of bread, just out of the oven. Carmen's mother brought a pan of macaroni. Some one else gave a cake. And I felt as if I could never eat a mouthful again.

"I think I better go for her now."

Birdie's mother took one last, satisfied look. "Ain't it gr-rand? Jeanie'll be the pr-roud gur-rl when she's a-layin' here."

I locked the front door and took the key with me. I couldn't hide it with them all standing around.

When I walked in at the hospital, the same nurse I had seen before met me. She gave me a sharp look.

"Mrs. Fielder?"

My throat felt paralyzed. I nodded.

"About half an hour ago we discovered that you received the wrong message."

I stared.

"Your daughter is getting along nicely, and you can take her home with you."

I kept on staring.

"Don't you understand? Jeanie is all right. Jeanie is all right. *Jeanie is all right!*"

I tried to make my throat work. It wouldn't. Then everything went black.

WHEN I came to, I was lying on a hard settle. I couldn't think what had happened for a moment. Then it all came back. I pushed the nurse away and sat up. "Jeanie! I want my Jeanie."

The nurse stood aside and there was Jeanie! Not until I had her tight in my arms, did I really believe. Warm, living flesh and blood! I cried and I laughed, and I said foolish things. The nurse made me drink from a glass she was holding, and I began to feel better. The last thing she said before we left was to bring Jeanie back in a week. But I didn't.

The minute we turned our corner, I knew something was wrong. I wouldn't have believed there were so many people in the village. They stood in front of the house and on the ash walk and around a truck out in the street. I hurried until I almost ran, dragging poor little Jeanie along with me.

Birdie's mother saw us first. Then we were in the midst of them, and they were all talking at once.

"It's Jeanie!"

"Rale flesh an' blood!"

"Hi there, Jeanie!"

"What do you suppose?"

Could this just be a welcome for Jeanie? My heart prayed this might be the case, but my mind wasn't convinced. We had just reached the bottom of our steps when a man pushed his way through the crowd and placed himself in front of me.

"My name is Thomas, ma'am. It gives me great sorrow to be the bearer of bad news." It sounded as though he had learned it by heart.

"It's your man." He waved his hand toward the truck. "He got hurt bad las'

Please don't print my name



*But if my story
can help other
women—here it is*

PLEASE don't print my name. But if my experience might help other women, feel free to use it.

I was always known as the perfect wife and mother. And then one day I got the surprise of my life. I had just visited Betty's school. And as I came in the hall I overheard the school nurse and Betty's teacher discussing me. They said "Yes, she keeps Betty perfectly dressed. Then sends her off in the morning with a skimpy breakfast, I'd be ashamed to give any child."

I went on my way perfectly furious at first. And then I got to thinking it over.

They were right. Breakfasts had been sketchy at our house. Far too sketchy to be safe for a growing child like Betty.

Well you can rest assured that was the last "sketchy" breakfast I served my child. Every morning now I start her off with a good hot breakfast of Quick Quaker Oats. It takes just 2½ minutes to cook. Betty just loves its flavor. And you should see the way she is gaining weight and sturdiness.

Sometimes I think it's good for mothers to hear themselves discussed!

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<input type="checkbox"/> MEDIUM BROWN	<input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT BROWN
<input type="checkbox"/> DARK RED	<input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT RED
<input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE	

Friday. Jim, here, found him down in the hold. He didn't know nothin' till las' night an' then he only come to long enough for a sentence, to tell you he'd kep' his word, an' as how you'd understand."

Was it a bad dream? Was it a mistake, like Jeanie? The big, rumbling voice went on. "We better be carryin' him in, don't you say? If you'll be so kind as to open the door, ma'am. Come on, boys."

I'm not very clear what happened for a while. Not until I found myself in the front room with Rex and the man who called himself Thomas. We stood looking down at the still figure.

"I want you should understand, ma'am. I picked it out myself. Neat, ain't it?" He was reverent and proud at the same time.

STUNNED as I was, the loud black and white checked suit looked terrible. Rex had always been so particular about his clothes, in the old days. He must never go to his long rest in that.

"Yes'm," the rough voice rumbled on, "me an' the boys wanted he should look his best so we all chipped in, an' proud to do it."

"I forgot. There were expenses. If you will tell me—" I paused, wondering how I could put him off until I heard from my father.

"The undertaker? He's a pal of mine. He ain't got any bill. I hope you won't take it hard, me knowin' it, ma'am. But he," with a reverent glance at the still face, "never eat full an' hearty like the rest of us, an' onct he tol' why. So he'd have more to send to the wife an' kid. I got a family of my own, an' I

know what it means. He said to give you his week's wages, ma'am."

I looked at the soiled envelope. I looked at the soiled man who offered it in a soiled hand.

"I owe you much more than that. You must tell me," I said.

"Don't you see, ma'am? It's like this: He'd come to our house mos' every night, an' set an' play with the kids a spell. An' then we'd talk, or mebbe get out the cards. I thought a sight of him."

"An' now he's gone. I can't make out why—a fine guy like him—with a wife an' kid. I got to do somethin' for him, an' I couldn't think of nothin' else."

It was the way he said it as much as the words. I did see. The last of my miserable false pride vanished. I took the envelope and the hand that offered it; and my voice shook, in spite of my efforts to keep it steady.

"You have done a beautiful thing, Mr. Thomas. If Rex knows, it is making him very happy. I want to thank you with all my heart, and please tell the others for me."

"That's all right, ma'am. If I might make so bold, ain't there nobody you can turn to?"

"I have sent for my father."

He patted my shoulder kindly. An odd sort of pride welled up in me. I actually liked it! I made my husband's friends sit down and eat a hearty meal before they started back, and I was thankful our daughter had the kind of friends to make that meal possible.

We laid Rex in the family plot, beside my mother. He died, keeping his promise. I have lived, keeping mine. I hope he knows.

The Light that Came with Darkness

(Continued from page 53)

pride in its civic welfare, and its thriving industries keep the townspeople employed and happy.

We found the home we were looking for on Calhoun Terrace, a new residential site just opened up six months before, facing Calhoun Park. It was an architect's dream, of pressed brick, a tiled roof, a double garage adjoining, with a sunny porch on the south side. Three big bedrooms upstairs, a restful living room with French windows, and a blue and green kitchen completed the picture. No high pressure sales talk was necessary to sell us on it.

In a week we had moved in, and I had taken over the reins of business manager in my new office. My associates were complaisant, supported me to the best of their ability and, strange to say, exhibited not the slightest show of resentment that one of their own hadn't been appointed to the vacancy. I was perfectly satisfied with my new line of work, and put my whole heart into it.

Lydia, however, was plainly dissatisfied. The first few weeks she had been pleasant enough, but as we became settled she had found something to complain about practically every night, when I came home.

Donnie had tracked in a load of mud on his feet coming in from school; Dolly

had torn her dress swinging on the trapeze in the park. Or perhaps Nellie, our new maid, had dropped the forty-fifth piece of Lydia's prized forty-eight piece china set. Little things like that, hardly worth recounting, were enough to work her up into a tantrum of sharp words and angry epithets.

Experience had cautioned me that to reason with her when in one of these tempers merely prolonged the agony; but once in awhile I was forced to say a word or two if for no other reason than to retain my own self-respect.

"Now, Lydia, don't take on so," I'd offer gently. "There's no need to get excited like this. Why, you get yourself all worked up over nothing."

"Over nothing!" All the vehemence of a scream would be in her voice as she answered me, her eyes flashing. "A lot of sympathy I get from you! I suppose it's nothing to sit around here all day, waiting for you to come home, and then sit around some more while you baby the children? Don't you think I ever get tired of that? Don't you suppose I expect to get something out of life, too? I'm not a corpse, but I might as well be, for all the attention I get from you! No wonder I'm a nervous wreck."

"But what do you want me to do,

dear?" I'd suggest painfully. "I'm trying to do my best to make it as easy as possible for you and the children. I'm doing all in my power to make you happy, Lydia. I can't do any more. You know I'm not unreasonable, dear. Tell me, in what way am I failing you?"

She had no answer to that. Instead, tears, penitent absolutions, followed. One thing about Lydia—she readily admitted her faults.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I didn't mean to say those things," she'd admit, honestly enough. "My tongue ran away with me, Jim. Please—we won't say any more about it."

I could recite countless incidents of similar nature but, not to weary the reader, I'll pass over them. I like to think of them only as a closed book, which they are in reality now.

Lydia was not wholly to blame. She just wasn't cut out to be a mother. Her selfish and unreasonable accusations were merely a necessary outlet for her pent-up "tied down" emotions that kept cropping up every now and then. In her heart she loved the children to the best of her ability, but she pitted the self-styled sacrifice she had made, against them, and the result was devastating.

In her own setting, she would have fitted in like a diamond in platinum; but in the rôle of a dutiful mother she was frightfully wanting, sadly out of place.

I THOUGHT years might change her. But a certain amount of dissatisfaction, probably induced by reflection on the gay life of parties and dancing she had left behind, ran through her days, like an ugly scratch marring the surface of an otherwise beautiful painting.

Three times during that first year, twice in the second, we visited my wife's folks. Both Christmases we celebrated with them, much to Dolly's and Donnie's delight. A big tree, loads of fancy colored candy, and Dad Thorpe padded out for a jovial Santa Claus, made Christmas morning a gala event for the twins. Those few days were a welcome respite for Lydia, too. She was at the phone constantly, calling up old friends, and squeezing in all the gay times our short stay afforded.

Two and a half years we had lived in Oakland. We had prospered, had our home nearly paid for, two cars in the garage (Lydia had a coupé of her own—a wedding anniversary gift from her father), money in the bank. On the whole, we were sitting in clover.

Donnie was growing like a weed. He was not quite eight, but he looked ten. What a husky little fellow he was! Sturdy, the picture of health! He was going to be like his dad, he boasted.

In one respect, he took after his mother—he liked to have his own way. I once mentioned this, and Lydia had flared angrily, so I discreetly refrained from discussing it again.

I was his champion. To me he came, in tears or triumph. This chagrined Lydia and I tried to break the lad of the habit. But mother was mother, and Daddy was Daddy. He said the one with respect, the other with confidence.

Dolly, precocious child, showed no favoritism. Her solemn brown eyes accepted us both on an equal footing and, for that reason, Lydia was partial to her.



New extra-moist lather soaks stiffest whiskers soft

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FORE! With this new soothiing, extra-moist lather you can now tee off for the fastest, coolest, smoothest shave you ever had.

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream quickly brushes up to a big, thick, rich lather that soaks up moisture like a sun-baked fairway. It takes the fight out of the toughest whiskers—soothes the most tender skin.

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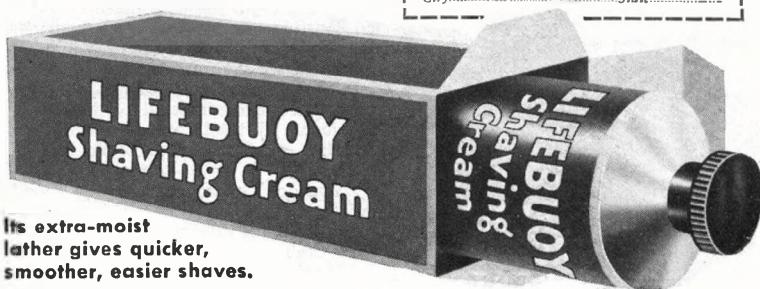
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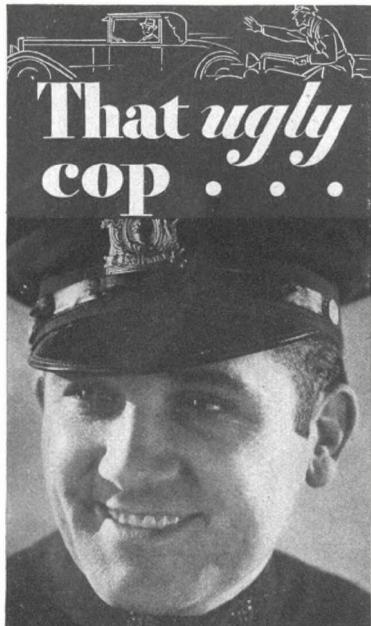
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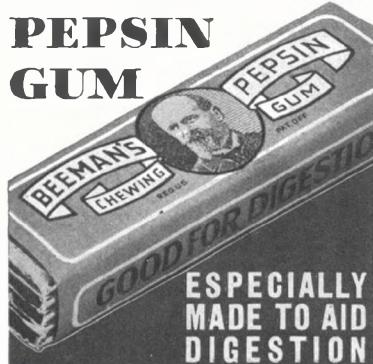


grinning!

Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indigestion.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he invented this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

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On the other hand, my taking our boy's part irked her; and more than once rash words culminated in a heated, one-sided dispute.

Spring, the first promise of summer, was in the air that evening as I strode in the house and sensed immediately that something was radically wrong. The children weren't at the door to meet me; in fact they weren't downstairs at all. Nellie, emerging from the kitchen, greeted me in her usual phlegmatic way and, in answer to my question, informed me, "The missus is a bit upset, I'm afraid."

I went upstairs, uneasy. At the top of the stairs I hesitated a moment. Muffled sounds of sniffing warned me what I was in for. Nellie was right, but Lydia was more than a little—she was terribly—upset.

Sitting half upright, and propped up with pillows, Lydia was on the bed in a silken bed jacket, dabbing her nose with a tiny handkerchief and looking more miserable and fretful than I had ever seen her before. I knew at once she was having another one of her spells, but I endeavored to offer what little sympathy I could.

"What's the trouble, dear? Head bothering you again?" She had complained of headaches lately, and I suggested this quite innocently enough.

IT'S strange, the way nerves play havoc with a person. Lydia had all unconsciously been working herself up to this moment for the last few hours, and now, the casualness of my query inciting her, she let loose with the fury of a woman scorned.

In short, crisp sentences she informed me that Donnie had brought a stray police dog into the house when he came from school that afternoon. The dog had apparently taken full possession of the house at once. Nellie sought refuge in the coal cellar, and Lydia ran upstairs to the safety of our bedroom. The dog was finally collared by the dauntless Donnie, after slight damage to the lamps in the living room—and considerable to Lydia's peace of mind.

"And you stand there, asking if it's a headache bothering me!" she finished indignantly.

"I didn't know," I said briefly. "Where's Donnie now?"

"In his bedroom; I told him to remain there until you came home. I want you to punish him severely for this."

"Don't you think he's been punished enough—deprived of his freedom for the afternoon?" I suggested. I had no intention of laying a hand on the boy; I never had, and never will.

"That's right! Go ahead and stick up for him," Lydia flashed angrily. "I've no control over him, and you know it. But if you don't punish him, I will."

I could see she was working herself up into another emotional cyclone, making a mountain out of a molehill for the sake of argument. I tried to reason with her; dreading even the thought of her beating the boy.

"You don't mean that, dear," I said quietly. "The boy doesn't deserve it. After all it was only a childish escapade. You can't expect him to behave perfectly. He's no worse than other fun-loving lads of his age."

This whipped her into fresh fury. An angry tirade of words followed. I winced at the vituperative venom that broke from her lips. She was so beside herself that she was shaking like a leaf. I had never seen her in such a temper before.

"Defend them! Stick up for them! Give them their own way! Go ahead—see if I care! You think more of your children than you do of me. I'm nothing—dirt under their feet! Oh, I wish they'd never been born!"

"Lydia!" I cautioned sternly.

"I mean it—every word of it! Ever since they were born I've led a life of hell. It's your fault! You know I didn't want them! I wish they were both dead!"

A sickening revulsion swept over me. To explain my feelings at that moment is impossible. I would rather have taken a beating—anything—than to listen to those ruthless statements from the lips of the woman I loved. For days afterward, their sting was to prick my thoughts. I turned, left the room, her ugly words still ringing in my ears.

Dolly was stationed at the door of Donnie's bedroom. She had been studying her lessons and keeping Donnie company at the same time. With a feeling of shame I saw by the look on her face she had heard her mother's bitter words. She stared up at me, an unspoken sympathy and understanding in her big brown eyes. I patted her head tenderly.

For the sake of the children, I attempted to palm the incident off in the nature of a chastisement. My young son was leaning out the window watching some kids playing in the street below, his biggest apparent worry at the moment that he wasn't down there with them. He turned and looked up at me with a sheepish grin on his face when I entered the room. I reprimanded him at once.

"SEE here, young man," I said severely, "what's this I hear about you?"

Quite unabashed, he swung into his defense.

"Aw, gee, Daddy, mother gets all steamed up over nothing!" he answered stoutly, without the least repentance in his husky little voice. "He was a peach of a dog, Daddy, and I thought, if mother saw him, she'd let me keep him. That's why I brought him in. Gee, I wish you'd seen him, Daddy!"

I smiled inwardly, at this choice bit of discrimination.

To the boy I said, "Well, you mustn't do a thing like that again, you understand? Mother doesn't feel well at times, and you must try hard not to annoy her. You'll remember that next time?"

Donnie nodded gravely.

"I'll remember, Daddy. I promise." I ate supper with the children; Lydia didn't come down. Nellie carried a tray up to her later, and I read the paper and listened absently to the radio until the twins, dutifully quiet, went up to bed. I followed about an hour later, uncertain whether to occupy the guest bedroom, or go in to my wife. We hadn't come to this pass yet, and I was averse to beginning the practice; but I dreaded going through another such scene as the one before supper.

With misgivings I entered our bedroom,

and saw at once I had nothing to fear. The fury of her brief passion abated, Lydia lay crying into her pillow, remorse racking her body with stifled sobs. I sank down on the edge of the bed, feeling as though it were as much my fault as hers. I put my arm around her reassuringly.

"Don't cry, dear," I said consolingly. "I know you didn't mean to say those things."

She turned a stricken, tear-stained face up to me, her eyes plainly expressing her appreciation that I understood.

"I didn't mean them, Jim," she cried vehemently. "I don't know whatever made me say them. I've been crying for two hours thinking about the terrible way I talked to you. I feel so miserable that I could die!"

"It's all over now," I said gently. "No use fretting needlessly. But try to control yourself next time, dear. Count ten—a hundred—if necessary; you'd be so much happier if you didn't let your temper run away with you."

For days after that, Lydia couldn't do enough for the children. She seemed overanxious to prove to them, and especially to me, that she was really penitent and had no intention of acting so childishly again. With a sense of relief I admired her contrite efforts, impressed and even tempted to believe that, under no circumstances, would she behave so foolishly again. She was really trying hard to convince me; and I hoped sincerely she would master any future temptations.

IN less than two weeks I was sadly disappointed. Another incident of trifling nature aroused her ire, provoked her to hasty words and ended in tears.

She was confined to bed for a week afterward. I had a talk with the doctor after one of his visits.

"A case of nerves—nothing more," he informed me. "She's inclined to brood, complain? Ah, I thought so! Fancied wrongs, peculiar to high-strung women. Unfortunately this ailment is purely mental, and it's up to the patient, herself, to snap out of it. She must get out of herself, if you understand what I mean. Take more interest in those around her, yourself, for instance, or the children. That's about the only remedy I can prescribe. I've warned her to avoid getting upset under any circumstances. If she takes my advice she'll be a happier woman and get more real joy out of life."

I thanked the doctor, but I was skeptical of Lydia's following his advice. My doubts were well founded. She wasn't up three days until her tongue was lashing again. Something Donnie had done, an innocent prank of some kind which slips my mind now; but it was enough to exasperate Lydia into another frightening outburst of temper.

"I wish he had never been born," ended the tirade as usual, and I remarked:

"You shouldn't say things like that, Lydia. Some day you'll be sorry for it."

Later, lachrymose repentance prompted me to tell her plainly, "You're too thin-skinned, Lydia; that's the trouble with you. You make a thunderstorm out of a raindrop. Please, for your own good, try to be reasonable next time. It's terrible



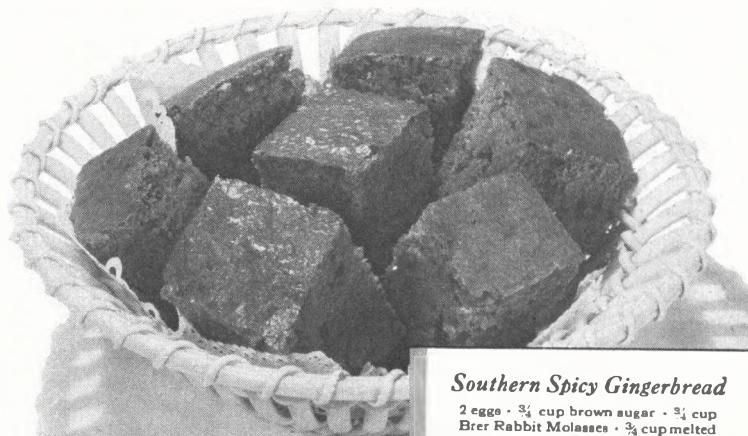
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Gingerbread wins over Mother-in-law



Bob and I'd been married six months and this was the first holiday we were home together . . . We had a solemn oath from the city editor not to disturb us for just one day. (Bob does sports and I do fashions for the Record.)

Our quiet was short-lived. The telephone rang almost immediately . . . It was Bob's mother . . . She'd come all the way from Oregon to "surprise" us . . .

Now, I'd never seen Bob's mother. I knew only two things about her: She adored her only son, and she considered a girl with a "career" a little unnatural.

I had to make a good impression!—And nothing in the house for lunch! I dispatched Bob to the store; I mixed up some tangy Brer Rabbit gingerbread. I thought the gingerbread would impress my mother-in-law.

Later Bob's mother confided to me that she had had her doubts about her only son marrying a girl with a career. "But, if Robert had only told me you could make gingerbread like this, I should have felt a lot easier."

Good old-fashioned gingerbread made with Brer Rabbit Molasses, always makes a fine impression. Failing appetites are

Southern Spicy Gingerbread

2 eggs • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses • $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted shortening • $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour • 2 teaspoons soda • 2 teaspoons ginger • 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon • $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves • $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg • $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder • 1 cup boiling water.

• Add beaten eggs to the sugar, molasses and melted shortening, then add the dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted, and lastly the hot water. Bake in small individual pans or in a shallow pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

revived by its savory goodness, its mellow richness.

THE FLAVOR of Brer Rabbit gingerbread is distinctive. For Brer Rabbit is real old New Orleans molasses, made from the very cream of fresh-crushed sugar cane juice . . . Rich in iron and lime.

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for us to be wrangling this way when we have everything in the world to make us perfectly contented."

It did no good. My wife's temper continued to flare up at the slightest friction. It got so that I dreaded coming home nights, never knowing but what Lydia would be up on her high horse and the whole evening spoiled, as usual.

Naturally this state of affairs had its effect on me. I became intensely distressed, taciturn, moody. My work suffered, my business associates looked at me twice before saying good-morning when I entered the office. I had developed a bad case of nerves myself.

The joy was gone out of swinging into the driveway when the day's work was done. Instead of Dolly and Donnie dashing out to meet me, verbal wrath was likely to greet me at the door.

If I had loved Lydia less, I might have taken stringent steps to rectify or, if necessary, to relieve this deplorable situation. But I was devoted to my wife and quickly dismissed each drastic measure that came to my mind, and continued, for want of an adequate remedy, to suffer in silence. And believe me, I did suffer.

ONE afternoon in late summer, the crisis came.

It was a sultry day; fans worked overtime in the offices all around me. I was at my desk, trying to get some work done, in spite of the terrible heat, when my phone rang.

My wife's voice, terrified, frantic, came over the wire. In jerky, clipped sentences, she imparted the dreadful information that the ambulance had just left our door—with Donnie in it. He had fallen out of his bedroom window upstairs, and was being rushed to the hospital.

"Is he badly hurt?" I demanded hoarsely. Somehow I knew by the whimpering tone of her voice that it was partly my wife's fault.

She didn't know. The ambulance interne hadn't been able to ascertain the extent of his injuries. She would be on her way to the hospital the moment she hung up. Would I meet her there?

I broke all traffic regulations, getting across town. I beat Lydia by five minutes. I demanded to see my boy at once, but the girl at the desk informed me I must wait until a report came down from the examining doctor. The boy had preceded me into the hospital by a scant ten minutes.

While I paced anxiously up and down the corridor, Lydia came hurrying in, white-faced, timorous, something of guilt in her eyes. I wanted to know how it happened at once.

Reluctantly she gave me particulars. Donnie had mussed up a neighbor's boy over in the park. The lad's mother had called Lydia on the phone, and gave her "a piece of her mind," to use my wife's expression. The moment Donnie came in the house she ushered him to his room upstairs, and locked the door, to make sure he wouldn't get out when she wasn't looking.

That was about eleven in the morning. She deprived him of his dinner, "to teach him a lesson," and paid no more attention to the lad until a scream outside the house, less than an hour before,

had rushed Nellie and her out to find the boy lying in pain on the sidewalk embracing the side of the house. An improvised rope of strips of a bed sheet lay beside him. It had snapped at the window sill.

I made no comment, although my thoughts were far from pleasant. Depriving the boy of his dinner struck an angry chord in my sense of fair play; but not wishing to create a scene, I said nothing. Lydia watched me closely, but apparently my face successfully masked the sharp criticism at the end of my tongue inside my tight lips.

It seemed eons before the report came down from the examining doctor; in reality it was less than half an hour. Donnie's right leg was broken, just above the knee. He was under ether on the operating table, even as our informant spoke.

I listened with tears in my eyes, a sudden bitterness in my heart toward the woman at my side. For the first time in our married life, I was tempted to give her a verbal dose of her own medicine. Only respect for the place we were in checked me.

It was a good three hours before we were allowed to see the boy. Looking pitifully small and wan, he smiled up at us from his cot bravely and, with difficulty, I choked down a lump in my throat. Lydia was crying softly into her handkerchief.

"Feeling all right, old-timer?" I bluffed, trying hard to steady my voice. "That's the spirit, young fellow; show your Irish and keep a stiff upper lip."

"How's this, Daddy?" He forced his upper lip down over his teeth. "Stiff enough, Daddy?"

I laughed queerly, and Lydia bent and kissed his cheek. When we finally left, my eyes were blurred.

Neither my wife nor I exchanged a dozen words as we walked down the steps to our cars. Tight-lipped, I watched Lydia's smart coupé draw away from the curb. Then, casting a last grim look at the building in which my boy was to lie on his back for many weeks to come, I followed resolutely.

IT was late, nine-thirty, when we reached home. Dolly had been put to bed half an hour before; the house seemed strangely quiet. While Lydia was upstairs, changing her clothes, I questioned Nellie closely. She confirmed my wife's version, but innocently enough added what Lydia hadn't told me—she had struck the boy. Three resounding slaps as he came in the door prefaced his confinement to his room.

I listened, my justifiable indignation rising steadily. The sound of my wife's steps coming down the stairs, ended my questioning abruptly.

She was framed in the doorway as I started for the living room. Suspicion, mixed with defiance, was in her eyes as she glanced from Nellie to me. I was on the point of speaking my mind at once, but bit back my anger instead, and strode past her without a word. I sank into a chair, and submerged myself in the evening paper.

Lydia followed me into the room. She sat down on the couch across from me, and began thumbing a magazine. I could feel her eyes on me every so often, but I kept

at my paper. A tension, broken only by Nellie's activity in the kitchen, was in the air, threatening to snap at any moment.

For ten minutes I feigned complete absorption in my paper, then Lydia got up abruptly and crossed to the radio. She fumbled with the dials irritably. I could feel her every movement, as though I were watching her intently. Suddenly she snapped the switch off, swung around. I knew what was coming—expected it.

"Oh, go ahead. Why don't you say it?" she flared out, the color rising in her cheeks, her lower lip trembling. Like an angry goddess she stood facing me defiantly, in the attitude she invariably assumed when she wanted to make herself out as the victim of something or other. "I know what you're thinking. You think I'm to blame—that it's all my fault!"

"He might have broken his neck," I said quietly.

Lydia's eyes flashed.

"If you punished him more, it wouldn't have happened. You give him his own way, mollycoddle him too much. No wonder I've no control over him." Her voice rose as her anger mounted.

"You don't handle the boy right," I answered in an even tone. "You can't expect obedience by tyrannizing over the lad. If you reasoned with him more, and didn't fly off the handle so much, you'd get more respect from him."

I had struck a sore spot; I realized that the next moment.

"If you put up with all that I do around here every day, you'd fly off the handle too," she maintained hotly. "That's the sympathy I get for it! No wonder I'm a nervous wreck. I'd be better off dead."

I had heard this plaintive lament so many times that I knew it by heart. It was the usual finishing touch, tacked on to elicit sympathy when all else failed. It failed miserably this time. All the smoldering rage I had held in check burst into flame at once.

"Now see here, Lydia," I stated coldly, "I'm sick and tired of hearing this same old whining line of bunk every night when I come home, most of all now with our boy lying in the hospital with a broken leg. I'm fed up on it, and I think it's about time I spoke my mind. What have you to complain about anyway? You have a good home, two lovely children; and if my love means anything to you—you have that too. What more can you want?"

She didn't have a leg to stand on—perhaps the more reason for the furious attack that followed. It was the first time in our married life that my wife's pride had been assaulted in such brutal fashion, and it cut to the quick.

With lightning swiftness she flew at me like a devil, her tongue flailing like a whip.

"You're fed up on it, are you? Well, I'm fed up on you, too!" she screamed defiantly. "I'm fed up on you and the children, both! I'm leaving—and I'm going right now!"

"Where are you going?" I asked calmly. I had been through too many of these stormy sessions to take my wife seriously. Besides, I didn't believe for a moment she

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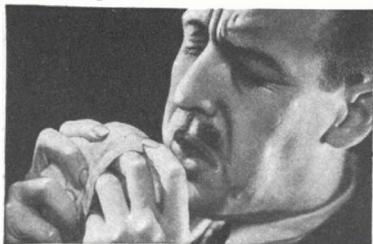
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would go to the extreme of carrying out her threat.

"Home—where at least I get some consideration!" She bit out the words; threw them like vitriol in my face. "I'll leave you to take care of your two precious children. See how you like it!"

Alarmed, I attempted to dissuade her. A wife going home to her parents always struck me as an ugly alternative. In our case, there was absolutely no excuse for it.

"You can't do this, Lydia," I protested. "Think what a demoralizing effect it will have on the children."

"Oh, can't I?" she fairly shrieked. "Well, try and stop me!"

With that, quivering with rage, she turned on her heel and went stamping up the stairs.

Helpless and bewildered, I stared at the paper in my lap. Would she really go—leave me and the children this way? I couldn't believe it; chose not to. Bad as her temper was, she wouldn't let it carry her that far. If the children meant anything to her at all, she couldn't tear herself loose from them so easily, so heartlessly, so cruelly.

But even as these thoughts ran through my mind I could hear her moving about upstairs, banging dresser drawers shut in frenzied activity. A peculiar weakness assailed me, and I watched the stairs fearfully, clinging desperately to the hope she would still see the folly in the drastic step she was taking.

SOME ten minutes elapsed. Then my last vestige of hope passed with my wife's determined steps on the stairs. With a gleam of triumph in her eyes, she swept past me without a glance in my direction. She carried a suit case in each hand.

As she reached the door, I jumped up quickly and caught her by the arm in a last frantic effort to change her mind. Not without a final challenge to the motherliness in her, could I see her flounce out the door and break up our home this way.

"Lydia—think what you're doing! Leaving the children like this—with Donnie in the hospital. It's not decent, Lydia—you can't do it! If there's any mother love in you at all, you'll take those suit cases back upstairs and unpack them," I pleaded.

She wrenched her arm free, turned blazing eyes on me.

At once I realized my mistake. Any other form of appeal might have struck a receptive chord in my wife; but my appeal to the one quality she didn't possess—motherliness—inflamed her more; as nothing else, possibly, might have done. I quailed before the wrath in her eyes. I had seen men rend and destroy in such a passion. My wife was about to do the same—in a way it would hurt most.

"The children—the children! Is that all you know?" she screamed violently, her face distorted with rage. "Can't you think of anything else to say? *The children!* I hope I never see either one of them again!"

I recoiled as if struck. The venom in her words left me speechless. Stunned, I watched her go down the steps, disappear around the corner of the house. A few minutes later, I heard her car pull out of the garage—and she was gone!

For hours I sat, numbed, huddled in a chair, my head in my hands. Nellie,

quietly understanding, turned out all the lights except one lamp beside me; then tiptoed off to bed. The house became quiet, oppressively still; it served to sharpen the ache in my heart.

Long into the night I sat alone with my thoughts; a penetrating loneliness routed the deep sense of injury that had first come over me. As one lost—stranded in a strange place—I stared at the dancing shadows on the walls, a staggering loss gnawing in my mind and pressing down on me like an incubus.

Torturing reflections plagued me. I thought of my little son, lying pitifully small in a strange bed in a strange white room—in pain, perhaps—of my wife gone in anger from my side; of everything I had planned and worked for—home, love, children's laughter—all shattered in one unreasoning moment. And I'm not ashamed to say that my head sank down on the arm of my chair, and I gave vent to bitter tears.

With a heavy heart I wearily dragged myself up to bed, hours later. But sleep was denied me. I tossed fitfully, my thoughts raw wounds. When sleep finally claimed me, it seemed that I had just dozed off when Nellie's excited voice outside the bedroom door brought me to a sitting position in bed.

"The missus has been in an accident," she called. "A hospital at Lanesville is on the phone, Mr. Bradford. Shall I hold the wire?"

"Yes—I'll be right down," I shouted.

I jumped out of bed quickly, reached for my bathrobe with a trembling hand. I was at the phone on Nellie's heels.

I listened intently, while a well modulated voice repeated what Nellie had already told me. Some ten miles out of Lanesville, my wife's car had skidded off the highway. It had rained heavily during the night and the roads were like glass. She had plunged down a ten-foot embankment and tipped over. A passing motorist had heard her cries as she dragged herself out of the overturned coupé. He had conveyed her to the hospital.

FEARFUL, I asked the extent of her injuries. They were not serious, the voice informed me; cuts about the face, nothing more. Relieved to a certain extent, I replaced the receiver and hurried into my clothes; the one thought in my mind being that Lydia was hurt and needed me. I was going to her at once.

Lanesville is seventy odd miles from Oakland, but I made it in less than two hours. Few cars were on the road at that early hour of the morning, and I passed through sleepy little villages at top speed, watching the speedometer and impatiently counting off the remaining miles.

On entering the town, I inquired of the first man I saw on the street where the hospital was located. He carefully counted off the blocks and turns, and I swung into the curb at my destination a few minutes later. A white-coated attendant directed me to the head doctor's office, where a tall, kind faced man bade me be seated.

From the doctor's veiled words I quickly sensed that my informant over the phone had withheld the seriousness of my wife's injuries.

Genuinely alarmed, I put it point-blank

to the man across the desk from me. "Is she badly hurt, Doctor? I must know. You needn't be afraid to tell me."

For a moment he fingered a letter opener in his hand. Then, as if having made a great decision, he bluntly told me the astounding truth.

"Yes, you may as well know now as later," he said in a reluctant voice, his face lined with sympathy. "Your wife is doomed to a lifetime of blindness, Mr. Bradford."

I got to my feet, reeled, gripped the desk for support. Lydia—blind? No! Anything but that. *Blind!*

I thought at first I hadn't heard right. But as I stared at the doctor his grim expression left no room for doubt. Slowly my eyes filled and I brushed the back of my hand across them. Weak, I sank back in my chair, the doctor's voice coming to me from a long way off.

"Steady—steady," he was cautioning me. "You've got to pull yourself together—for her sake. I know it's a mighty blow to deal a man, but you mustn't make it any more difficult for her; she's going through enough as it is."

"A very sad case, your wife's; most heartbreaking I have ever known in all my years as a doctor," he went on. "By some peculiar trick of Fate a piece of glass from the windshield cut straight across her eyes in such a manner that instant and complete loss of sight resulted. Strange to say, there's not another mark or laceration of any kind on her entire body."

Not another mark on her entire body!
Just her eyes!

A terrible thought stabbed through my dazed brain, and I saw as clearly as though I had been permitted beyond the veil of natural things—saw the work of an unseen hand in the ironic twist of Fate that had robbed my wife forever of the light of day.

VIVIDLY her parting words of the previous night struck home to me. "I hope I never see either one of them again." The children, she had meant.

And it seemed to me, in that horrible moment of realization, that an almighty God had granted her wish.

Down a long, narrow corridor the doctor led me and into a tiny room, heavy with the smell of anesthetics. On the bed lay my wife, her eyes heavily bandaged, her lips trembling, as we entered the room.

"Jim—is that you?" she cried out.

"Yes, dear, this is Jim," I said thickly, starting toward her. But the doctor held me back with a friendly hand and warned me not to excite her. Then he left. I went over to the bed. "I care as quickly as I could," I whispered. "Tell me, dear, are you suffering—in much pain?"

Her lips quivered piteously and her hands sought mine before she answered: "I'm not suffering physically now, Jim; but mentally I've been through the tortures of the damned. You know? They've told you?"

I knew what she meant. Was glad she couldn't see the anguish in my eyes. I pressed her hand gently in assent.

"It's horrible, Jim, but I deserve it," she admitted honestly. "I had it coming to me. I've lived a century since they brought me here, and I realize now what a

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selfish and unreasonable wife and mother I've been to you and the children. You remember, Jim, what I said when I left you standing at the door last night? Well, God heard me. That's why I'll never see my darling babies again. I didn't mean to say those awful words, Jim; I'd give my life to undo them now. But it's too late—"

She was sobbing softly, clinging to my arm desperately as if afraid I would go from her. Great tears were in my eyes as she sobbed out how it happened.

"It was raining as I drove along, but I didn't mind that much. I was thinking of you, Jim, and the children. My temper subsided the moment I got out of town, and I became righteously ashamed of myself. I was sorry for the ugly things I had said, but a cheap pride wouldn't let me turn back. Remorse dug as the miles separated me farther and farther from you and the children, Jim. "Finally I started to cry, and then I knew I was licked. At the next crossroad I was determined to turn back and ask your forgiveness. But for me the next crossroad was to be a blind turn into complete darkness.

"I DON'T even remember how it happened. All I know I was clutching the wheel madly as the car swerved off the road. The next thing I knew I was crawling out, groping and feeling my way through the door. Blood was streaming down my face and dripping on my hands. I crawled up the bank and screamed hysterically for help. It seemed hours before a car pulled up alongside of me. Then I fainted."

A violent tremor shot through her body, and the nails of her fingers dug deep into my flesh, so intense was her next thought.

"Oh—to think of never seeing our little Dolly and Donnie again! Oh, dear God!" she moaned.

It was a new Lydia who uttered these words—a wife and mother I had never known before. And it was a cry of anguish rising from the depths of her mother heart, so long dormant. Overcome with emotion I bent and kissed her trembling lips, murmuring words of reassurance all the while.

"You'll see them again, dear," I promised. "You'll vision them in your mind and mirror them in your heart. And you'll love them more than ever now that the scale is lifted and you realize what they really mean to you. Don't let this break your spirit, sweetheart girl; the children and I need you as much as you need us. My eyes will do for both of us, Lydia—and there's still so much left ahead of us."

"Jim!" A glad little cry came from her lips, her hands groping over my face and drawing me down to hers. "I know now how much you mean to me, Jim—oh, how blind I've been! You'll never go away—never leave me, Jim? I'd die if you did. Please, Jim—promise."

I did, and very solemnly in that little hospital room, to assure her; but it wasn't necessary.

As soon as it could be arranged, I had my wife removed from the Lanesville hospital to the one town where Donnie's leg was knitting.

In answer to my wife's pleading, I prevailed upon the hospital authorities to allow his mother to be with Donnie in the daytime.

What a change came over Lydia in the weeks that followed! A mother love I never believed her capable of expressed itself magnificently in her eagerness to win Donnie's boyish heart and gain his confidence again.

It took quite a while to do it, but the day he was brought home on crutches from the hospital, I saw the victory was complete. It was to mother that he hobbled first. And with an inward glow of satisfaction, I gracefully bowed to second place.

Dolly, Donnie and mother are three inseparables now. And Lydia's devotion to the children is little short of amazing.

To see the two of them carefully piloting their mother to the car when we go out for a spin is ample compensation for all those nights when an angry tongue flared the moment I stepped in the door.

All that is past now. And out of a world of darkness has come understanding, tolerance and appreciation for the only worth-while things in life—love, children.

Lydia takes her blindness bravely, never complaining, her face lighting up as she stands on the porch in the evening and hears my car pulling into the yard. There is an ugly, livid scar in place of the flashing blue eyes I looked into so many times, but dark glasses hide this repellent defacement. And to me, it doesn't even exist. To my way of thinking there can be just as much beauty within as without; and when you look at it that way you don't notice facial faults.

It amuses me that my neighbors and business friends regard me in the light of a martyr. Nothing more absurd could be possible. I am less a martyr now than I was before that fatal night of reckoning. To be truthful, I am happier now than I had ever been in all the nine years of our married life. Happier because my wife smiles at me; because we both share the love of our children, and love them in return, and because our home resounds to childish laughter. There can be no hint of tragedy where love, devotion and harmony work hand in hand.

MARTYR? If I am, I hope I shall die one.

A joy I never knew before is when my wife creeps into my arms at night after the children have gone to bed and, with the eagerness of a little girl, pours out the happenings of the day.

Only a week ago, as I led her up the stairs, she said to me tenderly, "Jim, I never knew before what happiness and peace of mind really was. I know now, Jim." And when she said that, I was tempted to believe she blessed the tragic mishap that robbed her and gave her so much.

Do you find it difficult to always look smart without exceeding your budget's allowance for clothing? If so, the True Story Style Book for Spring will solve your problem. See announcement on page 188.

Married Flirt

(Continued from page 62)

friends, "I'd be happy with Billy in a dugout with nothing but a crust. And love is all that matters."

Alas! I'd found a great deal more that mattered. I roused from my reflections and stared at Caro. She was saying in an amused tone, "Well, Betty, do you want Nina's job? It's thirty a week, you know. And I have the right now to hire and fire."

"Carol!" I gasped incredulously. Thirty dollars a week of my own! I could hire a good woman to look after the children. I could replenish my scanty wardrobe with the ease of the magic golden touch. I could wave a fairy wand over the rundown house; replace the cheap imitation stuff in time. I could even help Billy catch up on bills.

Billy! His name was like a dash of ice water in my face. What would he say? I could imagine the hurt look on his face when I broke the news to him.

"Well, are you turning it down?" asked Carolyn.

"Never! But I have things to do—arrangements to make." I tried to sound casual and businesslike, but my voice wasn't steady.

"Drop in awhile Monday and look the job over," advised Carolyn briskly. "Then be ready to start in Tuesday."

So we parted.

My head was spinning with excitement. There was so much to do—to think out. I must calm down, think clearly.

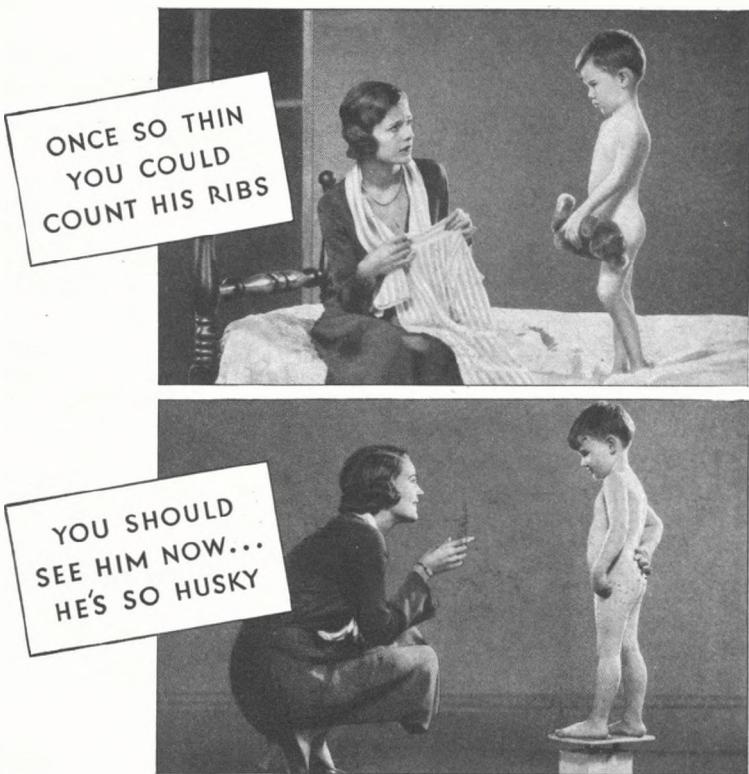
FIRST of all, to find some one competent to take my place at home. I shook my head ruefully. There wasn't any such person. All the work of the family, plus important extras that every mother knows! Looking after my busy, careless husband's clothes; keeping a watchful eye on Winkie, lest she get over-tired or take cold; cautioning venturesome June about darting into traffic, or playing along the way from school. And the baby! Heavens, one baby was enough to take a woman's entire time!

It looked hopeless at first. Part of the lesson I was to learn began hammering at my brain. There is no substitute for mother love, mother care. My job meant taking risks at home. Substituting a stranger, however competent and kind, for the intuitive heart of the mother.

Why, a child needed love just as it needed light! I couldn't remember my mother, and I had always hungered for the mother love I missed. I was waiting for my bus home, and my mouth felt dry, my knees went weak with the responsibility of the thing I planned.

Well, I told myself soberly, I'd try it. Even if I couldn't make a go of it long, I was tempted by the thought of what even one or two months' salary would mean. Thirty a week! "Thirty pieces of silver."

I started guiltily. For an uncanny second I thought a voice had spoken the words in my ear. Grave, accusing words. Why—that was what Judas did! Betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver! What on earth had put that long-forgotten Bible story in my head?



Jerry's dislike of milk was keeping him thin

... but he loves it mixed with Cocomalt ... and he's gained 6 pounds already

MY heart ached whenever I got Jerry ready for bed. He was so frighteningly thin and delicate-looking.

"Yet no one knew better than I why he couldn't gain an ounce. He hated milk so. It was a struggle to get him to take even half a glass.

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June saw me first when I reached the corner. She was sliding down the inclined driveway, making dangerous swoops into the street.

"Oh, Mummy, you came home early. Goody! Where've you been, Mummy? Did you bring us anything?" She flung herself upon me excitedly. June was a loving little thing, always wanting to hug and kiss me.

Fortunately I had dashed into a ten-cent store for a few trifles—a lollipop and some paints for June; cunning doll furniture and a set of paper dolls for Winkie. Their childish delight touched me. They had so little compared with the neighbors' children. I could give them so much more when I had my job. I hugged this argument to my uneasy breast. Surely Billy would see that!

Winkie came out on the porch in the raw wind and stood coughing. I hurried her inside, scolding anxiously, for her little hand was moist and hot. What had she been doing all day? Did she feel all right? Where was Polly?

"Polly's putting clean rompers on the baby. He spilled his milk all over. And he crawled part way down the cellar steps before Polly found him, Mummy." Winkie told me everything in a breath. "And once he stood alone—and gee, it was funny without you, Mummy. I didn't like it much."

I FOUND Polly in the bathroom, absorbed in cleaning up a squirming baby. She had forgotten the other two, and there was something burning on the stove. Well, Polly was hardly more than a child herself. I must find a good, experienced woman who had raised children and would understand their care.

By the time Billy came home, I had things in order and a good, appetizing meal ready. I was wily enough to feed him and get him settled in his favorite big chair before I broke the news.

I was nervous and impatient, and it seemed ages before I got my three washed and storied and tucked into bed.

But, at last, they were all as clean and sweet as cherubs, in their little white beds.

Winkie's soft hands patted my cheek fondly, "Dear Mummy! I named my prettiest paper doll for you, Mummy."

June's happy voice sang out, "Nigh-night, Mummy. But you didn't tell that straight about Snow White and the little dwarfs. You said—"

I kissed her hastily and turned out the light. Then I drew a long breath, and slipped into my bedroom to get myself in hand. What precious tykes they were! Only the night before, Billy had said solemnly, "One of them alone is worth a fortune, Betty."

Of course I loved them, I reminded myself fiercely. That's why I wanted to do things for them, have things nicer. Yes, I loved them—but I didn't know how much—then.

As I dropped into the old wicker rocker with my mending basket Billy shook his head over the city daily.

"More terrible accidents through fool women who clean their clothes near a stove! Betty, for heaven's sake, do yours out of doors! Here's an explosion today that killed a mother and two children."

I was furious. This was a great way

to introduce what I had to say! So I led up to it gradually by talking animatedly of my trip to town; the fun of running into an old friend, and so on. Then I sprang it on him.

I thought I was braced for all arguments, all opposition, but I was almost frightened at the look on Billy's face. It was as if I had stunned him with a sudden blow. His lips moved, but no sound came. His eyes were on me with a bewildered look of pain and doubt. I talked fast, trying to still the clamor in my own heart that urged me to say I didn't mean it; I wouldn't do it if he felt like that about it. But pride stilled that clamor.

Other women had homes and careers. I steered myself with the memory of the unpaid bills: bribed my emotions with the anticipation of the thirty a week that was to work miracles. When I had talked and explained and set forth all my reasons, I ended with a flare of hot rebellion, for Billy remained silent.

"Oh, I know you're dead against it! But it's not fair! I'm going to try it anyway. I've got to have money! And if I can earn it, Billy, you have no right to forbid me."

"I'm—not forbidding you, Betty." He averted his eyes and spoke huskily. "If you think it's the thing to do—After all, they're as much your children as mine—"

With that, he got up and left the room. I was torn between conscience and resentment. Why make such a fuss over it? A tempest in a teapot. Well, Billy would come round when he saw how much better things would be; how smoothly everything would go at home; the improvements I'd make. I ran across the street to see a neighbor who could advise me about the kind of help I needed.

Billy did not reopen the subject. Though he was his patient, pleasant self next morning, I sensed the breach between us; like strangers talking to each other in words that meant nothing.

BUT I was too busy to brood. By Monday I had found a capable, middle-aged woman, Mrs. Wood, and I tingled with relief to see that the children all liked her at once. Mrs. Wood had grown children. She looked motherly, and surely Billy would agree that I had chosen wisely. I got things started nicely, then took the bus and went into the office of the Quimby Mercantile Company.

Carolyn received me in her best business manner, and outlined my work. I warned her I might be a bit rusty at first, but I would brush up quickly, and I could see that the work was light compared to the strenuous job I had once held with the old boss. The door to his private office opened as I sat there typing, and a tall, dark, striking looking young man, with the odd eyes and mocking mouth of a Mephisto, stood there for a minute.

He spoke in a low tone to Carolyn and his eyes rested on me. Then I was introduced to Mr. Dan Quimby, nephew of the head of the company. I appraised him as clever and fascinating, but he didn't interest me just then. All I wanted from him then was my thirty a week.

Things moved along so pleasantly and uneventfully the first month that I patted

myself on the back and quite gloated over my good judgment in making the venture. Mrs. Wood was gentle and good, slow but sensible; and she kept the place and my three little ones tidy and contented.

Winkie hadn't caught a single new germ. The baby was gaining steadily and toddling into new mischief daily. June was forever taking chances, but my being at home couldn't change her daring disposition. Every mother has to cross her fingers and trust to Fate when her youngsters start the long, busy blocks to school these days. Otherwise, she would be a nervous wreck in a week.

Billy seemed to have withdrawn into a world of his own. He said little about my work, or his own. He was always sweet and courteous and considerate, but we seemed strangely remote from each other now.

I remember his saying to me once, "I'm glad, dear, if you're happy. I want you to have things. You were such a good sport all the years, and it must have been pretty tough on you."

ONCE he warned me, "Speak to Mrs. Wood about being more careful. She went out today, and left the iron connected. It had burned through the board when I found it."

For a moment I felt a tremor of terror. The papers were full of disasters that winter. Children burned to death when their parents were away for a short time. Mostly country children, I pointed out. If I hadn't been blinded by my own selfish conceit I might have noticed that my husband's step was no longer buoyant; that his head, with its once proud lift, had a defeated droop. I realized it later when the cup of remorse was bitter as hemlock to my lips. But just then my thoughts did not linger about my husband so much as they did about my new boss, Dan Quimby.

I burn with shame to confess it. But from the first, he singled me out to take his personal letters, for his particular favors. Carolyn said nothing, but her eyebrows lifted in a cynical way. The other girls resented me, I know, and they whispered together behind my back. But I held my head high, scornful of their jealousy and catty ways. If Dan Quimby recognized my ability, why it is always thus in life. The less successful are envious, and any one who climbs ahead must do so over the multitude.

As I look back, I see how distorted my vision had become. I wasn't climbing; I was descending. Oh, so far as my job was concerned I was firmly settled. But spiritually, I was sinking, and "the descent to Avernum is easy." Dan Quimby made excuses to detain me for special work after hours. He had cozy suppers for two sent in, and the mere act of eating together brought us into a dangerous intimacy.

It was only a step from that to dining at some quiet, glamorous place off the beaten track; driving awhile in the starlight, "to rest our minds." Ah, Mephisto is wily as a serpent, and just as harmless!

Then I fell into the habit of spending a night every week in town, dropping into Carolyn's liberty-hall apartment to sleep, after an evening of lotus eating with Dan. I do not attempt to defend myself; on the contrary, I can never forgive myself. But, at least, I had never yielded wholly



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At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub. Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Drops as needed for ease and comfort. This gives you full 24-hour treatment—and without the risks of constant internal "dosing," so often upsetting to digestion, especially the delicate digestions of children.

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to his coaxing, ardent love making. That, of course, made him more persistent and eager, since his type is ever passionate in pursuit, but quickly satiated, once the chase ends in conquest.

No, I hadn't yet smirched my own honor, nor Billy's. But, in all humility, I take small credit for that. Sin has the black art of donning most alluring masks. Sin calls in a siren voice. But my good angel must have watched over me in sorrowful patience, protecting me against myself.

Carolyn was frankly skeptical. "You'll soon be moving into a ritzy little part-time apartment at this rate," she predicted one night when I slipped in, excited and weary after a long drive with an almost irresistible lover.

I stared at Carolyn. How could she guess that Dan had been urging just such an arrangement?

Yes, the devil had taken me to a mountain top and tempted me with a glittering, outspread world of luxury and pleasure. And I had promised to give him my answer our next evening together.

CAROLYN had come in just ahead of me and without her make-up, looked haggard and lined, and oddly pathetic. I had never seen that soft, kindly look in her amber eyes before.

"Gee, Betty, you're beautiful in all those evening rags! No wonder Dan Quimby fell so hard! But, Betty," she lit a cigarette and I noticed her hand tremble, "take it from me—look before you leap. It's a deep gulf, and you never climb out of it."

Startled, I started to speak, but Carolyn went on with a strange intensity. It was as if she stripped off a mask and let me see her very soul.

"Sounds funny, coming from me. But honestly, Betty, if any little old fairy godmother came to me and offered me one wish, I'd know what I wanted all right. I'd go back to being the honest, trusting, sweet kid I used to be—like Nina. Why, if I could start on a honeymoon with the one man, feeling the way Nina does—Say, I'd do it so quick, I'd be all out of breath. It's the best gift of the fairies, take it from me."

"But I thought you—" I began.

"Dust in my own eyes. Trying to fool the world and myself," she confessed sadly. "I'm getting along, and beginning to show it. What have I to look forward to? Just a hard, lonesome, business woman with nobody to care. I've let go of the things I was made for—"

She poured herself a stiff drink from a flask and drained it. Then she came over and put her hands on my shoulders.

Gravely she urged, "Betty, quit—before it's too late. You've got the whole works—everything worth having—under one little roof; a husband who loves you, three sweet kids.

"Some highbrow said, 'Children are your immortality.' Well, it's true. Your whole interest in life will be your children when you're older. Don't be an idiot, and go hunting snipes, my dear. You'll be left holding an empty bag. I know!"

We both started as a tap came at the door. It was after one. A boy delivered

a message. Carolyn glanced at it and turned away. She seemed frightened and worried.

"What is it?" I asked. "Bad news?"

Without answering, she dismissed the boy, and then turned to me. "It's for you, Betty," she said. "Apparently at six o'clock a woman phoned, saying it was urgent for Mrs. Snowden to come home the minute she got the word. The man at the desk has been calling here all night. I've been out. He left this note before he went off duty."

I began trembling like a leaf in the wind. Carolyn shared my apprehension, but reassured me in her brisk way:

"I'll call a taxi, Betty. Is there an owl car or bus out your way? Good! Get into your street things. Now I'll see if I can get your house."

I was fumbling shakily with my velvet frock, my satin slippers. I was scared, and cold, clear through to my yellow soul.

Something terrible had happened, I knew. The house had burned down. June had been run over. Winkie had pneumonia. Or the baby had toddled out of the yard into traffic.

"Oh, Caro, try to get them again! Some one's got to be there!"

Something evil had befallen my little flock and it was all my fault. Criminal negligence. A prodigal mother. But their daddy was there!

"They don't answer," said Carolyn. "But you're ready, and I know the taxi's waiting. Buck up, child. It's not as bad as you're imagining. Keep a stiff upper lip and phone me, won't you?"

I KNOW I looked ghastly, for I was a wretched prey to fear and a guilty conscience. At last I was on the way, which seemed endless that cold, dreary night. What had happened? What was waiting for me at the end of this sickening hour's wait? How much could happen in the seven hours that had passed! Seven hours, while I dined and danced and flirted with a man who was nothing to me; who meant only evil toward me; who, I realized with this new terrible clarity, had meant nothing to me but thrill and a sop to my foolish vanity.

Bah! I was as bad as any woman of the streets. I tell you, I plumbed the depths of penitence and humiliation in the nightmare journey back home.

The children! Billy! How could I have gambled so recklessly with such treasures? If my selfish greed and egotism had brought harm to one of their innocent heads, I couldn't go on living. I tried desperately to get calm, to pull myself together in order to meet this unknown emergency like the good sport Billy had once thought me.

"Everything's all right. I'm just making things up," I would say, and then my thoughts would start that mad incoherent spinning that bound me to a wheel of agony.

I tried to pray. Even the woman of Capernaum, sinner though she was, went near the Master's feet and was forgiven for her sins.

Father, spare my babies. Don't let

them suffer for their mother's neglect. Punish me, but be merciful to my children, as you are a Father. Help Billy to forgive me when he knows. I've been weak and foolish and blind—just an imitation of a real woman. But now I see. Give me one more chance—just one!

I felt calmer, more equal to what lay ahead at home. Home! Never had the word meant so much to me! How could I ever have thought our home life was humdrum, and a monotonous grind or bore? All the daily details, the little things that meant loving service to the ones dearest to me—how sweet, how necessary they had become!

At last! The dim lights of our town. I ran every step of the way down those dark, deserted blocks till I could see the vague blot of our cottage. It hadn't burned down! I felt a surge of thankfulness for that. I ran panting up the steps, hammered at the door. No answer. Everything was as dark and still as the grave. I bit back tears of weakness and misery as I spilled the contents of my bag, fumbling for the key. Then—inside. I switched on the hall lights, called "Billy!" Then I remembered he was working nights.

I STUMBLED through an orderly sitting room into our bedroom. Not a sign of life. On to the children's room—empty! I swayed, and fought the black waves of vertigo that tried to overwhelm me. Was I in a nightmare then? Where were the children? How could I find them at this unearthly hour when the whole neighborhood was dark, lifeless? I moaned and wrung my hands helplessly. Then I started toward the telephone. But a sleepy voice at the back door sent me flying. It was Polly, the sixteen-year-old from across the corner.

"Mother saw your light, Mrs. Snowden. She wanted me to tell you the children are over at our house. Mrs. Wood, your housekeeper, had to leave in a hurry. She had a wire at supper time, saying her daughter in Cleveland was awfully sick. So your husband brought the children over, and he went back to the office."

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

To Polly's dismay, I burst into tears too long denied. Presently I got control of myself, and went over with Polly. I must see, with my own eyes, that my babies were safe and unharmed. I must touch them with loving, penitent hands. So I tiptoed into that humble bedroom as if it were a holy place.

There were my children, my treasures. The baby was uncovered, so I gently covered his fat little legs and pressed my trembling lips to his round, rosy cheek.

Winkie coughed as I bent over her and I touched her soft curls with a prayer and a promise, "Mother will love you more than ever to make up for this, little girl."

June stirred restlessly as if my own tumult of spirit had disturbed her. She murmured, "Mummy," and though I whispered soothing things, she roused and nestled to me hungrily.

"Don't go away, Mummy," she begged. "I had a awful dream."

She started to whimper, so I took her

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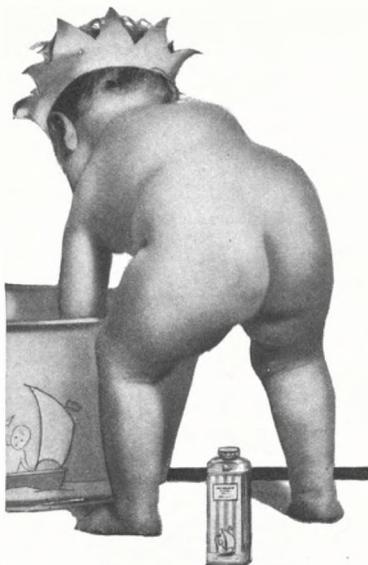
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TS-3

in my arms, cuddled her close. I hadn't realized till then how long it had been since I had held my affectionate, sensitive little daughter. I asked her if she felt sick; what had happened to give her bad dreams.

"It's Daddy," she told me wistfully, throwing her arms around my neck. "He wouldn't eat any supper. And he felt awful sick when that man went away—"

"What man?" I felt my heart twist within me. "Tell me, dear. When did he come? What did he say? Tell me, so I can help Daddy."

"I guess you can't help him," the drowsy little voice went on. "Daddy said it was too late, and he said it was the big boss. He came to see Daddy right after Mrs. Wood went away on the train. She tried to get you, Mummy, but she couldn't wait. Daddy was cooking supper—"

"Oh, June!" I was shaking as with a chill.

"It wasn't a very good supper, Mummy, 'cause Daddy doesn't know how to cook like you do. The omelet burned and the baby was cross, 'cause he put his hand against the hot oven. I tried to fix it."

"OH, June! Are you sure it was Daddy's boss?"

June was sure. "And when he went away Daddy walked up and down and looked so sick. And he said it wasn't any use, he couldn't manage alone. I told him he had me and Winkie and baby, but he just kissed me like he didn't hear."

I saw it all! Billy had lost his chance after the years of waiting and hoping. Lost it because that keen-eyed old man had dropped in on him at the worst possible time. Vaguely I recalled those far-away days of my honeymoon and my meeting with a tall, quiet gentleman with shrewd but kindly eyes.

He had said to me, rather to my embarrassment, "I'm glad to see Snowden is in such good hands. A man's wife can make or break him—that's my opinion, Mrs. Snowden. I always count my employees' wives as my allies. Take good care of Billy, and he'll make you proud of him."

Out of the mouths of babes indeed! June had given me a jolt, in her childish way, that jarred me fully awake. I put her back in bed, kissed her tenderly, promised I would see her in the morning.

Then I hurried out into the biting cold of that early dawn. There was nobody around, and I fairly ran those long, snowy blocks to the newspaper office. I found the place deserted as, with thumping heart, I hurried into Billy's private den.

He was there, slumped over his desk, his head resting on one arm. He still wore his eye shade, and the night light brought out the haggard lines of his face, the gray smudges beneath his closed eyes. What a picture of lonely dejection! A tide of pity and remorse swelled in my heart and rose to my aching throat and tired eyes. Then, as I blinked away the tears, I sprang forward with a cry of horror. The dim light glinted wickedly

on something bright near Billy's hand. Something small, but deadly as a cobra. A new automatic!

My heart seemed to stop as I leaned close, fearfully studied his pale face, touched his limp hand, pressed my own against his heart. He was alive! Breathing heavily like a very weary sleeper, but I had come in time. Something had stayed his impulse, his hand. To this day I steadfastly believe my prayer did it—my sincere, penitent prayer during that terrible trip home.

Gently I slid the little weapon into a drawer and shook Billy by the shoulder. I brushed his cheek with my lips and called, "Billy dear, it's Betty—Betty come to take you home. You worked too hard, Billy, and fell asleep right here. You're cold, dear. Here, let me get your overcoat."

He was so fatigued, so bewildered, that I had a hard time rousing him. But at last we were back in our little home together, Billy too silent and with that evasive look in his frank eyes. I knew what he was thinking about and, spent though I was with that night's emotion I knew it was better to cleanse the wound at once. I told him about receiving Mrs. Wood's message and how it had frightened me.

He said apologetically as he took the hot drink I had fixed for him, still in the tone of a polite stranger, "I'm sorry you were so upset, Betty. I didn't even know she phoned. She was so worried and excited, trying to get off on that evening train. I thought Polly and her mother could look after the children till you found somebody else—"

"I don't want anybody else," I interrupted fiercely. "Oh, Billy!" I threw myself down by the bed on my knees. "Billy, how can you be so sweet to me when I've been such a contemptible quitter? When you lost your big chance of promotion through me?"

He stared at me. "How could you know that, Betty? Oh, well, it doesn't matter! You didn't understand and, besides, I'd probably have muffed it anyway. I'm just a failure."

"NO," I sobbed and drew his head to my breast, "I'm the failure, Billy. But if you'll let me try again, dear. If you'll put me on probation—Oh, I've been cheap, Billy! The cheapest kind of woman—married flirt!"

A spasm of pain twisted his face. "I know. I saw you with him one night when I went in to take you to a show. I meant to surprise you—and you came out of the office with him. That hurt the worst, Betty."

I held him close, my tears falling on his cheek. He was silent a long moment, in which I suffered the suspense of feeling that I was being weighed in the balance. Then he raised his head, looked long and searchingly into my blurred eyes. Oh, the compassion of that look! The divine forgiveness of his smile!

"I—nearly lost my grip, dear," he confessed gravely. "When Booth, the owner and publisher, came to look things over and Smith resigned to go east. I was in line, of course, but—he thought I had too much responsibility away from

the office. I was going to end the struggle, Betty. God forgive me! But I couldn't do it. Something seemed to stop me. Maybe a hope that before long you would miss the children and me, and come back to us. And you have, dear, so nothing else matters. We need you so, Betty."

"And I need you, Billy. I didn't know it, but I'll never forget again. It's the most blessed job in the world, dear. Just looking after you and the children."

No, I hadn't known the truth till I was on the very verge of bartering my birthright for a mirage that had mocked me from the Mount of Temptation. I had been an imitation wife and mother, but out of the bitter fruit of experience had fallen the seeds of truth.

Many a worthy woman belongs to the great army of the employed. Some have sacrificed their own dreams of a quiet domestic life on account of dear ones dependent on them. Many are clever enough to be successful in managing a career and a home, and for them I have a profound respect. But I don't envy them now. Every woman must work out her own problem in her own way.

As for me, my place is at home, for it is there I am of most service to my family and, I believe, to the world. Is there any job bigger than that of sending a man out to his work, free in mind and content in soul? In training three little lives to take their own special places in the busy world's work, with healthy bodies and high ideals? I don't think so.

AT all events, it is working out for the good of all in our home. After two years of patient, serene encouragement, and a peace of mind that is far beyond gold, Billy is to have his chance. Mr. Booth dropped in on us unexpectedly one evening not long ago. A very lonely and dispirited man he was, for his wife had died recently, and he missed that close comradeship of forty years.

Our evening meal was almost ready, and I set another place and urged him to stay. He sat down with us gratefully, and I could see his somber spirits lighten at the children's happy chatter. The atmosphere of contentment and harmony—nothing imitation about it now—wrapped him round. I didn't once think whether he had come to talk business with Billy or not. He was just a human soul in mourning; thankful for sympathy.

After the children were in bed, and our guest himself told them a bedtime story of when he was a little boy, the two men sat down in our cheery sitting room for a smoke and chat. And when our visitor said good-night, he left behind him a promise for the future, and two joyous hearts. Billy was to have the place he had wanted so long.

"It means more pay and shorter hours," Billy told me jubilantly. "I can run that job with one hand, Betty, and turn off stories with the other. Gosh, I feel like a new man! Now I'm going to get into my stride and show you what I can do, woman. I want you to have things—"

I stopped him with a kiss. "I have everything," I reminded him happily. "I have you and the children."

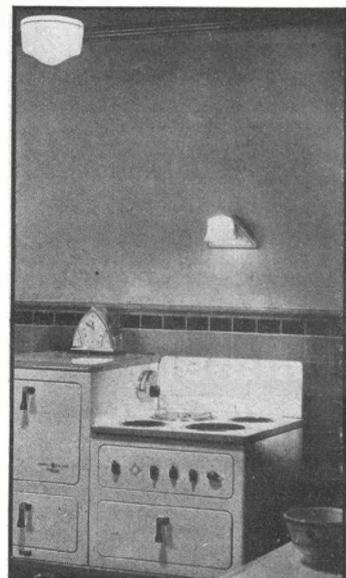


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In a similar, but smaller fixture, on the ceiling above the sink, should be placed a 60-watt General Electric MAZDA Daylight lamp. A similar lamp in a cowl fixture should be placed over the range, as shown in the photograph.

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Inside the Heart of a Killer

(Continued from page 41)

continue to be a gunman all my life?

All the way back to the ranch, I tried to think of some plan to keep from having trouble with the son of Tom Walsh. I could not think of any way, unless I left the ranch. I could not afford to do that, because I felt it was my duty to look after the ranch.

For months I tried to think of some way to avoid trouble with the young man. From time to time I heard of his threats about what he was going to do. I knew that certain men were urging him on.

I did not go to town except when I had to transact business; then I avoided the saloon. I hoped I could avoid young Walsh. I hoped and prayed that something would cause him to change his mind about having trouble with me. For two years, I lived from day to day, and dreading tomorrow.

One day Molly came into my office. She gave me a letter from May.

She said, "I do not want May to know that I gave this letter to you, but I feel that you should read it."

I read the letter. In the letter May stated that she expected to arrive home the next Thursday; that her cousin, Fay Martin, would be with her. She hoped her mother and I would be at the station to meet them. At the bottom of the last page was a postscript.

"MOTHER, you were right when you said you would bet I could never find a man like Dalton back east. I have met some nice men, but none of them appeal to me as Dalton does."

I gave the letter back to Molly.

She said, "Dalton, I don't know whether or not you know that May loves you, but I know she has loved you for years. When she was a little girl she used to tell me that when she was a woman she hoped you would ask her to marry you. Now she is a woman, and she still loves you. What are you going to do about it?"

I said, "Molly, I do love May. I would like to claim her as my wife, but I do not feel I would be doing right if I was to declare my love for her. You know what my life has been since I came here. Now I expect trouble any day with young Tom Walsh. Surely you would not want May to marry me. I am just a gunman."

Molly laughed. She said, "When a woman loves a man, she loves him, regardless of what his life has been. May loves you because she knows that you are a good man at heart. You have been such a friend to her that I do not wonder that she loves you. If you love her, let your heart speak. If, later, you have trouble with young Walsh, that cannot be helped."

Molly took the letter and left the office. I walked the floor of my office for awhile, then I went for a ride on the range. No matter where I went, I could not find peace. I could not rest. I did not know what to do. I had promised May I would ask her to be my wife if she still loved me when she returned from school. Now she was coming home

and Fay Martin, my sweetheart of years ago, the woman that had caused me to leave my old home and come west, would be with her.

I was still carrying the ring on my watch chain that I had once given Fay as an engagement ring.

I wondered what her life had been during the years since I left home. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind, making me feel that my life had been a mistake. Sometimes I wished I had never come west. Most of all, I wished I had never been born. I knew that I was a sinner and had lived far from God; but now I prayed to God to show me a way to live right.

Molly and I were at the station when the train pulled in. May ran to her mother. They hugged and kissed each other, then May shook hands with me. Then she introduced Fay Martin. Fay and I stood facing each other. I smiled, and raised my hat to her in a friendly manner, as I said, "I am very glad to meet you, Miss Martin."

She smiled as she said, "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Dalton."

We met without admitting that we knew each other. We all went to the hotel to eat our dinner.

There was to be a dance in town that night. May and Fay wanted to stay in town, and attend the dance. I did not want to attend the dance because I was sure if I did, that young Walsh and I would have trouble, but I felt that it would be cowardly for me to refuse the girls this pleasure, so I did not object to staying.

That afternoon, May and I were talking. May said, "Dalton, I am going to ask a favor of you. I would like to go to the dance with you, but Fay has never been west before; she knows nothing about our dances.

"If she were to go to the dance with one of the cowboys, he would probably get drunk and embarrass her. I do not want this to happen. You are a good dancer. I am sure you will see that Fay enjoys herself if she goes with you. If you will ask her to go to the dance with you, I will go with one of the boys. Will you ask her to go with you?"

I said, "How could I refuse to ask her, after you have asked me as you have?" We both laughed.

May was beautiful before she went away to school. But I knew, as soon as I saw her after she returned, that the time in school had been time well spent. She talked differently, and she dressed better. I knew that she was now a lady. She was still a western girl, and I could tell by her looks and actions that she was glad to be back home.

That night May went to the dance with Henry Day, Molly went with Ed Wolff, and Fay and I went together. When we entered the dance hall, May met old friends, and Fay Martin and I danced together. I could not keep from thinking about a dance we had attended years ago. I wondered if she, too, was thinking of that dance.

There was plenty of whisky in the

crowd. At first, every one was sober but, as the hours passed, several of the boys became pretty drunk. One or two of them fell down while they were trying to dance. The crowd was happy, and every one was having a good time until about midnight, when young Walsh, and four cowboys that were strangers to me, came in. They were half drunk, and very noisy.

I knew the time was near when young Walsh and I would have trouble, but I did not intend to start the trouble. He and his companions danced one set.

I noticed young Walsh was dressed in nice clothes. He was a large, powerfully built young man. I was sure he possessed great strength.

Then the dance changed from a friendly dance to a wild, noisy one. Men would stamp on the floor with all their strength, and yell and shout as only drunken men can.

May and Henry Day were standing on the opposite side of the room from Fay and me, when young Walsh walked up to May. He said, "Come on and dance with me."

The music ceased and people became quiet, as May said, "I have a partner."

Young Walsh said, "The — you have! Forget him, and come and dance with a real he-man."

Henry stepped up to him. "You cut out the rough talk and move on."

Young Walsh laughed in a sneering way and said, "Get out of my way, or I will take you apart and see what you are made of."

THE men that came to the dance with young Walsh laughed at that.

Henry struck at him. He hit him in the jaw. Young Walsh fell back. But like a flash he drew a heavy revolver. The crowd gasped as if it were a single person, as young Walsh struck Henry over the head with the gun. Henry fell to the floor.

Young Walsh put the gun in his belt. Then he grabbed May by the arm, and said, "Come on, sister. You are going to dance with me whether you want to or not." May slapped him in the face.

I walked across the room. I said, "Miss Martin does not want to dance with you. If you were a gentleman, her refusal would be sufficient."

He whirled around toward me.

He said, "So you, Frank Dalton, are trying to dictate to me! I swore I would kill you, and I will!"

He reached for his gun. I had left my guns with the door man.

At that time I weighed two hundred pounds. With every ounce of strength that I possessed I struck him with my right fist square on the chin. With my left fist, I struck him in the stomach, as he fell to the floor. He pulled the trigger of his gun as he was falling, but the bullet struck the wall with a crash.

I turned to the men that had come to the dance with him, and said, "You fellows had better take your friend and take care of him. Tell him I said I hoped he would not bother me again. I do not want trouble with him."

They never said a word, but they carried young Walsh out of the dance hall.

The dance broke up. Some of the

"They can't count me out!"

"— not
when I feel as I do
now."

I AM simply overjoyed that I have back my beautiful clear skin . . . that my appetite and strength are as they should be . . . and now I work and mingle with my associates and friends with confidence and enthusiasm.

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boys and I carried Henry to the doctor's office. Henry's skull was cracked, but the doctor said he would soon be all right. Henry soon came to. After I talked to him a few minutes, I went to the hotel.

Molly, Fay and May were waiting for me at the hotel. I told them I thought we should go to the ranch. I was afraid that I might have more trouble with young Walsh if I remained in town. I thought that if he had time to think things over, maybe he would not want trouble with me any more.

Fay remained at the ranch as a visitor all summer. She often talked with Mr. Martin. She told him about her father and her old home. They found many things to talk about. I learned that her father and mother were dead, and that her sister Mary was married. Fay had been teaching school for years.

Sometimes Fay, May and I would go to dances, or go horseback riding across the range land. Fay was always friendly with me. At times I saw her look at me in a peculiar way. I wondered how much May had told her about me.

For some time Dave had been foreman of the ranch. The boys liked Dave, and he managed the work very well. I noticed Dave always managed to see Fay every day. I noticed she was friendly with him, and I wondered if they were going to make a match.

THE cowboys dressed all that summer as though they were on dress parade. Some of them came to the ranch house almost every evening. They enjoyed telling yarns, and they told them in such a way that Fay believed they were telling the truth. May and Molly knew, of course, that the boys were not telling the truth, but they never let on to Fay.

The summer passed by, but I did not ask May to marry me. One reason was because we were all happy.

I never passed a more pleasant summer than that one. I was happy just to be near May.

Another reason I did not propose to May was that I knew, from talk I heard from time to time, that the time was near when young Walsh and I would have trouble. I wanted that settled before I declared my love for May.

On the morning of September second, I left the ranch early. I intended to ride the south range that day. One of the line riders had told me the night before that some of our cows were sucking calves which were wearing young Walsh's brand.

About noon, I located a few of the cows and calves that he told me about. I saw that what he said was true. I caught two of the calves and examined the brand. I was sure that the brand on the calves was a fresh brand; also that the brand was the only brand that had been on the calves. I could not figure how this happened.

About two o'clock I rode to the river, intending to let my horse drink before I started back to the ranch. Along the river was considerable brush. My horse shied and did not want to drink, but I soon quieted him. As my horse was drinking, a rifle went bang! The bullet struck me in the back. My horse shied and galloped away, but I fell from the

saddle. I lay still for a little while, then I heard another horse go galloping through the brush. I caught a glimpse of young Walsh as he rode away. I was wounded, thirty miles from the ranch house, and had no horse to ride.

I examined the wound. The bullet had struck me in the right shoulder, and had gone through my body. It was a clean wound, but was bleeding freely. I was trying to stop the blood when I must have fainted.

When I became conscious again I was lying in a bed like a hammock. An Indian woman was sitting near me. I could hear Indians talking near the tepee. I spoke to her in the language of the Crow Indians. I asked her how long I had been in the camp.

She said, "Me and Sunshine found you by the river three weeks ago. You have been feverish."

I looked at my wound, and found that it was about healed.

She brought me a bowl of soup. I ate the soup and a piece of hoe cake.

I remained in bed for three days; on the fourth day I got up and dressed. I think there were about one hundred Indians in camp. That night I talked with the chief. I asked him why he had kept me in camp, instead of sending word to the ranch that I was there.

He said, "Your mother was a Crow Indian for years; your father lived in the tribe. Did it hurt you to stay here?"

I said, "No, it did not hurt me. You saved my life, but those at the ranch do not know where I am. I suppose they have been looking for me."

He said, "They were here, asking about you, but I told them you were not here. Sunshine thought it would kill you if they moved you. We did not want you to die."

The chief and I talked for a long time that night. He told me about my father and mother.

I remained in the camp for three more days. Then I borrowed a horse from the chief and started back to the ranch. I was weak and rode slowly. It was dark when I reached the ranch. I saw that the horse barn had burned down while I was away. I turned the horse into the corral, then I went to the ranch house.

WHEN I walked into the kitchen, Molly said, "My prayers have been answered! You have come back. You will find May and Fay."

I asked, "What has happened to them?" I knew that Molly was excited. She looked more worried than I had ever seen her look before.

Molly said, "Several things have happened. First, a month ago you disappeared. That night your horse came home with an empty saddle. The boys rode the range for days, looking for you. May was almost wild. She was busy every day trying to find some trace of you."

"Four days ago, Henry Day came over here and said that four of our boys that were hired to ride the south line of our range had been over to young Walsh's ranch the evening before."

"Dave and I knew that they were up to some devilment. That night the herd was stampeded. Curt and Shorty were killed. Two of the other boys were

wounded. Some one shot a hole through Dave's hat; another bullet struck his saddle. The boys have been away from the ranch ever since, they have been trying to gather the herd again.

"Yesterday May and Fay took two horses and started to town. Three hours later, May's horse came back to the ranch with an empty saddle. Tony went to hunt the girls. He came back that night, but he had not found them, or any trace of them. I sent him to notify the sheriff. Today the sheriff and a posse of men have been searching for the girls. We thought you were dead. The boys tried to find you. Mr. Martin has worried so much that he is sick. Where have you been?"

I told Molly about getting shot, and how the Indians took care of me. She and I ate supper; then I went to my cabin.

I was tired and weak. I could not sleep, but I rested. I knew the next day I would need all my strength. I was sure young Walsh was back of all the trouble. I knew the time was near for him and me to settle our trouble. I was anxious to get it over with, but I knew I must be careful if May and Fay were in his possession. I think the Indian blood in me helped me to be patient.

The next morning I cleaned and oiled my revolvers and my trusty rifle. I chose the best rope on the ranch and the best horse. Molly and I ate breakfast before daylight.

MOLLY put up a lunch for me. When I started to leave she said, "Dalton, be careful because May's and Fay's safety depends on you. Unless you find them, I have not much hope of seeing either of them alive again. I believe you will find them."

I replied, "I *will* find them. I will make the men who are responsible for this pay the penalty!"

It took me all day to ride the forty miles to town, but I managed to reach town without any one's recognizing me. It was getting dark when I walked into the sheriff's office.

He looked at me in a surprised way; then he said, "Where have you been, Dalton?"

I told him in a few words where I had been. I said, "Have you found May and Fay Martin?"

He said, "No, I have not found them, nor any trace of them. My men and I have been doing our best."

I said, "What do you know about young Walsh?"

He said, "Young Walsh was not at his ranch today, and he has not been in town for a month. I do not know where he is."

I said, "I will find the girls. Then I am going to settle with young Walsh."

The sheriff looked serious, as he said, "Dalton, I was hoping you and he could avoid having trouble; but if he is responsible for what has happened, I do not suppose there is any way to stop you. I know that you can come nearer finding the Martin girls than any one else, but I want to swear you in as a deputy. If it is necessary for you to use your guns, then you will be using them according to law. Times are different now from a few years ago when you settled with the rustlers."



GAINS 20 LBS. —CLEAR SKIN

Photo of Larry Regan depicting how healthy looks in admiration

.. looks and feels "years younger"

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LUCKY fellow—getting a new lease on life! Getting the chance to wipe out those years crippled by underweight, poor complexion, sleepless nights. Getting the chance to show what he can do when he's feeling fit—"better than he has for years."

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IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

they call him Flash, captured Fay and me and brought us here. Joe has kept us prisoners until tonight. Young Walsh and Flash were going to start south with us. They never harmed us, but you came just in time."

Fay came to, and I helped her to her feet. Then I untied her hands. She was so frightened when she saw me that I thought she was going to faint again.

We all went into the other room and shut the door. The sight of the dead men was not a pleasant one.

We remained in the cabin until daylight. I found the horses where they were when I entered the cabin, and we started for the ranch. The Mexican woman went with us. We had not traveled very far before we met the sheriff and a posse of men. Dave and some of the other cowboys were in the posse.

I explained to the sheriff what had happened at the cabin.

He said, "Maybe the cattle rustling will stop now. What do you want to do about the cattle that Bert spoke of?"

I said, "Dave can go back to the ranch with the ladies. I will go with you and we will see about them."

After we had buried the dead men, we went to hunt the cattle. We found the herd of cattle two days later. They were in the "bad lands," but the men who were guarding them got away.

The sheriff and part of his posse were still looking for them when the boys and I started the herd toward the ranch. There were about sixteen hundred head of cattle in the herd. It was a hard job to round them up and drive them home.

I RODE around the herd before they reached the ranch. As they went galloping by in a string, I sat on my horse and counted them. May had seen the herd coming, and she was on her horse on the other side from me. She also counted the cattle. After the cattle passed, there was so much dust I could not see May. I said, "I counted fifteen hundred and ninety-four head."

She said, "I counted fifteen hundred and ninety-six."

We rode to the ranch together. May said, "Did you have any more trouble?"

I said, "No. The men guarding the cattle got away."

She said, "Dalton, I have been uneasy, I was afraid that you would get hurt. You need rest now. I know this has been a hard trip on you; you're still weak from your wound. Why don't you let Dave look after the work on the ranch?"

I said, "I will let him manage things for awhile now."

Molly called supper before I finished feeding my horse. When I entered the kitchen, Mr. Martin, Fay and May were waiting.

Molly smiled pleasantly as she said, "Once more we are all together." She had prepared a wonderful supper.

May was as full of life as ever, but Fay was quiet. I knew it would be a long time before she would forget the experience she had been through.

That night, while I was in my cabin sitting by the fire and thinking about what had happened in the last few days, someone knocked at the door. I supposed



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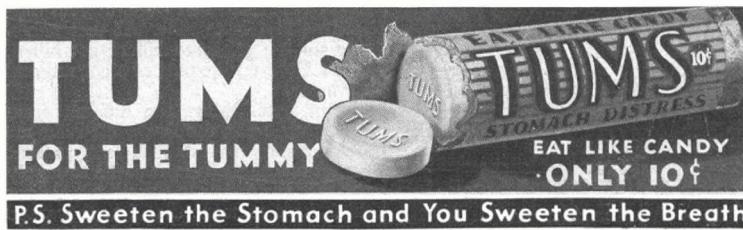
Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans)

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FREEZONE

it was some of the boys, and said, "Come in." I was surprised when Fay Martin walked in. Her face looked sad. She looked years older than she had a month before.

She shut the cabin door. Then she said, "Frank, I do not know what you will think about me coming here tonight, but I could not help coming. I must talk with you."

I said, "Take a seat, Fay."

After she took a seat opposite me, I said, "What is it that you want to talk to me about?"

She was crying, as she said, "Can you ever forgive me for ruining your life? Frank, if I had only known when I broke my engagement to you, what sorrow it would bring both of us, I would never have done it. If I had married you as I promised, you would never have come west. I feel that I am guilty of making you a gunman."

I said, "What became of Robert Nash?"

SHE said, "I sent him about his business the morning after you saved sister and me from drowning. When you and Robert came up to the bank in the skiff, you were quiet and he was shaking with cold and fright. I saw the difference in you two men. I loved you and hated him. I was wondering why I had been such a fool."

"Then you picked Robert up and set him down, and told me to take him and take care of him. You made me angry, or I would have told you that I realized I had made a mistake."

"After you did not come to our house, I went to your home, intending to have a talk with you."

"Your sister would not tell me where you had gone. I did not know where to find you, or I would have written to you."

"Then May came east to the school where I was teaching. She told me about you. I decided to come out here and see you, hoping I could explain to you after all these years. When we met, you would not admit that you ever saw me before; neither would I."

"When I first came, the night of the dance, I heard you were a gunman."

"You know what happened the other night at the Mexican house. That was terrible! As long as I live, I can never forget that. I feel that I caused you to come west. I am to blame for your being a gunman. Can you ever forgive me — or will you always hate me?"

I said, "I was bitter because you broke your engagement with me. I loved you then. The first five years after I left the plantation, I was like a man in torment, at times. I wished I had never been born."

"After I came here, I became interested in Mr. Martin's welfare."

"I have killed thirteen men since I have been here. I suppose, in your estimation, that is terrible. It was necessary for me either to kill or get killed, unless I played the part of a coward and ran away."

"Out here, things are different from what they are in the East. Men like me are necessary to establish law, so that honest ranchers can raise cattle to supply meat for the people in the cities. Do not think for a moment that I have wanted

to kill men. I was forced to do as I have done, or do worse. I forgave you long ago."

"I sometimes feel that a person's life is planned by a higher power. If you and I had married years ago, I would never have come west. I feel that, if I were to die tonight, I have done my life work."

"If I do say so myself, I have helped to make conditions in this country better for the coming generations. I do not want you to feel that you are in any way to blame for the sins I have committed. Years ago we were sweethearts. Now time has made us different in opinions, and we can never be sweethearts again. But I hope we will always be friends."

Fay rose, so did I. She extended her hand and we shook hands. She said, "I am glad that you look at things the way you do. I, too, hope we can always be the best of friends."

Fay left my cabin. I watched her as she walked up the trail to the ranch house. Then I took the ring that I had worn for years from my watch chain, wrapped it in a handkerchief and placed it in the bottom of my trunk.

The next morning, I talked with Dave. I instructed him to make all arrangements to build another horse barn. I also told him to hire more cowboys.

I went to the ranch house to see Mr. Martin. After we were seated in his room, I said, "For years we have been keeping all our heifer calves; also our old cows. The herd has increased. The grass is not as good as it was a few years ago, and the winters are hard. I think it would be a good plan for us to round up all our cattle and cull them; sell all the old cows, and keep the best young cows and heifers; sell all the grade bulls and buy pure-bred bulls. What do you think?"

Mr. Martin said, "I think that would be better. By doing that, we can raise a better grade of cattle at less cost."

THE next week was the beginning of a busy time on the ranch. More cowboys were employed, and we began to ride the range after cattle. For days we worked getting them together. Then we began cutting them out. We turned the ones we intended to keep on the north range, where they were kept together by day and night riders.

May and Fay helped bring in the cattle from the range. They appeared to have a wonderful time. The work naturally caused more or less excitement. Every day something thrilling happened. Sometimes a gentle cow pony would become excited suddenly; drop his head between his forelegs, kick up his heels and begin bucking. I have seen good riders thrown by a pony that had been considered gentle as a lamb.

Handling a large herd of cattle is dangerous work. Cattle become nervous and easily excited, after they are bunched and cut into two herds, as we were doing. Cows and calves were continually bawling. They could be heard for miles.

We were all as careful as we could be, hoping to avoid any accidents. We were almost ready to start the trail herd. The boys were holding them on the range near the ranch house. I was just thinking how lucky we had been with the round-up, when I heard Dave yell. I looked

around and saw him riding his gray horse, one of the best horses on the ranch, at full speed. Dave was leaning forward in the saddle, riding low and urging his horse to do his best. The powerful gray was running as few horses can run.

I saw Fay's horse with an empty saddle go plunging toward the herd of cattle, the saddle stirrups pounding him in the ribs, the saddle was turned about half way under the horse. Fay was running and screaming.

The herd stampeded when the horse plunged among them, and the cattle were running like demons. Unless Dave could save Fay, she would be trampled to death by the cattle.

The cowboys were doing their best to turn the herd, but they could not stop the cattle. I was too far away to do anything to save her.

Dave's horse was running at full speed when he reached Fay, and the cattle were only a few feet away. There was not a second to lose. Dave did the only thing possible for him to do; he leaned over in his saddle as far as he could, caught Fay in his arms and placed her across the saddle in front of him, as though she were a sack of grain. His horse did not slacken his speed. The cattle were gaining on them and I knew that Dave's horse would have to run some if he kept ahead of the herd. Dave held Fay with one hand, and began to shoot with the other. He emptied his revolver, but that did not stop the cattle.

FOR a little while the horse ran a little ahead of the herd. Then Dave took his rope and began to strike the cattle with the rope. I knew the horse was about to give out. For awhile it looked as if Dave's efforts were wasted; then the cattle began to turn west. Dave's horse turned east. The herd rushed by as Dave and Fay slipped from the tired horse that had saved their lives by running fast and long. The cattle reached the north pasture fence and went through the fence as though it wasn't there. Then they began to scatter out.

That night it stormed. This caused the cattle to scatter more than they would have otherwise. It took us several days to round up the herd again. As soon as we got them together again, we drove them to town and loaded them in cars. I intended to drive them to market, but it had taken us so long to round them up, and it looked as if winter was going to set in early; so we decided to ship them.

Six of the cowboys went with me to Omaha, Nebraska.

Whenever the train stopped, we would have to take long sticks and punch the cattle around, to keep the stronger ones from trampling the weaker ones in the cars.

After the cattle were sold, I left the boys in Omaha to celebrate, and I went to visit my sister and her family.

They did not know I was coming, but my sister knew me as soon as she saw me.

I enjoyed my visit very much. Sister and her husband were the proud parents of two children—a boy and a girl. The children coaxed me to tell them about my home in the West. The old plantation was not called a plantation any



"FATIGUE?"



I just postpone it!"

"No, I don't have 'nerves.' You can't have them, and hold this sort of position. My head used to throb around three o'clock, and certain days, of course, were worse than others.

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longer. They called it a farm. Instead of the herd of saddle horses we used to keep, my brother-in-law was raising draft horses. I visited with them a week. Then I bade them good-bye and started back to Omaha. My sister and her family promised they would come west to visit me the next year.

I made up my mind that, if they came, I would do everything in my power to keep them from learning what my life had been in the West. Then again I thought of Fay, as I had often done before. I wondered if I could keep her from telling about me when she returned east.

When I reached Omaha I could not find any of the boys. I asked the landlady where they were. She informed me that, three days before, the boys paid their rent for a week in advance; that their clothes were still in their room, but they had not been at the hotel for two days and nights.

I called the police station and learned that the boys were in jail for being drunk and disorderly. I went to the police station and paid the boys' fines, and they were released. They looked sheepish when they saw me. I laughed at them, and we all went to a restaurant to eat our dinner. That evening we started home.

WHEN we reached the ranch I talked with Mr. Martin a few minutes and told him what the cattle brought, and gave him the account of sales. Then I went to the kitchen where Molly prepared my lunch. As I was eating, Molly said, "Dave and Fay have been sparkling since you left. They went for a horseback ride this evening, and May rode off a few minutes before you came. I think she is up on the high butte where she often goes. She likes to go where she can see over the range."

I said, "I think I will go and see if I can find her. I have a few things I want to talk to her about."

Molly smiled as I took my hat and walked out.

I was dressed in my best clothes and riding my best horse, when I went to find May. When I reached the top of the high butte, I saw May seated on a large rock where she could see for miles across the range land. Her horse was grazing a short distance away. I dropped the reins of my bridle to the ground and left my horse standing near her horse. Then I walked toward May.

She said, "Hello, Dalton. You and the boys must have found Omaha an interesting place."

I said, "I did not stay in Omaha long after the cattle were sold. I left the boys there, and I went to visit my sister and her family."

She said, "I did not know you had a sister. You never told me about any of your relations."

As I sat down near her, I said, "I will tell you now if you want me to."

She said, "I wish you would. I have been so lonesome today. All the boys are away from the ranch, and Dave and Fay went riding. I came up here to look over the ranch and pass away the time."

That afternoon I told May about my old home, my father, mother and sister. How Fay, Mary, sister and I had played

together when we were children; about how Fay and I were sweethearts years ago.

She listened quietly. Occasionally she would ask me some question.

After I finished telling her the story of my life, she said, "To think that you and Fay were sweethearts! Fay never told me when I was going to school. I told her about you, and I am sure she knew, before she came home with me, that you were her old lover. Neither you nor she ever admitted that you had known each other, and I never guessed."

The sun was setting and I knew it was time we were starting back to the ranch. I thought May was the sweetest, most beautiful girl I had ever seen as she sat there by my side, the setting sun shining on her brown hair.

I loved her and wanted to ask her to be my wife, yet I hated to break the silence.

At last I forgot everything, except that I loved her and wanted to tell her so.

I said, "May, I have told you about my life from the time I was a child. You know what my life has been since I came here. I love you as I never loved any other woman. If you will marry me, I will do everything in my power to make you happy. Will you marry me?"

She gazed into my eyes, as she said, "Are you sure that you love me more than you love Fay?"

I said, "When I was young, I loved Fay. For years I did not think I could ever be happy without her. After I came here I became interested in my work, and I gradually forgot her. Fay and I are friends, but not sweethearts. I love you in a different way from the way I loved Fay.

"When Fay and I were sweethearts, we were both young. We knew very little about the trials of life. I am older now. For months I have loved you, and have wanted to claim you as my wife. But I have waited because I did not feel it would be fair to you as I was so much older, and also because of the life I have lived.

"YOU have been away at school. If there is some younger man that you love better than you do me, forget what I said. I do not want to stand between you and your happiness."

May said, "I do love you, but I do not want you to ask me to marry you because of what I said to you in the office before I went away to school."

I clasped her in my arms, as I said, "May, I ask you to be my wife because I love you, and want you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

She placed her arms around my neck, and her face was radiant with joy, as she whispered, "I will."

I kissed her lips, and she returned my kisses. As she lay in my arms, she said, "Dalton, my dream has at last come true. At last you have declared your love for me!"

As we were approaching the ranch house, I said, "You have not set the day when we will be married."

She said, "My dream will be complete if we invite all our friends and you will dress as you are dressed today, and wear your gowns as you wear them when you

are riding the range with the other boys."

I said, "If we invite all our friends, will that include my Indian friends also?"

She said, "Of course it will. The Indians saved your life. There is Indian blood in your veins. You remember that Curt and Dave failed to find my pony's trail the evening my pony fell with me and broke my leg. You found the trail and followed it until you found me. If you had not been part Indian, perhaps you would not have found me. I hope I can make friends with the Indians."

I said, "You suggest that I dress as a cowboy the day of our wedding. I will do that, but I placed my revolvers in the bottom of my trunk today. I am in hopes I will never need to use them again."

She said, "Why should you discard your guns? I am proud of the fact that you had the nerve to use those guns when it was necessary for you to use them. I like to see you wear them because I know you are capable of protecting yourself with them."

She smiled at me as she said, "If we have a son, I will want you to train him to use a gun as your father taught you."

We were near the corral gate when she spoke. As I helped her from her horse, I held her in my arms and kissed her. I said, "May, you have the spirit of a true western woman. I will do my best to make you happy."

We were married three weeks later. Ninety white people and twenty Indians were present. It was a double wedding. Dave Hatter and Fay Martin were the other couple.

MY days as a gunman were over. After May and I were married, we took a honeymoon trip, then we returned to our home on the ranch.

Two years after we were married, our baby boy was born. We were very proud of him. Life on the ranch was peaceful and quiet, and we were happy.

For years our ranch was known as one of the best ranches in Montana. We never owned as large a herd of cattle as the herd we owned before we were married, but we had better grade cattle.

When our son was ten years old, May insisted that I begin teaching him to use a gun. He was eager to begin practicing with a gun. I taught him what I could.

May told him about the life I had lived, years before, because she knew that he would hear it from others if she did not tell him. He grew up on the ranch a healthy, normal child. He made friends with both white and Indian people.

When the World War started, our boy wanted to go to war. I would not consent for him to go to Canada to join the army, but after the United States declared war on Germany he was wild to go. I wanted him to wait. I did not want him to go unless he was drafted into the army.

May heard him and me talking. She said, "I feel that you should consent for him to go. It is natural for him to want to do his part for his country. I would be ashamed of him if he did not want to help in the war. Our country is at war. Young men are needed. He wants to answer the call of his country. Why don't you consent for him to go?"

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Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill—of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

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If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. For REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT

IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppy than you have for years.

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I said, "I have killed men. I was in hopes our son would never be in a place where he would be forced to fight for his life."

She said, "With the training he has had he will have an advantage over most men. He is a grown man. I think he will be capable of taking care of himself."

My heart was heavy and it took all the nerve I possessed; but the next day I consented for our boy to join the army.

He was killed in action somewhere in Europe. The day we received the sad message, May and I were at the ranch. I controlled my feelings, thinking it would help her in the hour of trouble. She was brave for awhile; she rocked back and forth in the rocking chair then she said "He was our only son. He gave his life for his country. I think that is the most honorable thing any man can do."

We seldom talk of him, but in our hearts we remember him. We are getting

old. I have been in the West forty-five years. The first twenty years I was here, I was forced to do things I did not like to do. I became known as a gunman. Often as I walk down the street I can see and hear men laughing and talking, but they become quiet when I approach. Sometimes I hear them say, "That is old man Dalton. He used to be a fast gunman."

Sometimes I want to go to a place where no one knows me, to spend the rest of my days, but May was born and raised here, and she would not be satisfied anywhere else.

I have heard young men say they wished they could have been here years ago when saloons were wide open and the gun was law. I do not believe they realize the hardships that men lived through in those days. I am glad that the saloons are closed, and that law and order have been established.

THE END

On the Edge of the Abyss

(Continued from page 49)

my rights, and I aim to stick by them!" With this, Mrs. Kent slammed the door in the lady's face.

She shrugged her shoulders, as if to say, "Well, you just can't talk to folks who feel that way."

I saw a hurt look pass over her face. She went down the steps, crossed the drive and came over to our house.

I WAS seated in a rocker, holding John, my youngest, then three, on my lap. My oldest and only girl, Jane, then twelve, was sitting in the other porch rocker. The twins, Harry and Henry, ten, were seated on the floor with their backs propped against a post. We were all as solemn as could be. Our faces showed traces of recent tears. Something terrible had happened to us; but something even more terrible was about to happen, yet no one knew but me.

"Good-evening," she said cordially.

"Good-evening," I answered, with tears still in my voice.

"I am tired. I wonder if you would let me sit and visit with you for a while."

That request surprised me indeed. I had expected her to offer something to buy.

"Why, we'll be glad to have you," I tried to be cordial, too. "Jane, get up, honey, and give the lady the rocker. You can sit over there in the swing," I told my little daughter.

The lady sat down.

"Do these four fine children belong to you, Mrs. —?"

"Tate," I filled in. "Yes, they are mine," I answered, emotion rising within me and surging up in my voice.

Then Jane sniffed, smelling something. She jumped out of the swing.

"Where are you going, dear?" I inquired.

"I am going to stir the mush, mother."

"Jane, don't you dare taste that mush," I said, with fear trembling in my voice and dilating my eyes.

The lady looked at me. Jane started toward the door. I

jumped up, put John in the rocker, grabbed Jane by the arm, pulled her back, and said, "I'll go and stir that mush myself." Jane gave me a queer, questioning look.

When I came back, the lady had the children around her, John on her lap. She was showing them a pretty picture of colored birds.

"I saw that kind of bird in the park," exclaimed Henry, pointing to a gorgeous parrot.

Harry looked up from his position behind his brother. "Gee, Mums, ain't that mush done yet? I am starving."

"No, it's not done yet, so don't any of you dare go back there and taste it," I admonished them.

Something in my tone gripped my children. The lady gave me an inquiring look.

Then she turned to Harry and said, "Are you really hungry, son?"

"GOSH, lady! I ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday morning when—" "Shut up, boy," his twin reprimanded. "You know better than to squeal."

She ignored this remark with a quick side-glance at Henry, and once again had the situation in hand as she said, "Now, I wonder how you would like for me to give you each a nickel."

"Oh gee, lady," Harry exclaimed, with his ready wit, "we'd be as tickled as little, pink pigs!"

Everybody laughed at this.

"All right then, I'll give you each a nickel, if your mother will let you four children go to the little store I saw about two blocks up the way, and buy yourselves some cakes, crackers or fruit."

"Can we, Mum?" Harry asked, elated.

"But, son, I don't see how I can let you take the lady's money when—"

My protest was interrupted when she opened her purse, and gave them each a nickel, making suggestions. "Cookies are good, so are gingersnaps or sweet crackers. I bet the baby likes animal crackers."

"He sure does, lady. Thank you a lot," beamed Harry. He seemed to have all the power of speech in our little family. My half uttered objection paled before the children's enthusiasm.

"You children be very careful in crossing the street. Jane, hold John's hand." I don't know why I was issuing these warnings, in view of the fact that I knew we'd all be dead by morning.

"And, Mrs. Tate," the lady said, "may Jane take the children to the school playground? It is just across the way from the little store. After they have eaten their cakes, they could play awhile. It would do them good and rest you. I will stay here with you until they return."

"Yes, Jane, you can do that." I answered my daughter's silent question. I might as well let them have a little fun before the end came, I decided within me.

After the children had gone, she looked at me. I hung my head. Somehow I just couldn't look her straight in the eyes. She seemed to read me like a page of the evening paper.

SHE pulled her rocker close to mine and put her hand on my knee. I started guiltily.

"Mrs. Tate, I know you are in trouble. I hope you feel that you can tell me what it is. I may be able to help you." She came right to the point.

"Oh, lady," I used Harry's term.

"Call me Mary," she said simply.

"Miss Mary," I ventured, "I don't suppose any one can help me. The preacher was here awhile ago. He knows all about my trouble. He said he'd see what he could get the church to do to help us. Then he read a chapter from the Bible and prayed over us, but that didn't seem to help me much."

"You see, yesterday they sent George, my husband, to the asylum. He has gone insane from drinking moonshine. It certainly is awful. He used to be a good man. When I married him, he was only a farmhand. We worked and saved until we acquired a small farm of our own. It's just out of town here. Last year he opened a little meat market there, and sold meat three times a week. He did pretty well until a bunch of bootleggers started coming to the shop."

"At first, George drank just a little with them. I tried to protest, but it only made matters worse. Then he got to handling their stuff for them. Soon the shop was more of a bootleg joint than a meat market. Finally he went to making the stuff himself. He got to drinking more and more of it until it made him crazy. We lost our little farm. Now, I just don't know what to do." I unburdened my soul. It did me good to tell my troubles to another human being.

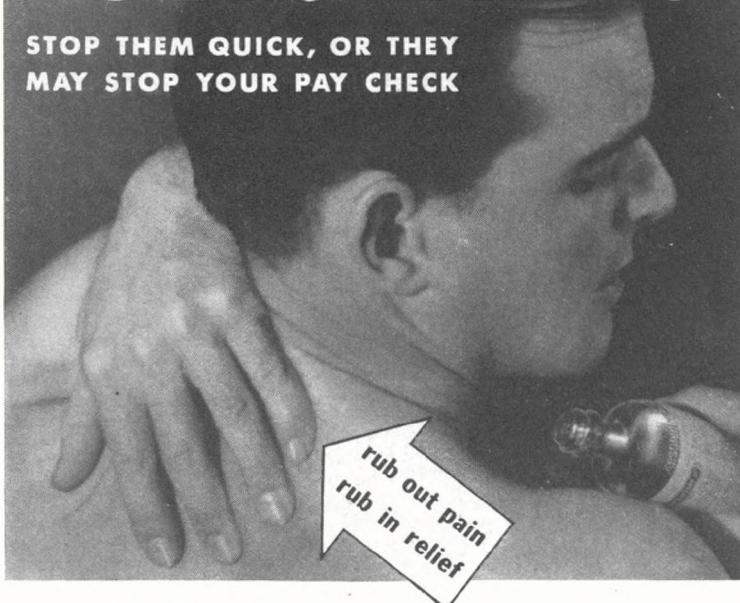
"I am indeed sorry for you, Mrs. Tate," she said, patting my hand. "But you must have courage. Your husband is where he will get the best of care and medical attention, and he'll soon get well again."

"Oh, do you think he'll ever get well?" I inquired, a bit hopefully.

She was the first person who had given me genuine encouragement on that score. I loved George. I wanted him back, not as the drunkard and bootlegger, but as the father of my children; the only man who could ever mean anything to me. He

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stirred it with my big kitchen spoon. My heart was in my throat. She took a bit of the cornmeal mixture in the spoon and blew on it to cool it.

"You don't care if I taste this, do you, Mrs. Tate?"

She was just about to do so. I ran to her, crying, "Miss Mary, don't taste that mush!" Then I grabbed her hand and the spoon fell to the floor.

She gave me a long, searching look. I knew that she knew I had poisoned that mush, intending it to kill us all that night. It would have, too, because the poison I had put in it was very violent. She put the spoon down, patted me on the shoulder and said, "You poor child! Was it as bad as that?"

That bit of genuine sympathy, at this time, simply saved my soul. I shook my head and cast down my eyes. The flood-gates of my soul opened. I cried in her arms. She cried, too.

Then she led me to the bed and said, "Rest here awhile. I will throw that stuff away for you." She came from the bathroom and placed a wet, cool towel on my burning brow and eyes.

I heard her scraping the mush out of the pot, then return to the kitchen and wash the pot. I must have dozed a little, for when I opened my eyes, she was sitting by the bed looking at me in silent compassion.

I HEARD the children coming up the porch steps. I got up, fixed my hair, powdered my face and put on my hat. Then all six of us went to the Wesley House.

How wonderful it is to be able to think and act as logically as this stranger did! In fifteen minutes we were on our way back to the house with all arrangements made for the care of my children. Jane was going to help Mrs. Baker with the small children when she was not in school. The twins would also attend school (blessed institution that looks after millions of our children). Jane was going to take John there at eight, after she had given him his breakfast. The twins would go on to school. They and Jane were to be given free lunch at the school cafeteria, as arranged for by Mrs. Baker. After school, all four would stay at the Wesley House until I called for them after my day's work.

Coming back to the house, we passed by a grocery store. Miss Mary said, as casually as if nothing had happened, "Let's go in here and buy some groceries, then we'll go to your house and cook a real old-fashioned supper."

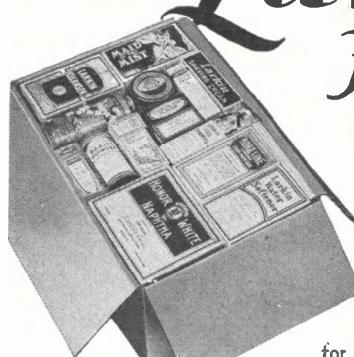
"Oh, gee, lady, you must be our fairy godmother," Harry exclaimed when he saw the things she bought.

While I fixed supper, Miss Mary entertained the children with the pictures in the sample of the set of books she was selling. To this day I don't know what set it was. I just know that the children were certainly enjoying her. She was more like a sister, an aunt, come to visit us, than a perfect stranger.

At supper Harry inquired, "Well, where's the mush?"

I just couldn't look up. Miss Mary answered, "I poured that mush out

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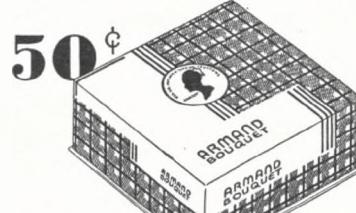


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STERLING HOMES HAVE STYLE

because it wasn't good for you children."

"I told you, Henry, that meal was creepy," Harry declared.

"Shut up, boy," his brother said under his breath.

After supper she left, telling me she had important business to look after.

I guess she did, but I'll wager it was my business that she was looking after, as the events of the next day proved. She took a ten-dollar bill from her purse. "Mrs. Tate, I want to lend you this to help tide you over until pay day."

"Oh, Miss Mary, how can I ever thank you enough! I wouldn't take this money if I didn't have to but, as you say, I must have something to tide me over. Leave me your address, so I can return it my first pay day."

"I'll do that tomorrow evening, when I come. I don't exactly know what my address will be."

"Now, Mrs. Tate, tomorrow morning after you have taken the children to Wesley House, you go to the Chamber of Commerce and ask for the secretary. He will direct you where to go for work. And, remember, I am betting on you to come out on top. Just think how proud your George will be when he returns. It will make a new man of him to see how you have carried on."

She shook hands with me, holding mine firmly in her strong one. "God bless you, and your dear little ones," she said, and was gone.

THE next morning, after I had seen the children safely to their new home, I went to the Chamber of Commerce office. Mr. Horn, the secretary, received me very cordially. He said a friend of mine had been to see him, and explained the situation. I wondered if she had said anything about the poison. I shivered to think of how some well-meaning person finding this out, and thinking me insane, might have had me arrested, put in jail, and my children sent no one knows where.

But I feel sure Miss Mary has never mentioned that to any one. Mr. Horn gave me a note to the manager of the Beachway Hotel. I left with wings on my feet.

I was given work in the kitchen. I had never had a chance to try all the nice salads and desserts, that I saw pictured in the magazines, but now I did!

The chef was grand. My, how he could cook! He let me cook some of my favorite Southern dishes, and even honored me by taking the recipes of some.

There was a lot of work to do, and the hours were long. But that sent me home exhausted. Therefore, as soon as I had fed my youngsters and put them to bed, I went there too, tired enough to go right to sleep. Blessed salvation! Work, work, work!

For a week all the children stayed at Wesley House, but it was far to go, to and from my work. I decided I'd have to try a different arrangement.

By that time, I had regained my balance and some of my former initiative. I arranged with a friend who lived out in the country, and had no children of her own, to let Harry and Henry stay with her. She was very fond of them,

and they of her. Strange, but I had not thought of this friend before! The boys did the chores as farm boys do. They went to the country school, riding on the transfer. They had a great time of it!

Nellie would not let me pay her. She said she had paid a little negro to do less work than the boys did, and that she had to be after him all the time about his work, whereas the boys seemed to make a game of it, trying to beat each other. "Quickest and best," seemed to be their slogan. In addition to this, the little negro ate twice as much as the twins. I hardly believed this, knowing Harry as I did. She maintained that the food would have been thrown away to the chickens or the pigs. Above all that, Frank, her husband, became so attached to the kids that he wanted to adopt them or get some of his own. That, Nellie said, was recompense enough.

The hotel manager offered me the use of a room and a kitchenette in the Employees' Palace, as they called an apartment house belonging to the hotel, where some of the employees were given the privilege of staying, rent free. Behavior above reproach. Of course, I quickly accepted. Jane, John and I made this our home for over a year, while I worked. Jane rode on the street car to school, took John to the Wesley House each morning, and called for him after school. This made it easier for all of us. During the summer she played little mother to him full time. As there were other children in the Palace and in the neighborhood, near the beach, my two had a good time that summer. The boys came down for a week, but they really preferred the farm. When school reopened in the fall, Jane started. John again went to the Wesley House.

I NOT only supported my children, but also saved some money. My wages were nine dollars a week. My expenses were so little, with no rent and the privilege of taking from the kitchen certain perishable foods, that I always managed to fix over for our supper, that my bank account was two hundred dollars when George came back.

He is sound in mind, and more robust in body than I have ever known him to be. He got back Christmas eve.

Do I believe in Santa Claus? Well, I should say I do!

With my savings we are renting a little store and house combined, at this end of town where a neighborhood grocery is much needed. We are going to have a little meat stand in the store. George is as elated as the kids are with their toys. Our boys will come home. The children will attend school two blocks away. We are starting life all over again.

I am so glad she came my way—this stranger. I only wish I knew her name. To me she will always be just Miss Mary, I guess.

She didn't come back to the house as she had said she would. She wrote a note saying the girls had come in, and that she had to leave. The note was signed simply, Mary. I have wished often to return the ten dollars, and to thank her again. Well, maybe, some day she'll come back this way.

Devil Driven

(Continued from page 28)

nights a week to wait for the mail which was often as late as ten o'clock. I was used to the lonely roads now, and often rode Bonnie for the mail on moonlight nights. What fun we all had on the wide veranda those summer nights! It was the only house in the valley that boasted a veranda.

The few nights that Jimmy was there were happy ones for me, because he always walked part way home with me, until I was past the dark swamp. How I worshiped him, as he strode by my stirrup in the silver moonlight. He had grown very tall and broad of shoulder, and was exceedingly strong. By the time he was eighteen, he could lick any man in the township. We never talked much when alone. I think we were both shy, and a bit frightened at the new emotions that were stirring in our hearts.

When I was fifteen, my parents made plans to send me to the city of my birth to attend collegiate school. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, city friends of ours, spent two weeks with us that August. I was to return to the city with them and be an inmate of their home, while attending school. I liked both Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. They were plump and jolly, and had no children of their own.

MY last evening at home arrived. I longed to ride to the office, because I knew that if Jimmy had heard I was going away, he would be there. But I did not want to hurt my parents by leaving them this last night. So when Daddy said, "Better slip out and get the mail, Dean. There might be some for the Rogerses," I went with a singing heart, threw the saddle on Bonnie, and was on my way. About half-way out I met Jimmy.

"I thought you would come, Dean. The stage was early, so I got your mail and came to meet you." He came close, and leaned against Bonnie's side, and his big strong hands closed over mine on the saddle horn. For a full minute he looked up at me, then bowed his head on our clasped hands.

"Dean," he said in an unsteady voice, "yer goin' away. You'll get a good education, and I'm afraid when you come back, you won't be carin' any more for an ignorant lumberjack like me. I loved you, Dean, from the minute you came into our school with your pretty pink dress and yer curls all shiny and smooth, and I've loved you ever since."

He raised his head again. "Do you like me, Dean?" he asked simply, his blue eyes eager.

I was only fifteen, had never been made open love to before, so all I could do was sit and hang my head, blushing furiously, bereft of speech. But, oh, how wildly my heart did beat! His warm grasp on my hands tightened. "Tell me, Dean."

"I—I love you, too—Jimmy," I stammered into my sweater collar. He lifted me from the saddle then, and held me close in his arms. I hid my face on his breast. How often had I dreamed of this moment when Jimmy would hold

(Continued on page 187)

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play ... but I was the life of the party after that



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at the shore had been a huge success.

After swimming, boating and golfing all enjoyed the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill, as we left the table,

"I'm all set for a good dance."

"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick has his banjo, now

who'll play the piano?"

All looked at one another foolishly.

"Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I can't play a note."

It certainly looked like a flat party.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd instantly burst out laughing.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life," cut in another.

I strode to the piano, chuckling to myself as I thought of the surprise in store for them.

They thought I was about to make a fool of myself.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosening fox-trot, "St. Louis Blues" and Dick, dumbfounded, picked up the rhythm and strummed away like mad on his banjo.

The crowd was all dancing in a jiffy—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lilt.

The couples were now sitting quietly, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who was your teacher?"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how I had made up my mind to go in for

something besides sports. I wanted to play—to entertain others. But when I thought of the great expense and long study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I saw an announcement in a magazine of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical, but I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course.

When the lessons arrived I gave a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common-sense system. And I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

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In Prizes In Great True Story Contest

TRUE STORY will award \$10,000 in prizes for nine true stories selected from among the stories submitted during this great sixty day contest which extends from February 1st to March 31st inclusive. And in addition many other stories suitable for publishing but falling short of coming within the prize winning class will be considered for purchase at regular rates.

Imagine receiving the first prize of \$5,000.00 for a single story of perhaps 5,000 words—one dollar for each word—a rate that very few of the greatest authors ever commanded! It is hard to conceive of opening an envelope and finding a check for \$5,000.00 in return for a story representing an experience that took place in your life or in the life of an acquaintance—but *that very thing may happen to you* provided you enter this contest series, follow the rules carefully and put your best efforts into the manuscript or manuscripts you submit.

We will never be satisfied until we know we are getting the best true stories that have been lived and written. If there are better stories, if there are more unusual situations, if more touching or thrilling or pleasing episodes have taken place in human lives than those that already have been recorded in TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we insist upon having them for our readers—and we believe that this magnificent offer will bring them to light.

What We Mean By The "Best" True Stories

By best true stories we do not mean the best written or the most highly polished stories. The stories never made a story—they simply tell it. The stories we seek do not require the embellishment of the writing or literary craftsman ship. Their power lies in their simplicity and their appeal to the human heart. They come from the heart more than from the head. The stories for which we are in search are now reposing untold in the hearts of those who lived

Prize Schedule	
1st Prize	\$5,000.00
2nd Prize	2,000.00
3rd Prize	1,000.00
4th (2 at \$500 each)	1,000.00
5th (4 at \$250 each)	1,000.00
<hr/>	
Total Prizes	\$10,000.00

them, one or more perhaps in yours—memories of supreme moments, emotional crisis, unusual situations so profoundly moving that they have branded themselves upon your very soul. These are what we mean by the "best" true stories and it is stories of this kind that will be awarded the magnificent prizes in this great manuscript contest series.

So begin today to set your story down. Do not hesitate for fear you do not have the ability to write. When you consider that during the last few years we have paid nearly a quarter of a million dollars to people, many of whom, until they had taken part in TRUE STORY Manuscript Contests, thought they could not write, you will realize how groundless your fears are. Do not be deterred from writing your story for fear of your identity becoming known for, during its entire career, TRUE STORY has never published a story over a writer's name nor revealed the identity of a writer, except with his or her express permission.

Tell your story simply in your own words, just as it happened to you or someone 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. If it 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 true story will be awarded the first prize of \$5,000.00, the person submitting the second best will be awarded the second prize of \$2,000.00, 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 or more of your life experiences. You may submit as many manuscripts as you desire but only one prize will be awarded to any one person.

Below 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 in these contests. Do not enclose photographs, letters or other exterior matter of any kind except return postage. Such enclosures only complicate the work of handling manuscripts without helping or affording decisions in any way. As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript an acknowledgment will be mailed to the sender.

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.

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 use in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know About TRUE STORY." Please ask for its 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.

Rules Governing the True Story Manuscript Contests

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.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, though manuscripts written with pen and ink will be considered. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories written in foreign language or submitted in parts, will not be considered.

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. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. Send

material flat by first class mail. Do not roll.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if accompanied by proper postage, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return, and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. (Return addressed envelope not necessary.) No rejected manuscripts may be entered in a later contest of this series nor submitted later to this company for purchase. Enclose return postage in the same envelope with your manuscript. Do not send under separate cover.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts, nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted. Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest.

The decision of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

In case of ties, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest runs for a period of sixty days beginning February 1st and ending at close of business March 31st, 1932.

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.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. 9C, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

(Continued from page 185)

me in his arms and tell me he loved me. "And you won't let them change you down there, or take up with any other guy? Them city fellows will try to turn yer head, girlie, because yer beautiful. You won't let them, will you, Dean?"

"No, Jimmy," I whispered. "I'll always love you."

"Dean, I'm goin' north with Braid for three years; he has a timber contract two hundred miles from here. He's givin' me good wages. I'll save every cent, and study on one of them correspondence courses in my spare time, so I'll talk better. When you come back, I will be twenty-one and you'll be eighteen." He lifted my face in the faint light. His face bent close to mine. "Will you marry me then, Dean?"

I was trembling so I could scarcely speak.

"Yes, Jimmy, I'll marry you then. I love you. I won't marry any one else." His lips were on mine then, and our vows were sealed. I carried that, my first kiss, as a sacred thing in my heart those three years at school.

ALAN went out on the boat with the Rogerses and me. He had finished high school, and was going to an eastern city to learn a trade in a technical school. I thought he looked very elegant, wearing his new suit and carrying a new leather club bag. I was proud to have him sit and talk with us, and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers seemed quite taken with him.

"Couldn't you come, and learn your trade in my city?" I asked. "Then neither of us would be lonely."

Alan smiled. "Nothing would suit me better. But mother and Dad think there is only one city on the globe that can do the job, so it's all settled, I must go there. Three years, and we will all be back, you, Jimmy and I. I wonder what Fate holds in store for us then." He looked at me critically. "You'll be a beautiful young woman then, Dean, and I expect Jimmy and I will be punching each other's noses for the honor of escorting you to something or other."

I flushed and laughed, little dreaming how true his light words would become.

"Maybe I'll grow a wart on my nose; then neither of you will want me," I said.

Alan looked at my straight little nose. "That would be criminal, Dean. Don't do it."

I think we both felt, when we parted for different trains, that when we met again all would be different. We were leaving our childhood days behind us forever, with its happy freedom of speech and thought.

At Christmas I received a card from Alan. On the back he had written, "I'm taking a few boxing lessons for exercise, so I can deliver that punch to Jimmy's nose when we all get back to the dear old woods again. I sure miss you, old pal."

Three years later, on June the first, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and I stepped off the passenger steamer onto our wharf. I flew first into the arms of mother, then into Dad's. Oh, the joy of coming home—of seeing their dear, loving faces again! To breathe the pure air with its fragrance

of woods and water. To have the joys of my canoe and pony again—and to be near Jimmy once more!

The next morning at breakfast, a beautiful sunny morning, Dad said to Mr. Rogers, "I have something interesting to show you this morning, Will. The last bunch of logs is to come over high falls today, and it's a sight worth seeing." Jimmy O'Brien has charge of the drive, and he is a real river-man. Perhaps you women would like to come too. It is only a couple of miles."

My heart seemed to turn right over at the sound of Jimmy's name. I had not expected a chance to see him so soon! Some instinct within me made me always guard my interest in Jimmy from my parents. That very morning, in the sunshine by the river, I was to learn the reason why.

"I'll go," I cried gladly. "I love to watch the logs." But mother and Mrs. Rogers declined.

Long before we reached the falls, we could hear the dull "thump-thump" of the logs as they struck the granite rocks in their mad plunge over the falls, mingled with the roar of the flood water.

We came out on a wide shelf of rock at the top of the falls. A steady stream of logs was running over, kept from jamming at the top and bottom by two river-men, with long, spiked poles; they were strangers to me.

The logs dropped over the top of the falls; striking on end a submerged shelf of rock half-way down; then turning a complete somersault, plunged into the seething eddy below, sending sheets of white, foamy water flying into the air. It was a marvelous sight, and Mr. Rogers' excited face showed his appreciation of it. We did not talk much, as one must shout at the top of his lungs to be heard only a few feet, so great was the thunder and roar of logs and water.

PRESENTLY the logs ceased to come. The man near us started up river, shouting something to Dad as he passed. Dad shouted to us, "A jam, up river! Let's go."

We followed the beaten trail along the river bank, where the calked boots of river-men had trod through twenty springtimes. Away from the noise of the falls, we could hear the shouting of men and around a bend of the river, came upon the jam itself. A dozen men with poles and peavies worked upon it, trying to find and loosen the key log that held the jam. Jimmy, his bright head hatless in the sunshine, was plainly leader, calling orders, doing the work of two men, sweat dripping from his face. No longer was he the lean, awkward youth I had known, but a tall, broad-shouldered, fully developed man. And such a man! To my admiring eyes he looked like a Greek god out there on those logs.

"A fine specimen of a man that," said Mr. Rogers to Dad. "The one with the red hair."

"Yes, but you must never let him hear you say it's red," answered Dad.

"Touchy about it?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"I should say! A few years ago a chap happened, to his lasting regret, to mention its color in Jimmy's hearing. With

(Continued on page 189)



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A Personal Message for You from the Editor of the Home Maker Department



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In the True Story Home Maker Library, we have sixty booklets which cover every phase of home making, shopping, cooking, raising children, financial problems, beauty, parties and entertainment, and self-improvement, and many others. These booklets will help you with your daily problems and solve the many perplexing situations which face you daily. Each booklet contains a list of other valuable literature which you may obtain free.

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his fists, Jimmy taught him that personal remarks are never in good taste, and has never spoken to him since. Barring his uncontrolled temper, and an ability to hold spite longer than any one else, he is a fine fellow. He is a great worker—ambitious, honest, and has a most pleasant disposition when not rubbed the wrong way. But you never know what he will take offense at—usually some little thing no one else would notice.

"These silent men of the woods have many sterling qualities. Courageous, enduring, they seem a different breed to us from the cities. I am afraid we do not thoroughly understand them. By different, I do not mean inferior. In many ways I think they are superior to us; more God's men, as He intended us to be."

"I SUPPOSE you will be marrying Nadine, here, to one of them some of these days," said Mr. Rogers. "Come, Dean, tell the truth, haven't you lost your heart to one of these stalwart sons of the forest? Now why are you blushing? Joe, I believe I hit the mark that time." He was laughing.

"No," said my father seriously, "I would not want Dean to marry one of them. Not that I think she is better than they, but because she comes from a line of ancestors who have lived in a totally different manner; used to luxuries and the nice things of life, without drudgery.

"These people of the woods have lived for generations in homes where even the necessary comforts of life have been wanting; they have endured hardship and want, are slaves for meager food and clothing. Consequently they have an entirely different set of ideas about life. I cannot see how two people from such widely different spheres could be happy together for long. Their lives would be like two strong winds coming from opposite directions, meeting in a conflicting whirl.

"No, I would not want to see Dean in the place of any woman I know here. Their lives are dull, cheerless, drab; full of drudgery, without any conveniences to work with. It would be worse for her than for them, because they have known nothing different—she has. The jam is breaking."

I watched the logs begin to move; the men running here and there trying to thin them out, so they would not jam again. But my heart was heavy; the hope I had cherished of winning my father to sanction my love for Jimmy, was lost. If I were to marry him as I had promised, it must be without Dad's knowledge.

The logs were moving swiftly now; the men worked frantically. But when we arrived at the falls, we found that the jam had formed again at its head. The swift current was piling them up in a dangerous way. Would any man risk his life on that treacherous pile of slippery, wet logs? If it broke and plunged over that fifty-foot drop before he could get out of the way, it meant certain, horrible, mangled death.

With a shout to his men Jimmy sprang out on the jam. Only one man followed

him, the others hung back, shaking their heads. They were afraid. Jimmy and his one helper went over the jam minutely and found the obstructing logs. It seemed for awhile that they would not break it.

"Have to use dynamite," I heard one of the men say. Just then the far side of the jam gave under their powerful hooks, a few logs went over and the rest began to mill around in that direction like a flock of frightened sheep. Jimmy attacked the main blockade then and stood in a position of great danger; two large logs, with their bases braced against projecting rocks at either side, formed a wide V, and held back all the rest. Carefully, inch by inch, the two men levered the meeting ends of logs up until one more lift with the peavey, combined with the great pressure from logs and current, would send them flying backward over the falls. Surely, it was beyond any human power to loosen those logs and not be swept over with them!

Jimmy motioned his helper to go to the shore and faced this last and gravest danger alone. I was frantic with fear. I must stop him—but how? He could not hear me scream, I could not run those logs to him.

I prayed then, with all my strength, that God would save the man I loved. Some message must have reached him, because he stood erect and looked straight at me; for a long moment I held out my arms and screamed for him to come back. He turned his head and studied the logs around him, thrust his hook into the key log and gave a mighty heave. Then with the agility of a cat he was running the logs that rushed beneath his feet so fast that, for awhile, he was but marking time, with death only a few feet behind him. Then, inch by inch, he began to gain; a cheer went up from every throat when he gained the slower moving logs at the side.

THEN a cry of alarm arose. All eyes had been focused upon Jimmy, but now turned to the man who had been ordered ashore but, instead, had waited at a safe distance, in case he was needed again. He had begun to run ashore parallel to Jimmy. The whole mass of logs was on the move now; when I looked at him first, one leg was knee-deep in the water, and was being ground and twisted cruelly among the logs; he had missed a footing on a slippery log. When he finally wrenched it free, it hung limp and useless from the knee. With a despairing look toward the shore, he threw himself full length across a group of logs that were steadily moving toward the head of the falls.

It seemed but a split second before Jimmy reached him; bracing his feet on two logs he got the man into his arms and over his shoulders; the logs sank low with the double burden. Picking his way over the larger ones, he began a zigzag course toward shore. Encumbered as he was, he could not carry his weight mostly in the air, as one who runs the logs must do. We were down among the men on the very edge of the bank; now, and I think every soul was praying to

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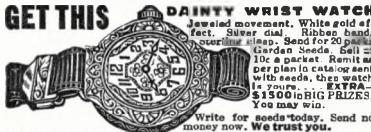
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God to give him strength. I do not blame the other men for not going to his aid. There was nothing they could do but complicate matters. Two could not carry a burden over moving logs, because each man must pick his own path and keep off the other fellow's logs.

It was plainly a one-man job; and only a man with extraordinary strength and agility could do it; Jimmy was that man.

A silent, tense group, we stood as though our souls had left our motionless bodies and had flown out to support the man, who was struggling with terrible odds to save two lives.

ONCE, when the ever moving mass opened a sudden gap of black water before him, so wide he could not leap it, he swayed for a moment and a sigh of dismay passed over the watchers. But he recovered his balance and skirted the breach, the smaller logs sinking below the surface as he passed over them. His movements became slower and slower. His great strength was feeling the strain. The man he carried was big and heavy, but he was slowly reaching his goal. Eager hands took his burden from him as he stumbled to shore and sank to the ground in exhaustion, his breath coming in gasps. He had conquered death in two terrible struggles in less than fifteen minutes. It had seemed to me like long, agonizing hours.

The man's leg was badly crushed and broken. He was unconscious. A stretcher was quickly made with two poles and sweaters and smocks that had been thrown off by the men after the early morning chill had gone. Four men carried him away to camp, where a doctor would be summoned with all speed.

Jimmy was on his feet again now, a little pale, but smiling as if nothing had happened. I was sitting on a log, trying to master the tears that seemed bound to come, tears of joy and pride in my matchless man; also of reaction from the high tension my nerves had been stretched to.

When the stretcher was gone Rogers turned to Jimmy and held out his hand. "Shake," he said simply. "I'd feel highly honored. You have done a noble and courageous deed."

Jimmy looked surprised, but took the offered hand. "I've done nothing, sir, but what any man would do. I couldn't stand still and see him go over the falls."

"You forget that thirteen of us who call ourselves men, stood here like stones. We all saw that chap go down before you did, and we were fresh; yet not one of us moved a foot. We were too darn scared of our own skins; you never thought of yours, tired as you must have been from your first fight for life. I call you a brave man, Mr. O'Brien, and the world would be better if there were more like you in it. I only wish I had a son of your caliber."

Jimmy flushed crimson, and knew not what to answer. Then Dad slapped him on the shoulder and told him he was a hero. I knew how embarrassed Jimmy was at open praise, and felt sorry for his confusion, so I came forward then, to relieve the situation for him, and said:

"You two let go of Jimmy's hands—I want one of them. Here I've been away for three years. And, sitting here all

this time, Jimmy hasn't so much as given me a nod. Is that any way to treat an old schoolmate?" Jimmy took my hand and smiled down at me; he saw those unshed tears, and felt the trembling of my hand in his.

I turned to Dad. "If you and Mr. Rogers want to show your appreciation of what Jimmy has done, you can promise right now to let me go to the river-men's dance."

This was a bold stroke. I had never been allowed to go to the dances before, but I was older now and I wanted terribly to go to that dance. I thought Dad couldn't very well refuse, as we were among the river-men.

"Sure you can go," said Mr. Rogers, "and I'll go with you. Couldn't keep me away. I never had the chance to go to a country dance before. We'll all go, Joe."

Dad smiled quietly. "All right, Will. You're as much a youngster as Nadine. When and where is it to be, Jimmy?"

"Friday night at the schoolhouse," answered Jimmy. And he sent me a glad, triumphant glance.

A boy appeared with a basket of lunch and a pail of tea. Dad jerked out his watch.

"Eleven o'clock. We must hurry home. Jimmy, we thank you for a very thrilling morning. I think you have given my friend here a splendid and new impression of this country and its people. I hope your drive goes out without further mishap. We will probably see you Friday night."

He and Mr. Rogers started down the trail. As I passed Jimmy he said in a low voice, "I'll be down for you, Dean."

But I shook my head. "I'll explain later, I'll come with Dad." Our eyes clung for a moment in a happy ecstasy; then I passed on.

THE night of the dance arrived. A night that was to reveal to me many things. The ugly demon of uncurbed passion, that dwelt in an otherwise noble nature; the cruelty and hardness of "parental love," the unrighteousness of the righteous. The weakness of human nature; infidelity of friends and the soul of a true gentleman.

In feverish joy, I flew upstairs after supper to dress for my first dance. Dad, Mr. Rogers and I walked through the short cut to the school. Dancing had begun before our arrival. Four sets were whirling to the music of two violins, an autoharp and an old, wheezy organ. The thump-thump of the fiddlers' heels beat out the time on the floor.

Mr. Rogers was smiling delightedly. He was just an overgrown boy who forgot to put on the dignity of a man when he grew up, and I loved him for it. He was genuine and not afraid to show his pleasure in simple things.

Jimmy came across the floor to claim my first dance, his splendid figure enhanced by a brand-new suit. While waiting for the set to be finished, he talked to Mr. Rogers and I sat down beside Mrs. Shuman, a big, dark woman. She conducted the Sunday school, and every one in the community looked upon her as a model Christian. Her efforts to drive the devil out of Crooked River were inexhaustible. She was at the dance to

keep a strict eye on her two daughters and her son Johnny, whom I have already mentioned in this story.

Johnny and little Mary Gilmore had been sweethearts from school days. I noticed now that Mary sat alone in a corner of the room. Every one seemed to shun her as if she had some dread disease. She looked very sad, her fair, curly head bent as in prayer.

"What is the matter with Mary?" I asked of Mrs. Shuman.

"Why, haven't you heard? The devil got Mary Gilmore last winter in the form of a handsome young timber buyer that was around these parts. He liked Mary's pretty face, and for awhile, she thought she was queen of the earth.

"But she tumbled down off her throne when he beat it and didn't marry her as he promised.

"She wouldn't look at my Johnny then; but she'd be glad to get him now. She's here doin' penance tonight. Her pa made her come to show her shame to her lost friends. He says it will be good punishment for her and teach her to behave herself; and I think he is perfectly right, and the more shame we can heap upon her the better for her poor, deluded soul."

OH, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Shuman! It is cruel and unjust of her father. He ought to shield her, instead of making her trouble public. Poor little Mary has not had a mother's guidance as the rest of us have. She is a sweet-natured girl and would do anything in the world for a friend. It is the brute who betrayed her that Mr. Gilmore ought to be punished, instead of little Mary. I'm going over to talk to her."

Mrs. Shuman glared at me, unbelievingly. "If you do you'll be classed as her kind, in the minds of every one here. Birds of a feather flock together." And she lifted her double chin in a "holier-than-thou" fashion and shut her lips in severe silence.

I sought and found the cold, hard face of Richard Gilmore; through half closed lids his eyes gleamed at Mary. I had a furious and unwomanly desire to go over and scratch his face. Where was Jenny Braid, Mary's bosom friend? I had heard them swear undying loyalty to each other many times at school. I had heard Jenny say she wished something terrible would happen so she could prove how much she loved Mary. Well, it had happened, and where was Jenny? At this moment she and her brother arrived; I was glad to see her come; she would go to her friend and sweeten the bitterness that must fill Mary's desolate heart.

"Hello, Nadine!" she cried in her airy way. "Awful glad to see you back again—" Then she saw Mary, and stopped in astonishment. She turned to Mrs. Shuman with a nasty sneer on her face. "What is she doing here?"

"Penance, my dear, penance!"

"Penance be darned!" said Jenny in an ugly tone. "Richard Gilmore is trying to force the company of his disgraced daughter on decent people."

With a disdainful flip of her skirts, she turned and went the other way.

I could scarcely believe my senses! I was a tumult of emotions within, surprise, anger, disillusionment, the mockery

of Jenny Braid's undying friendship. Oh, how could people act so? Why did they not remember that we are all human, not knowing when a like trouble may come home to us?

No wonder a girl, once fallen, can never rise again! These self-styled "Christians" keep her down with the heels of their boots. Where was the gentle spirit of Christ they boasted of possessing?

I looked at Mary; her fair face was flaming with shame. She had seen and heard. I got up, walked over and sat down beside her. I knew many eyes were watching me, so I smiled and talked with Mary as naturally as I could, about anything that came into my head. The surprise in her eyes at my unexpected act soon gave way to relief and hope with the knowledge that, after all, the whole world was not down on her.

I wondered, as I talked, if Jimmy would be narrow-minded like the rest, and condemn me for this. It would make no difference. I would stick by Mary, and help her in any way I could.

The quadrille ended. The strains of a dreamy waltz filled the room. Jimmy came and led me onto the floor. There was a strange, reverent look on his face as he took me into his arms in so close an embrace that I could scarcely dance.

"Dean," he murmured into my hair, "you are the only lady here tonight. I love you, love you, more than I ever thought I could love any one! What you have done tonight sets you a thousand times above these hide-bound hypocrites. Dean, you thought I did a brave thing on the river that day. You have done a far braver one tonight; you have braved the scorn and disapproval of all Crooked River. And you will get it, girlie, never fear! But I pity the man, or woman either, that throws any dirt at you—if I hear of it. I have been so sorry for that little girl tonight and hating the others so that I could have cheered when you got up and went over there. Mr. Rogers and I heard most of your talk with Mrs. Shuman, the old she-devil!"

HOW sweet were these words of praise from Jimmy. I would go through fire to hear them from his lips. I floated happily in his arms and didn't care a snap for the scorn of all Crooked River.

"Jimmy," I said finally, "can't you do something? Johnny Shuman loves her, make him marry her."

Jimmy's big laugh rang out. "If I had that power, I'd be more interested in makin' you marry me. It must be this summer, sweetheart. I'm goin' up for Braid again in September, for two years. I can't go without you again, dear."

My head swam dizzily, and a mist floated before my eyes. To belong entirely to Jimmy; to be taken wherever he went—never to be parted. What blissful joy! Then I remembered Dad's words by the river.

"Jimmy," I whispered, in apprehension as to how he would take what I must tell him. "Dad doesn't approve, I know. I heard him talking. He doesn't think I'm capable of living a pioneer life because none of my grandmothers had to. He wants me to marry some one who can surround me with a lot of luxuries

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feet. Every one stopped to watch. I had heard that fights were not unusual at these dances. In the silence that followed, every one heard in Jimmy's angry tones:

"Ya think, because you've been to college, yer better than me, and can come home and steal my girl. But ya can't, ya dirty thief! I'll see ya in hell first. There's more ways than one of bein' a good man. Come outdoors and we'll see who's the best."

"Oh! They were quarreling about me! Why must Jimmy be so unreasonable? He didn't understand, I must talk to him; stop this foolishness."

I started toward them, but Dad stopped me. "Keep out of it, Nadine. Jimmy is past reason now. I have heard that when he gets so mad nothing can stop him; he has to fight it out."

"But he'll kill Alan," I protested.

"I wouldn't be too sure," said Dad calmly. "Wait and see."

"Are you coming?" thundered Jimmy. "Or are you afraid, Alan Burke?"

Then Alan's voice, even and quiet. "No, Jimmy, I won't fight you—we have been friends too long. This is all a mistake. I didn't—"

"Are you coming?" loudly.

"No," firmly.

"Then ye'll take your lickin' here, and they can carry you out after!" Jimmy tore off his new coat and threw it on the floor in the dust. With one lithe movement, Alan slipped out of his and dropped it onto a bench behind him, then stood calmly watching Jimmy.

"RUN, Alan! Don't be a fool!" screamed Jenny Braid, who was sweet on Alan. "He'll kill you! He's crazy when he's mad."

But Alan never showed that he had heard. He was white and there was a troubled look in his eyes, but I saw no fear in his face.

"Jimmy, let's talk this over, and come to an understanding. It is for dogs and underlings to settle their differences in this manner. We are men, Jimmy. Let us not degrade ourselves. This can be settled reasonably, if you will give me a chance to explain."

Although meant well, this was the most unfortunate thing Alan could have said. Because every one knew that Jimmy settled with his fists most everything that did not please him. He was glaring at Alan now, the last vestige of self-control gone. His face burned red, and the veins in his neck were swollen and knotted.

"Call me a dog and an underling, will ya? Take that then!" And he drove his huge fist at Alan's face in a terrible blow. It landed, not on Alan's face, but on the wall against which he had been standing. Jimmy's mouth opened in utter surprise. He looked at Alan, facing him a few feet away, then at his bleeding knuckles. Then he laughed—no, I should not call it a laugh. It was the most discordant sound I have ever heard.

"So that's yer game! All right—the end's the same. I'll get you!"

Jimmy thought he was supreme in his art; he had not been mastered for so long that he thought he was unconquerable. He went after Alan then in earnest, I think it was the first time he had ever

fought with a man who had had real training, and I know it was the first time any man had ever faced him willingly, and it was not because Alan did not know what he was up against; he was well acquainted with Jimmy's fighting record.

Around the room they went, Jimmy striking, Alan dodging, the center was cleared now. Alan made no attempt to strike Jimmy. But with a series of lightning moves of feet, body and head, he avoided every blow his infuriated antagonist drove at him. He hovered around Jimmy like a taunting spirit; but there was no taunting word or look from him. Jimmy was quick—he had been called greased lightning—but Alan was quicker, and trained; he was cool, breathing easily, and watching Jimmy like a cat. The only sounds in the room came from the fighters. If Jimmy ever got his iron hands on Alan, the end would come quickly. Jimmy had the strength of two men.

At last, seeing the hopelessness of reaching Alan in his manner, Jimmy stopped, and looked at him with bloodshot eyes. "Yer afraid, Alan Burke! Yer runnin' away, yer afraid to come near enough to touch me!"

Alan's eyes turned a shade darker; he began to circle Jimmy like a beast of prey. Dodging an exceptionally vicious blow that touched nothing, he reached in and gave Jimmy a light tap on the cheek.

Around he circled, Jimmy lunging furiously; four times Alan touched Jimmy's face; and each time Jimmy, and all who watched, knew that he could have struck a heavy blow. Then he said:

"I'm tired of this, Jimmy. Are you willing to quit? I'll go home now, and we can meet alone and settle this later. This can't be very pleasant for the women present."

JIMMY began to curse then. He called Alan every vile name he could think of. It would be settled there and then. I'm not repeating his words.

"All right," said Alan. "You are forcing me to do this, Jimmy." And a few seconds later, he sent a swift blow to the point of Jimmy's chin that sent him reeling and staggering backward, but he did not fall. He came at Alan then like a maniac, the gleam of a tiger in his eyes. Again Alan side-stepped and struck. This time Jimmy went down limp. He lay for a moment, then got slowly to his feet.

I shall never forget his face as he looked at Alan—the first man who had ever conquered him, taken the countryside championship from him, before so many witnesses. It must have been bitter gall to his stubborn soul. His face was ashy white, and there was the deadly gleam of the killer in his eyes. He spoke through stiff lips, and there was burning hate in his voice:

"You win this time, Alan Burke, because you learnt a few dirty tricks at college. I can learn them too and, when I do, I'm comin' after ya. No man can do to Jimmy O'Brien what you did tonight, and own a whole body afterwards. Remember, I never forget and never forgive! There is a day comin', when ye'll wish ye'd never seen Crooked River this night."

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played like— Well, I cannot describe the beauty of the music that poured from that old violin, at the touch of his sensitive fingers. It touched the cords of my heart, stirred my very soul like nothing I had ever heard. And, in the city, I had listened to many master musicians. Often I played with him on the piano, but I liked best to sit and listen to him alone; it was then only that I completely forgot Jimmy.

If a soul can be revealed in music, then Alan has the most beautiful soul I have known. Why I did not love him then I cannot tell. I was bewitched, infatuated by Jimmy's vivid personality, and I had not yet reached years of discretion. I took everything at face value, and did not realize that a beautiful, shining exterior often cloaks dark, ugly things. My first lesson in his soul had come the night of the dance, but it did not sink deep enough to influence my young and romantic mind, until stark tragedy came.

God deals gently with us at first and shows us the way out. Alan, stanch and true, was plainly my way out, but stubbornly I chose my own path, so I must not complain at the swift and terrible reproof that followed my willfulness.

ONE night I met Alan on the beach as he landed his canoe; and we sat in the twilight under the trees. He told me that his college had secured him a position at Niagara Falls; his course had been in electricity. It was a splendid opening and he would go in a few days.

A strange thought came to my mind then, and I spoke it before I had time to ponder its value:

"Alan, take me with you, marry me. I'm afraid to be left alone. I know I will marry Jimmy if I can. Maybe I could forget him if I were away, and knew it was impossible for me to marry him."

Alan's answer made me see how foolish my words were—and how unjust to him. He sat in startled silence for a moment, then his hands, a bit unsteady, found mine. "Do you still love Jimmy, Dean? Love him better than any other man?"

"I must tell you the truth, Alan. I do."

"Then what you ask is impossible." His clasp on my hands tightened—we were sitting on a low lawn seat.

"You tempt me, Dean. It is the greatest wish of my life to make you my wife, but not at the expense of your happiness, or mine. It is you I want, Dean, your love, your every thought, not just your beautiful body. With your heart and thoughts wandering to another, we would both be miserably unhappy. We want things clean and true and above ground in our lives, both of us." He kissed my hands then, and when he looked at me again I thought there was a light of hope in his fine eyes.

"I believe in a guiding power, Dean, if we will but follow it. You will see your way clearly, and I am hoping things will come right for you and me. But we must be patient, and not act hastily to repeat at leisure. Give time a chance. I will write often, and when I come back for a holiday, I hope all will be right."

So he left me to fight the tumult in my soul alone, and I did just what he advised me not to.

July passed and I had no word from

Jimmy. I stayed at home, so that I would not meet him by accident.

Then I heard that Johnny Shuman and Mary Gilmore were married and had gone to live in a distant town. Joy flowed through me. This was Jimmy's work. He had done it for me. It took much will-power to keep from riding to Crooked River after that. I wanted to see Jimmy, and thank him.

I think Dad was conscious of the struggle I was making; he had been exceedingly kind and considerate since the night of the dance, and talked with me often, trying to direct me in the right way, without being too pointed about it.

One day late in August, I was sitting alone by the shore, when a little boy from up the river brought me a letter. It was from Jimmy, and ran as follows:

Meet me at the foot bridge this evening. I am leaving for the North tomorrow, and must see you before I go. Please forgive the past and don't fail to come. —J.

Not for a second did I think of refusing his request. My heart beat fast and tumultuously at the thought of seeing him again. Just this once—then he would be gone for two years!

As soon as it was night, I stole away to the bridge. There was a bright moon sailing overhead, and by its light I saw him standing straight and strong, waiting for me. All my doubts and fears fell away then, and I ran to him. Clasped in his arms, his kisses upon my face, nothing seemed to matter but our love.

"Oh, Dean, I was afraid you would not come, and I might never hold you again. Forgive me, dear, for being such a brute. I'm going to conquer that devil in me, or die in the attempt. I loved you so I couldn't bear to see you smiling so happily at another."

"I never thought of you caring about Alan, Jimmy. I thought you knew we were just pals."

"WE won't bother any more about it now, Dean. There is so much else to say. I am going away tomorrow, and I cannot go without you, dear. You promised to come. Two years is too long to be lonely and heart hungry. Darling, come with me tonight—now. You will never regret it. We love each other, sweetheart; nothing else matters. I'd give my life to make you happy. I have my horse in the brush there, we can ride to E—, be married and leave on the morning train; everything is ready. You can't go home again—there isn't time. I'll buy you clothes. Such love as ours must not be separated; we were meant for each other."

Dear readers, I think you all must know that when you want very much to do a wrong thing, it is not hard for a persuasive tongue to make you think it is a right thing. I did not consent to Jimmy's plans at once. I brought forth many excuses, but he overrode them all. He had a powerfully magnetic personality, and he had been foreman of large groups of men for years, and had a way of making others do his will and see his point of view.

Two days later I was installed in Braid's lumber camp office; there was a cozy bedroom adjoining it. Jimmy did the bookkeeping himself, in the evenings,

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so that he could dispense with the services of a clerk, and we could have the building to ourselves.

The year that followed was the happiest of my life. Dad and mother were very decent about what we had done, and wrote often.

But for one little cloud, my sky was a clear blue. There was a chap among Jimmy's men who was an expert boxer; he had been in the ring. Jimmy spent almost all his spare time training with him. It became an obsession with him. He learned thoroughly every trick the fellow could teach him, and I knew the reason why. He was preparing for that promised meeting with Alan. Jimmy's pride had received a deep wound that would never heal until he had won back the honor he thought he had lost that night at the dance.

In the spring when the timber was out, Braid came up; there were strangers with him. He had sold to the limit, and was going to the Pacific Coast to get into bigger timber. Braid was clever and already well-to-do. All his enterprises had been successful. So Jimmy was wildly excited when Braid asked him to go west with him as a junior partner; Braid recognized Jimmy's true worth as a woodsman.

I WROTE a full account of this to my parents and received an immediate reply, telling us not to think of going away without first visiting them. There was a postscript from Dad. "Tell Jimmy to be sure to bring his rifle. The foxes are thick this year and are stealing my hens." Jimmy was a great hunter and a true marksman, as many who live in the woods country are.

My mind was full of happy anticipation during the days that followed. Jimmy would soon be prosperous—working with Braid. We could soon have a nice home of our own, in the mild Pacific climate, and perhaps my parents would follow us later and live near us.

With our family reunited, and Alan thousands of miles away, the future stretched bright and rosy before us in my happy mind. I had no warning of the terrible tragedy that was soon to wipe out all the joy of my life. If I had gone west without ever seeing my parents again, all might have been well. Fate was weaving a web that was to imprison me in its stronghold.

When the camp was closed, Jimmy and I went on a belated honeymoon. In the city he bought me many lovely clothes for our trip west. I would like to dwell on this happy period, but it has no bearing on the story.

In June we went home. For a week all was sunshine and gladness. Jimmy divided his time between his home and mine. He and Dad got on wonderfully well together. Dad was that kind. I do not remember ever hearing him quarrel with any one. Mother smiled brightly again, but she was thinner and paler than when I had seen her last; her heart had been bothering her.

The fateful day arrived. Dad and Jimmy had been out all day after foxes; they came home ravenously hungry. We had a nice, hot supper ready. I watched them both pump the cartridges out of

the magazines of their guns; then hang them on the rack on the wall. Jimmy's gun case hung there, too—his rifle had to be taken apart to fit into it.

That hour after our late supper, the last I was ever to spend with my beloved parents, passed without a shadow of the coming tragedy to warn us or dim our enjoyment of that hour, as we sat in the cozy kitchen, listening to the men discuss the day's hunt, with occasional dashes of mirth-provoking humor.

It was a bright moonlight night—like one other that had been an important turning point in my life. Dad strolled out onto the veranda; he loved to watch the moonbeams on the black night water. In a few minutes he came in, and there was a change in his face.

"Did the passenger boat come in the bay tonight, Mary?" he asked my mother.

"Yes, Joe. It called at Burke's wharf, and I have been wondering who could have come."

Dad looked at Jimmy, and there was agitation in his face.

"Jimmy, as we all hope to be forgiven for our own transgressions we must forgive those of our fellow men against us. We held nothing against you, Jimmy, when you took our only child from us without asking our consent, or even letting us know it was your desire. We have been contented and happy this week together, and I think none of us would willingly bring discord among us. Will you, Jimmy, for the love of your wife here, for the sake of the peace of this home, forgive and forget something of the past?"

We all looked at Dad in puzzled wonder. What was he driving at?

"You have been mighty good to me, Father Hunter, and I'll do anything I can to please you."

"There is a canoe on the bay. I think it must be Alan. Will you forget your threat to him?"

Jimmy was on his feet in a flash. "No!" he thundered. "I've waited for over a year to get even with that cuss. I'm ready for him! He'll not get the best of me this time. I'll meet him outside."

"No, no!" I cried, as he started for the door. "You can't, Jimmy. Here in Dad's home, Alan is a friend. Don't you see that you mustn't?"

Dad stood in the door before him, one hand raised; his voice was stern and authoritative.

"No, Jimmy, this is my house, my land. Alan comes to my shore in peace, he is my friend. He has been, and always shall be, welcome here. Get hold of yourself, man, and see the indecency of the thing you would do. You must choose right now between this ugly spirit of revenge you have been harboring, and the respect of your wife's people. You shall not touch Alan here!"

For a full minute Jimmy glared at Dad, his face ablaze with the terrible rage that possessed him. Mother and I stood aghast. What would come next? Surely Jimmy would not strike my father. I thought of mother's weak heart.

Jimmy cursed then—a vile oath. "You can keep your respect, your house, your land and your daughter, too, Joe Hunter. I'll never darken your door again, but I'll get Alan Burke, and it

won't be long either! Then you can have your friend, too, and mend his broken bones."

He never looked at me, there was no room in his soul for anything but his blind, unreasoning rage. I think I hated him then. He turned, snatched his rifle and case from the rack and, holding the case under his arm, he snapped the gun together. Let it be remembered that he thought he had pumped out all the cartridges; one must have been caught somewhere in the magazine or chamber. There was a deafening explosion, followed by a cry of anguish from Dad, as he fell to the floor on his face. He had turned his back toward Jimmy to say something reassuring to mother.

For one frozen second, we all stood gazing in horror at that limp figure. Then mother screamed and fell on her knees beside Dad. Jimmy's rifle clattered to the floor, and he was pulling Dad's coat off, looking for the wound. But I—I could not move! Paralyzed, I stared and knew that he was dead.

WHEN the coat came off, a red, horrible stain showed on his white shirt in the middle of his back. They turned him over, and mother's ear pressed against his heart. Then she turned and looked at Jimmy. He shrank away from that look and got to his feet. Fascinated, I watched her white hand rise until an accusing finger pointed at Jimmy's face, then in a voice that was never like hers, she said, "He is dead! You have murdered your wife's father!"

Jimmy stared back, shaking in every limb, his face livid. He said never a word, but turned and stumbled out of the door. Mother turned her white, tortured face to me then, and I read physical pain there, mingled with her other sufferings.

"Go after him, Dean," she commanded. "Don't you know what he will do?"

Then a new terror seized me and lent wings to my feet. Across the lawn I raced to the end of the wharf, and there at the other end, in the bright moonlight, he stood. I have always hated the cold pitilessness of moonlight since. I screamed then, as I rushed forward, and he turned and watched me until I was a dozen paces away.

"Stop!" he cried then, in a voice that halted me instantly. "After what has happened tonight, Dean, you will never believe that I still love you. But I do, so much that I'm going to do this thing that will set you free. Don't stay where you are, I can never touch you again. Dean, if you come nearer, you are hurrying the end. There is blood on my hands, your father's blood. You shall never have to endure a husband who is a murderer."

"Jimmy, stop, and listen to me!" I cried. "You cannot do this awful thing. You cannot leave me alone to face what is back there in the house. I need you now more than ever in my life. Jimmy, mother and I both need you. Come back, Jimmy! Oh please, please!" I held out my arms beseechingly.

"No, you can never love me again, Dean, I'd be a horrible monster in your life. I will leave you free for Alan, he loves you and will never bring the disgrace upon you that I have. You will be happy with him. I have failed. Go

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And now, dear readers, in closing I will tell you a secret, that neither Jimmy nor Alan, nor any of my friends will ever know. My love for Jimmy is buried in the untimely graves of my parents and little son. It is dead. And I realize now that it was but the romantic infatuation of youth.

THE steadfast love of a wiser and mature heart, built upon the firm and enduring foundation of deep friendship, and a sense of the true values of human nature, goes out to Alan. I love him as I never could love Jimmy. The lurking sadness in his eyes stirs an answering sadness in my heart.

I said he should never know, but who can tell? It is hard to make one's eyes always lie. In some unguarded moment he may read my soul. If so, he will give no sign. I know the noble heart of the man I love. So long as I am the wife of Jimmy O'Brien; no word of love will ever pass Alan's lips. What the future holds for us I do not know; I shall try to follow the guidance of God in all things. Had I learned this lesson earlier in life and married Alan, my parents would probably be living now, and I would be happy.

So this, my deep love for Alan, is the cross that I must bear in silence. I have learned to kiss it, and keep it hidden in my heart from the eyes of all men.

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Home Problems Forum

(Continued from page 6)

the household. Sometimes it has been dreadfully hard to put away each week the sum we had decided upon, small as it was.

In the course of these years, illness and the death of Ed's mother cut into our savings. In a sense, we would have to start all over again. At last, though, we have this tidy little sum.

We have two children, Walter, eight, and Barbara, six.

Naturally, I think one of the most common things which a mother feels is fear for her children's future. Again and again I ask myself what would happen to them if I should die; what would happen to them if their father should die. Could I bring them up, educate them, and give them reasonable comfort and security?

I suppose you realize, Mrs. Willman, that, to people in average circumstances, this is a very important problem.

I am not a daughter of rich people. My parents struggled and had even more serious problems to meet than I have had. We always lived in poor neighborhoods, where the people just about managed to eat, keep a roof over their heads, and keep the cold out.

Constantly about me, men and women are leaving the cares of the world behind, without having made any provision for their families.

Before I go on I want to explain that, outside of the financial problem, Ed and I really have no great difficulty. As I have said, we don't live in luxury. I



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have always done my own work. I have kept the house clean and neat. I have kept the children looking well. Our meals are very simple but nourishing. I have always tried to get the proper food elements into them. There is harmony in our home and we are all happy.

Since I have always lived in the city I don't care especially about moving out to the suburbs. But I would certainly do it, if I were convinced that it was the right thing. You see, I think that Ed should put our money into insurance, while he thinks we should buy a house to give our children a better start.

You see, Mrs. Willman, this thousand dollars is all the money we have. It will probably take us another ten years to save the second thousand dollars. Accordingly, I feel that we must study the situation very carefully, and get outside help in order to know just which will do us more good—insurance or a home.

NATURALLY, I understand that country air is far better for children than city air. However, everybody I know has grown up in the city. Of course, some of my friends were sick. But on the other hand, there are sick people in the country, too. My point is that people can manage to keep their health and live to a good old age, even in the city.

Without having Ed remind me, I think I can see all the advantages for the children: having a house of our own with a yard where they can play; with a lake for swimming, and woods and fields for them to observe nature at first hand. I am not a fool, and I am not blind either.

On the other hand, I also see the advantages of Ed's carrying decent insurance, which would provide for the children in case anything should happen to him. No amount of reasoning can do away with the fact that when our time comes, we have to go. Shutting your eyes to it doesn't put off the day. We are in higher hands, and we don't know what the future holds.

Just now Ed carries a very small policy, which wouldn't pay our living expenses for four months. I think he should invest this one thousand dollars entirely in insurance. He should get a large life policy for himself and take out two education policies for the children.

I should think this would give him a much greater feeling of security than owning a house. What can we do with a house, if we should find ourselves in pressing circumstances? We can always sell it, I suppose, but for the same amount of investment, we could get more out of insurance than we could out of a house.

Personally, I feel that Ed wants the house in the country as much for himself as he does for the children. He has always been crazy about the country. He likes to putter around a garden and watch things grow. I do myself; but I certainly wouldn't enjoy it if I felt that it had been purchased with my children's future security. Naturally, sometimes I get disgusted with the dirt and grime of the city. However, I don't like to lose my head. If, as Ed thinks, we can continue to save money in the future, then there is always time to buy a house.

As things are now, I take the children to the park almost every nice afternoon. They skate and play ball, and get a good

deal more outdoor exercise than the average city child. They are really not so badly off as Ed would have you think.

I really do think that Ed has a sort of obsession about owning a house in the country. He'd like to know that satisfaction which every man has when he owns property. I don't blame him, Mrs. Willman. I suppose, that after a man has slaved for ten years, and Ed is certainly a hard worker, he likes to feel that he has something tangible to show for it. I admit that insurance isn't very tangible, except in the emergency for which it is intended.

Suppose we buy a house, and something should happen to Ed before we can save enough to get more insurance? The house will not do us any good under these circumstances. It is all right to have a roof over your head, but you must also have an income to keep the roof over your head.

Of course, if such a situation confronted me while the children were still small, I would most certainly put my shoulder to the wheel, and get some work. But all I can do is housework. I married young and that is all I learned to do.

No, Mrs. Willman, I think Ed owes it to his children to invest in insurance, rather than in a home. We are happy as we are, in our pleasant little apartment.

I am sure there must be thousands of women who have faced a similar problem. Won't some of them please write and tell Ed about it?

Please don't think I am greedy. It isn't for myself at all that I care. It is just for the children. I want them to have a more comfortable life than I did. I want them to have just a little more freedom from financial worry—and so does Ed.—LILLIAN.

Ed Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

I have thought this problem over from every angle and it seems to me that buying a house is the more practical thing.

Of course, it is true that I am crazy about living in the country. But I am not letting my emotions run away with me. Lily is the kind of city person who glories in the city. I, too, was born and brought up in the crowded city districts, but I am the opposite type. I am fed up on it now, and I want to get away, where the air is clean and the nights are quiet.

Yet I won't sacrifice my children's future just to satisfy some whim of my own. I know all the arguments about living in the city; the good schools, cultural advantages, the museums, and all that. The advantages of living in the country speak for themselves.

It is true that the children are not sick, but they aren't robust children. Walter is shooting up very tall now, and is getting to look pale and thin. Barbara is a chubby child, but seldom has any color, despite the afternoons in the park. My contention is, that if you give the children the heritage of good health and physical strength, the mental development goes along with it. Money is secondary.

I'd like to see something tangible for my years of hard work; but it isn't pride.

If we do buy a house, I shan't go strutting about, proclaiming to everybody that we own property. After all, it

would be a small, unpretentious house. We have only a thousand dollars.

We can't put all of it into a down payment, because we must leave ourselves a certain sum for additional furnishings and slight improvements, which one must always put into a house which isn't brand-new. And, of course, with this sum, we can't buy an elegant new home, built in the modern manner.

What Lily doesn't seem to realize is that, if I put this thousand dollars in different kinds of insurance, the annual payments on that insurance will be more than I can handle. The down payment is the least. In business terms, I will be over-insured for the size of my income. And, I think the man who does that is very foolish.

True enough, a house will have to be maintained, too. But I am a very good mechanic and most of the repair work I shall be able to do myself. Since we would have to get a house in a simple suburb, the payments on our mortgage and the taxes will not be more than rent.

IN fact, we wouldn't buy a house which would entail more expense. We can't afford it. I want to get rid of this burden of rent. Why should I be constantly paying money into another man's pocket? Why can't I pay it into my own pocket? Because paying off a house represents savings as much as money in the bank.

Now, if we buy a house, we can still manage to put away a small amount as we have always done. But if we buy insurance, the money we save will have to go into the annual payments. There will be no chance of owning a home.

My work in life is pretty well cut out for me. I am a hardware salesman, and it is not a field in which a man may expect any tremendous salary as years go by. I have had the one position for ten years, and every year, except the last two, have had a slight increase in salary. When this increase will be resumed, I don't know. But, even if it should be, that doesn't alter the fundamental problem. A matter of three dollars a week increase doesn't help a man very much toward lofty ambitions, nor to spread himself financially.

It has been our custom in the past, when I had a raise, to put it in our savings account, because we have achieved a standard of living which suits our needs and keeps us comfortable and happy. However, any possible change of financial circumstances shouldn't enter the discussion just now. We have to build on what we know we have.

You see, Mrs. Willman, if I should buy insurance now, our dream of owning a house in the country, I am afraid, must be sacrificed forever. We will never be able to get enough money together to swing it. Of course, it is true, as Lily says, that we don't know what the future will be. By the time your readers give us advice on this matter, I may be gone and beyond reach of their help. Yet I feel there is always time for insurance.

One can always sell a house, if it is kept in good condition. Also, one can rent out a few rooms, or even the complete house. There is always something you can do with a piece of property. I like to feel that the children will be

(Continued on page 203)

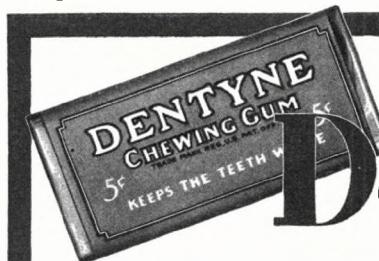
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Scientists say that modern conditions—hurry, strain—cause our mouth glands to slow up. And that this hastens tooth decay—makes our breath stale and our mouths unhealthy. What shall we do?

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Write for FREE BEAUTY BOOKLET

(Continued from page 201)

assured of a home, in case anything happens to me. I want to feel, too, that Lily has a roof over her head.

And if God should grant me a long life and I should be able to supply insurance as well as a home, when the children are married, Lily will have not only the comfort of money, but also her home.

Lily, herself, will be happier in the country, although she doesn't know it. Not that she is unhappy now; but I am sure that if we do get a house in the country, she will be the first one to cling to it, and wonder how she ever got along without it. Lily is essentially a home maker. She takes the keenest interest in every detail of her home and she never resents having to economize, to stretch our income.

ALSO, I don't see why we have to take education insurance for the children now. I feel quite sure that we can manage their education as we go along. Even Lily's family and my own, despite poverty, managed to send us both to high school. Of course, we worked Saturdays and after school, but that never hurt any youngster. We didn't earn enough to support ourselves. What we had was just small sums for carfare and lunches. Our families had to feed and clothe us; I am quite sure I can do the same for my children.

On the other hand, if I should just take out life insurance on myself for a sum which would really mean adequate provision for Lily and the children, I would have to use a large chunk of the thousand dollars. And the rest would be too small to buy a house, or to do anything else with. Now I don't see the sense in taking out an amount of insurance which would merely give them enough to live on until Lily could look around for work. If a man's going to carry insurance, he should provide adequately, or not at all.

The whole story is that, for me to buy enough insurance to do Lily any real good, I would have to spend more than I can afford, in annual payments. However, perhaps some insurance agent who reads my letter may be able to tell me how I can assure my wife of an income after I die; one which will also provide for the children, on my present income of fifty-two dollars a week.

I do so want to see Lily happy, because this savings account of ours represents a lot of hard work on her part, and she should perhaps have even more to say as to how it shall be used than I.—ED.

What is your opinion?

For the best letter on this subject 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 City, by noon, March 1. Prizes will be awarded by April 1. We will announce the prize winners in an early issue of the magazine.

Do you like the Home Problems Forum? Have you any suggestion for making its appeal of even wider interest?

Remember, this is where the vast TRUE STORY family can talk over its problems freely and be sure always of sympathetic listeners and wise counsel.

MRS. HELEN WILLMAN.

Laughs from Life



Heaven Forbid

I've discovered that prices seem very different after you start earning your own money from when you're spending papa's. I had been proudly on my own for only a few months when I got a terrible toothache. I went to the family dentist and he insisted that it would have to be extracted. This he proceeded to do, to my great discomfort—not to say pain.

"That will be five dollars," he remarked nonchalantly before I'd fully recovered from the shock of the extraction.

"What?" I shouted. "Five dollars for pulling one tooth? You sure earn your money easily. Five dollars for a few seconds' work!"

He smiled and answered, "I could draw them more slowly if you prefer."—M. L. W.

The Mean Thing

One of my girl friends was going around, looking as if the world had come to an end. "What's the matter?" I finally asked her.

"Robert doesn't love me any more," she sighed.

"Don't be silly," I said. "He's a most devoted fiance."

"No, not any more," she insisted.

"What makes you so sure?" I demanded.

She explained. "Last night I wanted to show him how well I could whistle, so I pouted my lips to whistle—and—and—" There were tears in her eyes, and she couldn't go on.

"Well, what happened?" I persisted.

"He let me—whistle!" she sobbed.—H. T. B.

The Wisdom of Experience

Last night mother put her arms around Dad's neck, and said, "Tom dear, I saw the sweetest little hat today."

Dad didn't even look up from his newspaper, as he said, "Put it on and let's see how you look in it!"—J. N. T.

The Man of It

On a walking tour of our state, my husband and I came across a beautiful primitive and evidently uninhabited stretch of forest. We tramped for hours without seeing a single habitation where we could beg or buy a meal and Albert was beginning to complain of hunger. Suddenly we came to the edge of the forest, and in front of us lay a beautiful little lake with wooded hills on the far side and water fowl flying overhead.

"Oh, isn't that lovely!" I exclaimed. Then waxing poetic, I waved toward the water fowl and cried, "How I wish I had the wings of a bird."

"Huh," grunted Albert, "I'd much rather have the breast of a chicken."—N. C. L.

Coincidence

Albert, my five-year-old son, was told that the stork had brought a new baby next door the night before. Naturally, he was intensely interested. After innumerable questions, he finally asked, "When did the stork bring me to you, mother?"

"On the twelfth of October, darling," I replied.

"How funny," he exclaimed, "on my birthday!"

—E. I. C.

Fair Return

I was out in the garden, pulling weeds, when I caught sight of a small boy crouched close to my fence puffing furiously at a cigarette. Realizing that some mother's son was doing something he had no business to, I went up and grasped him firmly by the shoulder.

"Does your mother know you smoke?" I asked sternly.

"No," he snapped. "Does your husband know you talk to strange men?"—M. J. D.

More to the Point

I was visiting the town of my boyhood after some years' absence, and learned that during the week of my visit the annual baseball game between the boys of our town and those of its perennial rival would take place. Naturally, I was much interested, as I had played on our town's team when I was a boy. Wanting to do something to help, I gave the captain ten dollars to buy some new balls and bats.

On the afternoon of the game, as I was on my way over to the field, I met the captain.

"Well," I asked brightly, "did you get some new balls and bats?"

"No," he replied, "bats and balls won't help us. I gave the money to the umpire."—C. B. S.

Service

After a hard, all-day drive I put up for the night at a small-town hotel. I remarked to the manager that I would be pulling out about six in the morning, and I noticed he seemed a little doubtful as he asked me what time I wanted to be called.

"Oh, I always wake up without being called," I replied, rather proud of this accomplishment.

The manager sighed with relief. "In that case," he said, "would you mind calling the callboy?"—H. L. S.

Music Hath Charms

My mother, who is a little old-fashioned about some things, had a feeling that the new Jazzwick Inn was not quite the place for her daughter to be going, either for dinner or dancing. I assured her that it was a very proper restaurant, and finally persuaded her to make a personal inspection of it to allay her fears. So she accompanied my latest beau, Bob Fairfield, and me and we had a delightful dinner at a table right on the edge of the dance floor.

After our last course, mother was so far reassured that she accepted Bob's invitation to dance. While they were gone, I sat at the table and hummed the fascinating waltz which the orchestra was playing.

I was so charmed with this melody that I stopped a passing waiter and asked him to get the name of it from the orchestra leader. While he was gone, mother and Bob returned from the dance floor and mother took my chair while Bob and I danced the next number.

On our return to the table, I was surprised to find mother putting on her wraps indignantly, only waiting for us, to leave.

"As I thought, this is a terrible place," she said sternly. "While you were gone one of the waiters came up and addressed me quite insolently."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He came up behind me," her eyes flashed with indignation, "and whispered right in my ear."

"Yes, but what did he whisper?" I persisted.

It was a terrible effort, but mother finally got it out. "Well, if you insist on my telling you, this is what he said, 'If you'll come into the garden, I'll make you love me lots.'"

It was the name of the waltz I had asked about.

—N. I. M.

His Saving Ways

When my aunt was appointed a member of the Social Service Committee of her church, she took her new duties very seriously, spending a great deal of time visiting the poor of the parish, advising them in their difficulties and sympathizing with their trials and tribulations. She was especially valuable on thrift. In fact, she was convinced that her life would be well spent if she could inculcate the principles of thrift among all the poor people with whom she came in contact.

I was with her one afternoon when she started preaching thrift at a great rate to Mrs. O'Brien.

In the midst of her discourse, Big Tim O'Brien came home from work, and was introduced to "the ladies from St. Stephen's Church." He took off his cap and bowed politely to us.

"We have been talking about the need for saving money," my aunt said primly.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," Tim acknowledged politely.

"I hope, Mr. O'Brien," my aunt went on, "that you don't spend all your earnings."

"Oh, no, ma'am," responded Big Tim respectfully. "I always make it a strict rule, ma'am, not to spend more than three-quarters of my wages, ma'am."

My aunt beamed on him. Here was a disciple of thrift after her own heart.

"Oh, that's fine—very fine!" she said enthusiastically.

I was youthfully curious and I interrupted to ask Mr. O'Brien, "And do you put the other quarter of your wages in the bank, then?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied Tim. "I put it to better use than that! I give it to the missus to run the house on."

—T. E. M.

"CLEAN those Lips...or we

DON'T GO!"



Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either
Tangee rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you.

Tangee rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. And it makes the color on your cheeks match the color on your lips.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee rouge.



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That painted look is one thing men simply *cannot* stand! You don't notice it—but others do. Colors you have grown used to look cheap and tawdry to your friends.

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Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the color that looks best on you!

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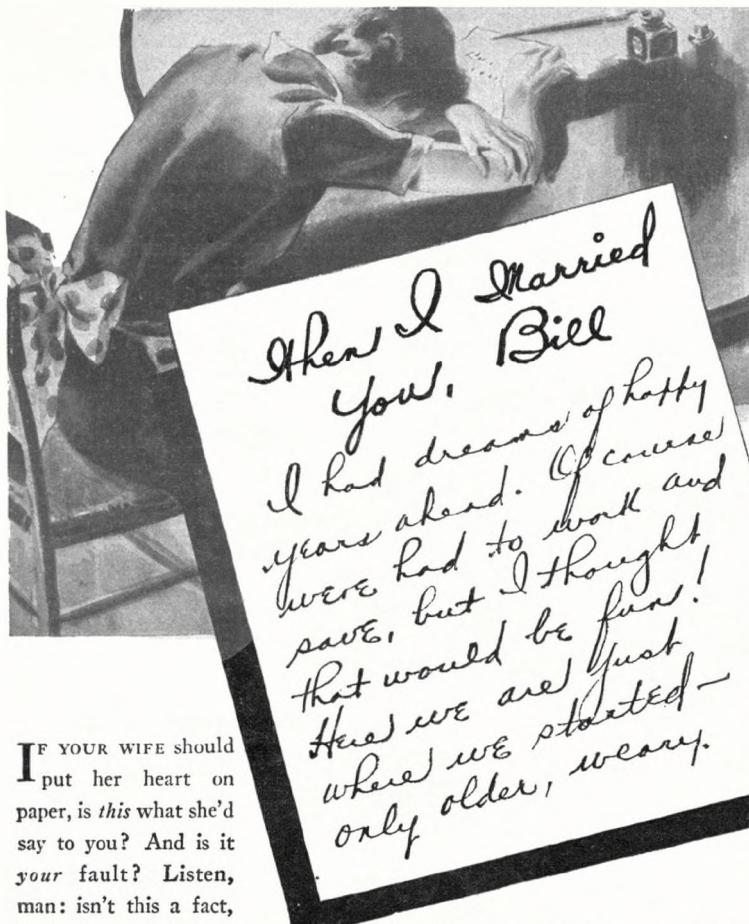
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Mary and Bob Announce the New True Story Hour

ESPECIALLY during these winter months, myriad friends of Mary and Bob have found that 10 P. M., New York time, the opening of True Story Hour, made it too late for them to tune in regularly. They suggested that an earlier period be used. Unfortunately, on Monday nights no earlier period was available, but it was discovered that if Mary and Bob would change their broadcasting night from Monday to Tuesday, they could bring you their adventures on that night, beginning at 8:30 P. M. in New York.

Here was an hour that should be convenient for every one! Wishing to bring the greatest pleasure to the greatest number of listeners, True Story Hour was forthwith changed to the Tuesday night period.

Under this arrangement, now in effect, you can enjoy the adventures of Mary and Bob every Tuesday night at 8:30, New York time, over the same general list of NBC Red network stations you used to tune in on Mondays. At this earlier hour there is no reason why any of their friends should miss a single dramatic episode in the nation-wide wanderings of Mary and Bob.

If in the past, because of the lateness of the broadcast or for some other reason, you have not been a member of the great True Story Hour audience, now is the time to join. Share these thrilling experiences with Mary and Bob, as each new adventure brings them face to face with throbbing cross-sections of life which are relived before the microphone with all of their original intensity.

In two or three instances the change in nights has affected local stations. A revised list of the stations broadcasting True Story Hour is appended. Check it over carefully to make sure you are dialing the correct one for Mary and Bob.

TRUE STORY HOUR IS NOW BROADCAST FROM THE FOLLOWING STATIONS OF N. B. C.'S RED NETWORK

WEAF, New York; WTIC, Hartford; WTAG, Worcester; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WCSH, Portland; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WGY, Schenectady; WBEN, Buffalo; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WFBR, Baltimore; KVW, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha.

TUESDAYS

8:30 P.M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME
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For you . . .

NEW, SOFT, GLAMOROUS BEAUTY IN MAKE-UP

HOW LOVELY, HOW EXQUISITE!

Do they say that of *you*? Does the whispered word echo back to you that your cheeks are smoothly silken, of the tone of translucent pearls? For *you* is there glorious assurance of color that *dares* be youthfully sparkling because it is *softly natural*? Are your lips an enticement of red worked in the magic of precious softness? And your eyes . . . do they hold the mystery of shadows, the allure of promise and sophistication?

All this is for you! And so easily. Not skill, but choice of modern, harmonized make-up . . . Princess Pat make-up, brings this new, soft, glamorous beauty.

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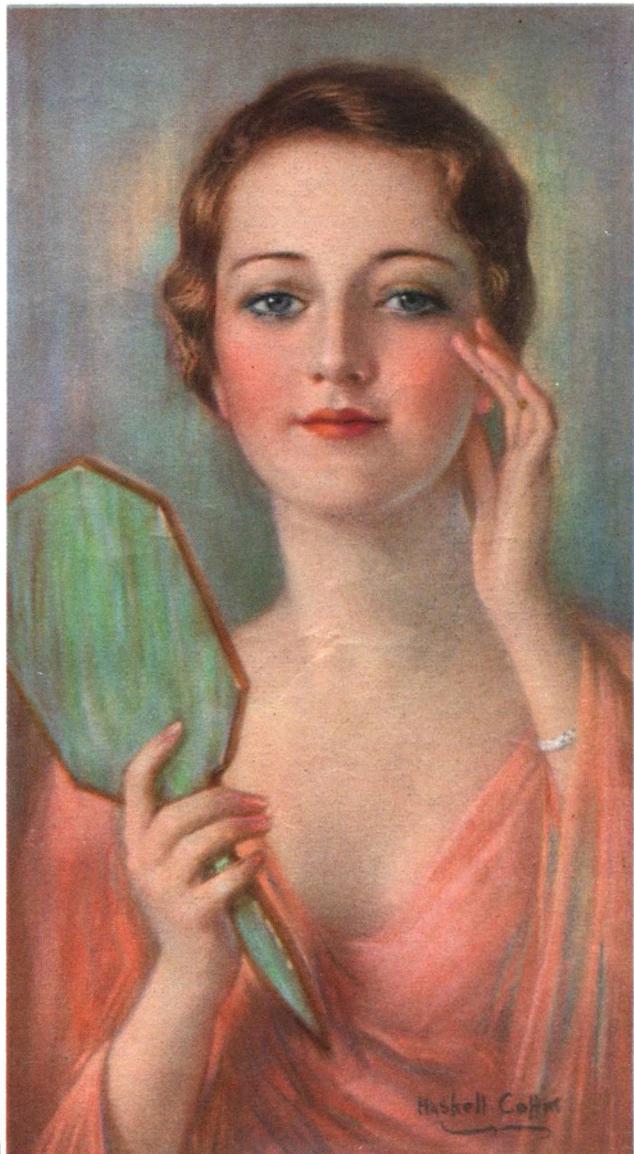
Princess Pat rouge is veritable mystery . . . fascinating, magical. It is glowing, luminous. It seems *not* to lie opaquely upon the surface; but, instead, creates the wondrous illusion of color "coming from within the skin." This inimitable beauty is created by the famous *Duo-Tone* blend, an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

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NATURALLY *FRESH*

never parched, never toasted!

The cool, flavorful *freshness* of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos — are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and

precaution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That's why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers — it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to *fresh* Camels for just one day — then leave them, if you can!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



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Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked.

CAMELS

Made **FRESH** — Kept **FRESH**