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Carl Weeks
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HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 44

to the ruins of Ostia Mare. I have been doing some work there and it might be more interesting if I gave you of my little knowledge."

"Let us do it very soon," answered Susan. "*Mare* means sea, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Rome was once a sea port and Ostia full of ships . . . Mr. Hale, I think we have met before, at the English Speaking Union dinner in London, when you gave a fine brave speech, I thought, about the differences between England and America. I have never been to your country, but I have read this great book of yours, and I have also lived in England, and I grow weary of the polite lies the two countries tell each other at public dinners. Your speech was most refreshing."

TIMOTHY was pleased. "Mr. Uh—I'm afraid I did not get your name last night?"

"Andrea Palladio Venzo, named, you see, after the great Renaissance architect by my hopeful mother. But unfortunately I have always been more interested in fallen old stones than in erecting new ones."

He spoke so gently, looking from one to the other with such kindness, that Susan forgot that she and Timothy were enemies, and they all three exchanged easy phrases until Professor Venzo arose to go.

"How about next Sunday for our excursion to Ostia? The ruins will be closed to the public, but I can use my permit, and we shall be undisturbed. Then we can lunch at a little trattoria overlooking the sea. I am unfortunately a poor man, and I have no motor car, but to go in the omnibus is not bad and perhaps its foreignness will amuse you. It is not at all like the Russie," and he smiled slyly at both of them and was gone.

"What a sweet, sweet man," said Susan.

"And yet not at all effeminate," agreed Timothy. "Did you notice the ribbon in his buttonhole? Probably a war hero—I thought he limped a little. I hope we meet some more Italians like him. We might take Clare Oliver along with us on Sunday."

Crash!

They were back in the dark alley of the night before.

"Timothy, all day long we have carefully ignored last night's affair. I think the time has come to discuss it, don't you?" She made an effort to keep her voice casual.

"I suppose so, though I was hoping you'd have the sense to continue to ignore it."

"Ignore your flat-footed statement that you were not glad to see me, and you ignore my blow?"

"The main issue seems to be that you *saw* me kiss the girl. I have been kissing girls off and on ever since we have been married—as presumably you have been kissing men."

"But, Timmy, Timmy, I *haven't* been! I haven't kissed a man since that rainy afternoon when I publicly promised to love you for better or worse."

"More fool you."

"But Timmy, we have always told each other everything, *seemed* to tell each other everything, you have been father and mother and God to me, and now—oh, it is impossible you have been lying to me all these years!" Susan shaded her eyes with her hand so that the chess players might not see her tears.

"No, I have not been lying to you all these years. I have loved you to the limit of my capacity but you have shown me repeatedly that that capacity was not enough. Not always in words, but with that polite smile of yours which disapproved of my friends, my ties, and my table manners. Do you remember that first picnic of ours when I met you in the Grand Central Station, dressed in an old suit and a cap because I didn't dare risk spoiling my only decent other one, and you looked at me as if I were a filthy beggar clawing for alms at royalty's cloak?— Remember?— At that moment something warned me you were not the mate for me and then your cold eyes softened—in pity, I suppose—and I was glad to forget . . . Sometimes I think the only thing of mine which has found favor in your patrician eyes has been my books—oh, and of course Roger! Are you, by the way, teaching him to dislike me?"

"Tim! you are talking to me like a stranger. I don't know how to answer you." She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Unique occasion! You're pretty good at making answers, rapier ones that wound every time."

Susan stared past him at the evening crowd passing the café window. "I am in Rome in a café. Tim is saying things to me he must have been thinking for some time. He thinks he is in love with the Oliver girl, perhaps he really is. . . . At this moment he hates me, partly because he loves her. I must not cry. Quiet, quiet."

Aloud she said:

"Timothy, you yourself have admitted that you have a small-town complex which has colored everything you have done all your life, except perhaps your writing.—Yes, that too.— Your lack of physical coordination which you have never tried by exercise to improve has plunged you into all manner of social complications out of which I have had to haul you from time to time. Quite humanly you resent this. Perhaps I have not done the hauling with sufficient tact and tenderness, but you are wrong, dead wrong, if you believe I think less of you for them. I never feel superior to you, in fact I'm quite a humble lil feller——"

Tim snorted.

"Yes, I am. It's just that I am incurably immature. I am still the little girl pinning up her curls and wearing mother's long dress, and playing lady. Unfortunately I like to play *great* lady, instead of Mrs. Jones calling on Mrs. Smith, or Red Riding Hood, or the cindery part of Cinderella . . . I've seen you often enough regarding with a sardonic eye my posturings, my silly boastings, and I have felt despairing of my inability to grow up, but I have always been on to myself, and I have never hated you for seeing through me—as you are hating me now."

"N-no, I don't hate you, just bored."

She flinched, and then smiled bravely. "*Touché!*"

Impulsively Timothy put his hand over hers. "I didn't mean that. I said it to hurt. I've never been bored by you, often as I've wanted to slay you . . . But what I mean is that you are not proud of *me*, only of my successes. And I've been so proud of you, talking about you to people before you arrive so that they always say, 'So this is Susie!' Mrs. Oliver said it only last night."

"But," she cried eagerly, "I talk about *you* all the time, because I think you are so exciting to talk about—you're the most exciting person in the world! Oh dear, I'm going to cry. We'd better get out in the street."

"No, let's have something more. This is a nice cozy place to talk, no family around."

"Tim, I've just thought of something. I know you always talk about me to others, especially when we have been separated for a while, but when I meet these people I have a sense of their resisting me, being wary of me, and I have to overcome that before they really like me—that is, if I have the chance to meet them several times. But if it is only one encounter they carry away with them the bad impression you have created of me. Yes, bad. For what you say is this: 'Susie is a regular feller but she has a high-hat English way of saying howdyuhduh which may put you off, but don't let it because I want you both to be friends.'

Timothy listened to her exposition gravely. "You are quite right. I am sure I prejudice my friends against you with my explanations——"

"Don't you see you insult me by explaining me?"

"YES, I see now that I do." He sounded forlorn. Susan's hand instinctively tucked into his arm, then she withdrew it quickly, remembering. "But just the same, Sue, that howdyuhduh of yours does conceal a better-than-you-are-until-you-prove-it air, and people sense that."

"Oh, I know it though I hate it, but people don't like the way you bust in and call them by their first names after fifteen minutes. Neither of us is perfect, but I thought we loved each other enough to accept each other as we are."

"But you *don't* accept me as I are!"

"You *think* I don't accept you as you are! . . . Oh, this is getting us nowhere." Susan was in despair. "There are just two things to discuss—one, that you have apparently been licking your wounds for some time, and the other (*Turn to page 49*)

marvellous! new!! effective!!!

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This amazing new Instant Odorono may be applied to the underarms *any time*—just after the bath—or as you start dressing. It stops perspiration *instantly!* Then your gowns are safe from perspiration damage. And no underarm odor—so repellent to others—can sully your charming freshness!

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Out of a single package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, think of all you get! Many delicious treats for breakfast. And there's lunch—what could be better than Kellogg's and milk with fruits or honey added?

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HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 46

that you are in love with some one else."

"I'm not in love with some one else. As I sit alone with you in this dusky place with our lil ginks in front of us, I know you are the only woman in the world for me. Yes, I kissed Clare, several times, and I should like to kiss her again. But she seems very far away now, and you very near, my Susie, my small pussy," and he held her hand against his cheek and they saw each other through tear-veiled eyes.

FOR two weeks the life of the Hales swung between parties with an American Colony flavor and extemporaneous excursions to the Campagna, the Lago di Nemi, Palestrina, and the many magic names within easy motoring distance of Rome. These excursions often included Clare Oliver and Andrea Venzo, and the four would quite naturally dine together afterward. Venzo remained aloof to their American tomfoolery but it was the aloofness of a father watching his children. Susan wondered about this, for he was still young, his eyes and forehead beautiful, his hair thick and blue black, his teeth superb when he very occasionally laughed, and his figure supple.

It was at the end of these two weeks that the trip to the ruins of Ostia was accomplished. Clare, Susan, Andrea and Timothy. The day was illumined by the glitter of the Mediterranean, Andrea's re-creation of an old civilization, and the excellent lunch. After lunch, Tim suggested that they all paddle.

"The water is very cold at this time of the year," cautioned the temperate Andrea.

"I don't care," sang Clare and dashed down to the water's edge.

Her shoes and stockings were off in an instant and she was testing a little wave with a pointed toe. Timothy the next moment was after her.

"Please, Suzie"—the "s" in her name became a sweetly blurred "z" on Andrea's lips, "please do not go in. After that heavy lunch the cold will give you a stomach pain. Let us sit on this log and observe that beautiful line where the sky and sea meet."

Susan's eyes were not on the horizon but on the two people splashing hand in hand, down the beach away from them.

Her fingers touched Andrea's lightly. "Do not withdraw too far. I think I am going to need you."

The omnibus back to town was crowded with peasants bearing children, bird cages, vegetables, on their aproned laps. Susan and Andrea found seats at the other end of the bus from Clare and Timothy. The lumbering vehicle was dimly lit by oil lamps. In the welcome warmth Susan felt drowsy. She swayed with the motion, leaning on Andrea's shoulder from time to time. Half awake she felt a hand close over hers, tightly. It was Andrea's hand. Fluttering her eyelids she looked straight into his eyes. They were not the paternal eyes to which she had grown accustomed, but eyes with fire behind them and a will which kept her from turning away. His face came closer to hers, he was kissing her, and yes, she was kissing him! Why had he done this? Because he was sorry for her? It had not seemed like a kiss of pity. There was nothing to say. She must wait. He was taking off her glove and kissing the palm of her hand, but all so quietly, so simply, that no one in the bus was staring, least of all Clare and Timothy. Indeed Tim was nodding—Susan knew how easily he slept—and Clare was hunched by the window, probably resenting his nap. Susan smiled. But no word passed between her and Andrea until they reached the terminus.

"PRETTY crowded for four in one *vettura*. I'll take Clare home, and, Andrea, you take Sue."

Andrea chose a carriage with the top up. "It is cold," he remarked. Then he spoke rapidly in Italian to the coachman.

"He is going to kiss me again," thought Susan. "And I should forbid him, this is disloyal to Tim. Yet I want him to kiss me again."

He crushed her in his arms, murmuring liquid Italian endearments. "That this should happen to me again! I swore I would never love another woman. I was so hurt the last time. And now I love you, I can not help myself. But you will not hurt me? Though loving is always hurting. Do you love me a little? Say it!"

"I do not know. A half hour ago I would have said no. Now I am breathless, and a little crazy!"

"A little crazy you say? How wonderful! That is as love should be. It seems perhaps you are loving, really loving, for the first time." And he was helping her out of the carriage at the hotel door and kissing her hand in goodbye.

As Susan bathed and dressed hurriedly for dinner, she was glad Timothy was in the other wing. She wanted to be alone.

TIMOTHY was sitting at Susan's bedside while she ate rolls and butter and apricot preserve, and he was complaining:

"Damn these flappers! They're thrilled when they meet a famooser, and then when they discover that you are merely human and as vulnerable as any silly college kid, they despise you. Sue, if you catch me playing the capering goat again, stop me."

"Would it do the slightest good? Wouldn't you turn on me, call me a jealous wife, and rush out and telephone her to take lunch with you?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Aren't people hell! . . . And incidentally I haven't done a lick of work worth counting since I've been here. What with sight-seeing and parties and Clare and this infernal blue sky which beckons me every minute as I sit at my window, I don't seem to be able to concentrate. You know that road on the Pincian Hill that overlooks my balcony? Yesterday as I was trying to remember the indicative of the verb 'to be' in English, a shower of pebbles fell on me and my typewriter. And there above me were Clare and that puppy, Bernardini, and Clare's sister, all shouting to me to come to the Excelsior for a tea dance . . . Yes, of course I went. And had a rotten time. Bernardini dances like one inspired, and as I am—well, less inspired—I could see the girls just tolerated me as a useless fourth—"

"And as a chancellor of the exchequer?"

"Yip, my pearl of Asia. Ignominious, rather, isn't it?"

"And you writing the most important fiction in America today! Why do you suffer fools so gladly?"

"Because you do not praise me enough."

"But, darling, I can't be singing hosannahs every hour of the waking day! . . . Close your eyes and open your mouth." and she pushed in the crispy end of a *croissant* crowned with apricot jam.

With half full mouth, he mumbled, "What about going back to London for the winter? Hellish climate, but I can work there."

"Oh, Tim, must I leave this blue sky and my golden salon and the possibility of Roger and me learning Italian?" Susan said this, but she was thinking "Never to be kissed by Andrea again!"

Timothy walked over to the window. "I could go alone—take a service flat—finish the book—and we all go back to America for the summer. You could join me in England in the spring, perhaps a short walking trip in Devonshire. How about it?" There was no joy in his voice—he might have been a Cook's agent laying out an itinerary.

"It's a grand plan. London's a man's town, and they like you there. We may be taking a risk to separate now, but I think we are in a rut about each other, distrusting every word. But if we come to each other in May, with a fresh accumulation of experiences on both sides, we'll be renewed and more excited than ever about being together. How we'll talk!"

There was a knock at the door. Timothy handed her a small package. (*Turn to page 50*)

Doctors Proved it the Finest of all *Beauty Aids*...

Fifteen leading dermatologists recently conducted a nation-wide Beauty Clinic. Their official reports, reviewed and attested by Dr. W. J. Highman, an eminent authority, shows Woodbury's Facial Soap to be most effective of all beauty aids.

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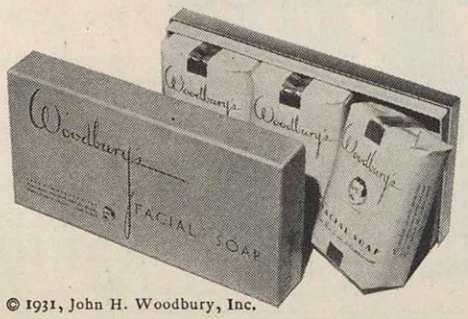

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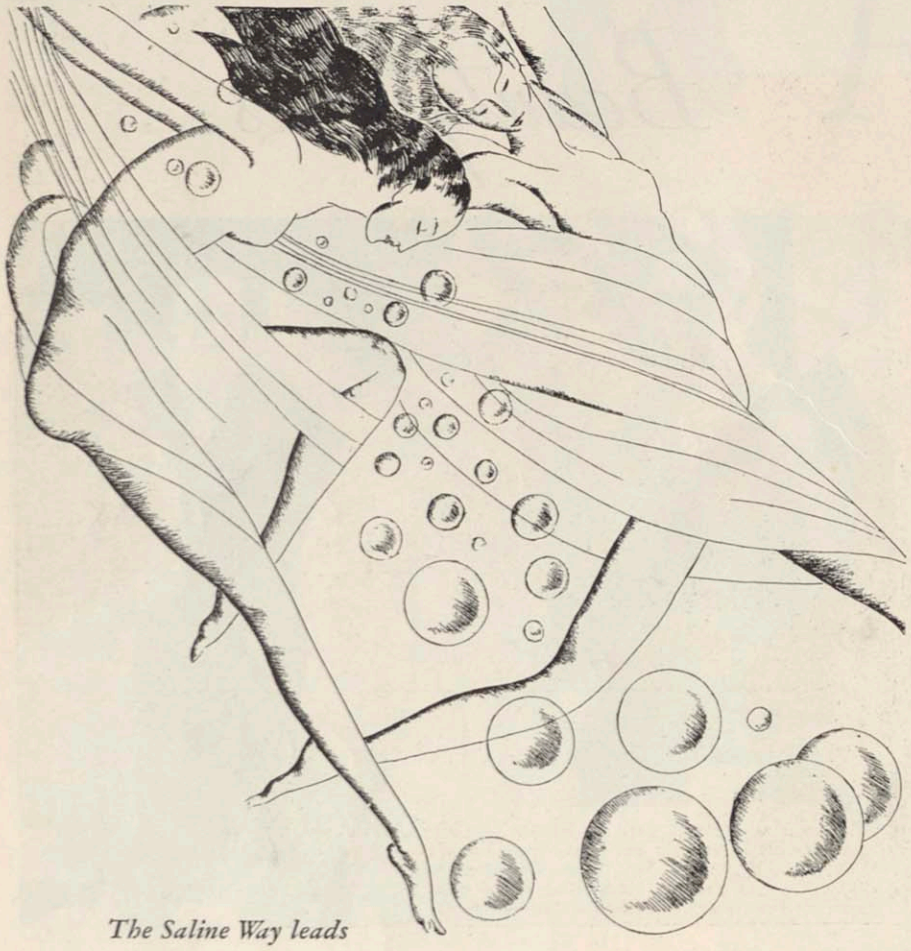

The Saline Way leads to radiant beauty and buoyant charm

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BY ALL means give some part of each day to a ritual of beauty with your lotions and your creams. They do give smoothness to your cheek, softness to your skin. But don't cheat them of their power by neglecting the most important beauty secret in the world!

For there is no radiant *natural* beauty except that which comes from within, and Sal Hepatica is the saline way to complete internal cleanliness.

In clearing the system of toxins and wastes, it banishes bodily poisons and brings new clarity, new radiance to the complexion.

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HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 49

She turned it over, poked a hole in the paper, peered in, sniffed at it. He smiled at her indulgently.

"Oh how charming! From Andrea. '*An old guide book to Rome from an old Roman guide.*' Specially bound, feel the leather."

"Thoughtful of him . . . I suppose you'll see a lot of him if I go to London." There was suspicion in Timothy's voice.

"I hope so. He's the nicest person I have met so far in Rome. Gentle, intelligent, don't you think? You like him, don't you?" For the first time in her life with Timothy she was deceiving him about something that mattered, and she did not like the sensation.

"Ye-e-es, but he might fall in love with you. Had that occurred to you? Or you with him? There's something about this city— Oh, damn, damn, damn, damn human relations! Up to now I have felt that you and I controlled our lives pretty completely, but suddenly I sense the control of others, or One Other? . . . I'm still in love with you, but is it the real you or my ideal of you? I wonder if love doesn't make for misunderstanding rather than understanding—if I loved you less I'd be more tolerant . . . Don't you think you'd better come to London with me?" He moved restlessly about the bedroom and swished off the bureau a protruding hand-mirror which smashed to the floor.

"Oh Tim, the one thing I am superstitious about! Look out, you'll cut yourself!"

He threw the fragments of glass into the wastepaper-basket, and the door closed with a bang. How abrupt he was. Ah well, she sighed, he'd gone off to think it out.

Before she had finished dressing he was back with a doll's mirror in his hand which he presented with hanging head.

"My Tiny Tim," and she threw herself into his arms and they sat close together on the golden yellow sofa.

"I have seen the *concierge* and I am leaving tomorrow for London—alone. You and Roger get all you can out of Rome, use Andrea shamelessly as a guide, and I'll work like fury in the fog. Then spring and Devonshire lanes—and cream! But, oh, my dolly," and he took her head in his hands and kissed her eyes and temples very softly, "I shall miss my playmate."

THEY were standing outside his compartment, his bags piled in a corner window seat.

"Wire me several times en route, Timmy dearest. Don't hang out of the window while the train is moving, don't pinch defenseless children, don't play rummy with mysterious black-gloved strangers, and be sure to pick up your little dresses when you cross the streets. Oh, Timmy, I shall be so lonely, with an ocean and all these customs houses between us. It is much farther away than from New York to San Francisco."

Then they both began to cry, and stood close, holding each other's hands, and saying nothing, just looking.

"Tim, the train is moving! Quick!" and they snatched at each other's faces, and the door was closed. As the train moved out she turned away, wiping her eyes.

But he continued to hang out the window and was able to discern, coming down the platform toward Susan, the slightly limping figure of Andrea Venzo.

In the next instalment: Susan's winter in Italy—and Andrea's; her return to Timothy; America again—and a further amazing analysis of married life, its conflicts and its inescapable loyalties

SUN, SEA AND CITY STREETS

Continued from page 34

you from either tanning or burning; a cream that will let you tan but protect you from burning; and an oil that will protect you from burning but will let you tan as deep as a copper Indian or a golden African maid.

The first is best for oily skins—it's a bit drying; the second is for any skin—a thin cream that rubs in and is not oily. It can be used under a finishing lotion which gives further protection and added effect. These finishing lotions come in lovely tones, and each may be used with powder that blends in tone and gives a velvety, finished look.

Between twelve and three the sun's rays are hottest. Please don't expose your skin without any care and think that you are young enough, or strong enough, to have it not matter very much. It does matter. At least put on oil and save your texture a little. And if you are one of those who dip and sun and dip again and then more sun and so on, keep your bottle of oil with you and apply it each time after the dip. The protective creams will stay on pretty well but they come off a bit—so if you don't want to tan, you'd better take one of them with you, too, or else sun and dip and go straight up.

The cream that protects against both burn and tan is difficult to get off; after using it, be sure to cleanse with plenty of soap and water or slathers of cleansing cream and tonic—don't take any of it to bed with you!

And never—whether to mountains or the sea—go away without one of those magical tubes of ointment that take the burn out of burning. They should be in every house, winter or summer, because their integrity is as the integrity of honor itself. I know a woman who avoided a very bad scar on her throat because she applied this healing ointment instantly after a frightful scald. There is also a cool cucumber preparation that greatly lightens the pain of a burn.

So for the sea, protective creams and lotions, nourishing creams and oils, cleansing liquids or creams, and the ointment for burns. All in your little kit. I'll tell you about make-up later.

For the mountains, pretty much the same kit—only possibly less need of strong protection, more need to guard against dryness.

And for campers out, there is something about bathing in a pool with mountains standing up all around it like patient, mysterious gods—something that takes you back to the beginning of things. You feel like Lilith or Eve—slipping into the clear depths to lave yourself clean, bending over its edge to stare at your pretty self, combing your hair with a reed and staining your lips with a berry. Only you have the edge on Lilith and Eve a bit—you don't have to scrub clean with sand, but can take a floating bar of soap to bathe you softly clean and play tag with you in the rosy dawn.

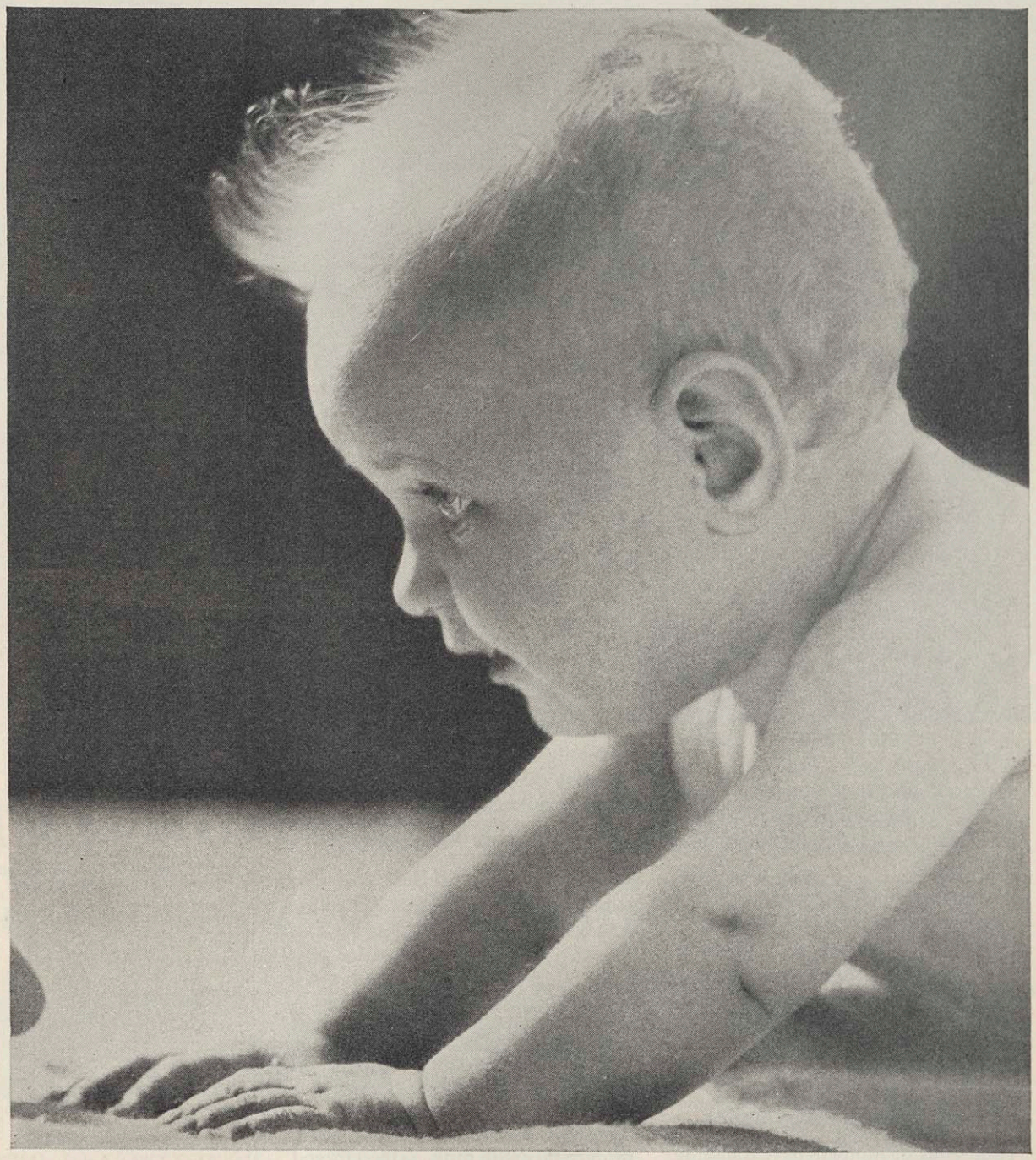
And now for the girl who stays in town and instead of a soft wind laving her brow feels that any moment the buildings will tumble down on her and the pavements rise and smite her with their hot wrath. She's the girl who tugs at one's heart. And yet there are compensations; while the rest of us are off playing, she's earning her way through life—and that's a fine thing to do; besides, she'll have more in the exchequer in October than we—and that's not so bad either! And, too, a city in summer has a romance all its own—gay, chiffony clothes fluttering through the grim, hard-headed streets; tinkle of ice and laughter on the roofs of restaurants; charming little gardens in courts and backyards and beach umbrellas and deck chairs and wicker tea-tables on the roofs and in the gardens; a sort of camaraderie that isn't there—in cities—in winter. Romance walks her way in the midst of the heat and the steaming pavements and the tall office buildings—romance hasn't left for the summer—she's still in town!

And so the girl who stays in town prepares to live up to her. Use rivers of lotions and not so many creams. And (*Turn to page 52*)

Growing children need the morning energy Quaker Oats breakfasts provide

And busy mothers find this breakfast is prepared so quickly. Just whisk Quick Quaker into boiling water—cook 2½ minutes—and it's ready!

Storing up energy for a busy morning with a good hot Quaker Oats breakfast. "Lorraine is a little human dynamo," writes her mother. "She just has to have a good energy breakfast every morning."



EVERY new discovery in child feeding points to the importance of better breakfasts. Gains in weight—better health—higher marks in school—follow when children are given the right kind of breakfast.

To mothers who ask, "What is the right breakfast for children?" nutritionists answer, *"One that gives energy that lasts the morning through."*

Such a breakfast is Quaker Oats

Oatmeal is one of the greatest of energy cereals. Its 16% protein for repair, its wholegrain vitamins and minerals for body building, its "slow-burning" *sustaining* energy—make it the supreme vigor breakfast for children and grown-ups, too.

Added to this—Quaker has a rich, nut-like savoriness no other oatmeal has ever been able to imitate. A flavor that comes from the special Quaker process of roasting the choice whole oats through 14 different ovens . . . till they're fairly bursting with rich flavor!

The supreme fast-cooking oat

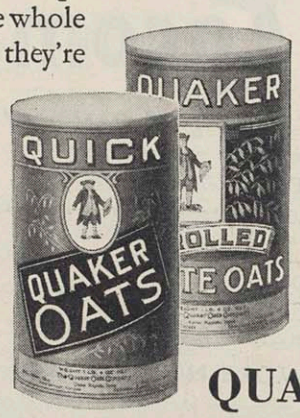
You need only cook these tender flakes 2½ minutes. And they're deliciously done. And so one of the most wholesome breakfasts you could give your family, is also the quickest to prepare!

A breakfast for five for 3 cents

Tomorrow morning, every morning, start the whole family off with that lasting glow of energy that Quaker Oats breakfasts give. Remember a Quaker Oats breakfast for a family of five actually costs but 3 cents! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Listen in to the Quaker Oats radio programs of fun . . . over N. B. C. and affiliated stations. Consult the radio program in your newspaper.

Try Quaker Milk Macaroni. Delicious flavor. Cooks in 5 to 8 minutes.



QUAKER OATS . . . *and* . . . QUICK QUAKER OATS

Helen disliked the very sight of milk

Now I give it to her a new way . . . and she loves it!

"MY LITTLE GIRL was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

What every child needs for sturdy development

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell of Cocomalt—*for there never was a food drink like it.*

Cocomalt provides *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For Cocomalt *adds 70% more nourishment to milk.* And it transforms milk into such a delicious chocolate flavor food drink, that all youngsters love it!

Give them as much as they want—it's easily digested. In fact, Cocomalt contains malt enzymes which *help* to digest the starches in other foods.

Contains Vitamin D

Any physician will tell you that strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores.

Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for generous trial can—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is!

Cocomalt

COOL! REFRESHING!

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. W-7, HOBOKEN, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

SUN, SEA AND CITY STREETS

Continued from page 50

keep them all in the ice-box—cool as ginger ale.

For really oily skins that just will not look fresh and clean as dawn with not one trace of perspiration—here's a treatment. Cleanse with liquid cleanser or soap and water. Apply a pore lotion and let it dry; then an astringent lotion—a powder base with astringent quality—let that dry. Rub off whatever powdery residue is left on the skin. Then your rouge, then your powder. This is a severe treatment and is not to be used all the year round—just summer and now and then in winter when you go kind of low and your oil glands won't behave. It's drying but it leaves the skin without harshness.

THE summer make-up differs from the rest of the year because it must be lighter in texture or you will look smeary and all those other disagreeable words that mean messiness, pastiness (heavens!) This goes for all women—town or country.

When the skin has become tanned, a light rouge is more becoming than a dark shade. There are some that look orange in the box, but change on the skin; delightful with a sun-tan make-up. For this type of make-up—sun, wind and sea make-up—a powder should be used that is dark as the skin and blends with the skin tones, and a lipstick that is clear red or has an orange cast. Where the cheek rouge is orange and the powder tawny never use a lipstick with a bluish cast—there will be dissonance—a clash like the blare of horns a little out of tune.

In this season of elbows, use a depilatory wax to take off the grubby, hard look. Bend the arm and apply it warm. As soon as the edge is firm enough to take hold of, roll it off—it doesn't hurt. Be sure the skin is dry before you apply the wax—dust powder over it and then wipe it off—the wax won't hold if the skin is damp.

Freckles, bless their old hearts, can be made less freckly by using a sun tan lotion and powder over them. I know they are generally unpopular. Too bad! Titian and coppery-haired ladies can seldom avoid them entirely, but protective foundations will keep them from becoming too conspicuous. Never try to hide them with a light make-up—the freckles will be sure to pop right through. I think they're sweet!

Depilatories and deodorants are as necessary to the midsummer lady as glamour is to love (romantic love—the other kind wags right along—when it's the real thing—glamour or no glamour; though it's more grateful than one could believe if a little glamour is thrown in!). Well, anyway, depilatories—wax, cream, powder, paste; deodorants—liquid, powder. All necessary and perfectly harmless if you buy the reputable ones. I told you last month all about those and how to use them. Since then, however, a new liquid deodorant and non-perspirant has arrived on the scene. It has a sanitary sponge applicator which makes it very easy to use and it is also quick-drying, so that you can use it at a moment's notice.

And in summer, light perfumes—nothing heavy and upsetting to one's sense of light, gay, cool well-being. And the lovely toilet waters that are so chic these days.

On and on I could wander in and out of the ways to keep cool and sparkling, light and fresh, serene and dreamy, in these our July days, only it seems that there are other people who think it important that they should write something in this magazine.

Anyway, keep thy mind secure with faith that there is Purpose behind all the ways of life—even in dog days; thy heart open as the pores of thy skin and light as a non-resisting petal blowing in the wind; thy spirit still as a waiting god.

And then thou wilt be secure and happy wherever thou art—sun, sea, or city streets.

NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 15

did in moments of great emotional stress.

"Yes, what is it, Binks?" asked the cool blonde lady.

"Do you—you don't believe that Eddie Jones got drowned because he went swimming on Sunday, do you?"

"Who told you that, Binks?"

"Lilian Anne did."

"Oh, did she, indeed?" said Mrs. Olmsted, eyeing her daughter with a smile and a little frown of perplexity.

"Well, I heard Mrs. Bassett tell our Mary so," asserted Lilian Anne with dignity, "and Mrs. Bassett's a pillow in her church, isn't she? I guess she ought to know, oughtn't she?"

"And Lilian Anne said," Binks hastened on, "that mark-her-words God is like that. She said——"

"Binks," said Mrs. Olmsted, speaking very slowly as if feeling for words, "whatever anyone tells you, when you are wondering what God is like, think of the kindest, bravest, finest, wisest gentleman you know, and—try to remember that he is made in His image."

She stepped on the accelerator and drove away, still with that little frown of perplexity between her brows.

"Well, anyhow," Lilian Anne returned to the original issue, "there aren't any dogs in Heaven. God doesn't——"

But at this point Pat O'Reilly, who had been lying with his nose on his paws, and his bright, wise little eyes turning anxiously from one of the disputants to the other, gave a protesting yelp. It was as if he said, "Oh, for Pete's sake, snap out of it! These theological wrangles never get you anywhere."

Binks cackled in delighted pride at this new evidence of his buddy's intelligence. Lilian Anne turned an offended shoulder upon the ribald pair and feigned sleep, whereupon Pat O'Reilly, sensing that what he had meant as a mild pleasantry had proved offensive, stood up before her, head on one side, whining and flapping his forepaws in an apology so abject and so altogether ridiculous that even that stern doctrinarian, Lilian Anne, relented and laughed. Binks fell upon Pat O'Reilly with passionate caresses. . . . No, the idea of Heaven without him wasn't to be borne.

Yet after all, though Mrs. Olmsted's words had been immensely cheering, had anything definite been established about Pat O'Reilly's status in eternity? Of course, Binks felt that he really knew much more about Heaven than Lilian Anne. He'd had much better opportunities. Lilian Anne went only to Saint Philip's in Bedford, while he also went sometimes with Mrs. Bassett to the chapel she attended, and sometimes to the cathedral with Jenny, the downstairs maid, who was a Catholic. He had even studied with great interest an old book of prints he had found in his father's library, full of pictures of Heaven and—and—the other place, besides numerous portraits of saints. On second thought, however, he couldn't recall any pictures of *dog* saints. Well, if Pat O'Reilly couldn't go to Heaven, neither would Binkshop Vaille Tennant, Third. But of course there were dogs in Heaven. Why, there was the dog star!

BINKS was just about to put this conclusive bit of evidence before Lilian Anne, who was assembling her various possessions in leisurely preparation for starting home, when Pat O'Reilly, excited by these symptoms of action, began racing around, barking furiously and pulling at his master's coveralls.

"Aw, c'mon," Binks knew he meant. "There's time for one more coast. C'mon, old top! Be a sport!"

A little guiltily Binks decided to be a sport to the extent of one more coast.

The promontory of grassy bank on which the children had been sitting cut off all view of the highway from the side road until, after the mad dash down the hill, you came abruptly upon the intersection itself. It was Pat O'Reilly's responsibility (*Turn to page 54*)

At such times take care

Your safety requires the strict purity of Kotex

Because sanitary protection is so closely related to health, don't risk substitutes of doubtful hygienic value

SANITARY protection is too closely related to your health . . . your personal ideals of cleanliness . . . to risk methods of whose hygienic safety you are uncertain.

Consider for a moment the infinite care with which Kotex is made. Hospital standards of cleanliness prevail, in every step of manufacture. Wonderful, modern machinery makes Kotex from start to finish.

Hospitals use Kotex

And so Kotex comes to you immaculate, pure, almost surgically clean. It is the kind of sanitary protection you use with confidence and ease of mind. The widespread use of Kotex by hospitals is your assurance of its safety. Last year, more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone. Kotex fully meets their requirements.

No sanitary protection of lower standards should ever be used. True, substitutes sometimes cost a few cents less. You might be willing to sacrifice a little in comfort, for this saving. But remember that the matter of health, too, is involved. And your own standards of personal immaculacy.

Before accepting a substitute for Kotex, consider these questions: "What do I know of this sanitary protection? What assurance have I that it's fit for such intimate, personal use? Who guarantees its cleanliness, through and through?"

Every refinement

In addition to health protection, Kotex offers every refinement of comfort. Skilful shaping. Softness that lasts, because layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding distribute moisture scientifically. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable.

Buy Kotex at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

3 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex-Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.
(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

SERENITY

No doubt you have met her at tea or dinner . . . marveled at her charm, her true serenity. You may have wondered wherein lay the secret to such tranquil poise . . . and never thought to connect it in any way with financial security. • Not every woman is born to financial security—the great majority are not. But the modern woman seeks to build it for herself or to help her husband attain it for the family. She knows that the future cannot be cloudless without it. • One of the surest ways to attain financial security is to recognize that the fundamental aim of investment is well-secured income and that sound bonds are ideal for that purpose. Women, being naturally conservative, are quick to recognize this truth. • One-fifth of the customers of Halsey, Stuart & Co. are women—some of them making their own way in the business or professional world . . . others capable managers of the family finances . . . still others competently investing their estates. Each receives a service adapted to her particular needs . . . the problems of each are studied in accordance with the policy of "bonds to fit the investor." • We shall be pleased to send you a copy of our booklet, *Problems of the Woman Investor*. It discusses in clear, straightforward language the investment problems of women variously situated. Ask for booklet DL-71.

MODERN WOMAN KNOWS BONDS

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• THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN. Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. Broadcast over a nation-wide N. B. C. network. Music by symphony orchestra
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Daylight saving time — one hour later.

BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 52

to police the top of the mound, on the outlook for approaching vehicles, dashing importantly back and forth between the converging roads to warn his master if danger threatened.

NOW, as Binks trundled his coaster up the short, steep hill of the side road, Pat O'Reilly proudly took his post.

Binks poised, waiting for the word. Pat O'Reilly dashed across the bank, barking raucously, "Coast's clear. Come ahead." Then he trotted back to await future developments. A car had just come into view well up the main highway. Pat O'Reilly cocked a judicious head, and seemed to measure the distance. The car was a long way off. "Step on it, old timer," he signaled. "You'll make it all right." He quivered with the thrill of the race. But that car was gathering speed. Pat O'Reilly stared, hesitated, then galloped across the mound. Sharply he barked, "Wait! Car! He's too fast for you! Put on the brakes! Run into the bank! Do anything—only stop!"

Perhaps Binks could not hear for the rush of wind in his ears; perhaps his mind was still busy with conjectures about a Heaven where there were no Pat O'Reillys.

"Stop!" shrieked Pat O'Reilly. "Can't you hear? Stop!"

Down the hill, head erect, hair streaming, came a flying little figure. Down the main highway came a blue coupé, gaining speed with every turn of the wheel. Pat O'Reilly's voice grew strained and hoarse with terror. When Binks was some forty yards from the fork, Pat O'Reilly went suddenly into reverse. He dashed along the bank paralleling the course of the oncoming car, frantically hurling entreaties, threats, invective.

Perhaps if the driver of the coupé had not been filled with wonder at the vindictiveness of the small brown dog who hurled himself savagely against the mud-guards of his car just an instant before it reached the intersection, he might have seen the little red coaster that whirled in from the side road, directly across his path.

Lilian Anne shrieked once, then flung herself sobbing, face downward on the bank. Other cars appeared, apparently from nowhere. People got out and bent over something in the road; then straightened and talked in hushed tones. Some one picked up a limp little body, placed it in a sedan, and drove off down the highway. Someone else set the little red coaster gently to one side of the road. No one saw a small brown dog, lying in the ditch behind some shrubbery.

THE monster that had been tormenting Binks seemed to have gone away. Everything was very still and peaceful now. Without opening his eyes, Binks knew that he was lying on a soft couch. Sometime in the vague past, he dimly remembered, something had happened to him, abrupt and horrible.

But now, instead of a twisted mass of pain, heavy and sore and sickeningly weak, his body felt light and buoyant, like—why, a bird must feel this way! Tentatively Binks extended his arms, raised them, and lowered them. He was not at all surprised to feel that his body lifted ever so slightly, and floated above the couch, free as air, light as a feather, but much more alive and buoyant. Funny! He was floating on the air just as his father had taught him to float on the water at the beach last summer!

He couldn't remember just when he had opened his eyes; but now he realized that he was in the big, cool library on the first floor of his father's house. At the desk over by the French doors that opened upon the sloping lawn, a woman was sitting. She wore a stiff little white cap, and her back showed broad and white. A delightful plan occurred to Binks. He would float up to the very top of the tall mahogany book shelves, and call out to her from there.

"She *will* be s'prised," Binks thought as he glided upward, "'cause she proberly thinks I'm still in bed."

He glanced with tolerant superiority toward the couch he had so cleverly escaped; then *he* was surprised—so much so that he turned a somersault in the air and sat down abruptly on the wide marble mantelpiece.

"Why, who's that in my bed?" he shouted.

The white-capped nurse must be deaf, for she did not even glance in his direction. Instead, she rose hastily, and crossing to the couch, bent over the figure that lay there. Binks, too, bent over to peer at the figure. Then he almost fell off the mantelpiece. It couldn't be! How could he be lying down there, so straight and still and white, when quite obviously, he was sitting up here? But he was.

The nurse uttered an exclamation, and crossing quickly to the bell button by the hall door, touched it several times. It was Jenny who opened the door. Jenny's eyes were red and swollen.

"Get the doctor quickly," directed the nurse.

Almost immediately Dr. Ernshaw came in, Mrs. Bassett hurrying behind. Mrs. Bassett's eyes, too, were red.

The doctor bent over the figure on the bed; then he shook his head at the nurse.

"This is what I was afraid of," he said. He turned to Mrs. Bassett. "You've wired his father?"

"Doctor," Mrs. Bassett sounded choked and queer, "he's not—he's not—gone?" The figure on the bed was so very, very still. "It's all my fault," she burst out. "I knew he wasn't allowed to coast in the highway, but he was so—so little, the poor motherless lamb. I— I——"

All of a sudden it came back to Binks: Pat O'Reilly, barking furiously on the bank above him, a huge blue shape rushing down upon him, pain, hideous, twisting pain . . .

"I should have watched him more carefully. It's all my fault!" Mrs. Bassett was crying with funny, whooping little noises.

Binks forgot all those detested afternoon naps, forgot all those loathsome quarts of certified milk that he had gulped down under the compulsion of Mrs. Bassett's stern eye; he remembered only the times Mrs. Bassett had gathered him up in her comfortable arms and held him there very gently, when his bad leg hurt him or he was lonesome during one of his father's absences.

"It's all right, Mrs. Bassett," he called. "I'm not gone at all, I'm right here."

But they all continued to present unresponsive backs to him, the nurse and Dr. Ernshaw busy, murmuring together, over the still figure on the bed, Mrs. Bassett weeping noisily on the shoulder of Jenny, who had stolen in again. A great wave of loneliness swept over Binks. It was as if there were a solid wall between him and them. He might as well not be here at all.

"You must control yourself, Mrs. Bassett," the doctor said sternly over his shoulder. "We have not entirely given up hope, and we are doing everything we can. I suggest you go upstairs and rest until we call you."

"Come on, dearie," said Jenny.

Mrs. Bassett allowed Jenny to lead her from the room, but she continued to sob bitterly, "It's all my fault."

Binks' heart ached for her. Of course it wasn't really her fault. And Pat O'Reilly would proberly be thinking it was his fault, too. Why—why, where *was* Pat O'Reilly?

Binks had never so much as had a toothache before that Pat O'Reilly had not managed to poke his whiskered nose into the room, either taking the door by storm between the very feet of an outraged nurse, or managing an entrance by cunning.

WHY, something terrible must have happened to Pat O'Reilly, too, or he would surely be here. *Pat O'Reilly must be*—— Binks forgot all about Mrs. Bassett. *He must find Pat O'Reilly.* He shot down from the mantel and hurtled, headlong, through the open French doors.

Just outside the door a blast of fierce hot wind caught him up, snatching the breath from his lips, and making him feel sick and giddy and helpless. He couldn't hear anything but the rushing of the wind. He only knew that he was being carried irresistibly out and up and up through measureless sweeps of dim, formless space. Then, quite as suddenly as it had come, the wind went away, and everything cleared up about him. He found himself standing alone on the top of a rosy cloud, outside lofty, pearly-white gates, through which he could see vast expanses of gold and azure.

Of course Binks knew at once where he was, and he began to look about for Pat O'Reilly.

The gates had been opened by a white-robed old gentleman with a long snowy beard and a very kind, if rather harassed expression. He had a great open book balanced on one arm, and a pen with beautiful long white feathers for a handle in the other hand. He looked so much like his pictures in the book at home that Binks beamed.

"I s'pose you're Saint Peter, aren't you?" he said politely. "I'm Binkshop Vaille Tennant, Third. And has—has Pat O'Reilly got here yet?"

SAINT Peter looked startled, and Binks' heart fell.

"Pat O'Reilly is my dog," he explained eagerly. "It's funny. I—I thought he'd be waiting for me at the gate."

Saint Peter looked still more startled.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but there aren't any dogs around here."

For a moment Binks stared speechlessly. Could Lilian Anne be right about God—and dogs? He had to swallow twice before he managed to smile and say, with a carelessness assumed to bolster up his own confidence, "Oh, well, I guess proberly he'll be along pretty soon. He—he follers me everywhere."

"Hm!" said Saint Peter; and again Binks' heart dropped.

Saint Peter was looking about him a little impatiently.

"Now what," he murmured, "can have become of that guardian angel of yours? I declare she's getting more irresponsible every day! Well, what would you like to do to amuse yourself until she gets back?"

Binks brightened. "Oh, I'd like to stay and talk to you till Pat O'Reilly gets here."

"Well," hesitated Saint Peter, "I'm really very busy just now." He tapped his nose with the plumy pen, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, I'll tell you—" he indicated a park across the street where a group of rosy-limbed boy and girl angels about Binks' age were flying in and out of a fleecy cloud bank and shouting with laughter—"how would you like to go and play with those children over there? They seem to be having a gorgeous time. I'll call one of them."

"Oh, please," said Binks quickly. Somehow he didn't feel like flying any more just now, not till Pat O'Reilly came, anyhow. "I b'lieve, if you don't mind, I'd like just to walk around alone for a little."

"Oh, all right," said Saint Peter absently—already he was busy with his book and pen—"but stay in the shade like a good boy, won't you?"

So Binks wandered a little disconsolately up and down wide golden streets. As he walked, he looked everywhere for Pat O'Reilly. It had occurred to him that of course Heaven must have back entrances and open windows. Smart old Pat O'Reilly had proberly decided that it would be safer to try one of these.

There were a great many people about, all in white, with little gold crowns and fluffy white wings. They were all (*Turn to page 56*)

37 ways to serve Chicken

The whole family likes chicken — wouldn't you like to know new ways to serve it? Send for our new booklet

No. 59 . . 25c.

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE
161 Sixth Avenue
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Coupon on page 88

New discovery! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath longer!!!

AGAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics.

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth; tooth decay; slight infections of nose and throat; excessive smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic diluted with several parts of water. Hence it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Let me tell you of this *better* way to remove hair

by

Mildred Hadley

Removing ugly superfluous hair—swiftly — easily — from the underarms*, fore-arms and legs is a problem many women find hard to solve . . . I, myself, had just about given up hope when I discovered DEL-A-TONE Cream.

You can imagine my delight in finding, at last, a cream that removes hair more quickly and more thoroughly than anything I had ever used.

Creamy white—DEL-A-TONE removes hair in 3 minutes or less. Faintly fragrant—it is just as easy to use as cold cream and leaves your skin clean, smooth and white.

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover

—now comes in two sizes

50c *New* . . . . . *Larger* $1

Soon as you try DEL-A-TONE you'll understand why, after using, women say,

"Now. . . I can stand the public gaze"

Del-a-tone has attained wide popularity on real merit alone. No extravagant, exaggerated advertising claims have ever been made. Superior quality is the reason for asking you to try it and to guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

**Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor*

Here's the triple-proof of Del-a-tone's superiority:

1 Your *eyes* will tell you—because you can *see* how creamy-white it is.

2 Your *nose* will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that over-powering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories.

3 Your *skin* will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly fuzz) for it will have an alluring petal-smoothness.

Del-a-tone Cream, 50c and $1 (also Del-a-tone Powder, $1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 67, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 67, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

NO DOGS ALLOWED

Continued from page 54

very nice to Binks when he stopped them to inquire, but no one had seen Pat O'Reilly, and they were all very busy about their own affairs, except one bustling, stout lady angel, who put down a huge harp to straighten his tie and smooth back his hair.

"It's funny," he hazarded a little breathlessly, "but I don't see *any* dogs around here."

"Well, I wouldn't worry my head about that if I were you, dearie," said the stout lady angel. She felt his forehead and changed the subject with suspicious abruptness. "Dear me, you must have been playing too hard. Mark my words, you'll have a temperature if you aren't careful. Now wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice glass of milk and a nap?"

"Oh, no, thank you," he said, and went along very quickly, looking for Pat O'Reilly and asking more questions.

SUDDENLY he stood still. If he could only find God, of course He would know all about Pat O'Reilly.

Binks hurried back to the pearly gates.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" murmured Saint Peter. "I began to think you were lost."

"I b'lieve," observed Binks, "if you'll tell me where God's house is, I'll go talk to Him. I bet He knows where Pat O'Reilly is."

Saint Peter looked up again in a dazed way, as if he had already forgotten Binks' existence. Then he put his pen behind his ear and looked at Binks over his glasses.

"God," he said very gravely, "is everywhere."

"Oh," said Binks, and looked hopefully about him.

"But," went on Saint Peter, "no one of us has ever seen Him. His radiance would be too much even for our eyes. We know that He is here, and that is enough."

Never had God seemed quite so mysterious and inaccessible and Binks, himself, so very small and unimportant. He glanced at Saint Peter's bowed head and cleared his throat.

"I don't proberly s'pose," he began, "that *you* have any idea why Pat O'Reilly hasn't come yet?"

"Well, no. I haven't," said Saint Peter.

"I've been wondering," Binks began again after a long silence, during which he was busy with many thoughts, "how you get your robes off over your wings." A little general conversation might help to engage Saint Peter's attention.

But Saint Peter seemed not to hear this at all, and again Binks was thrown back upon his own thoughts.

"I was just wondering," said Binks in a small, small voice, "it isn't—it isn't true, is it—that God doesn't *want* dogs in Heaven?"

"Upon my word," said Saint Peter, "you ask more questions than any little boy I ever knew. As you ought to see, I am very busy, and there are more souls coming now. You—"

"Oh, all right," said Binks hastily, "but can I stay here and see if Pat O'Reilly comes?"

"You *may* stay," answered Saint Peter very, very patiently, "if you won't ask any more questions for ten minutes."

"Oh, all right," said Binks again. There was a bank of flowers just inside the gates; he sat down on it and clasped his hands about his knees. Presently he coughed deprecatingly. "There's—there's just one more thing," he almost whispered. "How am I going to know when it's ten minutes?"

Saint Peter sighed and passed a hand wearily over his brow.

"I will tell you," he said.

It was a very long ten minutes. Binks must have drowsed. Awakening to a murmur of voices, he lay listening sleepily with his eyes shut.

"THERE'S that noise outside again," breathed one voice. It was a very soft voice. You knew at once that it belonged to a golden-haired lady angel with a lovely smile. "What can it be?"

"It sounds—why, it really sounds like a dog, doesn't it?" said another voice, a brisk, business-like voice.

"I believe in my soul it is!" That sounded like the stout lady angel who had talked about milk and naps. "Why, it can't be—oh, poor creature! He must have crawled all the way up here on those broken hind legs."

"Oh, I hadn't heard. Was the dog struck, too?" asked the soft voice pitifully.

"They found him in a ditch, hours after the—the accident." The stout lady angel choked and blew her nose. "We did what we could for him; then we put him in the shelter down by the side entrance. It doesn't seem possible——"

"Well, he'll have to go right back there, if I'm to be responsible for this child." That crisp voice, Binks decided, must belong to his truant guardian angel.

"But that would be a little cruel, wouldn't it?" objected the soft-voiced angel. "After he's dragged himself all the way here?"

"And this poor lamb crying out for him every few minutes for the past three hours," protested the stout lady angel.

Binks could hear the sounds now, outside somewhere; a feeble scratching and a series of faint whines, mounting to a shrill crescendo of yelps. It was Pat O'Reilly. It was Pat O'Reilly! *It was Pat O'Reilly!*

"Well, it does seem hard," agreed the guardian angel. "But you see my position? I shouldn't dare let him stay. There! You see——" Binks was struggling to speak and open his eyes, but all his members were held in nightmare bonds—"you see? He's stirring now, and he should have perfect rest for hours."

The yelps outside grew more insistent.

"Will you call someone to take that dog away, or must I do it myself?" demanded the guardian angel.

"What is all this noise? We can't have this, you know." That was Saint Peter coming up in a great hurry. "Bless my soul! It must be that dog he's been talking about all afternoon."

"I've been trying to tell them that he must be sent away or we can't be responsible for the consequences," said Binks' guardian angel hastily.

"Well, mark my words, you send that dog away now, and the poor creature'll die of a broken heart. And I—" the stout lady angel seemed to be breathing hard—"I wouldn't like to be responsible for the consequences of that when this poor lamb misses him."

The frantic scratching and barking continued.

"Well, I must confess," said Saint Peter, "in all my experience this is one emergency I've never been called upon to deal with. I must insist——" But another voice broke in. It was not a loud voice, yet it seemed to Binks to fill all Heaven with its authority, with its ring of understanding and compassion.

"Of course Pat O'Reilly must come in," said the voice.

Binks got his eyes half open, only to have to shut them against the blinding radiance all about him. He stopped struggling to open his eyes and listened. Now Saint Peter was talking again.

"I didn't tell you before," he said, "but this child is with us only by a miracle. There was a time this afternoon when I was sure we had lost him. Now the least excitement . . ."

"WE'LL lose him if anything happens to Pat O'Reilly. You don't understand. Nothing in Heaven or earth matters quite so much to the boy as this dog. Bring Pat O'Reilly in at once."

Something warm was by Binks' side, something whimpering and quivering with eagerness. A cool nose and a wet tongue touched his arm. Then again everything was still.

"You see," said the compassionate voice, "he knows he must be quiet, don't you, Pat, old man?"

When Binks finally was able to open his eyes, the blinding radiance had subsided. Why—God must have gone! Saint Peter was gone, too. Heaven was gone. But beside him lay Pat O'Reilly, his wise, bright little eyes never leaving his master's face. Binks was back on the couch in his father's library as if he had never been away. Over by the window his father was talking to a uniformed nurse, and by his side Mrs. Olmsted's golden head gleamed above a white gown.

"That's funny," said Binks drowsily. He considered, frowning. "Well, anyhow, you can tell Lilian Anne she's all wrong—about God I mean. He's *not*—like that."

"Of course He's not," said Lilian Anne's mother.

This summer, keep the family together by telephone!

"Now lift Betsy up to the telephone, dear. . . . Hello, honey. Dad's sort of lonely for you. . . . Well, just keep on splashing and you'll learn to swim!"

* * *

SUMMER often scatters the family far and wide. Junior's away at a boy's camp. Mother and the twins are at seashore or lakeside. Dad holds the fort at home and slips away week-ends.

But all of the family are likely to miss each other sometimes. Then there's nothing so satisfying as a telephone call. Today, you can talk as easily and clearly across the country as across the street. It's inexpensive too.

To most places 25 miles away, the station-to-station day rate is about 25 cents; 40 miles away, 35 cents; 75 miles, 50 cents; 150 miles, 80 cents. Many rates are even lower during evening and night periods.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"I've shipped on a South Sea Tramp

—says Chesterfield

Yet you'll find me just around the corner"

It's a small matter where you meet up with Chesterfield. The point is —get acquainted! You'll find the change to Chesterfield a real change... one which your palate will thank you for! Chesterfield uses choicer and milder tobaccos—nothing else; and so blends and "cross-blends" them that you get just what you want in a smoke . . . *greater mildness* and *better taste.*

Chesterfield

They satisfy
—that's why!

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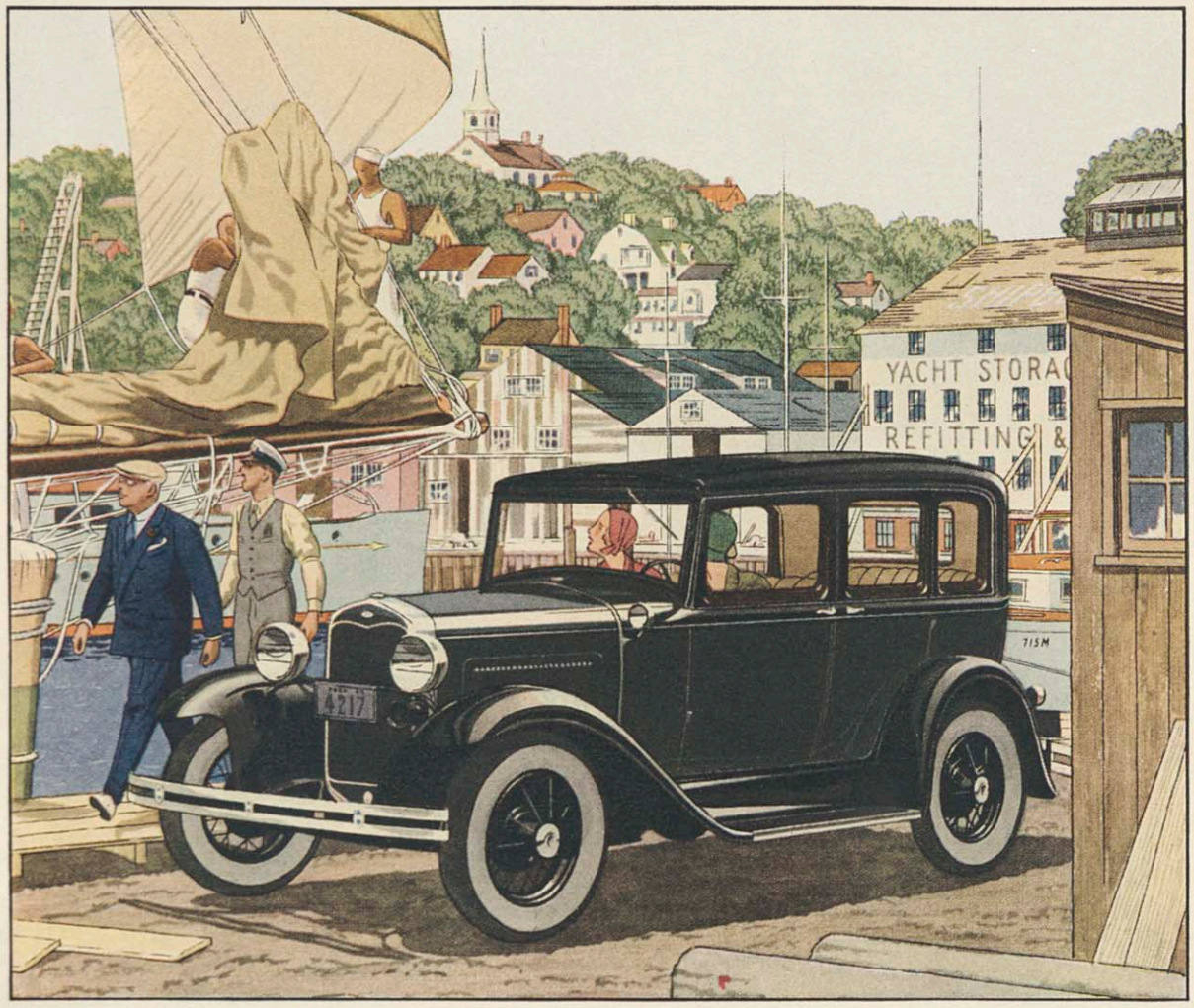
THE *Beautiful Finish of the Ford* IS *Made to Last*

Many coats are used to give a mirror-like sheen to Ford bodies. Rustless Steel is another reason for enduring beauty



WHEN you buy the Ford you buy enduring beauty.

As you drive it from the showrooms for the first time you will have a feeling of pride in the glistening sheen of its body finish and the bright silvery luster of its exposed metal parts. With reasonable care you can maintain that good appearance for a long period.

Months of constant service will put many thousands of miles on the speedometer, yet you will not think of it as an old car, nor will your friends. And when the time comes to trade it in, you will find that the lasting beauty of its finish is a factor in re-sale value.

There are definite reasons why time and weather are kind to the Ford car. First is the body finish, with its primer coat, two surfacer coats, two double coats of pyroxylin lacquer, finish solvent coat, polishing and buffing. Through long experience, the Ford Motor Company has found the way to make a body finish that will stand up under varying weather conditions in every part of the world—through the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

Another important reason for the enduring beauty of the Ford is the use of Rustless Steel for the radiator shell, head lamps, hub caps, cowl finish strip, gasoline tank cap, radiator cap, door handles and rear lamp.

This remarkable metal will not rust, corrode or tarnish under the severest weather conditions. It never needs polishing. All it requires is wiping with a damp cloth as you wipe the windshield. Its gleaming luster is never lost. There is no plate to scale or chip off because it is the same bright metal all the way through. And it is exceptionally difficult to dent because it has twice the strength of ordinary steel.

A *Beautiful New Ford Body*

From all over the country come enthusiastic comments about the new Ford Town Sedan introduced but a few weeks ago. Motorists everywhere have been quick to note and appreciate the richness of its appointments and new features of comfort and convenience.

The body of the new Ford Town Sedan is longer and wider. Seats are newly designed, more luxurious and restful. Front or rear—wherever you ride—you travel in real comfort in this beautiful, roomy car.

See it—sit in it—ride in it—and you will know that it is an outstanding example of high quality at low cost. A choice of upholstery and body colors is offered.

Before Rustless Steel was adopted by the Ford Motor Company it was put through many severe tests. In one test, samples were subjected to a salt spray for four hundred hours, or the equivalent of forty years' service. There was not the slightest suggestion of tarnish, rust or corrosion. Seventy-six acids, alkalis, etc., likewise failed to dim its brilliance.

In a further effort to prevent rust, the Ford Motor Company is now treating the wheels, fenders, running boards, running board shields and front splash pans with Bonderite before they are enameled. If the enamel is scratched sufficiently to expose the raw steel, this new treatment will help to stop rust from spreading and causing the enamel to peel.

The careful finish of the Ford, the Rustless Steel, and the Bonderizing process add a considerable amount to the cost of manufacturing, yet the cost of the car itself remains low. These outstanding features, like so many others, are made possible by the Ford low-profit policy. Every purchaser shares the benefits of large production and the efficiency and economy of Ford methods. The first cost of the Ford is low and you can purchase on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

Ford

MEN WHO MADE AMERICA

Continued from page 12

Washington's name, despite many attacks, has not been dimmed. One of our greatest American historians, a man whose critical judgment was based on historical research, Richard Hildreth, flourishing eighty years ago, was himself weary of seeing our national heroes plastered with indiscriminate adulation. He therefore set out in his "History of the United States" to tell the unvarnished truth. He had in his temperament the right combination for a historian; the love of truth with the ability to tell it. He said that Washington, at times enraged beyond endurance by misrepresentation and abuse, would rise from his chair and pour out a torrent of profanity that seemed to give him temporary relief. He admits plainly that the mind of Washington was neither profound nor subtle; he was not a scholar like Jefferson, an authority on public finance like Hamilton, or a philosopher and man of science like Franklin. The flame of some other men's reputation burns in history with a larger flare, but none burns so steady and serene.

Despite his intellectual limitations, Washington was the right man to be in control of the Colonial armies, and the right man to be the first President of what was then an experimental republic. Why? Because he possessed his mind in patience; because he had unlimited courage; because his natural sagacity was strengthened by experience; above all, *because he was unselfish.*

It was more difficult for Washington to be patient and unselfish than it was for Lincoln; for Washington was by nature, training, and environment, an aristocrat. Inwardly he must have felt superior to many of his associates; but he had a genius for cooperation, one of the most important qualities of statesmanship. During the Revolutionary War, he had not only to face and outwit and conquer the British; he had as brother generals, Gates, a man of inordinate conceit and puffy importance, Charles Lee, who was a near-traitor, and Benedict Arnold, who was a complete traitor.

He had, as many a good general has had, a difficult Congress on his hands; he was tested by Valley Forge, tested by American hostility, tested later by a popular uprising in support of Citizen Genet. He met every test; if he had been more subtle or more of a philosopher, he might have failed, in which case we should have failed with him.

The fact is, he was not sufficiently clever to look out for his own interests. He was a plain man who did his duty.

America has been fortunate in having many excellent Presidents. I believe our Chief Executives will compare favorably with the average of any other nation. But among these stars, two and two alone are of the first magnitude—Washington and Lincoln. It is a disservice to any other President to name him third.

WHAT is it, that with so many limitations, makes Washington and Lincoln supreme? It is because their devotion to their country had no taint of egotism. Of course they were ambitious; but they overcame the most dangerous of all intoxications, the intoxication of power.

Power ruined Napoleon, who was a greater general than Washington, and a greater statesman than Lincoln. If you compare the portrait of Napoleon, when as a young man he conducted the Italian campaign, with his portrait as Emperor, we see what supreme power did to him. His youthful face is that of an idealist; his face in full maturity is almost degenerate.

The differences between Washington and Lincoln were striking. Washington had little humor, Lincoln was a humorist. Washington was a Virginia aristocrat, Lincoln a man of the soil. But they were alike in being trustworthy; the United States of America was safer in their keeping than in any other hands.

ONE American whose greatness was fully recognized even in his own day and who has never suffered from depreciation, is Benjamin Franklin. Matthew Arnold said he was the greatest of Americans; I suspect he had more natural genius than any other person in our history. He was a truly civilized man; far ahead of most men of today. He was the incarnation of the wisdom of this world; and he had the tolerance, charity, and broad outlook of the true humorist. No man ever combined to so high a degree the severity of logic with the charm of persuasiveness. He did not pretend to be an orator; but as a diplomat and a committee-man, his supremacy was so obvious that no one who met him had any doubt about it; and he met the best minds in England, France, and America. What a man! If he had been living in 1911-1920, the history of the world would have been different.

In the twentieth century, we have had two Presidents who may accurately be called both great men and heroes, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

They hated each other as only such men can hate; this was no family quarrel, like that between Taft and Roosevelt, which was fully made up before Roosevelt's death; even during their hostility, they really loved each other, though perhaps they did not know it.

Roosevelt and Wilson had an unyielding quality that made friendship and mutual admiration impossible. They were tremendous personalities. Wilson had a one-track mind, with all the defects of its qualities. Roosevelt's mind took a vast number of tracks, but each one seemed to him at the time absolutely straight. They were alike in being highly educated; and perhaps it is not too fanciful to suggest that they differed as Harvard and Princeton differed.

As literary critics, they would have been ideally bad. A literary critic, no matter how strong his convictions, must be filled with intellectual sympathy to understand views that may seem to him abhorrent. As Pope said,

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
"In the same spirit that its author writ."

No one can imagine either Roosevelt or Wilson reading any book—and they were both great readers—except in the light of their own principles and prejudices. For they had this in common; they really believed that persons who differed sharply from them on any important matter must be both intellectually inferior and morally oblique.

Roosevelt was a consummate politician; Wilson was not. Roosevelt was immensely genial; many loved him for his faults. Wilson was not genial, and had a capacity for enraging his associates.

Many believe today that Roosevelt's fame is fading; I do not agree. I advise anyone who thinks so to read the latest volume in Mark Sullivan's admirable history of our times, called "Pre-War (*Turn to page 60*)

Dogs

We can't seem to hide them between the covers of a magazine, although sometimes we'd like to try! However, we can tell you how to feed and train dogs, help you select one, guide you in caring for all their doggy ailments. Send today for the new Delineator Institute booklet No. 56 about DOGS 25c

Coupon on page 88

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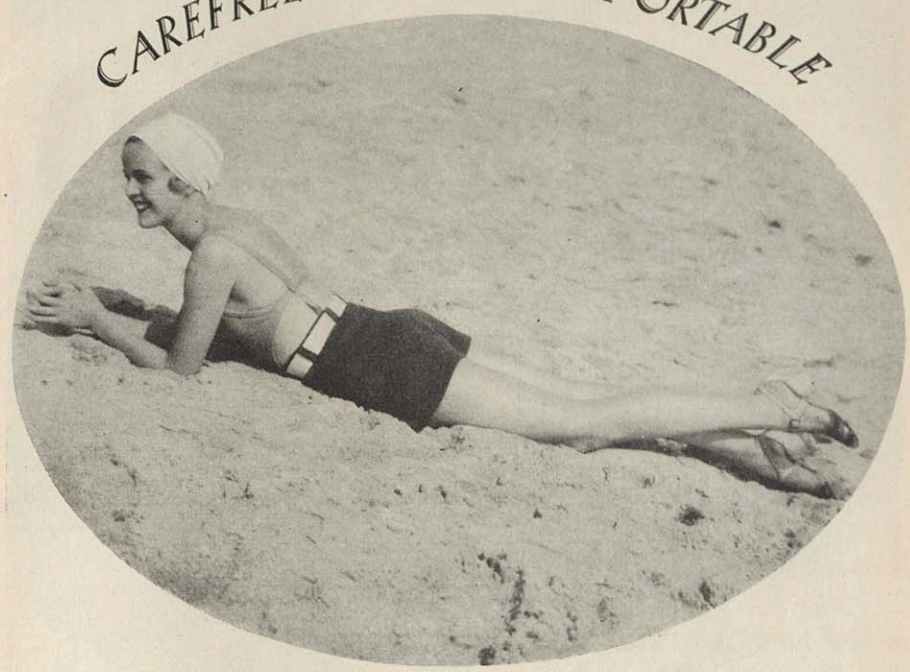

SAFE FROM PAINFUL SUNBURN

A WOMAN used to have three choices: she could spend the summer days indoors, she could venture forth beneath parasols, veils and a mask of face cream, or she could go right out and have some fun—at the price of a painful sunburn and a badly coarsened skin. But *that's* all a thing of the past! For now there is a pleasant, comfortable way to *enjoy* summer sunlight without burning.

Dorothy Gray has perfected a creamy, delicately scented liquid called Sunburn Cream, which prevents sunburn by absorbing the *burning* part of the ultra-violet ray. You simply apply Sunburn Cream to all exposed parts of your skin, and then go out and enjoy yourself. The sun won't burn you, and you won't feel conscious of the Sunburn Cream on your skin—it is not sticky, nor greasy, nor will it spoil the clothes it touches.

Unlike a garment or a thick cream, Sunburn Cream does not shut off all the sun; rather it "filters out the burn" while letting the beneficial sunlight reach your skin. It is ideal for children—while our spies inform us that the smart blue and white Dorothy Gray bottle (bow removed) is frequently seen in scornfully masculine locker rooms. All good shops carry Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. $2.00.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

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San Francisco Washington Atlantic City

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BILLIE BURKE. As this recent photograph shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game."

"I am 39!" says BILLIE BURKE

Famous stage Beauty declares no woman needs look her age

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why *any* woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness. Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can.

"So one must be wise enough to *keep* this charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness!

9 out of 10 Stars use it

She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* It has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle care!

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

MEN WHO MADE AMERICA

Continued from page 59

America." He will see what a big part Roosevelt played in American history, and how great was his capacity for playing it.

Had Roosevelt not run for President in 1912, he would have been the greatest private citizen in the world, and perhaps nothing could have prevented his nomination in 1916. I will not say he was actuated by selfish motives; but I am sure neither Washington nor Lincoln would have made that fatal error. Yet neither Washington nor Lincoln had a mind that compared in richness with that of Roosevelt. I remember at that time Roosevelt's saying "I believe in Democracy; but Democracy must have a leader." The remark is significant.

BUT I also believe that out of Roosevelt's administration as President came a wave of reform in politics and in business affairs that lifted the whole country on to a higher plane. Things were done by respectable men in business in 1900 that could not be done today.

Tact is not the same thing as genius; but if Wilson had possessed a tithe of the tact of King Edward VII, the world would now be better off. He was so sure he was right there was no room for the adjustment that comes through tact. Had he not gone to Europe, or had he taken with him some leading Republicans as well as Democrats, had he not made that tour of speeches after his return, had he not advised every one to vote only for Democratic congressmen—he would himself in all probability have been living at this moment, and the United States might be in the League of Nations.

When he went to Europe he was greeted as the saviour of the world. No American ever had such a spontaneous adoring welcome. "Here comes the man who will save us all!" He came, saw, and was conquered.

Mr. Spender, the distinguished British journalist, says that Wilson should have been more conciliatory in America with the Senate, and less conciliatory at the Peace Conference in Paris. Perhaps that sums it up as well as any phrase. For, rightly or wrongly, Wilson suffered a fearful collapse. From an apotheosis he descended to the level of well-meaning futility.

The world is old and selfish and worldly wise, and only one person in history has ever overcome it; Wilson was not the man. Yet he had a great mind and a noble character—he was like a magnificent machine with no lubricating oil.

No one can say what his position in the future will be; but those, who, like me, believe more in his ideals than in his methods of attaining them, believe that his stature is going to increase rather than diminish.

FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 21

"Nanette!" There was irritation in the voice of Mrs. Trask. "I called you three times!"

"I'm sorry, mother. I didn't hear."

"François tells me that when he served the little bird—a truly delicious dish—that you got up hastily and left the table. The poor fellow is upset at what, if his account is true, I might call your rudeness."

"I have told you why I left the table, mother. The bird was so like—so like——"

"Don't say silly things!" interrupted Mrs. Trask. "You are talking like a baby! You must pull yourself together! Last evening you puzzled Mr. Semper. You know well that he is Richard's confidential secretary, and, although he came over to see to the chartering of the yacht, he is also watchful regarding other matters. He cables Richard daily at great length. When he spoke to you last evening about the arrangements he had made for the cruise you didn't listen."

"I know, mother. I couldn't get interested."

Mrs. Mannington Trask viciously wiped a morsel of endive from her lips. "You—you must change your manner!" she cried. "Think of what Richard is doing to please you! He is willing to tear himself away from Wall Street, at what Mr. Semper assures me is a most critical moment, to come over here for the marriage and take you on a yachting cruise around the Mediterranean! It is inconceivable that you should—— *Entrez!* Oh, François! How kind you are! *Tartelettes amandines!* This little cold of mine makes me so hungry."

Nanette shut out the fatuous talk between her mother and the waiter by watching the sea with half-closed eyes. They were there again. Quite plainly she saw them. It was extraordinary. The little white houses with their short legs! And the orange trees and the ghostly palms!

The waiter retired. Mrs. Trask, busy on the *tartelettes*, was thinking up a hot attack on her daughter when there came another knock at the door. Mr. Semper, confidential secretary to Nanette's fiancé, begged permission to enter.

A strange man was this Semper. A fine acolyte of Mammon. Never did he aspire to the priestly garments of those who stand before the altar of the god of gold. Never. Content was he to make responses, to pass up the price lists, market gossip, tape tattle, and cipher messages to those whose clever brains performed the marvelous mystery of turning these worthless things into gold.

He shuffled across the room to Nanette. His pale claw-like hands held a cablegram.

"I am pleased to inform you," he murmured, bowing before the girl, "that Mr. Krempel has embarked. He changed his plans at the last moment and took passage on the *Leviathan*. He will be at your side within nine days."

The words "be at your side" startlec Nanette. There came from her a little "Oh!" that suggested fear.

Mrs. Mannington Trask made an effort to make up for the lack of emotion shown by Nanette. "How delightful!" she cried. "So romantic of him to change his boat!"

The wretched Semper agreed with her. He started to talk excitedly to Mrs. Trask. Nanette, listening vaguely, heard the words "enormous deals", "large affairs", "break in the market", "close touch with his brokers." Mrs. Trask lapped it up. She loved all the blather of the secretary as he told of the importance of her son-in-law to be. What a person she had found in this Richard Krempel! What a man! And Nanette didn't appreciate the great hunting feat performed by her mother! Out of the darkest depths of the club jungles, where the very cunning bachelors took shelter from hunting mothers, she had dragged a great capitalist!

NANETTE excused herself. She said she wished to take a walk. Mrs. Trask made objections. The Carnival spirit was on the town, young men were inclined to be a little too gallant to a pretty girl. It might be better if Nanette had a companion. Mr. Semper would be willing.

"No, no, no!" cried the girl. "I—I wish to be alone!"

The Carnival spirit was in the air. It throbbed about Nanette as she walked down the Promenade to the Jardin Albert I. Flags, strung lights, wooden shields with the gilded and intertwined "R. F." of the French Republic. In nine days they would burn the great wood-and-plaster figure of the King of Pleasure. This little season of mad gaiety was the last before Lent. And in nine days Richard Krempel would be at Nice!

It threaded the air, that tune. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum!* It beat against her ears. It brought fear. Her mind slipped phrases into the continuous throb of the thing. Interlarding it. *Tum-tum*, (Nanette is glum), *tum-tee-tum* (Richard will come! joy will be numb), *Tum-tum!*

She wished to escape the tune. Near the Casino de la Jetée she took a closed car. "*Par la Grande Corniche jusqu'à Eze*," she commanded.

(Turn to page 62)

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

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6 Modess Compact

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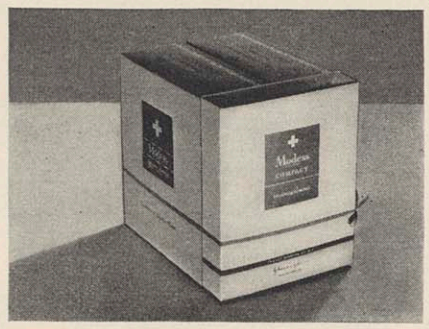

OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79c.

The two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible kind of protection. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with afternoon and evening clothes—for times when less thickness is necessary.

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Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

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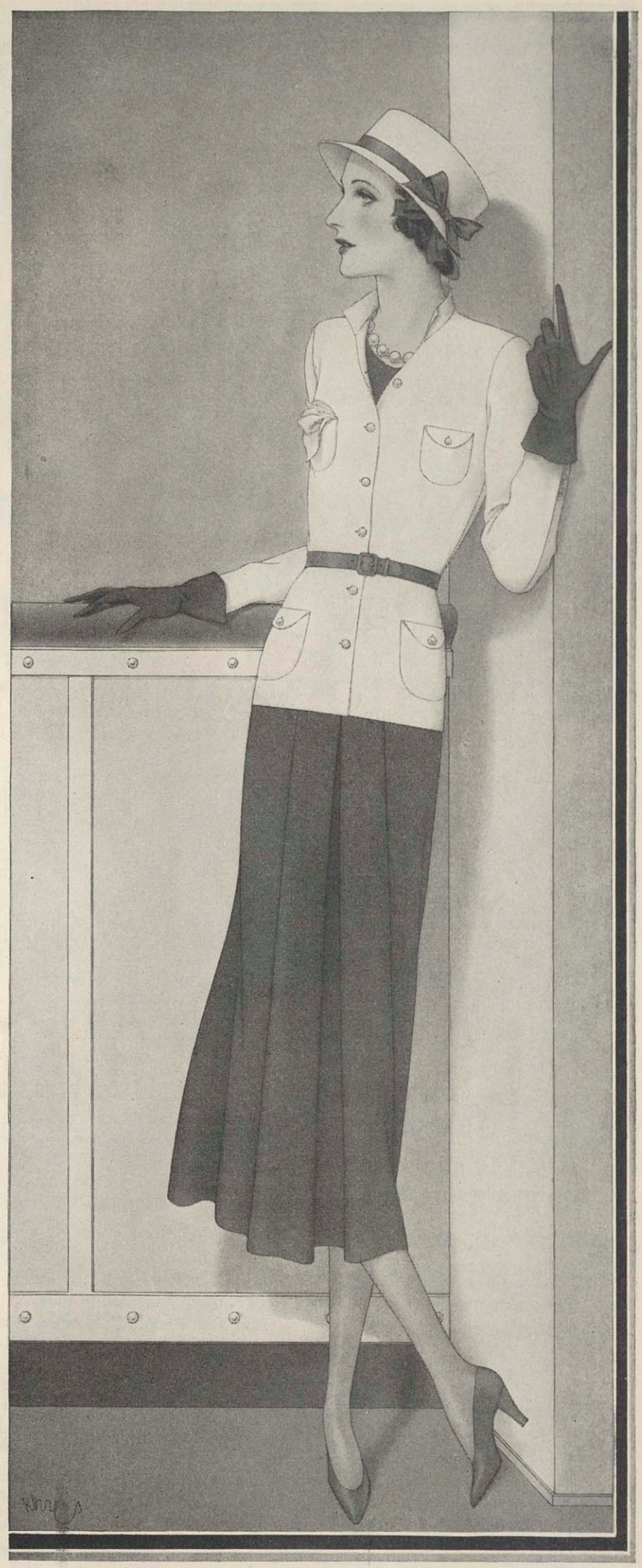

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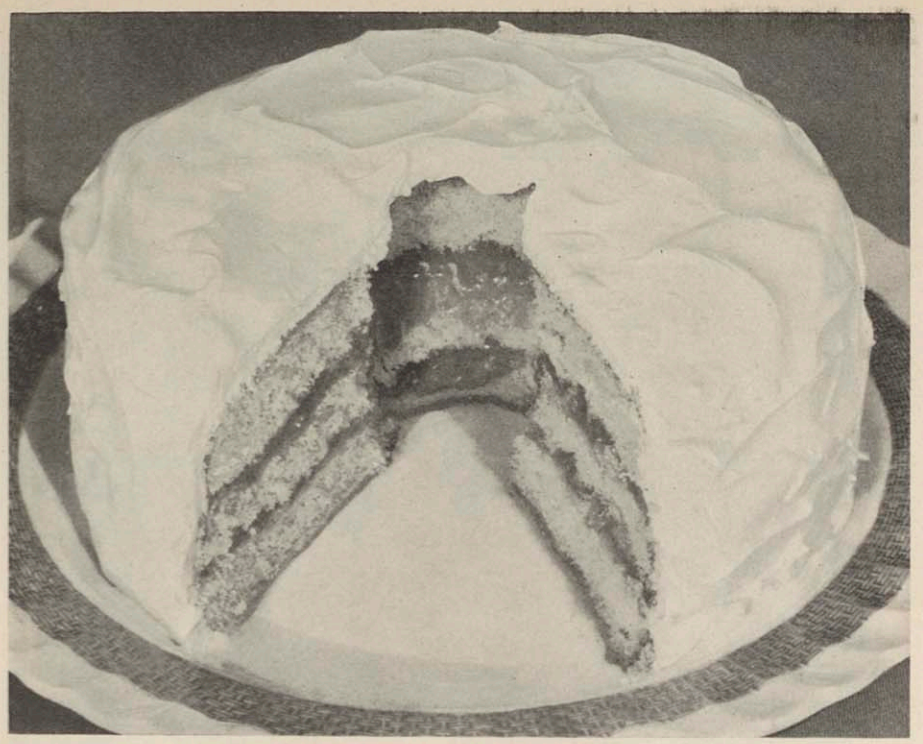


Cut your Cake and what do you see?

Fine texture, even grain ..or Large Air Holes?

YOUR cake comes out of the oven looking the last word in perfection. But when you cut it—

Is it firm, velvety, even-textured—so that you feel like showing it off proudly to every cake maker you know?

Or—is it one of those unfortunate cakes . . . crumbly and coarse, with big, gaping "air holes"?

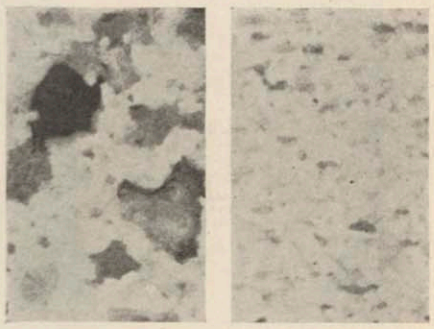
It depends upon your baking powder. You can follow all the rules for perfect cake making . . . and beat the batter till your arm aches. But, if you've used cheap, ordinary baking powder, you'll still have air holes in your cake.

THIS was recently proved by a group of well-known scientists and dietitians. They made two cakes, using exactly the same recipe for both.

Exactly the same ingredients, too, with just one exception—the baking powder.

In one cake they used Royal . . . in the other, a cheap, ordinary baking powder. Compare the results yourself — in the photographs above.

You could easily put your little finger through some of the holes in the cake made with the cheap baking powder. In a few hours the moisture escaped through these holes . . . the cake quickly grew stale and flavorless.



■ (Left) Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with cheap, ordinary baking powder. Notice the large "air holes" that allow the moisture to escape so that the cake quickly grows stale.

■ (Right) Actual photograph (magnified) of a cake made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Notice the fine even texture that retains the moisture and keeps the cake fresh for days.

But the cake made with Royal, the fine Cream of Tartar baking powder! Did you ever see cake with a finer, more even texture? It was a real triumph of a cake—smooth, soft, velvety . . . tempting the eye . . . making the mouth water.

And that's not all! Five days later, that Royal cake was as good to eat as on the day it was baked.

Royal is not expensive. Enough for a big layer cake costs less than 2 cents. Not much to pay for the best, is it?

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FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 60

The song followed her along the Quai des États-Unis where fisher boys and fisher girls were mending their nets. It fatigued her. There was something a little barbaric about the rhythm. It sapped energy; it killed the power to fight back.

Her mother had the tom-tom quality of argument. She would say the same thing over and over again. "François is a nice waiter." Nanette knew that François was a horrid waiter, but she had difficulty in thinking him horrid after Mrs. Trask had repeated her phrase half a dozen times. Again with Richard Krempel. What a tom-tom barrage her mother had put up about Richard! Killing off all Nanette's criticisms as she thrust them forward. "How sweet Richard is! What a fine man!" *How sweet Richard is! What a fine man!* Endlessly!

Beyond the little Port of Nice, Nanette managed to free her mind from the Carnival chant. The car climbed. Up and up. She lay back and looked toward Africa. Half closed eyes brought visions. Tiny white houses and the orange trees. Fireflies and the yellow moon . . .

There was enchantment in a tiny white house. She pictured one. Small, so small. Blazing white. Little green lizards with jeweled heads stalking flies. One couldn't have green lizards in an apartment house on Park Avenue. And the beaten earth in the yard. Padded and polished by the bare feet of black servants. Lazy black servants who loved to sit in the sun and laugh. And the orange trees with lumps of shining gold tied to their branches.

The vision became awfully clear. She saw herself sitting in front of the white house. Around the corner from the cluster of orange trees a man was coming. A tall man with a tanned face. He was saying something. She struggled to catch the words. "If you had not answered the letter I sent you from Marseilles I would not have known that you were on the Riviera all set to marry Richard the Great, the Bear Killer of Wall Street."

SHE came out of her dream with a little start of terror. She hadn't answered the letter! Her mother would not permit her to answer it.

"Eze, mademoiselle," announced the chauffeur.

"I think I was asleep," she murmured.

Nanette asked the youth to wait for her. She walked to a point where the sea lay like a blue plain half a mile beneath her. Here the wandering Phœnicians had built their altar to the goddess Isis. The name of the goddess, corrupted a little in the two thousand years that intervened, persisted in the word Eze.

A fine place to sit and dream. It was curious how that man in the vision had believed she had answered his letter. Four weeks ago he had written from the Port of Marseilles. He had said that he was crawling around the Mediterranean in a little sloop. She had showed the letter to her mother.

"He is rather impertinent," Mrs. Trask had remarked. "He always was. I recall how he painted your name on his boat at 'Sconset."

"But I gave him permission."

"You were too young to understand," snapped Mrs. Trask.

On the glorious headland where brown-skinned Phœnicians had once offered up their prayers to the goddess of the earth and its fruits, of the Nile, and the sea, and of love, healing and magic, Nanette Trask thought about the afternoon when she had watched Jack Clinton paint her name on the bow of his boat at far-away 'Sconset. He had done it with such care. He had a pot of blue paint, and he stroked and stroked the letters with a soft brush as if he thought them alive . . .

The young chauffeur climbed up the rocks. He was afraid something had happened to her. He had waited two hours. Nanette rose and followed him back to the car.

"I was dreaming," she said. "Do you dream?"

"Sometimes," he answered, blushing a little at the question. "Not while I am driving. But after. I am to be married in three days. Just before Lent, you know."

Nanette questioned him. He was marrying a girl of eighteen, a *vendeuse* in the Galeries Lafayette of Nice. She would continue to work. They would live in the Old Town. He had rented a little apartment of three rooms above a carpenter's shop. He said that the odor of pine shavings coming up from the shop perfumed the little flat.

SEMPER had received another message from Richard Krempel when Nanette reached the hotel. Sent out from the ship, it simply recorded the fact that he was a few hundred miles nearer Europe. The girl pictured her fiancé shouldering his way into the cabin of the wireless operator. Dictating messages that cracked the walls of financial institutions. That was the best of tiny white houses. Couldn't upset them with cablegrams. That was why green lizards lived in the chinks. The lizards knew.

At dinner there came another cable. It just stated that all was well. Evidently the *Leviathan* was standing up under the honor thrust upon it. Not losing its head and rushing down to Rio, but plugging straight for Europe.

Thoughts of the chauffeur and his little girl came to Nanette during the evening. It was fine for them to have a flat scented with the pine shavings from the carpenter's shop. Jack Clinton once told her that he had lived in a room in Tangier that was situated above a café in which native girls danced. He said that the odor of musk came up to him in the hot nights and troubled his sleep. Musk was troubling to the mind, but pine shavings were sweet and clean.

In her dreams that night Nanette saw flocks of little birds flying across a purple sky. Each bird carried a bed of toast tied to its leg, and a little green coverlet made out of chopped chives. And she thought she saw Richard Krempel shooting at them . . .

A rustling noise at the door aroused her. It was broad daylight. Someone was pushing an envelop beneath the door. The voice of the wretched Semper came to her. "Cable for you, Miss Trask."

She let it lie there. She drew the clothes up over her head and peered at it with one eye. There was something a little upsetting about this much-heralded approach of Richard. It created a feeling of uneasiness.

An hour later she read it. Mr. Richard Krempel was quite well. The *Leviathan* was still heading for Cherbourg. Good old *Leviathan*. Wouldn't lose her figure-head. Nanette laughed.

After breakfast Semper made a report regarding the yacht. It was the *Deerhound*, a very smart vessel belonging to a Scottish earl who had jumped at the opportunity of turning it over to an American millionaire for a two months' cruise. It was in the port at Cannes and would be brought over to Nice the day before the marriage ceremony.

"It is a magnificent vessel," murmured Semper. "I have examined every inch."

Nanette walked away from him while he was still chattering of the appointments.

The girl strolled through the Rue Paradis in whose little shops were many small treasures. She found a curious silver necklace of antique design. It was priced at a hundred francs. Nanette bought it.

With the little box in her hand she hurried down to the cab rank near the Casino de la Jetée. The young chauffeur was there, his eyes full of dreams.

"I thought," said Nanette, as she thrust the necklace into his hands, "that you would like to give this to your young lady."

The youth choked. He could not express his thanks. Nanette hurried away from him.

THE vision of the little three-room apartment over the shop of the carpenter led her steps to the Old Town. There was an atmosphere of great peace there. The buildings were old, the streets narrow, there was no possibility of meeting Semper, or her mother.

Nanette thought she would not return to the hotel for *déjeuner*. She detested the fat François who served her with such pomp. In the Rue de la Prefecture, the little street in which Paganini died, she found a small restaurant that had a bill of fare essentially *Niçois*. She sent a messenger with a note to her mother and entered the little eating-house. The price of lunch, *vin compris*, was ten francs, and the pint bottle of *vin ordinaire* placed before Nanette made her thoughts again turn to that poetic broom of Masefield's.

(*Turn to page 65*)

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*

Read what each of the DOLE *grades means*

DOLE 1 Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 Grade 2

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE 3 Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

Ready to serve—without further preparation..*Time-saving Tidbits*

DOLE 1 or DOLE 2

Cut *for* you—in small uniform pieces—ready to serve, the minute you take them out of the can! That's the way time-saving Tidbits come to you—DOLE Tidbits cut from slices of ripe, golden pineapple, grown in the sunshine of Hawaii. They're wonderful for salads! Wonderful for desserts! Moreover, DOLE Tidbits are *grade-marked* to save you time and trouble in buying. The name DOLE and a grade number 1 or 2 is stamped in the top of the can. Be sure to see the DOLE grade-mark next time you buy Tidbits of pineapple—or pineapple in any form. *And now you can buy* DOLE *Hawaiian Pineapple at the lowest price in years.*

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CAMELS

FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 62

She was a little sorry that she hadn't answered Jack Clinton's letter. He and his old sailor were somewhere on the Mediterranean, the wind soughing in the sail. She thought it would be a nice crimson sail with little patches in it.

Perhaps Jack Clinton was going back to Tangier where he once lived in the room above a café from which the odor of musk rose continuously. That was really living. She, Nanette, would never have a chance to live in a room over a café from which strange intoxicating odors came up. Not if her mother and Richard Krempel could prevent it.

The Carnival tune beat at the ears of Nanette as she came up into the modern town. It was surely connected with the coming of Richard. That tum-tum was a little frightening. It told of the approach of something ponderous, something that would sit on one's shoulders and crush them with its weight. She was a little depressed when she reached the hotel.

Mrs. Mannington Trask was much annoyed when she heard of the lunch in the Old Town. Germs, dirty forks, cooking utensils! Odors from the street.

"Paganini lived in that street," said Nanette.

"Paganini?" cried Mrs. Trask. "What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, he must have eaten somewhere round about," said the girl. After a pause during which Mrs. Trask stared in amazement at her daughter, the latter added: "Jack Clinton told me that he lived for months above a café in Tangier and ate all his meals at open stalls along the street. And he looked awfully healthy, didn't he?"

Mrs. Mannington Trask was speechless. She was afraid of what might happen in the few days that intervened between that moment and the arrival of Richard Krempel.

THE *Leviathan* kept her head. Richard wired from Cherbourg. He had descended upon the soil of France. He was moving on Paris.

At Nice workers in a shed were putting the finishing touches on the huge figure of lath and plaster, the sprawling monarch who would be dragged through the street and finally burned to signify the end of pleasure. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum.*

Nanette found it difficult to see the tiny white houses on the blue plain that stretched away to Africa. The landing of Richard had frightened the little goblin things that the girl had glimpsed at odd moments. They knew well that the great Mr. Krempel wouldn't like houses in the chinks of which lived little green lizards with jeweled heads. Jack Clinton would like them.

Semper, looking very proud, brought a copy of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune* to Nanette on the day following the arrival of Richard. Semper had marked a paragraph. It ran:

> "From the *Leviathan* landed Mr. Richard Krempel, the well-known capitalist. Mr. Krempel informed the waiting reporters at the Gare St. Lazare that he had come to Paris for a banker's parley. After he had addressed the assembled financiers he would leave for the Riviera. It was his intention to cruise for a short time in Mediterranean waters."

Not a word about his forthcoming marriage! Nanette handed the paper to her mother without comment.

Mrs. Trask read the paragraph and looked inquiringly at Semper. Unlike her daughter she was unable to control her astonishment.

Semper stammered out excuses for his master. Mr. Krempel detested reporters. And, furthermore, Mr. Krempel thought that careful investors believed that Dan Cupid had no place in the mysterious sanctums where gold was made. He, Semper, didn't hold this belief, but he knew that the thrifty bond buyer held it.

Nanette listened to the fellow spluttering out excuses to appease the cold questioning stare of Mrs. Trask. The girl thought it comical. At last she could stand it no longer. Laughing loudly she rushed from the room.

In her own bedroom she flung herself on the couch. It was so ridiculous. Semper trying to explain to Mrs. Trask why Richard Krempel had not spoken of his marriage to the reporters.

She wondered if other men would have told the reporters. The young chauffeur had a desire to tell. And Jack Clinton. He would have told. Of course he would never be in a position to charter the *Deerhound*. He would probably have an old boat with a crimson sail; little patches where the wind had poked fingers through the canvas. But he would have told reporters that he was to be married. No doubt about that.

The Carnival music rose louder. The Blue Train was rushing Richard Krempel down through the Midi. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum, tum-tum.*

Semper started for the *gare*. A special automobile to convey Richard. A special porter to look after his luggage. Semper drooling. His god was near.

RICHARD KREMPEL didn't hurry when he saw Nanette. He came toward her quietly as if possessed of a belief that everything he wished for would wait till his strong hands touched it.

"Hello, Nanette," he said. "How are you? Looking awfully well."

Nanette inquired about his trip. Mrs. Trask gushed.

Nanette was speaking when Semper appeared with a handful of cablegrams. Richard Krempel interrupted the girl in the middle of a sentence.

"Excuse me for a moment," he said. "Sorry."

He frowned as he read one cable after the other. Nanette was forgotten. He started dictating to Semper. The god of gold had called him. The girl moved to the window and looked out toward Africa. It was a great day for the small green lizards that lived in the chinks of the tiny white houses. How they would glitter in the sunshine!

Richard was back at her side. He apologized. "Those things had to be attended to, dear. What was it you were saying when Semper interrupted?"

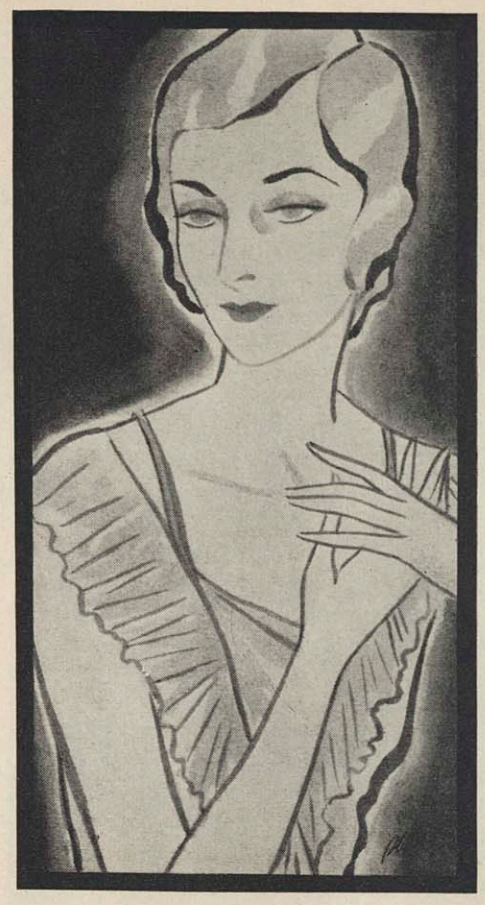
Nanette didn't remember. She didn't try to remember. Richard was not upset. From his pocket he took several sheets of typed paper. It was the itinerary of the cruise. He informed her that he had it drawn up by the head of a tourist agency in New York. Ten copies had been made of it. Two for his Wall Street office, three for the brokers who executed his commissions, one each for Nanette, Semper, the captain of the *Deerhound*, the chief steward, and himself.

"There is yours, dear," he said, handing her a sheet. "We cannot deviate from it by as much as a hairbreadth."

Nanette was alarmed. She had not been consulted regarding a single stopping place. She glanced fearfully at the sheet-heading: "Cruise of the Yacht *Deerhound*, chartered by Mr. Richard Krempel of New York from the Earl of Baltingel."

Little entries leapt at her. Entries that hurt her. The itinerary was a machine gun that fired bullets into her heart. Hot, hard bullets. She read: "Tuesday, 11th, reach Genoa 8 A.M. Lunch Hotel Miramare, MAIL, leave 4 P.M." Tick, tack, tick. Suggested an army on the march. Clicking heels. Keeping up with the advance . . . Her eye pounced on another line. "Venice, 26th. Arrive 3 P.M. Dine, sleep, Hotel Royal Danieli, MAIL, leave 27th noon." . . . Bullet after bullet struck her. No delay. No shifting from schedule. The word mail in capital letters!

(*Turn to page 66*)



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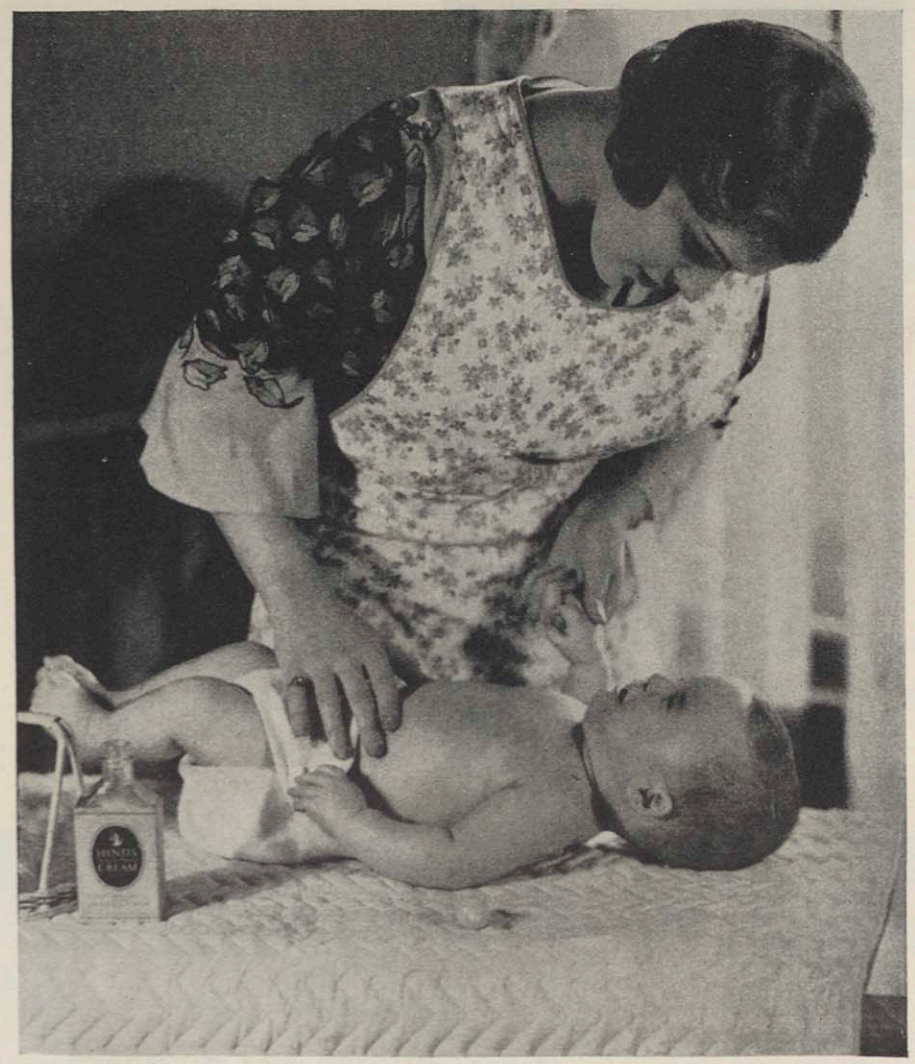

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* **CREAM**

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FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 65

Richard roused her from her stupor. "I have told Semper to get us seats in the tribune for this evening," he was saying. "He tells me that they are going to pull this wooden figure of the King of Pleasure through the streets."

"Yes," she murmured. "Oh, yes!" Within her head the stopping places of the itinerary fought with each other. They had cables and mail for Mr. Richard Krempel. Lots and lots of mail.

Ba, ba, pretty port, have you any mail?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir! You knew we wouldn't fail!
Ninety-seven letters, and cables half a score,
I bet Trieste or Venice cannot give you any more!

AFTER dinner they walked up the Promenade to the Place Masséna. Richard Krempel, erect, pompous, walking slowly as if he carried on his shoulders the pieces of gold placed there by confiding investors.

Moving toward the Jardin Albert I, Nanette stopped with a little cry of surprise and peered up a side street. A shadowy street that had no strings of electric lights.

"What is it?" asked Richard.

"I—I thought I saw some one that I knew," whispered the girl.

"A man?" he demanded.

"I—I think so," stammered Nanette. "Yes, certainly."

She was puzzled. Through a patch of light thrown from the open door of a café a figure had passed, a figure that seemed familiar. Perhaps her brain had conjured it up in the same strange manner that it had brought to her view the tiny white houses and the ghostly palms. Richard, apparently annoyed, urged her forward.

Semper had bought the best seats. High above the common folk who, arms linked, danced and sang as they waited the arrival of the king. Clamor rode the night wind. The pushing, shouting, pleasure-seeking crowd swayed before the grand stand.

Nanette's head reeled as she watched them. Richard was amused. He was more excited than she had ever seen him.

The approach of the king was heralded. Far up the great avenue the procession was now under way. The floats were moving. The noise increased. A strange madness clutched the heaving crowds. The individual was lost, he was part of a mass, an insane mass of white faces and open mouths and hot perspiring bodies that choked the street.

"Splendid!" Richard roared the word in her ear, nearly deafening her. She was thinking of the phantom figure that had slipped away in the darkness. It was strange.

Slowly the head of the procession came toward the grand stand. Companies of marching men with huge papier-mâché heads that represented monster vegetables, queer beasts, ogres, sea-monsters, demons. Rolling, wabbling, joggling, producing in Nanette a feeling of dreadful nausea. Nightmare heads. Sweeping by to the tom-tom beat of the music and the shouts of the crowds.

The floats, illuminated, filled with dancing youths and girls. Bedlam. Aphrodite rising from the Mediterranean! A fine fat Aphrodite! A float depicting the arrival of the American tourist. Huge lath and plaster figure of a French-conceived Yankee.

The Onions of the Old Town! Sixty monster onion heads. Twisting, turning, making Nanette dizzy with their rotations.

Tumult, turbulence, see-saw, wibble-wabble. *Tum-tum, tum-tee-tum.* Clamor, fanfare, devil's tattoo. And the never-ending procession . . .

Nanette had a wild desire to escape. The thing had got into her brain. It was driving her mad. Her head was bursting. She was sick. She prayed for some happening that would immediately arrest the marching squadrons and give her a chance to escape into a side street.

She tried to whisper her condition to Richard. He couldn't hear her. She shouted to him. He made signs to her to show how impossible it was to escape from the grand stand at that moment. She thought him a little rude. He brushed her complaints aside and pushed out his head to catch a glimpse of an approaching float.

The float came opposite the stand. High in the air a woman dressed in Arab costume was performing the *danse du ventre*. She smiled at Richard Krempel; Richard waved at her. Then, as if in answer to the prayers of Nanette, the axle of the float snapped, the lady toppled down on her attendants, and the procession halted.

Richard Krempel got to his feet in an effort to see if the dancer was hurt in the fall. The whole stand was upset by the happening. Nanette felt that she could worm her way through the occupants. She seized the opportunity. She whispered a word to Semper. She was ill; she would return to the hotel. No, no, she didn't wish an escort.

Down the wooden stairs to the street. Indifferent to the protests of the packed spectators. She had to get away from the devilish clamor, from the infamous *tum-tum* that was battering her brain to pieces.

The crowd rolled against her like a wave. She fought it. Hoodlums clutched at her, endeavored to embrace her, screamed insulting words at her. Her dress was torn; a wretched thief snatched her pocketbook. She felt that her strength would give out before she reached the side street leading off the avenue.

Then, when all hope seemed lost, the mounted police drove the crowd from the center of the street. Nanette was caught by the human torrent, carried over the sidewalk and deposited in the friendly darkness of a little street. With a soft prayer on her lips she gathered herself up and ran.

Across the covered torrent of the Paillon. Into the Old Town. Deserted now. Its dwellers upon the lighted avenues. Prowling cats and dogs the only living things. Out by the markets to the sea front. A big moon was rising like a monster bubble from Corsica. From far off came the sound of the thousands bidding goodbye to pleasure. She walked in the direction of the Port.

ON THE Quai Rouba-Capéou a young fisherman, climbing down the cliff to his boat, stood and stared at her. He thought she might have come up out of the sobbing sea. Such things had happened along the Mediterranean on moonlit nights . . . He listened for a footfall. If one could hear no footfall she was surely a sea maiden. The click of a little American shoe came back to him. He sighed softly and went down the cliff.

She came to the baby port. A boat from Ajaccio; the *General Bonaparte*. Nanette wondered about Napoleon's honeymoon. Did someone lay out a schedule?

Beyond the *Bonaparte* lay a row of little boats, sterns to the stone pier, gangplanks leading to the shore. Small yachts, fishing luggers, and motor-boats. The moon was climbing. Nanette could read the names.

Some distance ahead of her a sail went jerkily up into the night. The moonbeams licked it Nanette thought that it might be crimson in the sunlight. It was a valiant sail. Up, up it went, snatched at a capful of wind that came down from the Alpes-Maritimes and billowed out like the bosom of a young girl.

Nanette hurried. The boat was going out. She had a desire to see it thread its way out to the moon-kissed Mediterranean.

The gangplank was still out. Two men were busy with the sail. (*Turn to page 68*)

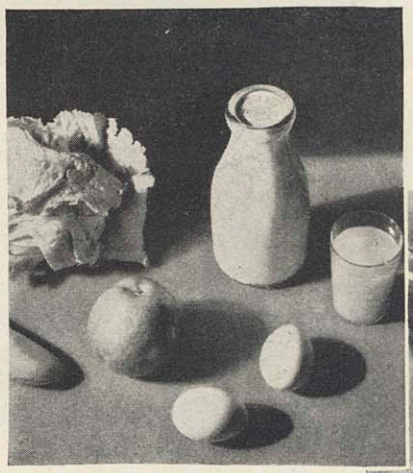
ELIZABETH COOK

People are still writing us about "Are Husbands Necessary?" which was one of Elizabeth Cook's first contributions to Delineator. Next month she'll start off the August issue with another brief article, both breezy and filled with common sense philosophy. It is called "Let's Be Romantic"

"Use Pepsodent twice a day" —the great American habit

It is helping millions to possess strong, healthy teeth by removing dingy film . . . Eat right. See your dentist.

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



1. **Include these in your daily diet:**
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

2. **Use Pepsodent twice a day.**

YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands *urge* and *recommend* it to their patients?

BECAUSE medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

Pepsodent—a supreme achievement

"I never feel I'm extravagant when I buy the most nourishing food," you hear women say. For the same common-sense reason it is economy to use the finest tooth paste modern chemistry has been able to develop.

The scientific purpose of Pepsodent is to remove film from teeth. Removing film requires special properties in a tooth paste. Film is a glue-like coating. It clings stubbornly, absorbs stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Ordinary ways fail to remove this film as effectively as Pepsodent. Scientific tests have been made that prove this beyond all question.

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.

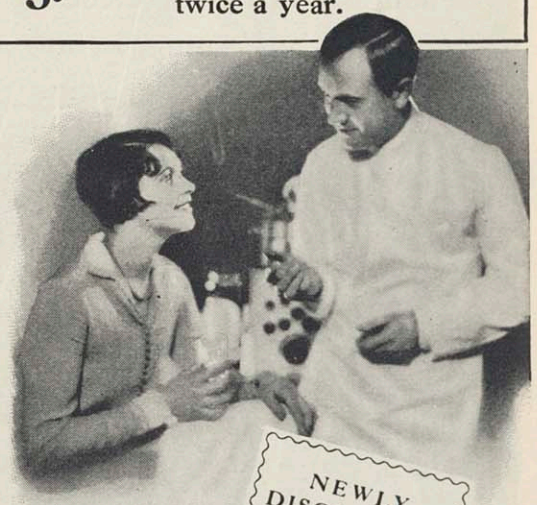
Film contains germs. It holds them against the tooth surface—teeth decay. Removing film is *imperative*. Eating the right foods and seeing your dentist every six months completes the only sound rule known for safeguarding teeth.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE for children's as well as adults' teeth.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

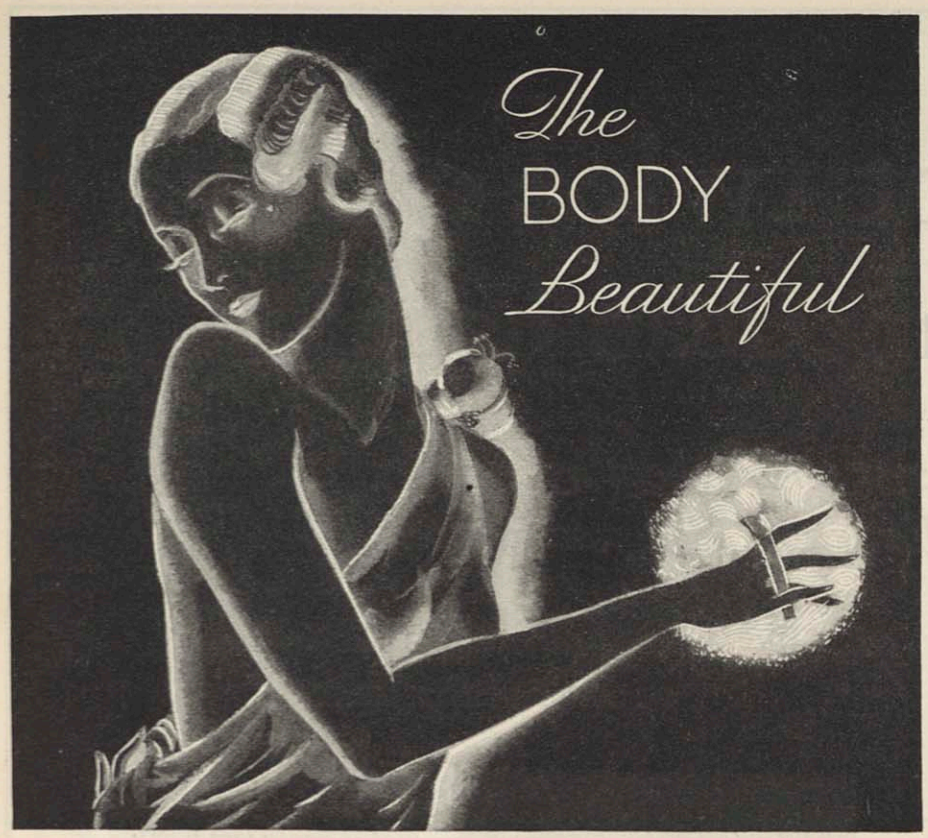
AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

3. **See your dentist at least twice a year.**



NEWLY DISCOVERED
Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash
NOW at your nearest druggist's

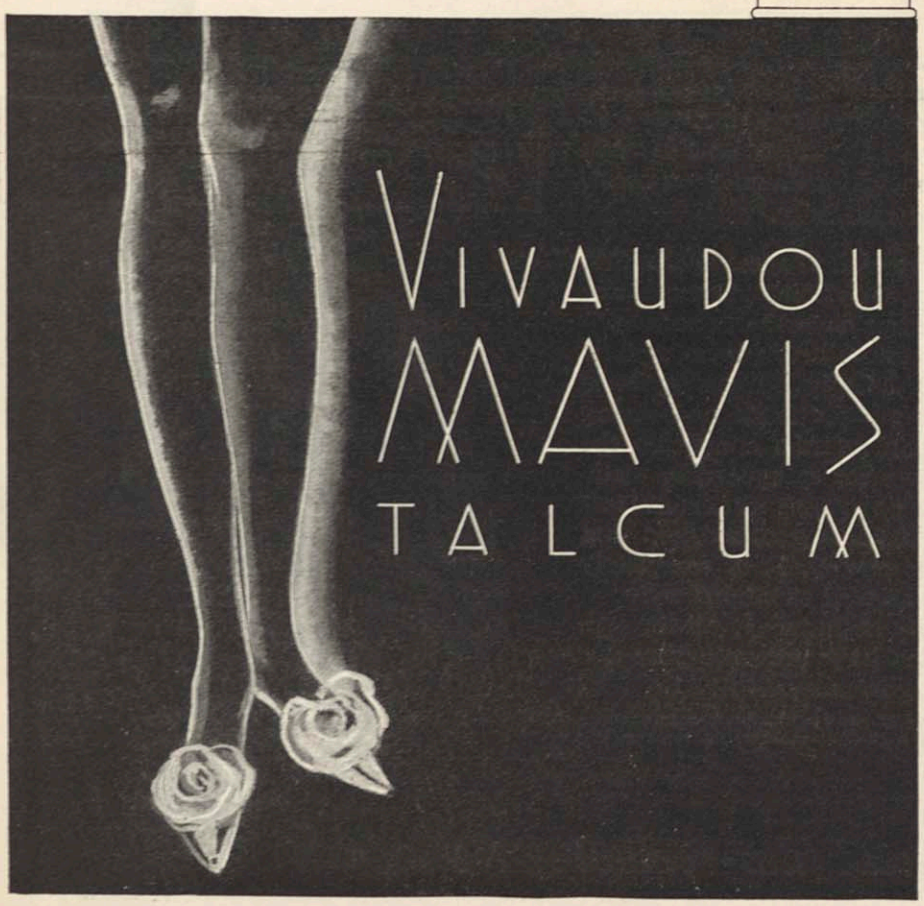
Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*



No matter how smartly dressed the modern fashionable, she must suggest, be it ever so subtly, that underneath it all is a well-cared-for, immaculate, exquisite body. Nothing suggests a beautiful body so insistently as Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. Its impalpably fine texture achieves a skin of silken smoothness. It accents the delicate color nuances of flesh tones. Its dainty fragrance intrigues. In short it not only soothes and caresses but it expresses you as a personality of chic and fastidious elegance.

V. VIVAUDOU, Inc.

Los Angeles . . . Paris . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . Toronto



FIREFLIES AND THE YELLOW MOON

Continued from page 66

An old man with a beard, and a tall young man in flannel pants and an undershirt. Barefooted.

The young man turned, walked slowly along the deck, lifted his head and stared up at Nanette as she leaned over the coping.

"Hello," he said, after a long interval of silence.

"Hello," she answered. Her voice was husky. She had a fear that the word would stick in her throat.

"I saw you tonight," said the young man. "You were walking with Richard the Great."

So it was he whom she had seen in the dark side street when walking to the Place Masséna.

They remained silent for a full minute, then the girl moistened her lips and asked a question. "Where are you going, Jack?"

"Africa," he answered. "Tunis. Going to dig around a bit at Carthage. Do you still love Dido, Nanette? 'Member how you would never believe she played that trick with the cow's hide on old what's-his-name?"

Nanette nodded. The sail caught another puff of wind, rose, then died away like a canvas sob.

The young man came up the gangplank. Noiselessly. He was close to her.

"Nanette!" he whispered. "*Nanette!*"

He put out his hand. It clasped hers. The sail rose again and sighed softly. Little white houses flitted across the face of the moon. Orange trees and the ghostly palms. The port lights were fireflies.

Nanette was in his arms. He was murmuring to her. Words about tiny houses in the chinks of which lived little green lizards with jeweled heads. He said they would pull in to Mentone. He knew a minister there. After that they would lay a course for Cape Blanco across the Sea of Romance . . .

Nanette, his arm around her waist, came softly to the deck. The bearded sailor pulled in the gangplank. The sail then took a great mouthful of air and lifted itself haughtily.

SUMMER IN THE HOME TOWN

Continued from page 36

tub or pool with lilies and fish is another project that older boys and girls will enjoy working on. Every family should have a pet of some kind—a dog, if possible. The keeping of pets ranked very high in answer to the question—"What relationships in your childhood did the most to create stability of home ties?"—recently answered by several hundred young men and women.

At least one night a week this summer, let the family "have a date" to play together. If father and mother keep it religiously, they will find that the children never wish to break it. Invite the children's friends. For the early 'teen age, try a few informal summer parties for both boys and girls—beach parties, outdoor suppers, dances featuring games and stunts as well as dancing. Boys and girls at this age tend to stay in their own sex groups and to be critical, even hostile toward each other. But comradeship in early adolescence will prepare them to share their recreation later without self-consciousness.

Play at home satisfies the recreation needs of the child under seven. But it is not enough for the older boy and girl, who need more space for their games than the average home backyard can supply, and need, too, competition and team play with groups of their own age.

The parents' best ally in helping boys and girls to get the space and the leadership they need for summer play is the public recreation system. If you live in one of nine hundred and fifty progressive towns and cities in the United States and Canada, you will find playgrounds, athletic fields, and other recreation areas provided by the community under supervision. The last survey of the National Recreation Association showed 13,397 such areas, of which 6,092 were outdoor summer playgrounds.

A new society of youth is forming in these safety zones for play. The modern playground is a busy junior republic where boys and girls learn good sportsmanship and the joy of accomplishment, gaining hobbies and skills that will stay with them through life. Playground elections give them training in city government. Now that home chores are few, playground duties provide that needed sense of responsibility. In one city an older girl conducts a class of pre-school children in elementary art work. In another a thirteen-year-old girl is an instructor in bead work. Some playgrounds publish newspapers, with boys and girls as editors and reporters.

If there is a public playground in your neighborhood, see that your boy or girl attends it regularly, provided the ground is under trained and experienced leadership. The trained leader builds up an attractive daily program that has a definite educational plan. He draws the shy child into the games, shows the spoiled child the value of cooperation, and diverts the energies of the "trouble maker" into helpful channels. Higher standards for recreation leaders are being set every year. Children, especially in their early 'teens, are hero worshippers and should have leaders they can follow and respect.

And if your town has no playgrounds, why not set to work to get them? Often a parents' group, women's club, men's luncheon club, or neighborhood association has started the ball which rolled toward a later community-wide system of recreation. They have equipped a vacant lot playground, built the first swimming pool, or perhaps secured a recreation leader for the summer. One simple project, such as a baseball league, a series of hikes, or damming and cleaning up the local "swimmin' hole" for safe sport, will be a good start. Let the boys and girls help to clear the vacant lot or beach, or build the tennis court. It will give them a sense of pride and ownership in their recreation center.

I do not doubt that last summer's epidemic of juvenile tree sitting, bicycle riding, and other endurance stunts was due to the youthful love of competition and risk which had no better outlet. Boys and girls need chances for real adventure, contest, and hardihood. This can be given them through the scouting programs, camping trips, water sports, and vigorous team games.

THIS summer many communities will check their recreational rating with renewed concern. For it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the movement for organized play. In April, 1906, a little group of socially minded men and women met with President Roosevelt to form the Playground and Recreation Association of America. Then only forty-one cities had made a start in directed playgrounds, most of which were privately supported for children in poor neighborhoods. But even in that day of vacant city lots and few automobiles, these pioneers pointed out: "The maintenance of playgrounds is not a matter of ornamental philanthropy, but is a part of the system of education of the state and necessary to the development of the whole nature and not of the mind only."

The group is now called the National Recreation Association because of the great expansion of its service to include people of all ages. The truth of its prophecy is reflected in an annual municipal expenditure of more than thirty-three millions for municipal play. Recreation has taken its place as a public duty, and cities realize that funds spent for wholesome play are an investment in health, child safety, and crime prevention.

Children are growing up in a changing world. As new machinery and startling inventions shorten work hours, everyone will have more spare time.

Whether this increasing leisure will be used constructively depends on the opportunities we give youth today. So modern parents, in this important business of play, are looking beyond the immediate welfare of their own children to preparing all the children in their community for joyous and expressive living.

EVERY WEEK *this Summer*

You Can Add a Pound to Your Child's Weight ... and Correct Nervousness Remarkably

A discovery from Switzerland... World-Leader in Child Development... That May Make Your Child Over This Vacation Time

Accept 3-Day Supply
Use Coupon Below

The Most Delightful Food-Drink Known

SUMMER should be used to *build up* your child's weight. Don't believe loss of weight during the summer months is "natural" to your child.

You can build your child's weight a pound or more a week all during vacation if you will; curb any nervous conditions and actually improve his appetite. You can do this in a way the average child delights in and without a drop of medicine.

You give a food-drink that comes from Switzerland, the nation which has achieved so many great things for children. New to America, but used for years in Europe, over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The coupon below offers you a 3-day supply. For your child's sake, please accept it.

What It Is—How It Acts

Thirty-eight years ago a food-chemist in Switzerland developed an unusual method of *processing* certain natural foods. A process that gave these foods certain values which none of them have when taken alone or in an ordinary mixture. It created world comment then, for it solved the problem of feeding invalids. It is called Ovaltine and today its use has spread all over the world and it is solving the problem of child feeding for modern mothers.

Ovaltine is made under a unique process—first it is cooked under vacuum, thus preserving all vitamins and enzymes. It is processed in such a way that it digests almost at once, without effort. It will digest when nothing else seems to "agree." And constitutes in itself a complete food.

You mix it with milk and drink it as a beverage. And when mixed with milk it will break down the curds and make the milk digest twice as easily. (For milk alone, as you know, turns to solid curds in the stomach.)

Children drink twice as much milk, when it's mixed with Ovaltine, because they like the taste.

It also contains a natural but vital property called "lecithin" which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. A few days' use of Ovaltine usually curbs nervousness noticeably.

Increased Appetite

Ovaltine has a high content of the appetite-producing Vitamin B. But of greatest importance is its high proportion of the remarkable food element known as "diastase." (A substance that gives one food the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach.) Ovaltine is so processed that it contains enough diastase *to digest from 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods!* It is this digestive power which chiefly distinguishes Ovaltine from any other health food in the world, and is the main reason why Ovaltine *actually stimulates* appetite.

Quick Digestion

By breaking down the curds in the milk, by digesting the starches in the stomach, it speeds up digestion and empties the stomach sooner. This makes a child hungry. For the sensation of hunger is caused by the walls of an empty stomach pressing together, and hunger is the basis of appetite. Child specialists will tell you that usually when a child refuses to eat, it is because he hasn't fully digested his previous meal—"poor eaters" usually have slow digestion.

World-Wide Use

Ovaltine today is used in thousands of hospitals and sanitariums. It is prescribed by over 20,000 doctors. It was used as a standard ration by the Red Cross during the World War, for nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers. In short, it is time-tested.

For the sake of your child we urge you to try it. Results will surprise you. Note the almost immediate difference in your child's weight and nerve poise, and in greater strength, energy and appetite.

Give it at breakfast always. At meals and between meals. You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, send the coupon for a 3-day test.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely prescribed for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Free Shaker
To Ovaltine Users

If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this 50c professional shaker free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Note special offer in coupon below.

She Was Underweight and Very Nervous

My little girl was underweight and very, very nervous—she would wake up many times during the night saying she was afraid. Since using Ovaltine, she sleeps all night long without waking up, and plays like a different child during the day. Her weight is increasing and she seems less nervous every day.

MRS. A. L. HURT, *P. O. Box 191, Arlington, Texas.*

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of cooked, warm oatmeal. Stir it a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach. And why it speeds up digestion and creates the sensation of hunger.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER CO.,
Dept. F-28
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(These offers not good in Canada.)

Special Free Offer

If you are an Ovaltine *user* now, we will send you a genuine 50c shaker, *free. Send no money* — just mail this coupon *with the white pamphlet you find inside every can of Ovaltine.*

C

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)

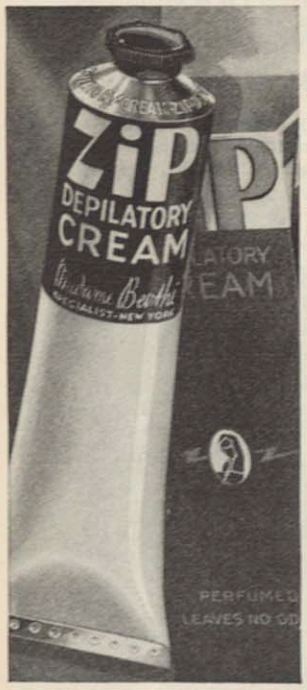
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

819

Madame Berthé discovers a NEW, safe, cream depilatory

As delightful as your choicest cold cream
White..Smooth..Fragrant

Disfiguring hair growths completely and permanently destroyed with ZIP..



GIANT TUBE—a half foot long
ONLY 50c

ZiP ● JUST spread the new **ZiP** Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream; safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious; in a giant tube, twice the size at half the price. **ZiP** Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT ● TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin;...no prickly stubble later on;...no dark shadow under the skin...That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend *ZIP*.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at $1.00.

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times,... take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread *ZIP-SHAVE* over the surface... and shave. The application of *ZIP-SHAVE* not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chap as well. Tube, 50c.

To permanently destroy hair ask for ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
New Package $1.00—de luxe size $5.00

For removing hair and discouraging the growth, ask for **ZiP** *Depilatory Cream. Giant tube 50c*

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon 562 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

If dealer cannot supply you . . use coupon

MADAME BERTHÉ (57)
562 Fifth Ave., New York
I enclose $.....Please send me
☐ A Package of *ZIP* Epilator ($1.00)
☐ A Tube of **ZiP** Depilatory Cream (50c)
☐ A Tube of *ZIP-SHAVE* (50c)
Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

THINK ON THESE THINGS

Continued from page 33

in this wide and varied country of ours. We are planning some special work with these different mixing machines, and sometime you will hear all about that, too.

This new arrival is a particularly sturdy-looking machine, and very attractive too. We wanted to try it right away so we mixed a cake for an oven test that was to be run, and the mixing machine worked beautifully. This machine will be used daily in the kitchen, then later it will have sundry tests made on it in the engineering laboratory, and finally will be put on an endurance test. Then we shall feel sure of its durability as well as its convenience and its general construction.

Just across the hall a long, shallow cupboard-like affair is being fastened to the door between the laundry and the kitchen. Designed and built by us around the equipment it is to hold, it is only five and a half inches deep, and twenty-eight inches wide, but it contains all the cleaning equipment except the vacuum cleaner and the floor polisher. These two items need a deeper space, and since they are used almost entirely in the front part of the house it is most convenient to have a small closet for them there. But here in the kitchen closet is everything needed in caring for the service rooms of the house. Oh, yes, except the mop-pail. That does have to find another corner. We found it so annoying to get things out of a deep, crowded closet that we worked out this plan for a shallow one to fasten either to the back of a door or on a wall. Quite often there is space in the hall or back entry for such a closet as this. It can be made right in the wall or in a door when the house is being built, and this saves in space the thickness of the wall or door. If a space in the wall is used little else is needed.

And this is only the beginning. The rest of the story will have to come along a little at a time. Each month there will be a chapter telling you some of the interesting facts we learn in working with the new appliances. There always seems to be something new to tell about, new ways of using old things, if nothing more, and the woman of today is just the one for whom to write these pages. She is interested to know what is going on. She is of such stuff as progress is made.

LITTLE ANNIE

Continued from page 14

Across a table in a richly furnished dining-room, he faced her waggishly.

"You're worth ten thousand a year, little Annie. Never forget that. You must learn to look like it."

She was afraid to remove her gloves lest the waiters should see her roughened hands.

"Ten thousand dollars! That's a lot, Mr. Ralph. Your pa and ma paid me ten a month when first they hired me."

"Ah, but we've gone a long way since then."

"I remember, Mr. Ralph, when I uster make your pants out of your ma's old skirts."

Young Mr. Nesbit wasn't a bit annoyed by the reference. He leaned towards her, encouraging her to be reminiscent.

From the start she'd had the suspicion that this display of equality was leading up to something.

"What do you intend to do now you're a rich woman?" he asked casually.

"Stay on in the old 'ouse," she was preparing to answer, when he cut in ahead of her with suggestions for her future. She would be able to take things easy. She could return to England, for instance. She could rent an apartment in Judah and hire a little maid. If she longed for adventure, she could make a trip to Europe with a conducted party.

"Might pick up a husband in Paris," he winked at her.

She read his game at last. He was pushing her out of his life—disowning responsibility for her. His pa hadn't put her in a trust or whatever they called it. He'd managed her affairs. But then that had been different; she and his pa had been dear friends. She felt loneliness creeping through her marrow like the first chill of influenza. Beyond members of the Nesbit family, there wasn't a soul to whom she meant anything or who meant anything to her. They were doing this because she was old. She longed to protest that she wasn't; she had twenty years of work left in her. She glanced at her smiling host, so amused by her, so dapper. Pride sprang to her defense. He shouldn't guess what she suffered. She tore off her gloves.

"A 'usband! Me pick up a 'usband! Not if 'e saw my 'ands."

Mr. Ralph instantly recognized that for imparting the rest of his news he must select a place less public.

"I have an engagement." He consulted his watch. "You must excuse me. Order anything you fancy. I'll give the head-waiter instructions to charge it to my account."

She had eaten nothing. She had no appetite for sampling luxuries. Without a sponsor, she felt an interloper. Shuffling to her feet, she returned home by trolley and sought refuge in her kitchen.

Her dear friend's children were trying to get her out of the house. Out of the house didn't matter so badly; out of her kitchen was the desolation that appalled her. A kitchen was the only home she'd ever had. In this one she'd sat and rocked away her leisure for years unnumbered. By every law of justice it belonged to her. She was worth how much? A quarter of a million. Very well, she would offer to buy it from them.

Two days passed in suspense. On the third Mr. Ralph, in the rôle of good Samaritan, put in an appearance. Before he could say a word, she overwhelmed him.

"I'll pay you for it."

"For what?"

"The 'ouse. Not that I care about the 'ouse. You can 'ave it, if I can keep my kitchen."

"But to buy the house would take half of what you possess and leave you nothing for up-keep. Besides, those gentlemen at the bank wouldn't let you."

"I'm not asking them," she retorted grimly. "It was you as put me in a trust."

"But I'm not treating you badly. I'm doing the best I can for you."

He entered into explanations, finishing with the information that the house was going to be pulled down. The ground was already sold. Apartments were to be run up.

"When must I go?" she asked, stunned into resignation.

"In the next few days," he faltered.

"No. Now." She gulped. "Get it over."

"Perhaps it would be wise," he agreed with alacrity. "But I'm sorry, little Annie, that you feel so cut up."

" 'Ow I feel don't seem to matter."

She turned her back that he might not see her tears, and trundled away to pack.

AS SHE stuffed her few belongings into suitcases and the little nail-studded immigrant's trunk, she wondered what on earth was to become of her. Mr. Ralph solved the problem; he had taken rooms. He would drive her to them and help her to settle. He was sincerely concerned for her distress. She hardly recognized whither he was conducting her, till she found herself again entering The President Grant Hotel. She drew back in panic, but he caught her arm.

"It's all right. You can afford it; and I've paid in advance."

Having procured her key, he accompanied her into the elevator. On the way up, feeling how she clung to him, he assured her, "I won't leave you till you're comfortable. No one will do you any harm."

It wasn't the harm she was afraid of; it was the solitariness.

He tipped the chambermaid on her floor, the bell-boy, everybody.

"See you take good care of her," he commanded.

On the point of forsaking (*Turn to page 76*)

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

What is "*pyorrhea*" that millions dread it so?

IT'S a pretty grim statement, but the truth is half the people who wear false teeth must do so because they failed to guard against pyorrhea, which is responsible for one-half of all adult teeth lost.

They cannot, however, be entirely blamed for their line-drawn lips and sunken cheeks—those telltale marks of artificial teeth.

For pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of forty, is a sly, insidious disease. It may infect your gums early in life, and lurk there for years before you become aware of its dangerous presence.

Do not wait for gums to bleed

The first warnings of pyorrhea are tenderness and bleeding of the gums. If neglected, pyorrhea softens the gums, loosens the teeth in their very sockets, until extraction is essential to preserve the health.

But do not wait for these warnings. Take care of good teeth while you have them. See your dentist regularly—before trouble develops. Visit him at least twice a year.

And in your home, brush your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's. This dentifrice is unique in that it contains the benefits of an ethical preparation developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Protect the teeth you have

Your own teeth are far better than anything you can get to replace them. Perhaps you do not realize what a blessing they are, so long as they are firm and your gums are in good health. But do not risk the unhappy experience of losing them. There is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's—no better protection for gleaming teeth and the mouth of youth. By all means, make Forhan's *your* dentifrice—you can make no better investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! *How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for* your *horoscope. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia network.*

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS