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Woman's HOME JOURNAL



V, 13, No. 11

March, 1939

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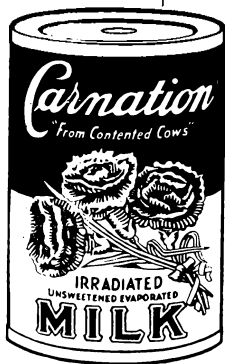
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From Cover To Cover



OUR cover this month shows Miss Liwayway Villavicencio wearing a terno with the currently fashionable bouffant skirt. This skirt, made from 75 meters of white tulle, is circular and falls in folds when the wearer is standing, swirls when she dances or moves and spreads out like petals of a flower when she sits down. The only trimming consists of numerous sequins in red, green and blue scattered all over. A be-ruffled organdy underskirt helps make the skirt spread out.

The author of the local short
(Continued on page 48)

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DEAR FRIENDS,

I was most touched with the faith and confidence that the women have shown by re-electing me. I would not be sincere if I did not admit that I was even flattered.

The Federation has, as everyone knows, gone through many difficult ordeals, hardships and difficulties. It is still, in fact, going through, will, in fact, continue to go through many more. But with the women's cooperative spirit and the help of public-minded citizens it has been able to cope with these difficulties successfully. There is no reason to believe that the future will not hold the same if not brighter prospects in the solution of its problems. Our board members consist of "old faithfuls" whose loyalty has been tested, and of "new blood" which promises energy and courage for the work in hand. With all these assets, the Federation can look forward to bigger and more solid accomplishments ahead. I have faith in it and in its great potentialities to promote the public well-being.

Very sincerely yours,

Pilar H. Lim

Among Ourselves...

THERE is a great deal of soundness in Miss Bessie Dwyer's idea of trying to work out a plan by which the Bureau of Education may include in its list three new Arts and Trade Schools for girls, "one to be in Manila; one in the Southern Islands; and one among the non-Christian of Northern Luzon." The Federation, in its home craft projects, attempts in a small way to cultivate the artistic bent of its women; the schools Miss Dwyer is thinking of are intended to bring out the latent ability and talent in handicraft in our girls in much the same way that the trade schools are doing for our boys. Embroidery, lace-making, fine crocheting, painting, flower-making and other like artistic means of self expression will be cultivated to a high degree when such schools come into being.

THERE is more than one way of skinning a cat, and Dra. Mendoza-Guanzon's method of enlisting the help of the cocheros to take good care of their own animals by working with them rather than antagonizing them with intimidations is said to be functioning marvelously. There's good psychology in her method which might be well worth trying in other problems in life.

PRESIDENT QUEZON'S stand on the agrarian difficulties that have been shaking the country for some time now has merited favorable and laudatory comments from every responsible quarter. The women are, one and all, for the chief executive's way of preserving peace while meting out justice to everybody. As in previous occasions of social unrest stirring the populace they will not fail to use their menfolk so that the latter may solve their difficulties calmly and sanely without resorting to barbaric means of employing force and arms. It is to be hoped that in this occasion the women will lift even in a small degree the stigma of "futility" with which they have time and again been branded.

A special greeting to the graduates. Life to them will take on a new, a richer meaning. It is to be hoped that their studies will have opened new vistas for them that will lead not only to their success but to the enrichment in the lives of those with whom they come in contact. There is work ahead, there is always work ahead as long as there are people and communities and community problems. The young graduates who feel that the big wide world is their horizon will do well to look around first and see what they can do with the tiny world of their communities which veer pulsately around them. Time enough for them to spread their wings to conquer broader spheres later.

A PAIR OF YELLOW SANDALS

By MANUEL E. BUENAFE

THE STORY OF A RUN-AWAY SON WHO BOUGHT HIS MOTHER A PAIR OF SLIPPERS TOO LATE . . .

IT was a very strange request he made. "A pair of yellow sandals of plush velveteen with colored glass studs embroidered on it like a heart—just like this..." and here he essayed to describe what he meant with his feeble arms until I got his meaning clearly.

Then he added: "The size must be..." he closed his eyes for a few seconds in an act of deep remembering. When he opened them again, he sized me up from head to foot, making his gaze rest longer on my canvas shoes, and said, "I guess your size will do."

He was our patient No. 41 at Ward Three. The record books said: "Twenty-two . . . single . . . newspaperman . . ." And farther down: "Lobar pneumonia, middle lobe. . . Keep constant watch..." The medical part of the date was jotted down by Dr. Morales a fortnight ago, when he arrived, and now he was already convalescing. That he was "single"—as the record books said—and his strange order seemed irreconcilable. One could not help being curious.

"Surely, you aren't..." I said, questioning him with my gaze.

As an answer to my implied question, he fished out his leather wallet from under his bed and handed me a five-peso bill. "Get me a good one, please..."

All of us nurses and student-nurses of Ward Three had found him a lovable patient. He was so different from the rest of the patients we had been accustomed to take care of. He was very courteous and polite, and although he was in the free ward, he was very far above the common run of patients. One noticed that very easily in his looks, manners, and speech.

Moreover,—and this consideration alone would have made all the difference—he was handsome. It was very seldom that we got patients like him in the free ward. Most of them belonged to the pay wards, and they were arrogant and haughty, unlike him, so smooth-mannered and considerate. . . .

I still distinctly remember when he came.

It was late twilight, long past the hour of admission. A patient in the isolation room was fighting for his life, and we were all flurried. Miss Mendoza, the head nurse, was busy at the phone calling for Dr. Samonte, who had charge of the patient, somewhere in another ward; but she somehow could not get the numbers correctly, and Dr. Samonte came after the patient had expired. I myself found difficulty

with the oxygen balloon in my excitement.

When the patient had finally quieted down in death, I stepped out into the half-darkness of the hallway, feeling a little bit relieved. To be sure, I had been a constant witness to death snuffing out lives as the wind would the flame of a candle, but seeing death with one's two eyes is always an experience that cannot be lightly dismissed.

I do not remember how long I stood there at the doorway. The next thing I noticed, however, was a man on the bench near the isolation room. He was alone.

He was very weak—that was evident from his movements. He had to be wheeled into the examination room. Dr. Morales said he needed immediate attendance, so we placed him in the emergency room in the meantime. Later, we transferred him to Bed No. 41, in company with an old infirm patient and a young typhoid case.

Pneumonia cases, especially the lobar kind, are usually fatal, but he had the good luck to come to the hospital when the ailment was yet in the initial stage. In three days he was running a temperature of forty degrees, and we knew the "crisis" had been reached. Days after that, it was only a matter of care; he was past the danger zone.

He seemed so alone, and watching him convalesce, we naturally felt drawn to him. There was nothing we would not do for him. Every morning we brought him fresh *rosal* buds and *sampaguita* blooms. It was by an unspeakable urge that we did so. One experiences that feeling sometimes. Perhaps it was because we nurses had long been accustomed to gruff treatment from short-tempered patients, especially in Ward Three—and here was a man who was all politeness. all courtesy, all friendliness.

When he was physically able to do so, he would write poems for us (Miss Mendoza "discovered" he was

a poet from an old magazine). This somehow brought him closer to us.

After a week in the hospital, he began to have visitors. It was rather an intellectual crowd he used to have, and books and magazines began to pile on his table. We did not quite relish this, for his reading sort of took him away from us. Of afternoons, at angelus, all of us who were not on duty would troop to the Ateneo chapel some distance off, it being Lent then, and if it was not chilly our Patient No. 41 would be there at the balcony to watch us. He would call out to us as we passed by to include him in our prayers. Always invariably, we answered back, "How many *Ave Marias* do you want said for you?"

Sometimes, too, we went out shopping, and when we did, we would inform him. Then he would order biscuits, oranges, apples, and many other things to eat. At the start we accepted his money only to please him, and we bought him the things he ordered with our own. He needed all his money, as we all thought and told him so, as we gave it back. But this action he resented so much and once he told us so, after which we had to accept his money for he did not listen to any explanations. He was that proud. . . .

And that time I said I was going downtown and he ordered a pair of yellow sandals—of all things—I could not help being curious.

He had to explain.

"I shall go home soon," he said. . . . "when I get well. It's been years I've been away. But now I shall go home. . . . It sounds so funny that I had not realized it before. Not until I got ill. But I guess that's the general case. One thinks of home—and God—only when one has need for them." Here he smiled wanly.

He continued:

"Ten years ago—yes, it was ten years ago I was last home. . . . by the way, have you been away so long? . . ."

He fell into that peculiar attitude of reminiscence of his: far-off gaze, head cupped in the interlocked fingers of his two hands and feet propped up in bed. I had to take a chair. It would be a long story, I thought, and who would not want to hear it from him? Many a time he regaled us with stories that way, and we forgot the tediousness of our tasks. He was such a nice story-

teller.

"Then, freely, he started once more: "I am a runaway, if that you should know. I ran away from home in the province when I was twelve.

"You see, we live near the sea. Almost every day, ships would dock at the port at the town five miles away. Who hasn't, at the sight of a ship, dreamed of sailing in one? "And it was but natural for me, bred to the sea, in a manner of speaking, to wish that way, too. I dreamed of large cities, tall skyscrapers, and massive edifices. I dreamed of the springs in Japan, the winters in Europe, the autumns in America.

"You smile. . . . Yes, I believe, come to think of it again, that it was silly of me to think of those things. But I guess once in every lifetime one feels silly that way, in adolescence especially.

"The meagre knowledge of geography I learned in school only whetted my desire to see those distant fairy lands.

"So it was that, as I have said at the start, I ran away. . . .

"But I was not able to go to foreign lands, as I wanted to at the start. After having seen most of the country, the wanderlust altogether left me.

"The urge—you call it fate—very well, let's call it fate, although I have ceased believing in fate. . . . well, fate stranded me here high and dry in the city. I got into a lot of jobs, but reporting has quite stuck with me. I have been in it for two years now, and I still like it. . . .

"The rest is. . . . well, you know it. . . . You asked me that before, when I first came."

He paused.

In my mind flashed the thought: the prodigal is returning after so much wandering. A wave of pity swept over me. . . . but then it struck me as queer, as incomplete. He had not mentioned a thing about the yellow sandals.

"But where do the sandals come in?" I asked eagerly.

He smiled. "Ah, yes," he brought one palm upon his forehead. "I, too, have a mother. . . ."

Later:

"It was a week before the town fiesta, I remember, that my mother sent me, his truant son, to town to buy her a pair of yellow sandals with multicolored glass beads embroidered on it like a heart, as I have described to you. But. . . ." this he said quite naively, unfeelingly even, "I ran away. And during all these many years, I haven't heard from my family. Neither have they heard from me. I wrote them for the first time in years a week ago. I wonder. . . ."

I rose hurriedly. "I will go now," I said. "Yes, yes, you'll have them tonight." And I left.

Somehow, I could not get myself to tell him that the hospital received a telegram for him informing him of the death of his mother the day before. . . .

INDIAN HEAD
WHITE and FAST COLOR
CLOTH

SPEECHES DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTH

INVOCATION

By Most Rev. Cesar Ma. Guerrero

Thrice Holy God, Fountain and Source of Infinite Wisdom, deign to look down upon these Thy children, here assembled to deliberate on points of human welfare.

Thou, the Creator, Who keepest and guidest Thy creatures with a fatherly love and providence, come and infuse into their minds thoughts in full accord with the eternal dictates of Thy wisdom; fill their hearts with sentiments of mutual love, and true charity toward afflicted humanity; strengthen them in their purpose and task of fostering and spreading Christian fraternity. Yes, O Lord, they expect every grace of Thee, for we all believe that without Thy blessing and help no human device will come to a successful end.

Remember, O Lord, that these Thy children here gathered belong to the sex on which Thou hast bestowed a peerless privilege in the election and exaltation of Thine own Mother. In the name and for the honor of that Mother, whom all generations shall call blessed, bless these women here gathered, direct their deliberations and help them to act always in accordance with Thy most holy Will. AMEN.

THE ROLE OF FEMININE LEADERSHIP IN THE PHILIPPINES TODAY

By HON. RAFAEL ALUNAN
Secretary of the Interior

I ACCEPTED with no little hesitancy and with a certain trepidation the invitation of your good President, Mrs. Pilar Hidalgo-Lim, to speak at this gathering of women because I am aware not only that woman is the better-half of man but that she is even the more powerful half. Regarding woman as such, man's inferiority becomes evident and my first thought was to decline. But I mustered courage to come here on this occasion with Mrs. Lim's reassurance that woman's subtle influence would not be overly exerted this morning.

History is replete with accounts of the power and influence of woman. Nations have gone forward or backward as that power has been used for good or evil. Whenever she has chosen to use it for good, the progress of the nation has been accelerated, and whenever she has chosen to use it for evil the nation's progress has retrogressed. And the progress of mankind has been greatest where woman has been emancipated and enlightened and has used her freedom and enlightenment for good. To cite a few examples of famous women in history, we have Poppea of Rome, Cleopatra of Egypt, Catherine de' Medici, Empress Josephine, and Queen Victoria. Directly or indirectly these women have been powerful factors

in the administration of their respective countries.

We are indeed fortunate that the women in our country possess a comparatively high degree of education and enlightenment which, with the elevating influence of Christianity and western civilization, have made her a positive influence for good. And our women have progressed with time. While they have not kept fully abreast with Occidental women, and perhaps it is better that this be so, she has been granted rights and privileges which have placed her virtually on an equal footing with man.

To enumerate a few of these privileges: our women can now dispose of their property without the consent of their husbands; they can now enter into contracts independent of the desires of their mates; and the laws of the country give them the necessary protection against the undue demands of employment. I conceive it to be the role of feminine leadership in the Philippines today, leadership which is in the capable hands of the members of this Federation in their respective communities, to inform the great mass of our women of the existence of these rights and privileges, and to counsel them in the proper use of such rights.



Secretary Alunan.


Your greatest field for leadership, however, lies in the political field, for the power to vote and to hold office involves the welfare of the nation. In the hands of man this power has not always been productive of good. In the hands of woman, its effect is still an unknown quantity. The rights that have been given to you to vote and to hold office are indeed pregnant with danger both to yourselves and to the country. It is too early to pass

judgment as to the wisdom of enfranchising the Filipino woman. The alleged failure of democracy and popular government is due to the fact that the choice of the people to govern them has not always been the best. This is an admitted weakness of popular government. Whether or not in the Philippines the inclusion of women as additional selectors of those who are to govern the nation is an asset or a liability, will depend upon how well a liability, will depend upon how well and how wisely our women will

One of the defects of the popular elections is the high and often exorbitant cost of elections on the part of candidates. Cognizant of this evil, the National Assembly recently limited the expenses to be incurred by candidates. But if women, in their incursion into the political field, can eliminate this evil, then this alone would be a public service of incalculable value which their men-folk have been unable to accomplish. This is one aspect of politics wherein women can play a most salutary part.

I have no doubt that the women assembled here, their superior education and attainment, will know how to exercise these privileges pro-

(Continued on page 47)



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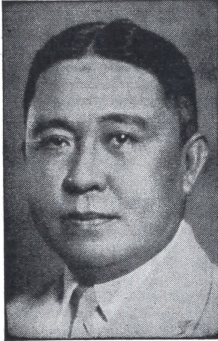
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BIENNIAL CONVENTION of the NFWC

Welcome Address

By
MAYOR JUAN POSADAS



have spent and are spending many a pleasant time for their betterment.

It is my great pleasure as well as my privilege to extend to all the delegates to this convention my warmest greetings and heartiest welcome to the City of Manila. I am extremely happy to be present on this occasion and be here among you where the spirit of cordiality and friendship borne out of a desire to understand and cooperate with one another in the pursuit of a common objective is so keenly manifest. Inbued as you all are with a civic interest in the service of the communities to which you respectively belong, and of the country at large, and with the willingness to help solve current important problems that are inherently ours, you are now assembled as delegates to the Seventh Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. I am sure that each and every member feels considerable pride in being able to form a part of this national association thru whose organized and collected effort so many things have been advanced for the promotion of public and social welfare. May I, therefore, congratulate you for these accomplishments.

We are passing thru a difficult period of readjustment and nation building, the foundation of which must necessarily rest on the strength and character of our people. The task of developing a well-rounded citizenry fully equipped physically, mentally and morally to discharge their delicate obligations to the motherland is a serious one indeed. Greater still is the task of preparing our youth along these

(Continued on page 43)

MRS. Posadas and I deeply regret Mrs. Lim's injury in an accident yesterday on her way to a tea party given at Malacañan by President and Mrs. Quezon. As President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Lim has rendered invaluable services under whose able guidance your Federation has become a potent factor in our national life. We are glad, however, that Mrs. Escoda, Secretary of this Federation, who was with Mrs. Lim yesterday, who has been spared of any injury. I have been in close contact with both of these women leaders in the social welfare work in the City and they have been very helpful, specially in the amelioration of the conditions of the poor and the needy and the children. Mrs. Escoda has helped me a great deal in the establishment of boy's clubs in the city, such as the one located at San Nicolas, where boys

Greetings

From DR. JOSE FABELLA
(Commissioner of Health & Public Welfare)



for your devotion to service for the uplift of our people. You have made definite contributions to the health and social life of your respective communities. But a great deal remains to be done, and as one directly in charge of welfare work in this country, I hope that you will continue the good work which you have begun. You may meet difficulties and disappointments, but do not let them dampen your enthusiasm for the promotion of activities that benefit our people.

I am sure that as civic-minded women, you will be glad to know that His Excellency, the President, wishes that a great deal of the Sweepstakes funds will be used to administer health aid to our people through hospitals, clinics and dispensaries. In line with this plan, we are establishing National Charity Clinics so that there will be a physician available in every town of this country. We are now busy assigning a physician in every town

(Continued on page 47)

I am glad of this opportunity to greet you, women leaders from all over the country. As one who has cooperated with you closely in puericulture center work and various welfare activities, I want to take this opportunity to express my sincere admiration and respect

ANNOUNCEMENT

BEGINNING in this issue, we are publishing the speeches delivered by the speakers at the Seventh Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines held last month, for the benefit of those club women who were unable to attend the convention. We hope those women who were not present at the Convention will not miss reading these speeches by high-ranking government officials and men who are specialists in their respective lines for they are on topics that are of national interest and contain valuable suggestions on how the women of the Philippines can be of greater service to their communities in particular and to the country in general. Those who are not subscribers can order single copies of the March, April and May issues in which these speeches will appear at twenty centavos a copy.

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ESSENCE OF REFINEMENT

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The Greatest Man In The World

Short Story By
JAMES THURBER

LOOKING back on it now, from the vantage point of 1940, one can only marvel that it hadn't happened long before it did. The United States of America had been, ever since Kitty Hawk, blindly constructing the elaborate petard by which, sooner or later, it must be hoist. It was inevitable that some day there would come roaring out of the skies a national hero of insufficient intelligence, background, and character successfully to endure the mounting orgies of glory prepared for aviators who stayed up a long time or flew a great distance. Both Linnergh and Byrd, fortunately for national decorum and international amity, had been gentlemen; so had our other famous aviators. They wore their laurels gracefully, withstood the awful weather

of publicity, married excellent women, usually of fine family, and quietly retired to private life and the enjoyment of their varying fortunes. No untoward incidents, on a worldwide scale, marred the perfection of their conduct on the perilous heights of fame. The exception of the rule was, however, bound to occur and it did, in July, 1935, when Jack ("Pal") Smurch, erstwhile mechanic's helper in a small garage in Westfield, Iowa, flew a second-hand, single-motored Bresthaven Dragon-Fly III monoplane all the way around the world, without stopping.

Never before in the history of aviation had such a flight as Smurch's ever been dreamed of. No one had even taken seriously the weird floating auxiliary gas tanks, invention of the mad New Hampshire professor of astronomy, Dr. Charles Lewis Gresham, upon which Smurch placed full reliance. When the garage worker, a slightly built, surely, unprepossessing young man of twenty-two, appeared at Roosevelt Field early in July, 1935, slowly chewing a great quid of scrap tobacco, and announced "Nobody ain't seen no flyin' yet," the newspapers touched briefly and satirically upon his projected twenty-five-thousand-mile flight. Aeronautical and automotive experts dismissed the idea curtly, implying that it was a hoax, a publicity stunt. The rusty, battered, second-hand plane wouldn't go. The Gresham auxiliary tanks wouldn't work. It was simply a cheap joke.

Smurch, however, after calling on a girl in Brooklyn who worked in the flap-folding department of a large paper-box factory, a girl whom he later described as his "sweet potatoe," climbed nonchalantly into his ridiculous plane at dawn of the memorable seventh of July, 1935, spit a curve of tobacco juice into the still air, and took off, carrying with him only a gallon

of bootleg gin and six pounds of salami.

When the garage boy thundered out over the ocean the papers were forced to record, in all seriousness, that a mad, unknown young man—his name was variously misspelled—had actually set out upon a preposterous attempt to span the world in a rickety, one-engined contraption, trusting to the long-distance refuelling device of a crazy schoolmaster. When, nine days later, without having stopped once, the tiny plane appeared above San Francisco Bay, headed for New York, spluttering and choking, to be sure, but still magnificently and miraculously aloft, the headlines, which long since had crowded everything else off the front page—even the shooting of the Governor of Illinois by the Capone gang—swelled to unprecedented size, and the news stories began to run to twenty-five and thirty columns. It was noticeable, however, that the accounts of the epoch-making flight touched rather lightly upon the aviator himself. This was not because they were too complete.

Reporters, who had been rushed out to Iowa when Smurch's plane was first sighted over the little French coast town of Scry-le-Mer, to dig up the story of the great man's life, had promptly discovered that the story of his life could not be printed. His mother, a sullen short-order cook in a shack restaurant on the edge of a tourists' camping ground near Westfield, met all inquiries as to her son with an angry "Ah, the hell with him; I hope he drowns." His father appeared to be in jail somewhere for stealing spotlights and laprobes from tourists' automobiles; his young brother, a weak-minded lad, had but recently escaped from the Preston, Iowa, Reformatory and was already wanted in several Western towns for the theft of money-order blanks from post offices. These alarming discoveries were still piling up at the very time that Pal Smurch, the greatest hero of the twentieth century, blear-eyed, dead for sleep, half-starved, was piloting his crazy junk-heap high above the region in which the lamentable story of his private life was being unearthed, headed for New York and a greater glory than any man of his time had ever known.

The necessity for printing some account in the papers of the young

man's career and personality had led to a remarkable predicament. It was of course impossible to reveal the facts, for a tremendous popular feeling in favor of the young hero had sprung up, like a grass fire, when he was halfway across Europe on his flight around the globe. He was, therefore, described as a modest chap, taciturn, blond, popular with his friends, popular with girls. The only available snapshot of Smurch, taken at the wheel of a phony automobile in a cheap photo studio at an amusement park, was touched up so that the little vulgarian looked quite handsome. His twisted leer was smoothed into a pleasant smile. The truth was, in this way, kept from the youth's ecstatic compatriots; they did not dream that the Smurch family was despised and feared by its neighbors in the obscure Iowa town, nor that the hero himself, because of numerous unsavory exploits, had come to be regarded in Westfield as a nuisance and a menace. He had, the reporters discovered, once knifed the principal of his high school—not mortally, to be sure, but he had knifed him; and on another occasion, surprised in the act of stealing an altarcloth from a church, he had bashed the sacristan over the head with a pot of Easter lilies; for each of these offences he had served a sentence in the reformatory.

Inwardly, the authorities, both in New York and in Washington, prayed that an understanding Providence might, however awful such a thing seemed, bring disaster to the rusty, battered plane and its illustrious pilot, whose unheard-of flight had aroused the civilized world to hosannas of hysterical praise. The authorities were convinced that the character of the renowned aviator was such that the limelight of adulation was bound to reveal him, to all the world, as a congenial hooligan mentally and morally unequipped to cope with his own prodigious fame. "I trust," said the Secretary of State, at one of many secret Cabinet meetings, called to consider the national dilemma, "I trust that his mother's prayer will be answered," by which he referred to Mrs. Emma Smurch's wish that her son might be drowned. It was, however, too late for that—Smurch had leaped the Atlantic and then the Pacific as if they were

(Continued on page 44)



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CHECKMATE!

By HERBERT DUART

A Short Short Story With
An Unexpected Ending

SLIM TRAVERS had planned in detail every step of the hold-up. For a fortnight now he had been keeping the Blackman Jewellery Shop under constant observation. He knew at just what time each member of the staff arrived for the day, and he knew that he had only twenty minutes in which to act.

When, a little after eight o'clock that morning, the pretty young cashier put her key in the lock, Slim moved nonchalantly toward her from across the street. In his left hand he carried a bag. It was a small bag; but it was large enough to hold the most valuable of the expensive gems which the Blackman Jewellery Shop had in stock. His right hand was in the bulging side pocket of his well-tailored lounge suit.

By the time the girl had opened the door, Slim was standing just behind her.

"This," he murmured in her ear, "is a holdup. I'm coming in with you. Act natural, and walk straight ahead."

The girl hesitated, and Slim saw her shoulders stiffen.

"Go in," he said, prodding her gently in the back; "go in!"

After a slight pause she went on into the shop, and Slim closed and locked the door behind them. When at last the girl turned around, she inspected him calmly from the crown of his Homburg to the tips of his polished boots.

"If you expect to get anything here," she said, "you've come to the wrong place. The safe is locked and I haven't the combination."

"I know; I know," Slim spoke impatiently now. He had not spent two weeks in reconnoitering for nothing. "The safe has a time-lock set for eight-fifteen, and the little dark-haired chap takes the stuff out then. We'll wait for him. In the meantime you can get on with your work, if you want."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and, taking off her hat, moved toward a desk in the rear of the shop. "Wait a minute!" Slim passed quickly in front of her and yanked the telephone cord from its socket. "Now you can do anything you like but yell." There were, he knew, no burglar alarms of any sort in the place.

While the girl seated herself at the desk, Slim wandered about the shop, looking alternately at the

massive safe and the clock. For perhaps the twentieth time in his life he rejoiced that exclusive shops invariably had frosted glass in their doors and windows. No one could see them from the street.

It was, he saw, nine minutes past eight. The clerk should be coming in any second now. At eight-fifteen the time-lock would open the vault, at eight-twenty-five the job would be over.

Slim glanced at the girl. She was calmly lettering show-cards as though a hold-up were an everyday occurrence. A plucky little thing! And pretty, too. Slim sighed. Well, with that black bag filled to the brim, he soon would be stepping around Montmartre.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a key being fitted in the door. For all his six feet, Slim could move quickly and quietly as a cat. He glided over to one side

of the entrance and stood there, breathing easily, as the assistant entered the shop.

"Good morning, Miss Webster," the newcomer said. "I—"

"All right, my friend," interrupted Slim. "Close that door and lock it."

The clerk spun around, mouth open, staring stupidly.

"Wha—"

"Lock that door!"

Quickly the man obeyed, his fingers barely able to function.

This was easy, thought Slim, even easier than he had expected. The little shrimp would give no trouble. "Now get over there by the safe."

All three of them now were looking at the clock, and the silence was broken only by the quiet ticking as the few remaining seconds passed by.

"Eight-fifteen! You, there!" Slim pointed to the clerk. "Open the safe! Quick!"

In his eagerness to please, the clerk almost ran to the safe, and Slim, speculating pleasantly on the future, watched the steel door swing slowly open. Everything was working out exactly as he had planned.

Suddenly Slim went cold with fear. Something was pressing into his back. Could the girl have got hold of an automatic? Quickly, in one deft movement, he ducked down, swerved to one side, spun around, gun thrust forward.

"What's the matter?" The girl looked more surprised than afraid. Slim nervously fingered his tie. Don't stand so near behind me," he muttered. "You make me nervous." "Nervous!" She seemed amused. "Why I was just looking over your shoulder."

Slim opened his black bag and drew out a roll of adhesive tape and a length of cord.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm going to have to tie you two up. I can't take any chances. You know how it is," he added apologetically.

When Slim had bound and gagged the two of them he turned to the safe. Working swiftly, deftly, with one eye on the clock, he picked out the more valuable of the rings, necklaces and bracelets. The haul was even better than he had expected.

It was almost eight-thirty now. In another ten minutes the assistant-manager would be coming in. Better take no chances. With a last regretful look at the more bulky things he would have to leave behind, Slim snapped his little bag shut.

"You two won't have to wait long," he said as he hurried to the entrance. "Someone should be here in a few minutes."

Cautiously he opened the door and then, finding no one immediately in front of the shop, stepped outside. The street was practically deserted. A few inoffensive-looking clerks hurried along the pavement to their various offices. Slim, stepping briskly along, was conscious of a good job well done.

He turned into Regent Street, where there were more pedestrians, and looked around for a cab. He felt vaguely uneasy now, and sensed that someone was following him. Looking around, he saw a little man in a bowler staring at him fixedly. For some unaccountable reason Slim felt panic rising within him.

He walked more quickly, almost trotted, forced himself, with colossal self-control, to keep from breaking into a run. God, if only he could find a cab!

He looked over his shoulder again. The little chap had stopped, but was talking to another man, and was gesticulating towards Slim.

Trying to shake off the fear which was slowly paralyzing him, Slim went on. It must be his imagination! He was losing his nerve!

At the corner of Swallow Street he looked around a third time. Both men were not twenty feet behind him, and the little chap, beckoning to Slim, shouted:

"Here! I say! You, there!" Cold fear settled down on Slim. When he saw a policeman standing by the arch, a fierce, unreasoning panic seized him, and he started to run.

Then a hand fell on his shoulder
(Continued on page 13)

FIGHT COLDS INTERNALLY

A slight cold can very easily develop into a very serious ailment if it is neglected.

Many people believe a cold is not dangerous and do nothing about it. Actually, if left to develop, a cold is likely to be one of the most serious of all human ailments.

Any doctor will tell you this — and will advise you to treat a cold internally the moment you feel it coming on in order to stop it before it has a chance to become serious.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD! That's dangerous. And don't experiment with treatments which may be unsafe or of little value. That's dangerous too. A cold is an internal infection and must be treated internally for best results. That's why, at the first sign of a cold,

you should take one or two tablets of Cafiaspirina with a glass of water. If necessary, repeat this dose every two hours. Easy to take, Cafiaspirina acts quickly to stop your cold — puts an end to the discomfort and fever which accompanies it.

Remember when you feel a cold coming on, take Cafiaspirina. It's the quickest, safest, most effective way to stop a cold before it has a chance to become dangerous. If your cold isn't relieved in twenty-four hours, then see your doctor.

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A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE TWO FAIRS

*They Are Sure To Affect Your Life
Even If You Will Not See Them*

THE United States is now the Mecca of all travelers because of the San Francisco 1939 Golden Gate Exposition and the New York World Fair. If one were to believe what one reads and hears, it would seem that everybody were going to the United States to see one or both of the Fairs. But it is not so. The President of the Philippine Commonwealth, to mention just one, much as he would like to see even one of the fairs only, will not go because state duties do not permit him to leave the country for quite a long period. This consoles us a bit, for we shall not be the only one who will say, "No, we have not seen the New York World Fair (or the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition)."

The officials of the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition expect 22 millions to pass through its gates. The officials of the New World Fair expect many times that number because, they claim, their fair is three times larger. Even if the two figures are combined the sum will be much less than the number of those who like us will not be able to see the two fairs, for various reasons, financial being the greatest. So we just content ourselves with reading previous and reviews of both fairs and looking at the colorful pictures of their exhibits that appear in various magazines.

The following are bits of information we have gathered from the various sources that have come our way. They will give you an idea how they do things over there—on a gigantic scale and with thoroughness. We hope Mr. "Arsenic" Luz, now in San Francisco, will learn something new and inject it into our dull exposition (or is it fair or carnival).

New York World Fair

This is situated on 1,216 acres of what used to be Flushing Meadow, a dumping ground just outside of New York.... When Fair is ended, this place will become a permanent park with trees and fountains and pools.... The Fair is about 15 minutes by railroad from Manhattan.... There is a parking space for 36,000 cars near the entrance gates but many car owners will prefer train or subway.... One railroad and three subway systems in New York have stations within the Fair grounds for easy access.

The admission to the Fair is 75 cents for each adult and 25 cents for each child. Intramural bus fare is 10 cents. The eight dramatic focal exhibits are free, so are a number of moving pictures, educational forums and fine arts exhibitions.... 43,000 persons at a time can be accommodated at the restaurants. It is possible to eat for as little as a dime (ten cents) or as expensively as one likes at a night club with a floor show. A World of Tomorrow bun with roast beef and coffee cost 25 cents. Lunch at the service restaurants is 50 cents; dinner, 75 cents up. There are foreign restaurants serving authentic national foods.... How will one get about inside the Fair? Busses making frequent stops circle the Fair and there are tractor trains with 2-passenger cars which may be boarded at certain zones. There are electrically- and hand-run roller chairs for hire.... There are information booths at each entrance and guide books are for sale. The color scheme of the buildings is a direction finder in itself.

The theme center of the New York World Fair is an 18-story Perisphere, "the largest ball ever made by man", and a 50-story Trylon, "the tallest triangular tower in the world".... The Perisphere and the Trylon are painted white. Areas around them take on pale tints, increasing in intensity until the true

colors of the rainbow are reached.... The domestic exhibition area forms a half wheel with the Perisphere as the hub. The Rainbow Avenue at the rim of the wheel separates the domestic from the foreign exhibits.

When a visitor enters the Fair, color hits him in the eye, exciting, impressive, and he gasps at the pictures—huge, created in new materials and representing different schools and creeds—and at the sculpture, each telling a story.... The board of directors of the Fair decided that the Fair buildings should be plain, practical, artificially lighted and windowless. No windows would mean more exhibition space, more exhibition space would mean more cash. This seemed a good idea. The buildings should be one story high, not too heavy because the land had been newly filled, and of stucco structure because they would be frankly temporary. But even a beautiful park and any number of smart architects can't make a lot of low, blank white stucco walls exciting enough for a fair. The answer was pictures on the walls, pictures and colors. So the officials of the Fair called in all artists available and told them what they wanted and gave them *carta blanca*, so to speak. This was exactly what the artists wanted.... Freedom to do what they wanted to do, opportunity to experiment, to try out their ideas. The results are pictures that have poster quality, appealing and wholly understandable, and made with all sorts of materials—cork, metal, linoleum. The artists enjoyed their jobs thoroughly and the onlookers will enjoy their pictures.

One of the largest buildings in the Fair is the Food Building and the mural on it, executed by Witold Gordon, is the largest—200 feet across. It took the artist five weeks to do it. The background is blue and against it Gordon has painted the most appealing cows and sheep, the most beautiful carrots, cabbages, apples, fish and oysters. He drew circles for vitamins. Everything is very scientific and authentic. An average housewife could sit in front of the mural and plan well-balanced meals for her family out of the pictures in this mural.

The paint use throughout the Fair is something new. It has a rubber base that makes it permanent for outdoor murals. It first saw light in the cages of the Washington zoo three years ago. Dominic Mortello, muralist, was commissioned to paint the backgrounds for the animals. He wanted his art to be permanent so he looked around for a paint that could stand a lot of hosing down with strong disinfectants and rough treatments from the animals. He couldn't find any, so he took some pigments and some stuff that is used to seal cellars against dampness, retired into a laboratory with a chemist and emerged with this rubber-base paint that ought to be

bright as ever at the end of a good hundred years if the best materials are used in mixing it.

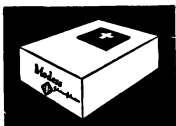
The artists who decorated the Fair started something in the use of colors—for dress ensembles, for interior decorations. The murals will show the women how to combine colors, what to do with reds, yellows, blues.... New shades have been invented by the artists and these have been used in dress materials by the manufacturers and are known by the names of the artists who "invented" them—Savage green, Gordon cobalt, Axley pink, Bouddelle red, Feininger turquoise, Ciampaglia red.

There are exhibits to interest everyone. To women, the most interesting will be the Town of Tomorrow. This village has been laid out by experts in city planning, with landscaping both beautiful and practical. The houses in this modern town represent new trends, new ideas, new materials and new modes of decorating.... There are also the Hall of Jewels that holds a priceless collection of gems, gold and silver never before assembled so lavishly or displayed so dramatically, the Hall of Fashion where they can see new fabrics and exotic textiles, new color combinations; the Hall of Beauty, the Consumers Interests Building and the Hall of Pharmacy.

For the children, there is the 6-acre Children's World, where children of all ages may be checked, amused, rested and fed under supervision of a staff of doctors, nurses and trained play directors. There are playgrounds where children from 4 to 14 years may be left for supervised play. Or, children may be left with an American Express Guide, who, for a small fee, will take them on special tours in the Children's World.

There are tree-shaded benches for those who want to rest for a while, smoking room, lounging rooms, foot comfort stations.... There are clinics and even wards with complete hospital facilities for emergencies.... There are theaters with free attractions, two nighttime spectacles of fire and water, set to color and music, playing 150 feet toward the sky.... There are

(Continued on page 46)



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WHY GO ABROAD?

Asks Pamela Frankau

THE AUTHOR BELIEVES THAT TRAVELING IS BREEDING SNOBS AND BORES.

"It broadens one's outlook." There can be few people who have not heard this reason for visiting foreign countries. I do not know whether the French, the Germans, the Italians, or, indeed, any other people than the English and the Americans, would agree upon this point. I only know that in England we do look upon travel with a certain sense of obligation. Perhaps because of our island site; perhaps because of our Empire. At any rate, since travel is a thing which most of us feel vaguely that we ought to do, it has bred snobs in the same way that being presented at Court has sometimes bred them. And this is a pity.

By "broadening the outlook" it would appear that we English mean learning to tolerate and understand foreigners, picking up their languages in spite of our natural self-consciousness, achieving an ease of manner in unfamiliar surroundings. We also mean "seeing places." The guidebook and the crowd at the scene of battles, buildings and beauty spots are the easy butt of the travel snob. "Let's get away from these tourists!" he cries, and forgets that the instinct to find things out possesses a value—a childish value, perhaps—still, a motive at which he of all people has the least right to sneer.

A child in constant search of knowledge is, as Mr. Shaw has indicated, a nuisance to the adult. It is likewise Mr. Shaw who suggests that all children should travel, being given free access to every country in the world. The child subjected to this Utopian process would certainly get rid of his "tourist" period before he has time to bore his stay-at-home neighbors.

For, let us face it, the amateur traveller recounting his experiences is a first-class bore. With his sheaf of snapshots, his banal impressions, above all, his desire to let the world know that he has been Abroad This Summer, he cannot be otherwise than the most avoidable occupant of the hotel. Only one other person deserves company. This is the traveled snob; the kind who, when asked whether he likes dancing, replies heavily: "Not here. If I were in a little dive I could show you near Marseilles, where the sailors all dance the can-can to a concertina—ah, there." The kind of person who goes out of his way and into a restaurant for the purpose of commanding some special dish that was once tasted by him in Crete, on a day which nobody remembers and at an inn which nobody has visited. The per-

son who has always a card up his sleeve, a trump with which to capture the trick when the talk to foreign countries begins. One would set down beside the newly-returned tourist with his Paris postcards, and lock the door—from outside.

Since, then, the habit of voyaging can produce these two disasters, one may well ask oneself whether it can be such a good habit, after all. And one takes heart from contemplation of the third kind of traveller, the overseas man, the adventurer who knows the far places intimately, the Kipling type, who has seen and done worthwhile things on picturesque backgrounds all his life. What of him? One meets him expecting to be enthralled. And one is a little disappointed on finding that he says nothing at all. When

questioned about his experiences abroad, he reluctantly yields that they were "all right." Asked to describe the surroundings, of jungle, desert, or mountain range, he will become embarrassed, and may, if pressed, discuss the local weather. One is reminded of Mr. Coward's dialogue:

"How was China?"
 "Very large, China."
 "And Japan?"
 "Very small."

The overseas man will not open his mouth if he can possibly help it. Partly because people are always asking him the same questions; partly because, since his life is so familiar to him, he cannot honestly believe that they want to know; partly because he is not a talkative type. So he, in his turn,

becomes as dull as the man who has spent all his life in the suburbs.

All right. In that case one may conclude that one will find more amusing company among the stay-at-homes. And yet the man who says, "Why go abroad? If I want to see beautiful scenery, I go to Scotland," and when asked why, replies, "I hate these foreigners," is not an enviable person.

One is tempted to wonder, with the present facilities for cruises and excursions at moderate prices, whether those who have never been abroad before will prove themselves a race of newly entertaining travellers. They will bring fresh minds to their adventures. Perhaps in future one will discover, among the most ordinary of mortals, the funds of interest and excitement so far missing from the mouths of those who have seen the world.

CHECKMATE!

(Continued from page 11)

and he heard a reproving paternal voice:

"Now then! What's all this about?"

With the sweat breaking out on his forehead, Slim turned around.

"It's quite all right, officer," he said. "I was just—"

"All right, is it? Not till we stroll back to the Blackman Jewellery Shop it isn't."

"The — the Blackman Jewellery Shop?" Slim tried desperately to make his voice sound casual. "There must be some mistake, officer. I was just—"

The policeman reached over and tugged at Slim's coat.

"I wonder," he said, scratching his chin, "who pinned this on your back?"

With the color drained from his face, Slim read the words printed on the slip of paper:

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to unweeded, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of in your own home.



BOOKS and AUTHORS

WAR MESSAGES AND OTHER SELECTIONS

By *May-ling Soong Chiang*
(Madame Chiang Kai-shek)

Hankow, 1938

THIS book written by one of the most extraordinary, and most talked-about women of contemporary times, and perhaps one of the most interesting personalities of all times, is a collection of broadcasts, articles, press notices, even letters which she has at one time or another written during her eventful life.

The "other selections" form a sort of background, consisting as they do, of travel notes and diaries in which she has shown her great hope and enthusiasm for the New Life movement which she had sponsored and in which she is pining so much faith for the salvation of

China.

It is as one who loves her country intensely, passionately that she says with such vigor: "When I look at China, I am proud to be a Chinese woman."

Talking about the New Life Movement of which she is the "guiding spirit" she explained: "The New Life Movement aims at increasing the blessing of the people so that each life shall be rendered peaceful, prosperous, active and happy. It is for the good of the majority and not solely for the minority. It is not for the rich to the exclusion of the poor. Rather it is to show the rich how not to be extravagant but to help the poor, and to show the poor how to improve themselves so that they can become more prosperous."

She spoke of China's courage, of the do-or-die spirit of her women "who have surpassed themselves in our emergency"; she told of their suffering, the valiant manner in which they have rallied around the colors.

She realizes, she admitted, the gigantic job ahead of the Chinese people to rebuild their homes, their hopes and ambitions, but she is not despairing. Far from it: "We are trying to avoid the sorrow which usually characterizes the aftermath of war."

And then as if to brush away for a moment all thought of China and her chaos out of which she hopes

it will emerge triumphant, she casts a sweeping glance at the sad state of world affairs remarking sorrowfully: "I must confess that my feeling is far from pride... Let us start an international New Life Movement." That is a thought well worth considering in these troublous times. Perhaps it will help solve difficult world problems.

* * *

AND TELL OF TIME

By *Laura Krey*

Houghton Mifflin Co.,
Boston, 1938
P6.05

A book which recalls *Gone With the Wind* in that it treats of the American South and its after-the-Civil-War problems. *And Tell of Time* is the story of Cavin's life with Lucina. Cavin, with his stout, pioneer heart, and Lucina as sweet, helpful and courageous a mate as ever a Southern man could wish.

The book is really a conglomerate of the stories of several lives so closely interwoven that one felt that the author was perfectly justified in cutting short the thread of her narrative of Cavin and Lucina once in a while to talk about Letitia's head-strong will or Frank's misdemeanors or Povey's great and tragic romances. The liquid, flowing style helps to carry over the idea of the one-ness of the story in spite of what one might call

digressions. Long, gentle sentences that move along smoothly and with almost great majesty, descriptions of Nature which are breath-taking not because of surprises in them but precisely because of their calmness, their sureness and the utter simplicity of the beauty they depict.

Perhaps the book lacks the color of Margaret Mitchell's great work because Lucina lacks the colorful variety of Scarlett. Lucina is good and gentle and brave. Her author has, as it were, "painted the lily" too clearly. There were no "bumps" in Lucina's character and one looks in vain for silly outbursts of temper or even wickedness, or ordinary manifestations of selfishness, female vanity or other such charming weaknesses.

Cavin perhaps is better painted, possibly because the author does not "care" for him as much as she does for Lucina. Cavin with his lack of imagination, Cavin with his solid commonsense and totally prosaic one-ness of purpose, Cavin with his unimpressive acceptance of the role which he had to play in so many lives, the difficult role of having to set to rights mistakes or wrongs or extremely unpleasant situations.

The picture of Texas after the Civil War is very vividly shown—the struggles of the defeated South to get back on its feet in spite of

(Continued on page 43)



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GUARDIANS of the Treasures of the Past

By IRIS BROWN

AS a high school teacher, I found that one of the most perplexing of the many personal problems that pupils bring to their teacher—the teacher being flatteringly considered All-Wise—to the teacher who is painfully aware of her inability to solve these problems—is this most puzzling one, "What vocation shall I choose? Where will I find my Life Work?"

Life has no question more puzzling. And the teacher—what can she say? She knows probably better than anyone else the abilities of the pupil—either potential or developed—but where in our modern whirligig of unemployment and despair is there a place for struggling Youth?

Take the case of Marie—She is the perfect student type—retiring and shy in classroom activities, but her written work showed an unsuspected fund of knowledge, revealing the fact that she was addicted to reading many types of material, and gathering information as she did so.

"What about school teaching?" I asked her.

"It's a blind alley that is already overcrowded," she said, and I almost had to agree with her.

"And stenography?" I queried. "Stenographers are as numerous as the sands of all the seas," Marie answered, and once again I nearly agreed with her.

"Well, what is it that you enjoy most?" I questioned, as I have learned from observation that those things which we really enjoy are those things we will do best. Modern psychology shows us that Duty and Fear may cause us to develop repressions that will eventually destroy us. To take pleasure in one's work is the surest guarantee of continuing efficiency and mental balance.

"I don't know what work I like the best. I only know I am happiest when I have an interesting book to read," said this high school pupil of mine.

Books. Libraries. Librarians—so my thoughts jumped ahead of her. I have found that the best way to handle this recurring problem of vocational guidance is to assist the pupil in interviewing persons in vocations likely to be suitable, so I said, "Let's find a real librarian and ask her if she thinks you have the 'makings.'"

And so we consulted Miss Rita McGrath, of the staff of the Denver public library, city and county of Denver, Colorado. U. S. A. Miss McGrath is in charge of a branch

library in one of the poorer sections of the city, but where books are read with greater interest than in some sections where the residences are better.

We found Miss McGrath to be youthfully vivacious and charmingly tactful. She was glad to discuss the subject of the work of the librarian and her qualifications.

"First of all," she said, "Don't take up library work unless you love books. If a book is a treasure of infinite possibilities—A Ship of Adventure—to you, then you'll be happy as a librarian. Of course, you know you must attend a school of Librarianship—"

Marie interrupted, "I didn't know there was anything much to learn!" Miss McGrath was a little annoyed by that statement and she answered sharply, "Yes, that's the common opinion. Most people still think that a librarian merely sits at a desk and reads until someone honors her by taking out a book, which she childishly insists on stamping first, just for the fun of it."

Her brown eyes snapped angry sparks at us, but we couldn't help laughing. "Oh, now, Miss McGrath, I'm sure the public isn't as foolish as that," I said.

"Well, perhaps not quite," she retorted. "At any rate, one must not enter the work under any fancy that it is a life of idleness. In large libraries, of course, as in every other field, there is a great deal of specialization, but the average library is that which is run by one or two

people, with as much partially trained assistance as the budget will allow," Miss McGrath explained.

"Our many duties begin with book selection and ordering—and how much one must know to do this properly!

"Then there is the detail work of checking these orders before they go out, and the checking of books when they arrive. New books must be classified, catalogued, marked and stamped before they go on the shelves. More detail work. Have you patience for such?"

"There is also the work of checking books in and out at the circulation desk, and of keeping in order the file of cards which represent the books while the books themselves are out. Patience and a love of order—Have you these qualities?"

"In your own room, are you the sort of a person who has a place for everything, and everything in its place, or are you satisfied with stowing your belongings away in haphazard fashion? If you're the former type, you'll be happy and efficient as a librarian.

"There is reference work to be done—requiring real skill in the use of books, and analytical ability in understanding what is involved in complex study questions," the librarian continued the discussion.

"But the most necessary qualifications for a librarian is the ability to be interested in the problems of others—to have enjoyment in guiding them to find the Treasures hidden in the volumes of your library."

"Have you these qualities, — if not, are you willing to study and to learn?"

"In this average library we are speaking of," Miss McGrath continued, "There is probably also a children's room to be kept attractive and reasonably quiet. Are you gentle with children?"

"The card catalog must be kept up-to-date as books are added to

or withdrawn from the library's collection. Classification, cataloguing and reference work are our most difficult tasks—an explanation of their difficulties would take up too much of our time. But I assure you that I was an honor student in high school and college, yet I came so near to flunking out of library school that I still shudder to think of it. So you must be prepared to study, Marie.

"Examine a well-filled catalog card some time and imagine knowing what every little word and symbol on it means and why it is there."

"I have no doubt that Marie will make a very good librarian," I said, upon the conclusion of our interview, "and I advise that she write for the literature of several educational institutions which feature such a preparatory course."

"I quite agree with you," said Miss McGrath, "And I look forward to having Marie as my co-worker, after she has finished her course of study, which will be about two years after graduation from high school, I believe."

Some other values of librarianship Miss McGrath had overlooked. One is the fact that such work entails none of the masculine opposition that still prevails in some other fields—say that of Medicine or the Law.

Then, too, a librarian comes into contact with all the best people of her community—all the culture and art of a community center around its library.

The librarian's opportunity for public service is great—especially in the rural and semi-rural districts, where she can lead the fight for more and better libraries.

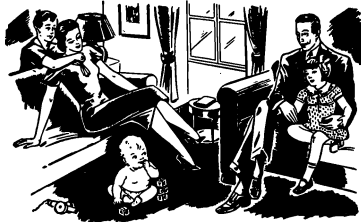
As the Guardian of the Treasures of all the Past, the librarian has interesting work that is of extremely great value to society.

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BRIEF RETURN

(Part 3)

By MIGNON EBERHART

The Captain of The State Police Questions The Suspects . . . All Signs Point To Jenny As The Murderer

JENNY was sitting at the breakfast-table when I came down—late and feeling as if I'd been dragged through any number of knotholes. Mabel was skittering around the table, all eyes and ears and excitement, and Jenny was drinking coffee steadily and staring at her plate.

There wasn't much to say. Jenny poured coffee for me; her hands were not too steady.

"There's been no word from Alice," she said. "Surely she'll wire. I sent a telegram off to Robert when I came down."

The pantry door opened, and Mabel brought in my orange-juice; she was bursting with excitement. She said, wriggling: "Miss Drace, please, the watchman is here and wants to speak to you."

"The—oh, the watchman!" I sat back and looked at the girl.

I had forgotten our so-called night watchman. His name was Coliani and in the course of a year's time I had seen him exactly twice. For ten dollars a month he was supposed to drive past Tenacero

four times a night, encircling the drive to the house and back each time keeping an eye out for burglars or lurking assassins in the process. It was always my feeling that she spent the nights curled up in his car, sleeping, in some protected spot.

"Oh, the watchman!" I nodded. "Certainly. Send him in. You know, I suppose, what happened last night?"

Her eyes bulged. "Oh, yes, Miss Drace. Mr. Houlden came back from the dead and—"

"Exactly. He was found shot last night. I suppose police have been around this morning?"

"Yes'm. The men Captain Walthers sent. We—gave them breakfast."

"Has anyone asked you any questions?"

"No ma'am."

"Did Miss Alice mention to you that she was going on a trip?"

"No ma'am. Joseph told me this morning. It was Joseph told us first about the murder. Just think of it, ma'am—with us there as-

Synopsis

No one was sorry when Basil Houlden, who tyrannized his wife, Alice, his servants and his dog, Hugo, died in an airplane crash. True to character he had left all his money to a poor cousin, Miss Mary Drace, because he did not want Alice's husband, should she marry again, to enjoy his money and his house. However, Miss Mary sold the Houlden factory and gave one half of the money to Alice who married again—Robert Braith, an old friend of the family. Miss Mary applied in Tenacere, the Houlden estate, with Jenny, Alice's sister, for companion. At the time of the story, Alice was a guest at Tenacere, her husband having gone to Alaska. Life was pleasant at Tenacere. . . over a year had passed since Basil's death and he was quite forgotten. Then one evening, after the supper and were enjoying the cool air in the terrace, Basil nonchalantly walked into the house! Alice promptly fainted at the sight of him and was taken upstairs to her room. After some painful conversation, by Miss Mary, continues Miss Mary retired to her from here.

leep all that time!"

"You heard nothing of it?"

She shook her head regretfully.

"Cook says we ought to leave now, before we are all murdered in our beds. But I'd rather stay, if you please, ma'am."

"Certainly you'll stay. Whether you'd rather or not, and Cook too. Very well, Mabel; send the watch-

man in."

She went away importantly. Jenny said: "She wouldn't miss it for anything. That's the kind of thing we'll all be exposed to—news-papers, talk, trial. Oh, Cousin Mary, why did Alice leave like this? They'll think she did it!"

Mabel ushered in Tony Coliani, and at my look retreated again into the pantry, where I've no doubt she put her ear to the door.

"Good morning, Miss Drace—Miss Jenny." He was a short, fat Italian, with the heaving, black eyes and ingratiating smile of the Neapolitan. He wore a kind of uniform, dark blue like a policeman's.

We had had a murder, and he, Tony, had not been on hand to protect us. He had learned of it only that morning at the post-office; I gathered that the whole village and county was rocking with the thing. He couldn't understand how it had happened, for he was about on his usual constant rounds. It must have taken place while he was at the other end of his route. He hadn't heard the shot.

It went on at some length, and winding up with a pathetic reference to a sick wife and bambino. I happened to know he was a bachelor. He did however in the end come out with a rather curious item: He had passed Tenacere at about twelve-thirty and had seen

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a man with a bag loom up in the glow of his car lights, cross the road just ahead of him, and enter the woods below Tenaree.

"Who?"
He didn't know; he was too far away to see clearly; he only saw that it was a man and he was carrying a bag.

"Why didn't you follow him?"
Tony blinked and made more excuses. The fact emerged that he'd been too lazy to investigate.

"You're certain it was a man?"
I asked, thinking of Alice.

He was certain.
"You know most of the people around here. Don't you have any notion who it was?"

He burst into vehement negation—too vehement.

I said slowly: "You'd better tell the police."

A cold look back of his eyes deepened but he said he would, and at last went away.

"There was no man with a bag," said Jenny. "He's afraid you'll fire him, and is giving you an exhibit of zeal."

"That, or there was a man and he recognized him. In either case it is a good thing to let Captain Walthers know."

"To distribute the suspicion?" asked Jenny.

Some minutes later—when I was sitting in the morning room trying to compose telegrams to the kin which would suitably define our somewhat equivocal position—I heard Cynthia in the hall. She had evidently encountered State troopers along the driveway and was questioning Joseph.

"But what has happened?" I heard her say. "Police everywhere! Is anything wrong, Joseph? What is it?"

"Miss Mary is in the morning room," said Joseph, and ushered her in.

"Good heavens, Miss Mary, what's happened? Where—"

"Jenny's in the garden. Come in, Cynthia; sit down. We—you see, Basil came back. Last night."

"Basil back! Impossible."
"You hadn't heard?"

Her fingers became quite still on the chair-arms. "No. No, of course not. It doesn't seem possible."

"Yes, that's what I thought. However—" I put down my pen and turned in my chair. "However, Basil came back last night; he wasn't dead at all." She looked straight back at me, eyes wide and shining in her lovely face; crimson lips smiling a little. "He wasn't dead at all," I repeated slowly, "but he is dead now."

The morning light was full and clear upon her face. I watched it change—steadily lose its color and its blandness, and become a pale gray mask, not at all beautiful, all at once. One hand went to her mouth, fumblingly; finally she whispered: "Dead? Do you mean—"

"I mean he was shot," I said crisply. "That's why the police are here."

"But—" said Cynthia, and stopped.

"No, it wasn't suicide. It—they say it was murder."

Just then Jenny came in from the garden, saw Cynthia and said: "Good heavens, Cynthia, are you sick?"

I said: "I've just told her.—Do you want a drink of water, Cynthia?"

She said: "No. No, I'm all right. Murder—"

I said quickly: "I thought the village would be reeling with it by this time."

Her eyes blinked. "I—yes, I should think so. But no one—"

She seemed to pull herself together; she leaned forward and said sharply: "What happened? Who killed him?"

"Nobody knows. We found him

last night. He'd been shot. He was down at the bridge."

"Who—" she began again.

"We don't know. Nobody knows," I repeated. "Jenny and I found him—"

She broke in, "Jenny and you," and glanced quickly around the room. "It must have been a shock to Alice."

"Alice doesn't know yet. She's gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"To Robert," said Jenny at once.

"She started last night before the murder occurred. She—"

"To Robert! But if Basil's back, she's not married to Robert."

Nobody had a reply to that. Cynthia said, presently, that she'd better telephone. "Rodney doesn't know," she said. "He'll want to come."

There was an extension on my desk and she used it. But Rodney knew. He'd heard it in the village. "He's coming right out," said Cynthia.

Joseph came to the door: "It's the police captain again, Miss Mary," he said. "And Dr. Tucker."

Cynthia gave Joseph a startled look and sat down; Jenny must have simply walked out the door to the garden path. For when Tom and Gib Walthers came into the room, she had vanished.

They both looked very sober. Behind them were two State troopers, one with a notebook.

They came straight to the point. Had we had any word from Alice?

"No. We wired to Robert but haven't yet had a reply. Have you any clues to the murders?"

Gib lifted his thin eyebrows a fraction, and Tom said quickly that they hadn't exactly, and that he had wired Robert too, but had had no answer.

"Coliani was here," I said. "The neighborhood watchman, you know—"

Gib agreed, without appearing to interrupt: "Yes, I know. I've seen him."

"Did he tell you about the man he saw?"

He nodded briefly and made no comment whatever, but said instead: "Miss Mary, did you and Basil have an extended talk last night?"

"Not exactly. Still, we did talk. What is it you want to know about?" I noticed out of the tail of my eye that the trooper who had the notebook in his hand was writing in it swiftly every time anyone spoke.

"Your whole conversation, mainly," said Gib, blue eyes very small and bright. "He didn't tell you where he had been, or why he let you think he died in that crash?"

"No. I told you that."
"You have no idea where he came from last night or where he'd been?"

"None. It's all just as I told you—he said he left the train at Little Turnford. Did you find his bags?"

"Yes," said Gib, and again volunteered nothing. "Miss Mary, you and Basil talked of Miss Alice."

"Well, naturally."
"He knew of her re-marriage."

"Yes, of course. We went all over this last night—"

"Yes, I know. The State's Attorney can't get here today; this

(Continued on page 33)



GUARD HIS HEALTH

● Constipation is a serious menace to your child's health. To keep your child "regular" is one of your most important duties as a parent. But, be sure you use a safe method. Harsh laxatives are harmful to children's intestines.

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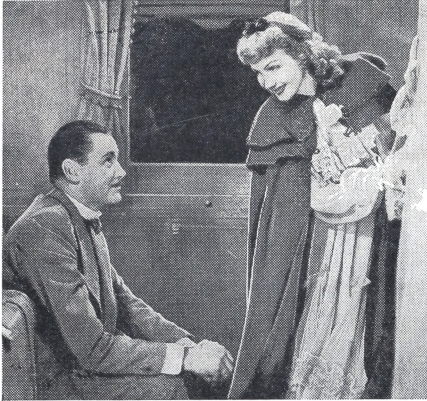
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Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall in "ZAZA" coming Soon at Capitol Theater.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—In planning clothes for a picture, it is easy to see ahead and anticipate the mode six months in advance. When it comes to hair, it's far more difficult," states Claudette Colbert. Miss Colbert has just entered upon a new picture "Midnight" for Paramount following completion of "Zaza" and is cast in the role of a lady of fashion, intrigue and all the rest. The producer, the director and everybody else were baffled as to just what may happen in hair-do's by the time the production is released.

Just at the most hectic moment of their major quandary, in flew Antoine, the internationally noted hair authority from Paris, and he came straight from the airport to Stage Ten at Paramount studios to solve this problem.

With a hundred flourishes of a comb, a few clips of the shears and the aid of a bit of perfumed setting lotion, pins, nets and a streamlined dryer, Monsieur Antoine had Mademoiselle Colbert coiffed in a glamorous hairdress at least six months in advance of the current trend. Jabbering French and working more like a sculptor than a hairdresser, Antoine prepared Miss Colbert for a test for "Midnight" and instructed studio hairdressers who will "stand by" during the actual "shooting" of the picture.

"I'm thrilled by Antoine's artistry," stated Miss Colbert. "He is without doubt a genius. I was worried about my hair because there has never been such a revolutionary period in feminine hairdress. I've learned a lot from Antoine and his trip to Hollywood couldn't have been planned at a more life-saving time for me," she said.

Just what Antoine anticipates for the immediate future in milady's coiffure must for the moment re-

main a secret. As soon as "Midnight" gets under way the details of his Colbert creation will be passed along. It's sure to affect everybody's hair, according to Miss Colbert.

According to Milo Anderson, Warner Bros. designer, fashion's most amusing caprice in 1939 will be frilly sports clothes. He foresees starched petticoats under flaring skating skirts, ruffled bathing suits, and even skirted ski suits among other "sissy" styles.

Milo has already done a play suit for Marie Wilson to wear in "Sweepstakes Winner" which is the most ladylike ever seen on the screen. Of stripped tub silk, the blouse has high neck and full sleeves caught in a tight cuff at the wrist. Instead of shorts he gives Marie a matching skirt in the accepted professional tennis length. A blue linen blouse he designed for wear with slacks has a collar-hood to protect Marie's hair from the sun.

A "sissified" shirt Priscilla Lane wears with her slacks is blue flower-sprigged wool challis, has Peter Pan collar and pockets set off by narrow self-ruffles.

Upon Milo's suggestion, Bonita Granville is having two short petticoats made of heavy eyelet-embroidered cotton. They are to be well-starched and worn under a green velveteen skating skirt. The designer also offers the idea of different colored petticoats under

widely flared skirts.

Olivia de Havilland contributes to the frills vogue when she goes sunning at Palm Springs in black and white linen rompers edged in narrow white organdy ruffles.

BEAUTY

How to be beautiful when cold germs play hide and seek in nose, throat and mouth is a problem that has confronted every girl who "simply can't miss the big dance." Now along comes Margaret Lindsay with advice on how to be smart though snifflily.

First spray nose and throat with disinfectant to prevent cold's spreading, says she. (That professional manner probably results from all those nurse roles she's played.)

Give the hair a cornmeal and brush cleansing or have a beauty operator clean it with solvent. If

wave is weak let curling iron take the place of damp finger wave.

Hours before getting dressed, soften skin, especially lips and around nose with warm olive oil.

Put a heavier-than-usual oil-less powder base around nose—and eyes if they water. Use three shades of powder on face, first the normal tone, then a slightly darker shade on nose, and very rosy color on cheeks. (Ordinary rouge stands out too prominently when health isn't tip-top.)

Use the world's most indelible lipstick and mascara that is definitely water-proof. Blend violet and blue eyeshadow. Keep an inhalant and a dozen cleansing tissues in the evening bag, and don't forget makeup needs a lot of patchwork while a lady fights a cold.

Marie Wilson maintains a silky smooth complexion by dropping a teaspoonful of aromatic vinegar into the final rinse water when she washes her face with soap.

Maris Wrixon, Warner starlet, makes a quick-drying wave lotion by adding two drops of glycerin to one ounce of rosewater.

Now that practically everyone is converted to toeless and heelless shoes no girl can escape doing all the nice things for her feet that she does for her hands. Glenda Farrell, who is carrying on again as "Torehy Blane", is pedal-conscious and offers some concise tips.

SHOES: Must be long enough, (Continued on page 29)

Hollywood on Parade

By C. A. BROUERS

Who Reports The Movie Stars' Doings From Hollywood

LATEST PORTRAIT OF HEDY LAMARR



The loveliness of Hedy Lamarr is reflected in this new portrait study. Miss Lamarr will soon be seen opposite Spencer Tracy in "I Take This Oath."

Movie SECTION

"Peck's Bad Boy" Gets His

MOTHERS—and children—watch for these two films: PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS and HUCKLEBERRY FINN, both from well-known children classics, when they come to your neighborhood theater.

The Women's Better Films Clubs in the United States have endorsed the first film as an excellent entertainment for the whole family. Says the General Federation of Women's Clubs: "A very interesting episode in the life of Peck's Bad Boy to whom excitement is the essence of life. The cast is very good, youthful members interesting and natural, the direction deft and understanding, timing excellent with humorous and dramatic sequences most effectively used. Circus scenes especially diverting, while the camp race for the cup is a thrilling climax. Tommy Kelly as young Peck is an excellent little actor with Ann Gillis appealing as the circus rider. An excellent picture for the family audience. ALL AGES."

"Huckleberry Finn" which brings to the screen Mark Twain's great American story of the Mississippi folk, stars Mickey Rooney, who has become America's Boy No. 1. When Mickey is in a film it sure is going to be good entertainment.

Walt Disney, creator of the now famous "Snow White and The

Seven Dwarfs," is bringing to life in his Silly Symphony picturizations another beloved fairy tale, Hans Christian Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling." It will be released by RKO Radio.

* * *

We are wondering whether any of the readers of this page knows who the Castles were or remembers hearing or reading about them sometime around 1918. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle composed the most famous dancing team of their day and were the sensation of Paris and New York. It is only logical that the most famous dancing team these days, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, should portray them on the screen in the picturization of their lives. The film, entitled "The Castles", is a cavalcade of dances from 1911 to 1918 as performed by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle just as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was a cavalcade of songs written by Irving Berlin.

* * *

If you have seen "Four Daughters" (don't fail to see it when it comes to your neighborhood theater), you will be glad to know that you will be seeing Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn again as the sweethearts and May Robson (this time as Priscilla's independent grandmother) in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Others in the cast are



This doesn't happen in "Peck's Bad Boy With the Circus," new starring picture for juvenile Tommy Kelly, but it might well happen after the final fade-out. Grant Mitchell as Pa Peck, poses with Tommy in a tableau associated with woodshed discipline. Little Ann Gillis is teamed with Tommy in the comedy.

Fay Bainter, Roland (Mr. Topper) Young, Ian Hunter, and Genevieve Tobin. The problem posed in this film is: "What should a mother who has always advocated freedom for women, do when she learns that her daughter has decided to spend a few days alone with her sweetheart before he leaves for a job abroad? Should she stop her or let her do what she wants as

she herself did when she was at her daughter's age?"

* * *

And another member of the cast of "Four Daughters", John Garfield, will soon be seen in Warner Brother's "They Made Me a Criminal." This is his first starring picture and it is said to be a made-to-order for him. He is magnificent. (Continued on page 31)

Fox Theatre — Now Showing

Katakasilan
 Starring
VIRGINIA SALCEDO
ELISEO CARVAJAL
 With
ARMANDO CRIS
JAIME CASTELLVI
ALFONSO CARVAJAL
 Written & directed by
ELISEO CARVAJAL

ONCE upon a time, when the winter was over in the City, there was a Child who thought he would like to go into the Street and find out for himself if the spring had truly come. It was a long, crowded Street full of mighty trucks, and day and night these trucks, carrying milk and fruit and vegetables, rumbled over the asphalt. It was a long and narrow street, crowded with many workers, and from morning until night these people jostled each other as they hurried to their work and home again. It was a long and noisy Street, with car bells and grinding, squeaking wheels, and shrilling horns, and these noises were never stilled night and day. But this was the Child's Street, and he loved it, for it had given him a bunch of lilacs in the summer, a bag of roasted chestnuts in the fall, and an orange and a toy in the winter. So he decided to go down the long stairs from his home in a tall building to walk along it.

His mother was polishing the glass in their window when the Child started. All winter the coal dust and the soot from the factory chimneys had darkened the window, but now its glass shone like a diamond and caught the sun and broke it into a red and blue and green rainbow on their floor. His mother smiled as she worked, and she kissed the Child, saying, "Don't stay away too long, dear, for I shall miss you."

"I'll come back after I have asked Street Cleaner at the corner if this nice weather is going to last," the Child said.

Then he kissed her with a great hug, and skipped down the flight of dim stairs and ran out into the long, crowded, narrow, noisy Street.

"Whoo-ee, Street Cleaner!" shouted the Child to his friend with the little white cart and long-handled brush. "What kind of a day will it be tomorrow?"

Street Cleaner stood at the crossing of the Street he had swept clean, and motioned to the Child to come close. He put one hand under the Child's chin and tilted his head up, and pointed toward



THE BOY WHO SAW EASTER

the roofs of the stores and the factories. The Child saw a fluttering, wandering bright butterfly there, trying its new wings in the City sunshine. The yellow butterfly had burst its winter chrysalis and flown from a long journey to the City on its frail wings.

"A sign!" said the Street Cleaner.

"A butterfly in our Street! Perhaps tomorrow will be Butterfly Day," laughed the Child, and this was such a happy thought that he skipped on farther to ask his friend, the Apples-and-Oranges-Lady, about the weather. He ran along singing, even

though his voice was very small against the roaring of the City. He jumped and hopped, and took a kind of little rabbit-rod in and out of the crowds and the trucks and the cars, every one making it safe for him, because the City loved him. And presently the Child reached the place at a corner where the Apples-and-Oranges-Lady, wrapped in her old coat that was

daintily, were the sparrows and the pigeons of the City, feeding. The Traffic Policeman held the Child's hand and led him carefully toward the birds.

"Will it be a holiday for you tomorrow, Mr. Policeman?" the Child asked, for he wished to be polite; but the Traffic Policeman put his finger to his lips.

"Shh! Look!" he said.

Ah, what did the Child see! In the circle of the sparrows and the pigeons rested a stranger! A little brown, wild bird strayed to the City from the woods, and when it had fed, it spread its wings, and sang its golden song, and soared up, up toward the far sky.

"A sign!" said the Traffic Policeman, as the sparrows and pigeons flew back to their roofs and the Street began to grind and squeal and toot again.

"A wild bird in our Street! Perhaps tomorrow will be Bird Day," the Child said to himself.

The Traffic Policeman raised his hand in its white glove. The trucks stopped. The Street showed a bare, empty asphalt place, but not altogether empty, for there was a little yellow pool of grain, dripped from a passing feed wagon. Around it, chirping and cooing and stepping

And then, only a little farther on, he came to the Apples-and-Oranges-Lady. She had changed herself to fit the spring! True, she wore the same old plaided and patch-ed coat and held the same wooden box for pennies, but she had a flower cart now instead of a fruit cart. Red tulips and yellow daffodils, pink hyacinths and white daisies, had taken the place of her hills of fruit.

"Whoo-ee!" shouted the Child. "Here you are, and shall you need your little waterproof tent tomorrow, do you suppose?" He hoped that she might have good weather for her posties.

But the Lady only smiled and looked as if she knew a secret. She selected a bright little pot of blooming red geraniums and put it into the Child's arms. "Now you know what tomorrow will be!" she told him.

"Oh, thank you! It will be Flower Day," cried the Child as he started home to give the geranium to his mother.

Home through the long, crowded, narrow, noisy Street the Child hastened, remember-

(Continued on page 29)

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Your
Baby!



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Johnson & Johnson
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Distributors: Botica Boie

WOMEN ABROAD

By PIA MANCIA

PEOPLE have been remarking, acidly or otherwise, about the tendency of the women to want to compete with their men-folk. You may recall that even in the matter of attire, the women have tried to copy their menfolk. For instance, there was that slacks-craze begun by the glamorous Marlene Dietrich, and the women, young girls and matrons, went around in trousers. But we are sure you cannot beat the competitive spirit of the Formosan bride who had a big black mustache tattooed on her upper lip. We can only say: there are tastes and tastes, but most women would prefer to have clean-shaven lips. Harrison Foreman, the travel lecturer from whom we got the story, writes: "These tattooed mustaches are the rage here among the rather wild young matrons of the head-hunting set."

DOLORES Piers, fair, slim and 26, who is at present Municipal councillor in Barcelona, describes how, everywhere in Republican Spain, women are quietly supporting the work of their menfolk. We are quoting from her:

"It was not until the Republic granted us votes in 1934 that we were able to throw open many doors which had hitherto been closed to us. Women had been confined strictly to the home, the domestic round, and the convent; now they are working their way upward in all professions."

"When this war began," she continued, "many women went with their menfolk to the front to care and cook for them and even to fight

beside them. Now women are allowed to fight no longer, nor to stay at the front; but they carry on many auxiliary services and an immense amount of relief work. You will find them distributing supplies, caring for air-raid victims and refugees, running new schools and churches, and developing cultural activities in all directions.

"Moreover there are five women deputies in the Cortes. The Chief Inspector of Prisons throughout Republican Spain is a woman, and a woman is Inspector-General of Education in Valencia Province. In Madrid the Chief Censor is a woman, while the Propaganda Department of the Foreign Ministry in Barcelona is entirely staffed by women under the direction of the wife of the Chief of the Republican Air Force. Many factories too are now largely staffed by women, and women have replaced men as train conductors in Madrid."

Concluding, she said, "Women, who, for centuries have been household drudges or pampered nonentities in Spain, are, at last, gradually taking the place which belongs to them in these modern times." At least, the war has had this one good effect.

NOW that the craze for the Big Apple is on, let us talk about a sculptress, pretty, dainty, little

Arline Wingate one of whose most engaging creations is the portrait of a big apple! It is just that: an enormous apple, about the size of a honey-dew melon, but done with such affectionate realism that everybody loves it. Arline Wingate calls it her revolt against politics in art.

Arline Wingate is young, russet-haired and charming, and has very radical friends and a conservative broker-husband. But the most interesting thing about her is that her work is good enough to be backed by the famous connoisseur, Jules Baches. They said that this is the first time he has ever sponsored a living artist.

WE witness many heroic deeds and exploits by women during these days of war-trials and duress. We have, off and on, spoken of such deeds on the Spanish frontier. These, on the Chinese, which we shall talk about are just as blood-stirring.

For instance, there are the Chinese girls who are being trained as spies to ferret out military secrets and future plans of the Japanese army. They are extremely young and many of them are also very resourceful, intelligent—and very pretty. More than half of them, it is reported, are even University graduates.

Their work? The training they undergo might give an idea about what they are intended to do. This training is divided into three groups: military, espionage, and propaganda. Only those who are physically fit are permitted to undergo military training, whose purpose is to prepare the girls for the front lines. The others take courses in professional spying and propaganda work, according to their choice.

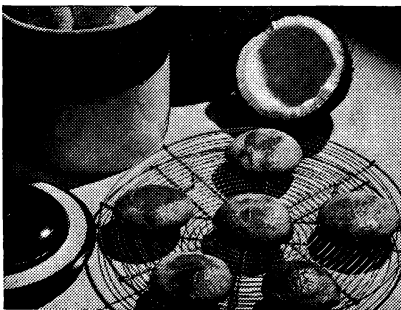
A DEFINITE war-heroine is Miss Yao Jui-fang, a typical girl soldier of the student army unit. She joined the Chinese army some years ago when General Ma Chan-San was leading the Chinese soldiers in Manchuria.

She attracted world attention as the heroine of the Nonni river. Quite young (she is still in her 20's), and peaceful looking, she had, nevertheless, fought at Fengting, Jehol, and Chachar provinces. Describing her narrow escape from the Japanese inside the city of Mukden, she told how she fought against three hundred Japanese cavalrymen in the first war in Manchuria.

Everyone refers to this little Chinese girl, as charming and rosy as any young coed, as the "mysterious girl-hero."

A lady who had lived in Switzerland for a long time, speaking of New Year's celebration in that country told us how on this day, much more than on Christmas are gifts exchanged. "Little by little, however, perhaps borrowing from

(Continued on page 28)



COCOANUT-FILLED COOKIES

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ½ cup butter | ½ cup milk | 8½ cups flour |
| 1½ cups sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla extract | 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| 2 eggs | ½ teaspoon salt | |

Cream butter; add sugar slowly, beating in well. Add 1 beaten egg, milk and vanilla; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Roll out thin on slightly floured board and cut into rounds with cookie cutter. Place one teaspoon of cooked Coconut Filling on one of the cookie rounds. Cover it with another cookie, pressing edges together with a fork. Beat remaining egg and brush over top of cookies. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (375° F.) about 15 minutes. Makes 50 2½-inch cookies.

COCOANUT FILLING

Mix 1 cup grated fresh coconut with 4 cups water, and cook until water is reduced one-half. Add 2 cups sugar, grated rind of one lime and 1 cinnamon stick. Cook slowly until thick. Add one egg and ½ cup dry wine and cook for five minutes longer, stirring constantly to prevent mixture sticking to the bottom of the pan. Cool.



To be a clever hostess on a small budget, serve these COCOANUT-FILLED COOKIES

Protect their fine flavour and delicious texture with
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WE'LL begin our "newsy bits" this time with the letters that we have received from some very important people. One came from Dr. Encarnacion Alzona, president of the Philippine Association of University Women, thanking the National Federation of Women's Clubs "for the gracious welcome and hospitality" accorded the members of the association during the last convention. Another came from Mr. Jerry Voorhis, of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., thanking the Federation for sending him the *Woman's Home Journal* in which he might find material for his progressive ideas about the improvement of woman's condition. The third came with a donation from Mr. H. K. Hoskins of the Upjohn Company for the Women's convention last February.

Our next batch of news deals with organizations—as usual we'll introduce the new officers to our *Journal* readers and to the other members of our big Federation.

The *San Carlos Woman's Club, Pangasinana*, in which the ladies: President, Mrs. Cipriana Benitez; Vice-President, Mrs. Agripina Abar; Secretary, Miss Genevova Cuñoz; Assistant Secretary, Miss Trinidad Casillan; Treasurer, Mrs. Concepcion Cuñoco; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Lucia Gomez; Board of Directors: Mrs. Isabel Pagsolingan, Mrs. Nena Soriano, Mrs. Isabel Muñoz, Mrs. Agripina Andaya, Mrs. Epifania Lapeña, Mrs. Marcelina Reyes, Mrs. Luisa Padlan, Miss Leonila Mondero, Mrs. Nena Apellido. Auditors, Mrs. Maria Castro and Mrs. Anela Crisanto.

Officers of the *Pandacan Woman's Club, Manila*, for 1939 are: President, Mrs. Severina C. Lozano; Vice-President, Mrs. Victoria M. Zerrer; Secretary, Mrs. Luisa del Pilar; Sub-Secretary, Miss Gregoria del Rosario; Treasurer, Mrs. Eulalia A. Orante; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Soledad M. Enriquez; Board



Members of the Aroroy Woman's Club, Masbate.

of Directors: Mrs. Severina Cariño, Mrs. Ines Alano, Mrs. Lourdes Mauricio, Mrs. Liwayway Coronel, Mrs. Guadalupe Juenco, Mrs. Candelaria de Guzman, Mrs. Otilia Eugenio, Mrs. Sotera C. Rodriguez, Mrs. Hospicia Ilo, Mrs. Efigenia Paras, Mrs. Maxima Paronada, Mrs. Dorotea Garcia.

The *Mainit Woman's Club, Surigao*, elected the following: President, Mrs. Severina B. Cordero; Vice-President, Mrs. Esperanza R. Reyes; Secretary, Miss Nenita Mozar; Sub-Secretary, Miss Credula Cartagena; Treasurer, Mrs. Alfreda M. Brebiescas; Board of Directors: Mrs. Felicidad Montaner, Mrs. Rosera K. Villapané, Mrs. Crisanta Egay, Mrs. Rafaela S. Palelo, Mrs. Constanza Montinola, Mrs. Prima M. Domingo, Miss Justina Patacsil, Mrs. Carmen S. Acot, Mrs. Catalina H. Lozada.

The *Rosario Woman's Club, Batangas*, has the present officers: President, Mrs. Genevova S. Gualberto; Vice-President, Miss Amanda Templo; Secretary, Mrs. Soledad E. Recto; Treasurer, Mrs. Maria de Arguelles; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Jovita A. Luansing; Reporter, Miss Felicidad B. Zuño; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Natividad Escano

and Miss Remedios Belen; Board of Directors: Mrs. Inocencia Z. Luna, Mrs. Josefa L. Buquir, Miss Cristina Templo, Mrs. Teofila N. Banog.

The *Malabon Woman's Club, Rizal*, elected the following officers: President, Miss Lilia de Jesus; Vice-President, Atty. Sumilang Bernardo; Secretary, Miss Luz Bautista; Treasurer, Mrs. Maria Luna; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Antonia Jumeres; Board of Directors: Mrs. Cecilia Moroina, Mrs. Clemencia Villongeo, Mrs. Teodorica Gaza, Miss Rosario Sevilla, Miss Ana de Guzman, Mrs. Brigida San Jose, Mrs. Encarnacion Pangilagan, Mrs. Elisa Cayco, Mrs. Genaro Tantores, Mrs. Maria Vda. de Carreon, Miss Lourdes Punzalan, Mrs. Lorenza Colectino, Mrs. Ester Santos, Mrs. Concepcion Paez Cruz, Mrs. Ana Siochi, Miss Ester Villongeo, Mrs. Pura Gonzales, Mrs. Felisa Arevalo, Mrs. Leonor Teson, Mrs. Cecilia Canicosa, Mrs. Rufino Alejandro, Mrs. Alejandra Tablante, Mrs. Maxima Vda. de Blas, Mrs. Gertrudes Bautista, Mrs. Candelaria Vda. de Santos, Mrs. Angel Lazaro.

The *Talisay Woman's Club, Cebu*, reorganized with the following of-

Club

ficers: President, Mrs. Felisa G. Cabrera; Vice-President, Mrs. Sofia L. Canton; Treasurer, Mrs. Felisa C. Guillermo; Secretary, Miss Braulia Encico; Board of Directors: Miss Felina Campo, Miss Lourdes Campo, Miss Manuela Kapa, Miss Leonarda Cañedo, Miss Independencia Cabanero, Mrs. Cresida B. Yañez, Mrs. Praxides L. Garces, Mrs. Eleuteria C. Abarquez, Mrs. Concepcion D. Cansana, Mrs. Dulcisima E. Cabrera, Mrs. Euliquia L. Villaver.

The officers elected by the *San Manuel Woman's Club, Tarlac*: President, Mrs. Maria Agaid; Vice-President, Mrs. Petra A. del Carmen; Secretary, Mrs. Trinidad Almuete; Sub-Secretary, Miss Rosario Atencio; Treasurer, Mrs. Magdalena N. Domingo, Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Felisa Cabanting.

Bulacan Provincial Federation of Women's Clubs, Malolos, Bulacan, elected these ladies for officers: President, Mrs. Nicolas Buendia; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Honorata Villarama; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Eulalia Rustia; Secretary, Mrs. Sixta L. Bernardo; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosa Santiago; Board of Directors: Mrs. Agapita de Crisostomo, Mrs. Rita de la Merced, Mrs. Concepcion Mariano, Miss Emiliiana de la Cruz, Mrs. Asuncion F. Molina, Mrs. Leonarda R. Cruz, Miss Jacinta Villena, Mrs. Maria Mañalac, Mrs. Consuelo Saginain Santos, Miss Isabel Gutierrez, Mrs. Maria E. Tancinco, Mrs. Atanasia Sison, Miss Pilar Apostol, Miss Encarnacion Gatmaytan, Miss Concordia Tolentino, Miss Cristina Salvador, Mrs. Andrea R. Ramos, Mrs. Rosalina Quijano, Mrs. Rosa T. Ligon, Miss Pilar Reyes, Miss Pilar Gaspar, Mrs. Sixta Carlos.

The *Guagua Woman's Club, Pampanga*, elected these officers: President, Mrs. Bonifacia S. Dimzon; Vice-President, Mrs. Trinidad L. Dimzon; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Felisa D. Goseco; Board of Directors: Mrs. Maria W. Limzon, Mrs. Consolacion V. Baeano, Mrs. Feliza L. Utulo, Mrs. Isabel D. Lopez, Mrs. Marciano R. Simpao, Mrs. Adelaita S. Dijico, Mrs. Rosario L. Mendiola, Miss Belen Vitug.

The *Maragondon Woman's Club, Cavite*, elected the following officers: President, Miss Pilar Cua-junco; Vice-President, Miss Estalilia Elizaga; Secretary, Mrs. Juana S. Angeles; Treasurer, Miss Caridad Punzalan.

The *Faire Woman's Club, Cagayan*, reorganized with the following ladies elected for their officers: President, Mrs. Teofista Singson de Remante; Secretary, Mrs. Juanita A. Bacquiran.

The *Ronda Woman's Club, Cebu*, has the following officers: Pres-

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HOT WEATHER DISHES

By BETTY BARCLAY

The following baked dishes are sufficiently high in food value to be used as main-course dishes on hot days. Bread crumbs furnish you with valuable carbohydrates and proteins; salmon and Lima beans also with proteins; butter with fat; while the tomatoes, lemon juice and green peas take care of the minerals and vitamins. Best of all, the dishes are good as well as being good for you.

Hot Salmon Salad

- 2/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 large can (2 cups) salmon, flaked
- 4 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup cooked peas
- 1 tablespoon melted butter

Soak 1/2 cup of bread crumbs in milk about 10 minutes, reserving remaining bread crumbs for top. Mix salmon, mayonnaise, lemon juice and salt. Add soaked bread crumbs, then mix in peas lightly. Spread in greased casserole dish. Top with remaining dry bread crumbs mixed with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. about 30 minutes, or until crumbs are lightly browned. Serves 6.

Escalloped Corn, Lima Beans and Tomatoes

- 2 cups cooked corn, cut from cob
- 3/4 cup cooked Lima beans
- 2 cups sliced tomatoes
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 3 tablespoons melted butter

Mix 2 tablespoons bread crumbs with 1 tablespoon melted butter and set aside. Mix remaining ingredients, pour into buttered baking dish. Sprinkle buttered crumbs on top and bake in moderate oven, 375° F. for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

* * *

From the southland, famous for its delicious cooking, come these two novel and tasty ways with which to tempt the appetite.

Asparagus Tip Loaf

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs
- 1 can asparagus tips

Make a thin white sauce of the butter. Flour and milk: Season: Add well-beaten eggs. Arrange the asparagus in a loaf pan. Pour cus-

lard over the top and sprinkle with buttered crumbs if desired. Bake half hour at 300 degrees F.

Corn Pudding

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 2 eggs yolks
- 2 cups corn
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 egg whites

Melt butter, add sugar, flour and milk. Let heat until mixture reaches boiling point. Add slightly beaten egg yolks, then corn, salt and pepper.

Fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into a buttered baking dish and bake at 350 degrees F. 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once.

Caliente Shrimps

Serve hot cooked shrimps with the following sauce:

- 1/4 pound butter, melted
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- Sugar, to taste

Mix and heat thoroughly. Serve sauce hot in individual bowls. Remove shells from shrimps and dip in the sauce one at a time. (Serves 4-5. Allow 3/4 pound large shrimps to each person.)

Shrimp a la Newburg

- 1 pint shrimp meat
- 2 yolks eggs
- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup milk

- 2 tablespoons flour
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon anchovy essence
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt and paprika

Melt two tablespoons butter and cook the shrimps in it, adding the seasoning. Scald the milk, melt the rest of the butter, add the flour, stir and cook together; add the hot milk, beat until smooth, then add the cream. When it reaches the boiling point, draw aside and add the yolks of the eggs, stirring as it thickens without allowing it to reach the boiling point again or it may curdle. Add the shrimps, blend all together, taste to see if seasoning is right and serve on toast, or in ramekins with toasted crackers.

Creamed Shrimp

- 1 cup shrimps, cut up
 - 1 1/2 cups milk
- (Continued on page 31)

MORE MAGIC TRICKS!




MAGIC CARAMEL PUDDING

(Caramelized Milkmaid Milk)

Place one or more unopened tins of Milkmaid Sweetened Condensed Milk in a saucepan of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours. Be sure to keep the can of Milkmaid Sweetened Condensed Milk well covered with water: Chill thoroughly. Remove from tin as follows: Warm tin by immersing in hot water about one minute. Punch a hole in bottom of tin, remove top with tin-opener, cutting along edge. Loosen caramel from sides of tin with a table knife dipped in hot water. Turn on to plate. Cut in slices with knife dipped in hot water.

Many women "caramelize" Milkmaid Milk several tins at a time and keep them (unopened) till needed.

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WHJ—March 1939

Bringing Up Children

Learn how to solve your problems in bringing up your children from these experiences of other mothers selected from PARENTS' MAGAZINE:

Quarreling

Mrs. I. L. of Montana was worried a great deal over the quarreling of her two boys, one thirteen and the other eleven. The older imposed on the younger one, and she had tried to eliminate this, with poor results. She had always dressed them alike, but one time when the two boys went to the city, she gave them each enough money to buy their winter clothes and told them to use their own judgment as to what they would like to wear. When they returned she was amazed at their choice and their sensible buying. They had each chosen different styles and colors and had entirely different wardrobes to show her. Now they keep their clothes in separate parts of the room and can dress with no thought of what the other is wearing. Instead of sending them together to the barber, she sent them on different days. One came home with the style of his haircut changed, which seemed to give him more individuality. A great deal of quarreling between them has been eliminated and Mrs. L. has been relieved entirely of the responsibility of choosing their clothes.

Mrs. A. V.'s three-year-old Ruth or two-year-old Jeanne was always in an uproar because the other was using her property. Her discussions on sharing toys were wholly ignored until in the midst of one tearful complaint she said to Ruth, "Jeanne will give it back to you. She's just using it for a little while and then she'll give it back to you." Ruth said "Oh" and the storm was over. Now when one takes the other's toy the owner invariably says, "Will you give it back to me?" and the answer is always, "Yes, I'll give it back to you." The knowledge that the article would be returned after the other was through using it replaced the sense of loss formerly felt.

At Mrs. K's house, whenever there is a little piece of cake or something good to divide between the two children, one divides and the other chooses first. In this way both are happy about the whole thing.

Carelessness

Mrs. J. B. K.'s fourteen-year-old niece was very careless about picking up her shoes and clothing and, in general, keeping her bedroom neat and clean. Her mother spoke to her and scolded her many times but to no avail. So Mrs. K. suggested to the girl's mother that she allow Jane to do over her room en-

tirely and let her do it herself. To her mother's surprise, Jane was more than delighted. She enameled her bed, dresser and chest of drawers in bright red, trimmed with white. She also made curtains to match and crocheted rugs for the floor. She was quite thrilled about the whole adventure and invited all her friends to see her lovely room. Of course they went into raptures about it; this pleased her, too, and ever since Jane has kept her room spic and span.

Contradicting and Interrupting Child

Mrs. N. G.'s small son always wanted the floor. If anyone began to talk he proceeded to interrupt and either contradict or give his own version of the story. Mrs. G. thought the situation over and realized that no part of the day was really his, when he could have a really good listener, therefore she offered him opportunities to tell her things, and she showed him what a good listener should really be,

only joining in when she had something of value to offer. He has learned that "taking turns" is being done in conversation.

Wallflower

When Mrs. F. G. M.'s Lucy was a junior in high school, her mother realized that she was being left out of her crowd because she had no boy friends. Although content with her studies and music, something had to be done. She vetoed a party, not being able to see how it could be managed. Mrs. M. took pains with her clothes but the year went by with no opening for Lucy. When fall came, mother and daughter discussed bringing in a small group for refreshments after an evening football game. The mother suggested that Jane talk to her chum who had a popular brother. They were enthusiastic and helped plan the crowd. Mrs. M. and Lucy arranged for the sandwiches and cocoa, nuts and cake. After the game, the guests gathered around Lucy and arrived in a crowd. Refresh-

ments were at once served so there were no awkward moments. The chum poured. When the refreshments were over, the boys lengthened the dining room table for piping. Several couples danced to the radio. Soon after this, Lucy was invited to a small gathering, then to a larger party. During the holidays she had a skating group in for an oyster stew. So far she is only sure of this one type of party but it has been sufficient as she now seems to be included in this group of boys and girls.

Daughter Hated Cooking

The fifteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. E. E. L. hated cooking. Her mother solved the problem by helping her form a "supper club" among her high-school friends. The young people meet at each other's homes for an informal dinner to be prepared by the young hostess and a committee of two chosen from her girl guests, while the boys have the task of washing the dishes.

Objectionable Companions

Mrs. E. P. E.'s son was seventeen and her daughter fifteen when the family moved into a new neighborhood. In finding new friends, the children chose some of whom their mother could not approve. One evening they were invited to accompany a group of young people to a place Mrs. E. knew there would be objectionable element and much drinking. Instead of refusing permission for them to go, Mrs. E. explained to them the conditions they would probably find and told them she would rather they would take the family car and go by themselves so that they would be free to excuse themselves and go home if they found they did not care to remain for the entire evening. When the evening came neither of them mentioned going. Just recently, the daughter, now 19, said: "You know, if you had told us we couldn't go to that party, we should most certainly have insisted on going."

WOMEN ABROAD

(Continued from page 21)

America and her celebration of Christmas as a gift day, they are adopting that custom more and more." The Swiss kids must have the time of their lives during this season—they get gifts on Christmas and on New Year's Day!

Speaking of gift-days, a much-travelled American related how in South America the exchanging of gifts falls on the day of the Three Kings, the logical interpretation being that on this day present were brought to the Christ-Child.

And a Chinese, speaking of what to them corresponds to the Christmas season, described the fifteen-day celebration during which there is much merriment and festivity and everyone wishes everyone else long life and health and prosperity. The Siamese, on the other hand, have their celebration sometime in April, and on the day they honor Buddha.

Anemia
ROBS YOUR CHILD OF HEALTH.....

but you can fight back to regain it. Give her BOIE'S EMULSION and watch each day the color come back to her cheeks, and laughter to her lips—as she steadily increases weight.

BOIE'S EMULSION is best for the anemic and convalescent because it promotes growth and builds up the blood, body, and bones.

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BOIE'S EMULSION, Cod Liver Oil, 50% in Col. Hypodermic 15 Cc. Per. use 100 Hypodermic, or 1 Cc. Every 4th Hourly in 10 Cc. 100.

HOLLYWOOD . . .

(Continued from page 18)
wide enough and soft enough. If possible, change them two or three times a day and have a variety of heel heights.

HOSE: Make sure they are long enough or they'll cramp the toes. It's refreshing to change during the day. Wear wool socks for sports.

MESSAGE: Rub in your favorite hand lotion as far up as the ankles, massaging thoroughly. It will relax the feet, leave them cool and refreshed and soften the places where callouses are apt to form.

EXERCISE: Walking in the sand is tops although standing on tiptoe and coming down on the heels slowly is also excellent.

PEDICURE: File the nails straight across and use same shade of lacquer as for fingernails.

COSMETICS: Shake a good foot powder over feet after the bath. Dash a bit of cologne on the stocking where it peeps out from a toe-less shoe. Keep sachet bags in the shoes when they are not in use.

Grave havoc can be wrought to the skin, hair and eyes by wind and salt spray when on the beach. Andrea Leeds and Dorothea Kent protect themselves by simple and practical methods.

To keep the hair from streaking and preserve the soft waves and curls they cover it with wide bands of chiffon which matches the clothes they have on, if attired for the beach. The chiffon is wound lightly over the hair and fastened with a novelty pin at the back. To keep the hair lightly covered is most important as it allows the air to penetrate. If a tight band or hat is placed on the hair it promotes perspiration and the hair becomes straight and lank. Frequent brushing and periodical oil shampoos tones up their scalps and strengthens their hair which would otherwise become dry and dull from the sun.

Particular attention is given to their eyes and skin. The end of a day spent close to the ocean found Andrea and Dorothea cleansing their skin thoroughly with cream. This was followed by a steaming towel to open the pores and then a towel soaked with ice water to remove the excess dirt and close the pores. This leaves their skin soft and glowing, but to insure against dryness, they rub in a light coating of tissue cream.

An eye bath removes the dust and irritation from their eyes and while relaxing for a few moments they place pads which has been dipped in witch hazel over their lids.

THE BOY . . .

(Continued from page 20)
ing what wonders he had seen. A yellow butterfly, and a wild bird with a golden song, and a flower cart; how much he would be able to tell his mother! The City was very beautiful, and it seemed as if Spring must have truly come. Then, just as the Child reach-

ed the tall building with the dim flight of stairs where he lived, the City whispered a secret to him.

"Tell your mother," the City said in a small, clear voice, like a bell above its noises, and rumbles, and grinding. Such a secret! The Child went up his stairs two steps at a time, to the room where his

mother sat beside the shining window.

"Tomorrow will be Easter Day!" the Child told her.

"Yes," she answered, "tomorrow will be Easter Day. Now, let us set this beautiful plant on the window ledge so that our neighbors may enjoy it with us."

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

THE BEGINNING OF A Beautiful FRIENDSHIP

"A great soap, this IVORY! I knew it the first time I was bathed with it—its lather, ever mild and kind, felt so good and refreshing too. Once my mother tried to use another soap. . . and Oh Boy, did it sting! I got so mad that I yelled and yelled. That taught her to be careful! I am smart, see?"

"Why don't you kids be as smart as I am. Get organized and insist on your mothers giving you a better deal. It's fun to know IVORY—it is thrilling to keep its beautiful friendship—for IVORY will help you in a big way!"



PROTECTOR OF DELICATE SKIN

This mascot is right. Let's not give our babies a chance to act fret. Let's get started right now and buy a dozen cakes of IVORY from our dealers today.



GUIDE TO CHARM

ARE YOU SURE THE ADS DON'T MEAN YOU?

THE next time you read one of those ads about body odor or unpleasant breath, do not laugh and say to yourself, "This does not concern me" with such a superior air. The sad thing about unpleasant body odor or breath is that those who have it are unaware that they offend others—they are the ones who are always offended. We know a young woman who is always complaining about the offensive body odors of others not realizing that others are also complaining about hers. The ads are right; when you have unpleasant body odor or breath, even your best friend will not tell you.

You are wrong when you say, "I do not smell." Scientists tell us that all persons not only perspire but also smell, some a little, others more, and that each person has his or her own particular odor just as each race or people has. When we perspire, our body is getting rid of waste materials through the numerous pores in the skin and when the perspiration that does not evaporate is allowed to remain on the body and grow stale, it gives off a very unpleasant odor. The only thing to do to prevent this is to take frequent baths to remove this un-

pleasant, stale odor from the body. At least one bath each day should be taken. When it is impossible to do this, the whole body should be sponged. During these hot days when we perspire more, and liable to smell more, two baths a day are not too frequent. Latier the whole body with scented soap and rinse off with a shower.

But frequent baths are useless if you do not put on fresh garments after each. It is stale body odor that is offensive. At least wear fresh lingerie after taking a bath. Silk undergarments are so easy to wash. If you do not have enough of them to allow at least a change each day, wash what you take off at night and hang them straight on a line so that when they become dry they will not be so wrinkled and can be put on even without pressing. If you must wear a dress twice, air it in the evening.

Sometimes the taint of perspiration odor is not evident when a garment is removed. But the taint is there and grows stale. When the garment is worn the next time, it requires only the natural warmth of the body to bring out the insidious stale odor which is so apparent and repellent to others if

Double-Duty Coiffure



Herewith is the back view of a double-duty hair style created for Luella Ball to wear in "Annabel Takes a Tour," co-starring Jack Oakie. A dressed-up version of the popular page boy mode, this coiffure features a crown of soft ringlets in front, its smooth back terminating in a soft roll at the nape of the neck

To be sure that you will not offend others, make it a daily practice to use a deodorant that removes odor from perspiration. Deodorants come in three forms—liquid, powder and cream. All are easy to use but many prefer the powder form because it can also be used as a bath powder all over the body. The use of a deodorant, especially under the arms, should be part of every woman's daily toilette.

If you have a tendency to perspire profusely, you must use an anti-perspirant. This preparation not only deodorizes but also checks perspiration.

Men are always the first to notice the lack of daintiness in a woman, but why is it that many of them are also great offenders? It is not sissy to be dainty, as many men think; it is just being thoughtful of others. The same rules for daintiness that apply to women should also apply to men.

We must not forget to say something about more frequent shampoos during these hot days. Next to stale body odor, stale hair odor is the most offensive. And don't say that you cannot smell your own hair because you can and sometimes even if you do, you are just too lazy to wash it or you do not want to comb out yet that three-day-old coiffure you had at the beauty parlor. Your comb always tells when your hair is dirty.

Now for some suggestions about keeping cool. Crisp cotton dresses are of course the rule during the hot summer days. Get acquainted with easy-to-wear hose coats that over-lap at the front or open from neck to hem. If they are made with percale that are thick enough you need not wear chemise under them. Avoid dresses that are soft and stick to the body when wet.

Do not wear heavy make-up. In the first place, it is difficult to keep it on because of perspiration. In the second place, it does not give you that "cool as lettuce" or "fresh as a daisy" appearance. If you use a foundation (liquid or cream) it is sure to melt in the heat. Try using hand lotion instead—very sparingly. Many women prefer borated powder (one of those used by babies) from the heavy-textured, clinging powder during the hot days.

When you are out and cannot freshen yourself, try washing your hands when you feel sticky all over. You will be surprised how good you will feel by just immersing them in cold water. Carry a small bottle of hand lotion in your purse when you go out. Also some tissue handkerchiefs to wipe off perspiration. You can throw these after using.

not to the wearer. If you want to be safe, wear a garment only once and then have it laundered immediately. Perspiration when allowed to remain on the garment will ruin it.

We also have NOVELTIES in BUCKLES and DISHES of genuine MOTHER OF PEARL.

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When you apply Hinds your beauty is enhanced!

HINDS
honey & almond CREAM

Use it also for your body and legs. Does not grow hair.



MOVIE SECTION

(Continued from page 19)
cent as the prizefighter who flees and hides himself in a small town because he is suspected of having committed a murder. His bewilderment, critics say, is a study in acting. Gloria Dickson, gorgeous blonde, plays the role of the girl who regenerates him, and Claude Rains (the father in "Four Daughters" is the detective who catches Garfield but lets him go.

* * *

Betty Davis and Spencer Tracy for the second time won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards for the "best acting performances of 1938." Miss Davis was honored for her work in "Jezebel" and Tracy for his portrayal of Pather Plannagan in "Boys Town". Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You" was acclaimed the best motion picture production of the year, and Frank Capra received an award for his direction of that film. Honors for supporting roles went to Walter Brennan for his work in "Kentucky" and Fay Bainter for her portrayal in "Jezebel".

GOSSIP

When John Barrymore and little Virginia Wilder finished their roles in RKO Radio's "The Great Man Votes," the star asked the 11-year-old actress her future plans. "Going sailing on my boat," promptly answered Virginia. Investigation revealed that the little girl actually owns a small cabin cruiser, that she scrubs decks, paints woodwork, polishes brass and can sail the craft like a veteran... It's Old Home Week for Dorothy Lee, starting her screen career again on the RKO lot where for several years she was leading lady with Bert Wheeler and the late Robert Woolsey in their feature comedies. Dorothy, happily married to Ag Atwater, Chicago business man, will continue to make her home in the Windy City between pictures... George O'Brien and his wife, the former Margaret Churchill, are haunting travel bureaus. If George can arrange his picture schedule, they hope to leave for Honolulu and South America around the first of the year on a vacation of three months... Stand-in complications developed recently in RKO's "Love Affair" company when, on the same day, Charles Boyer's stand-in received an acting contract with an independent producer; Lee Bowman's stand-in obtained a week's vacation to play a bit part at another studio, and Astrid Allwyn's stand-in got married and gave up pictures for domesticity... It seems to be a lucky year for the humble

stand-in, RKO officials only recently giving a term contract and a role in "The Castles" to Allan Kneip, stand-in for James Ellison. Hereafter, Kneip will be known as Roger Hunt... Actor Eddie Quillan and Director Leigh Jason now play "catch" every noon hour while on location with RKO's Doug Corrigan picture, "The Flying Irishman." Jason once played baseball for New York University, while Quillan in his younger days was a semi-pro player around Pittsburgh...
* * *

Films recommended by PARENTS' MAGAZINE:

- Adventures of Robin Hood. A, Y-C-1.
- Arkansas Traveler. A, Y & C-Good.
- Barefoot Boy. A, Y & C-3.
- Blockheads. A, Y & C-3.
- Border G-Man. A, Y & C-2.
- Boys Town. A, Y & C-1.
- Breaking The Ice. A, Y & C-3.
- Brother Rat. A, Y & C-Very good.
- Cowboy From Brooklyn. A, Y & C-2.
- Drums. A, Y & C-1.
- Ferdinand. (Walt Disney fantasy) A, Y & C-Excellent.
- Five of a Kind. A, Y & C-Good.
- The Gladiator. A, Y & C-2.
- Gold Mine in the Sky. A, Y & C-2.
- Higgins Family. A, Y & C-2.
- Highway Patrol. A, Y & C-2.
- Hold That Coed. A, Y & C-2.
- I'll Give A Million. A, Y & C-2.
- If I Were King. A, Y & C-Excellent.
- In Old Mexico. A, Y & C-2.
- Kidnapped. A, Y & C-2.
- Listen Darling. A, Y & C-Good.
- Little Miss Broadway. A, Y & C-1.
- Man To Remember. A, Y & C-Very Good.
- Men With Wings. A, Y & C-Excellent.
- Mother Carey's Chickens. A, Y & Y-1.
- Professor Beware. A, Y & C-1.
- You Can't Take It With You. A, Y & C-1.
- (A means Adult, Y, Young and C, Children. 1-Excellent; 2-Good; 3-Fair.)

HOT WEATHER DISHES

- (Continued from page 27)
- 1/2 cup cream (or canned milk undiluted)
 - 3 tablespoons butter
 - 4 tablespoons flour
 - 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - 1/2 cup grated cheese
 - Salt and paprika
- Heat the shrimps in half a cup of boiling water. Scald the milk, melt the butter, add the flour, stir and cook together; then add the hot milk all at once and beat vigor-

ously until it has become very smooth. Add the seasonings and the cheese, stirring until well blended in, then add the cream and the shrimps. May be served on slices of dry, cold toast which have been quickly dipped in and out of boiling water, then buttered. Or serve in ramekins with thin slices of toast or toasted crackers.

Shrimp Omelet
(Serve 6)

- 6 eggs
- 6 tablespoons hot water
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 can shrimps
- 4 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika

Separate eggs, beat whites until stiff and yolks until creamy. Add hot water and baking powder to yolks. Fold in whites. Pour into

a heated omelet pan which has been greased with melted butter, and cook slowly. When done crease through the center and cover half with the shrimps which have been drained, minced and seasoned with the lemon juice and paprika. Fold top half over lower half and serve immediately.

Shrimp with Mushrooms

- 2 cups cooked shrimp
- 1/2 cup mushrooms
- 1/2 Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 2 teaspoons tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup stock
- Few bread crumbs

Fry shrimps in plenty of butter. Add remaining ingredients, season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve on plain or toasted bread.



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a few drops of classic 4711" will revive and refresh weary spirits and jaded nerves.



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SHOPPING GUIDE

The next time you buy canned milk, look at the label to see if it is irradiated. This simply means that it has been passed under very powerful ultra-violet rays that increase its calcium and phosphorus contents. The new *Carnation milk* is irradiated and its Vitamin D reinforced, but its cost remains the same.

If you are at your wit's end trying to find means of making your skinny children drink more milk and therefore get stout, why not buy a can of *Ovaltine* and start giving it to them with milk at every meal? If you have a difficult time making your children go to sleep in the evenings, give warm *Ovaltine* to them just before bedtime and watch them fall asleep in no time at all. Now that the days are hot, the youngsters will welcome cold *Ovaltine* drinks in the afternoons. If you do not have a beverage shaker, use an ordinary mason or preserving jar. Place the *Ovaltine* and milk mixture in it with a piece of ice, be sure the cover is tight, then shake vigorously. Serve at once.

Hershey's has just put out a chocolate syrup which may be used to sweeten and flavor either hot or cold milk. There are directions on the label and they are easy to follow.

Summer is always ice-cream-making time. For flavoring ice-cream nothing is better than one of Boie's Fruit Extracts. You can use the same recipe for mantecado over and over again yet make it taste different each time by simply adding a new flavor. You are familiar with Vanilla. But why limit yourself to that one flavor? Try Banana and Pineapple.

Ice-cream reminds us of cakes and cookies. Ice-cream and cakes or cookies always go together, don't they? When making cakes and cookies, use *Royal Baking Powder* if you want success with them. Especially when you use the recipes in the *Royal Cook Book*. By the way, why not send for this recipe book now, if you do not have a copy? It is free.

From foods, we jump to Cosmetics.

Every year, at this time, we always write a piece on daintiness for the Guide to Charm page. If you will turn to this page in this issue, you will find the article on daintiness. A regular reader of ours once told us that she knew when summer arrived because she saw such an article on the Guide to Charm page. We cannot say enough on the subject and cannot too strongly advocate the use of a deodorant. If we were Santa Claus, we would give a bottle of deodorant to every woman on Christmas with

instruction to her to start using it as soon as she received it so that when the hot days would arrive she would be so used to it she would not omit it from her toilette. We should give thanks to the *Oodorono* people for putting out two strengths of their product—instant and regular—for the needs of women are not the same. Some need more protection than others.

More and more of our friends and mere acquaintances are using *Tangee* lipstick for they find that it gives the most natural effect and lasts longer. Moreover, it has no drying effect and does not flake off as most lipsticks do. Once at a luncheon party, we were asked by our neighbor what kind of lipstick we were using. We told her *Tangee* and asked her why. "Because even after eating, you still have lipstick!" We looked at the other women around the table and

saw practically all of them busy repairing damages done by the food to their lipstick.

Have you ever tried patting Cologne water on your temples to refresh yourself or to relieve a headache? Or dropping a few drops of it into the water for a sponge bath? Have you tried *Tosca Eau de Cologne*? It is manufactured by the famous company which bears only this number instead of a name: 4711.

Perhaps you are just like us when it comes to buying sanitary napkins—we buy just any trademark that is offered to us. We have just learned that *Modess* is superior to the others because it offers more protection and has softer filling that prevents chafing. Take one *Modess* sanitary napkin and pour water on it—the water will not pass through.

Perhaps you have seen American women sporting those mother-of-pearl pins with their initials or amusing miniature animals like dogs, seahorses, fishes? Well, the *Manila Button Factory* on Dasmariñas Street will make for you any design for pin or buttons out of

mother-of-pearl.

If you are thinking of stocking up your medicine cabinet, do not forget *Cafiaspirina*, the most well-known remedy for head-aches, *Ty-sol*, well-known as a disinfectant, and *Phillip's Milk of Magnesia*, which doctors always recommend as a laxative for both children and adults.

We were surprised to learn that most men we know smoke Chesterfield. The reason: not only superior flavor, mildness, low price or any other you would expect, but this—the tobacco is cut long or something so that Chesterfield smokers are not bothered by tobacco pieces sticking on the tip of their tongues or on their lips.

CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 23)

Rizal, has the following ladies for their officers for 1939: President, Mrs. Fidela S. Santos; Vice-President, Miss Agapita Alejandro; Secretary, Miss Gloria Borja; Assistant Secretary, Miss Rosario Bernabe; Treasurer, Miss Alicia Laquindanan; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Victoria Veloso; Reporter, Miss Aurora Feliciano.

The *San Marcelino Woman's Club, Zambales*, elected these officers: President, Miss Pelagia B. Peralta; Vice-President, Mrs. Isabel C. Peralta; Secretary, Mrs. Aurea F. Ordillas; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosa R. Jorson; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Angelia Udán.

The *Enrile Woman's Club, Cagayan*, has the following officers: President, Mrs. Agripina Martinez de Guzman; Vice-President, Mrs. Enrique Gutierrez; Secretary, Mrs. Dolores Caranza; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Entropus Baricama; Treasurer, Mrs. Maxima Pagulayan de Goutan; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Socorro Dolofrino.

The *Villasis Woman's Club, Pangasinan*, has these officers: President, Miss Eulalia de Leon; Vice-President, Miss Irene Dirilo; Secretary, Miss Lucia Abrena; Treasurer, Mrs. Petra S. Mina; Board of Directors: Mrs. Carmen Sibayan, Miss Juana Abrena, Miss Eufonia Baseco; Mrs. Maria M. Martinez; Mrs. Cecilia E. Ibay; Miss Leonor Arzadon, Mrs. Clemencia I. Sibayan, Mrs. Isabel F. Corrous, Mrs. Tesalonica B. Espiritu, Miss Conсорcia Ithon.

The *Buguey Woman's Club* elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Vitalina B. Raelos; Vice-President, Mrs. Marciana Calhuen; Secretary, Mrs. Constanca Oñate; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Paula T. Asiddao; Treasurer, Mrs. Remigio W. Ligtot; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Angelita Balao, Miss Conchafina Quilana; Board of Directors: Mrs. Joaquina Avila, Mrs. Joaquina Arreola, Mrs. Isabel Balao, Mrs. Isabel Balao, Mrs. Placida Costales, Mrs. Asuncion Feiro, Mrs. Maria Molina, Miss Floniana Rominajes, Miss Adelsida Carpio, Miss Consolacion Lahio, Miss Eufrosina Paminon.

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BRIGHTEN your SMILE with KOLYNOS

ECONOMIZE—BUY the LARGE TUBE

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 17)

record's for him. I only want to get the facts straight; but I guess I've got everything. I'll let you look over my last night's report in order to make sure I've got everything just as you said it; I'll ask you to acknowledge it—"

The trooper with the tablet turned up at my elbow with a typewritten sheaf, thick and official-looking I took it a little gingerly, feeling as if I had been handed a stick of dynamite. But the report however was, so far as I could remember, altogether accurate—too accurate: the implied admission that we hoped to hide the fact of murder did loom up very badly indeed, and I couldn't dodge the fact.

I finished just as Rodney arrived. "All accurate, Miss Mary?" said Gib cheerfully.

"Yes," I said slowly. "I suppose it is."

"In here, Mr. Loveday," said Joseph; and Rodney hurried in, panting, red-faced and bubbling.

"Good God!" he cried. "Morning, Miss Mary. —Hello, Tom. Oh, you're here, Gib. Have you got the fellow?"

"Rodney," said Cynthia reprovingly. "Captain Walthers is talking."

He wasn't but it stopped Rodney, who wiped his hot pink face with a handkerchief, and sat down.

"Who told you about it?" said Gib, taking the typed sheets out of my hand.

"I don't know.... Yes, I do. It was the milkman, as I was driving in to town. He stopped me. Whole town's rocking with it. Gosh, poor Basil! Who did it?"

Gib said quietly: "I'd like to know. Who else lives on this road, besides you folks, Miss Mary, and Loveday and Evans?"

"Nobody," said Rodney, answering for me. "That is, there's the Marquis place, but it's closed; they're abroad this summer. And the Collines near Alastair's place; they're gone too. Nobody else. Why?"

"It's not a busy road," said Gib slowly. "In fact, it's pretty well deserted—not very many strangers along, I imagine."

Tom got up abruptly and walked to the door. I glanced at him, and was struck by something fixed in his face and followed his eyes. I too, by turning my head, could see into the garden, and there was Jenny with Alastair Evans, standing in the shadow of the hedge—Alastair's arms lightly around Jenny, and looking up at him in an oddly confiding way.

Tom opened the door, and said clearly: "Alastair—you're wanted."

"Oh, is Evans out there," said Gib quickly. "Good. Tell him to come in. While we're together," he added neatly, "we may be able to get somewhere."

Jenny came in, followed by Alastair, who looked at Tom and said smiling: "Hello, Sherlock.... Good-

morning, Miss Mary. I'm so sorry—Hello, Cynthia—"

He nodded easily to Gib and the troopers, and Jenny came and sat on the window-seat beside me. And Gib Walthers and Tom between them, without warning, proceeded to put us all through a prolonged bout of questions.

It was rather comforting to hear the captain of police ask Cynthia

and Rodney Loveday and Alastair Evans (and even Joseph, whom they called in), exactly the same questions they had asked us the night before, only perhaps not so many of them. They began with Alastair, who said he didn't know Basil was alive, didn't know that he had returned and was inexpressibly shocked (though his cool and suave voice didn't express much

shock) at hearing the sad news.


"Who told you?" said Gib.

It was again the milkman. "And you had no suspicion that Basil actually wasn't killed in the plane crash?"


"None," said Alastair definitely. Gib turned to Rodney.

"What about it, Loveday? Did you see anything out of the or-


(Continued on next page)



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BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 33)

dinary? I believe there's a view of the public road from your porch."

"Yes, there is," said Rodney. "But I can't think of noting anything or anybody in particular. Oh, there are always a few cars. I don't remember anything at all, though, that caught my attention. Do you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia took the ball of her handkerchief away from her mouth, said, "No," and returned it. Alastair glanced at her once, dark eyes enigmatic.

"You folks were at home last night, then?"

"Oh, yes," said Rodney, and Cynthia took her handkerchief away and said:

"Both of us. All evening. No one came, and neither of us went out." She spoke briefly and definitely and in a kind of businesslike way which wasn't like Cynthia, and puzzled me for a moment until I realized that she had forgotten that these were men. It was the only time I ever knew her to turn off the charm.

Gib turned to Rodney.

"You were manager of the Houlton factory, weren't you? Did you advise selling?"

"Well, yes and no," said Rodney. "I thought Miss Mary was right to sell, since she had a good cash offer and wouldn't want to be bothered with a business she knew nothing about. I knew, too, that she wanted to secure a sum of money for Alice. It did mean that I was out of a job, and a job that paid me well. However, that's all right. I understood how Miss Mary felt about it; anyway she owned the thing."

"In just what condition was the factory? Was everything all right? I mean, flourishing?"

"There was always a good steady income from it; Basil didn't need the income, but it was more than paying its way. Everything was perfectly aboveboard, if that's what you mean. I was paid a salary and a good one; I had no control whatever over disbursements. If you're looking for a motive for Basil's murder—I mean—well, hang it, what I mean is this and I'm going to say it right out: I didn't embezzle and then kill Basil to keep him from finding out about it. There wasn't an earthly chance for anybody to embezzle. You can go into all the books; there's not a penny unaccounted for."

"All right, Loveday. I had no thought of such a motive. Now, in your business association with him, is there anything you can think of—any disagreement, say with a former employee, anything at all that you think we ought to know? Do you know of anybody who had any kind of grudge to pay off?"

Rodney rubbed his hands through

his thin blond hair and said finally: "No. He had little to do with the active management of the thing. Besides, it ran smoothly enough; we never had strikes or labor trouble."

Gib said thoughtfully:

"Do any of you know of anyone who had quarreled with Basil? Anyone who might have had a grudge? How about it, Evans? You were his best friend?"

Alastair put his hand to his face in a familiar gesture; his hand covered part of the scar and cast a shadow on the whole. And I wondered again that he could have forgiven Basil.

He said slowly, his brilliant eyes on Gib, that he knew of no one.

"Basil was my best friend, yes. But he didn't let me know, even, that he had survived the plane crash. So you see how confidential he was with me."

"Did you too inherit at his death?"

"Not a cent," said Alastair, smiling. "So far as my personal concerns go, I was completely unaffected by Basil's life or death. I had only friendly affection for him."

It was only chance that I happened to be watching Cynthia. And thus happened to see what no one else saw and that was the curious little smile that crossed her face when Alastair declared his regard for Basil.

It must have been around noon when at last they went. Noon with the sun blazing fiercely down from a hot blue sky and reports already arriving. Tom made a statement for us which didn't actually state anything. And after a while Gib had the back part of the house, the lawn and lake and garden set aside for us, and the police were given orders not to let reporters come nearer the house than the front drive. Alastair went away as soon as Gib and Tom had gone. Cynthia and Rodney stayed to lunch.

It was as salad came in, a little limp on account of the heat, that Jenny was called to the telephone. It was the telegraph-office calling, and they said her message to Robert had been returned and he couldn't be located.

"He must be out on location," said Jenny. "I told them to send it to the office of the company he

works for. They ought to know where he is."

Rodney held a forkful of very languid aspic suspended in mid-air and looked dreary.

"It'd be funny if he turned up somewhere around here," he said.

Cynthia's eyes jerked toward him. "Robert Braith here? Why, then—" "But he wasn't here," I said definitely. "So don't go thinking he killed Basil."

"Well," said Cynthia slowly. "Somebody killed him, and I don't know who'd have more cause to do so than Robert."

They went away soon after lunch, and Jenny and I decided to let the telegrams to the kin wait, in view of the highly unusual circumstances of Basil's demise, and I made her go to her room for a rest. I tried to rest too. I doubt if either of us was successful.

About five I had a shower and change and went downstairs for iced tea on the terrace at the rear. Here Jenny joined me, cool-looking in a thin white dress with her hair a little moist from a shower, and asked if Alastair had been here.

"You mean just now? No."

"Oh," said Jenny, and looked down at the bridge over the lake. It was the path Alastair usually took when he came to Tenacre.

Tom Tucker, however, turned up about fifteen minutes later, very fresh and smart in white linen, a blue cornflower in his buttonhole.

"Cynthia gave it to me," he said as I lifted an eyebrow in the direction of the flower. He grinned a little. "I stopped by there on my way out."

"Nice of Cynthia," said Jenny.

He fumbled in his pocket and out a tangle of blue threads in my hand. "You weren't made for a criminal career, Miss Mary," he said. "This was hanging in the laurel bushes."

I took it. It was of course, the blue hair-net I wear at night.

"Tom," I said, "what about Basil's bags? Wasn't there anything in them that might be a clue? Where had he been all this year?"

He became sober at once and sat down near me. "There wasn't anything that was a clue. We're having him traced, but there's no news so far. No news either of Alice, and we can't reach Robert."

Jenny leaned forward. "Tom,"

HOBBIES
IN HOLLYWOOD

James Stewart has an enviable record of his stay in Hollywood. He bought a color camera out of his first pay check and has shot more than 10,000 feet of 16 mm. color film which shows a cross section of his life in the motion picture capital.

she said earnestly, "can't you give up this hunt for Alice?"

"Jenny, I can't do that. Not when it's murder. You don't understand."

"Who would understand such—such cruelty!" she answered.

Tom's tanned face had a gray look. "Very well, Jenny. Now let's get down to business. Where's Alice? We can't find any clue to her departure. She must have gone by train, but there's only one train out of Turnford, and that's at three in the morning and goes north, and Alice didn't get on it. Not at Turnford, anyway; there were no passengers. And that's the only way out for her. There's no bus this morning, and the bus goes through at Little Turnford crossing, which is twelve miles from here. Nobody has seen her. Nobody knows anything about her. The only possibility is hitch-hiking, and I don't see Alice doing that."

I interrupted:

"What of the man Coliani claims he saw? Gib said he had told you of it."

He glanced briefly at me.

"Yes. Not only told us but three different points where his man entered the woods. He also says he was tall and short, thin and fat, and that his bag wasn't a bag but a roll of sticks. We looked all around that side of the road, but aside from a few broken ferns there was nothing. Anything might have



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broken the ferns—a dog or—”

He stopped and looked at me and said abruptly: "Where's Basil's dog?"

"I don't know. He's not been around all day. Gone on a hunt, I imagine. All the same, there probably was a man; it's almost certain he had shot Basil."

"Why?"
"I don't know why, but having known Basil, I'd say there might be a motive."

"I meant, why do you think Colian's man shot Basil?"

"Because there's no one else," I said blandly. "Unless you did it. You were here, you know, Tom. And you were just getting home, weren't you, when I telephoned to you?"

Tom said something like "Huh?" in a rather startled way, and I pressed the point.

"It was after two o'clock. What time do you leave here, Tom? After you saw Jenny and Basil, I mean."

He grinned a little, but still looked rather queer and said: "I don't know. About one, I imagine. And you're right; I didn't get home till about two, and I came in the door just as Mori was at the telephone telling you I wasn't in. But I assure you I didn't shoot Basil."

A small spark came in Jenny's eyes and she said in too sweet a voice: "Where had you gone in the interval, Tommy? Let's trade

BARTER
By HERMINIA ANCHETA

*For the glint of stars in your eyes, that are
Pools of loveliness in a moonlight night.
For a touch of your rose-petaled cheeks,
For a gleam of sunshine in your smiles
For a cup of ambrosia from your lips,
For a whiff of the scent of a garland
Of white sampaguita flowers on your hair,
For a ring of your laughter, like
The fading strains of a hopeless love-song,
And for a cozy corner in your heart:
I'd readily give up my wandering life,
I'd gladly barter my lonely soul.*

alibis."

"All right. I drove out in the country to see a patient. Now let's have yours. Where were you between one and two?"

The little spark that made Jenny seem more like herself vanished as unexpectedly as it came, and a blank, stiff look came over her face.

"I've told you. And I've told Gib."

Tom's eyes met only defiance in hers; after a moment he got up and said to me: "Miss Mary — stroll down to the drive with me, will you?"

I rose, of course. Jenny, something baffled but still deeply defiant in her face, watched us go.

But we didn't walk down the driveway. We went instead across the green lawn to the little wooden footbridge and walked upon it.

And Tom said, without looking at me: "We've found it—the revolver."

I knew what was coming. It came.

"It was in the river. Just below where Basil was shot. And it's Jenny's revolver. I couldn't keep Gib from knowing; he got the register number from it."

He turned then, seeking my eyes with a terrible deep question in his own. But he didn't say a word about the cane-knife.

From the shrubbery at the edge of the lawn the kitten poked his

little black face, surveyed us a little scornfully, meowed once and went back, apparently, to sleep.

"Jenny Shore didn't kill anybody. If that's what you mean," I said definitely. And as I said it, a very strange thing happened to me, and that was instant and unquestionable conviction that I spoke the truth.

"Did you know Jenny had a gun?" asked Tom.

There was, of course, no use in evading.

"Yes, she had a revolver. She bought it down at Summerville's hardware store in the village. In March, I think. We were alone so much, and the house so far from the highway. We thought it a good idea to have a gun in the house."

He frowned down at the water.

"Who took care of it—you or Jenny?"

"I—I believe it was somewhere in Jenny's room, but anyone could have had access to it. There are no locks in her room. And it's been months since I've seen the thing. Anybody could have taken it, Tom; callers, servants—anybody prowling through the house—"

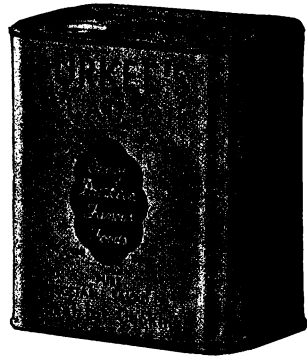
"You haven't had any burglars, have you? If you have had, it wasn't reported."

"No. But—oh, there are a hundred ways the gun could have been removed. Perhaps Jenny herself brought it downstairs and left it

(Continued on next page)

Salad-making is such a simple thing demanding only a simple set of rules, an understanding hand. A little of this, a dash of that, skillfully combined with thus and so—perhaps a few left overs thrown in for good measure and there's your salad.

Crisp, cool, colorful and correct — these are the rules if you would sail the salad seas of smartness. Crisp for eye-appeal, and along with that, fresh and dry. Cold, yes, even the salad plates, if you would tempt that palate. Colorful—of course. And Correct—how important that is—and in order to be sure that it will be correct use only



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BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 35)

somewhere—

After a moment he said: "We don't have the ballistics report yet. Until then there is no proof that it was that revolver that was used." It was a statement, not particularly hopeful.

"Oh, you have the bullet that killed Basil?"

"Naturally. The revolver was loaded; one shot had been fired from it."

"Tom, you can't suspect Jenny?" He didn't answer at once. And then he only said, still not looking at me: "I didn't think so just night."

"And now—"

Again he hesitated. And then, "You see," said Tom finally and obliquely, "we've got to find Alice."

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean," said Tom brusquely as if he'd reached some decision, "that Alice has a tremendous influence over Jenny. A ridiculous influence upon her."

"Listen to me, Tom Tucker: If you mean that Alice wanted Basil out of the way and persuaded Jenny to kill him, it—why, it's absurd. Jenny's—got too much sense. You can't seriously consider such a far-fetched hypothesis."

He looked at the cornflower, drooping now from his buttonhole, and dropped it over the railing into the lake. The black swan mistook it for food, and swam out hurriedly and greedily. Tom stood up straight.

"I don't mean anything," he said. "Let's go back to the house. Of course, you know what this revolver means. Gib told me to find out what I could about it, but he and the State's Attorney will be after Jenny like hawks."

SEA-FEVER
By JOHN MASEFIELD

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

*And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,*

And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

*Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.*

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trip's over.

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We had dinner alone, Jenny and I, with no place set for Alice. Dusk came gently to the birchwood and across the lake and by nine o'clock that night we still hadn't heard from Robert or from his office and still knew nothing of Alice's whereabouts. For lack of something better to do, I wrote a letter to him and sent it to be mailed. Alastair telephoned about nine-thirty and talked to Jenny briefly, and I didn't hear her replies. The night was hot, and we went to bed as soon as we decently could.

But I could not sleep; and about two o'clock I got up and went downstairs. Hot milk. I told myself, was the thing. The light was on as always above the stairway; I went quietly down and into the pantry, and after foraging in the refrigerator and finding milk and cold chicken, I went on into the kitchen—a large old-fashioned kitchen, with many windows. The pantry door swung gently to behind me, and I moved quietly about heating the milk, while the blank, indented black windows watched me. Indeed it began to seem to me that windows were actually and in point of fact watching. It was so strong a feeling of eyes somewhere watching me that I went at last to the windows toward the kennels, intending to look out and satisfy myself that no one was there.

It was a mistaken impulse on my part. For as I approached the window, something beyond that black pane ducked swiftly out of sight....

I left all the kitchen lights burning and the cold chicken and milk on the table and hurried upstairs through a still silent house. I locked my door.

After a while I had argued myself into accepting the reflection

theory—and next morning did not tell Cook how or why the milk was left out. But the next morning, too, after breakfast Joseph found a curious thing and brought it to me. It was a rope, short, perhaps ten feet, and frayed at both ends.

"Where was it? Why did you bring it to me?"

"It was on the grass just below the kitchen windows, Miss Mary," said Joseph. "And no one remembers leaving it there."

"Is it like any other rope that we have about?"

"Yes'm. It's a common weight. But—"

"But what, Joseph?"

"I only wanted you to see it, Miss Mary," said Joseph.

He went away, an inscrutable look in his dark old face.

Early that morning, too, Captain Walters telephoned to get a description of the dress Alice had worn when she went away. Jenny gave it to him—and if Alice ever in her life had a dark brown dress with green spots on it, then I had never seen her wear it. Alice, blonde, clung to pastels and navy blue. Jenny wouldn't look at me when she came back to the table.

After breakfast I went to look for Hugo and didn't find him. Coming back through the garden, I encountered Alastair. He was standing on the footbridge, smoking, and seeing me, came to meet me.

He smiled and said: "The reporters were at my house this morning too. Wanted me to do a story about Basil. 'What I Knew of Basil Houlden.' 'Best Friend's Story of the Enoch Arden Murder.' How are you this morning, Miss Mary?"

"How do you suppose I am?" I inquired not very graciously. "By the way, our dog—rather, Basil's dog—has disappeared. You haven't seen him, have you?"

He said no, without much interest. Then Jenny came out on the terrace, and as if the flutter of her white dress spoke, he turned instantly and saw her. And again I didn't like the way Jenny came quickly,—almost eagerly, indeed,—down the steps and the path to meet him.

I went on into the house. He didn't stay long, however, for when I got back from telephoning to Tom to ask if he or the police had any news at all, he had gone, and Jenny was sitting on the terrace steps with her chin in her hands and the kitten playing with the ties of her white linen sport-shoes.

Tom had given me no information whatever—in the nicest possible way. I didn't know whether or not to tell Jenny about the revolver. I felt that I ought to warn her, give her a chance to prepare, if necessary, some explanation for it. But on the other hand, for Jenny's own protection perhaps she ought not to be given that chance. She hadn't shot Basil, and I was sure of it; therefore the best thing for Jenny was to induce her, somehow, to tell the truth.

About eleven o'clock however, as nobody came and my seething nervousness approached a boiling-point, I suggested to Jenny that we drive to the village after the papers and mail.

Jenny rather apathetically agreed; we took the station wagon, and Jenny drove. She hadn't more than got the engine started and was about to back out of the garage, however, when a trooper turned up beside us, a sergeant by his uniform and very lean and bronzed, and hard-looking.

"Going out, Miss Drace?" asked the sergeant.

"Just to town," I explained a little nervously. "We'll be back in a few minutes."

"All right," he said, and scribbled something on a pad of paper he drew from his pocket. "Give this to the fellows at the entrance." He said. "I—I wouldn't be gone long if I was you, Miss Drace," he added with the pleasantest possible

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manner.

Jenny let in the clutch, and we jerked backward, whirled around and went rather quickly down the drive. We stopped at the entrance as several State troopers, two of them in goggles and on motorcycles, moved forward. They took the slip of paper and one of them said: "All right. Go ahead." But we were scarcely around the curve when the two motorcycles caught up with us and stayed with us all the way into town. It was a little disconcerting.

It seemed to me that the street and the square were very full of people, none of whom seemed to have much to do but loiter in clusters, and all of whom stared at us and nudged each other. Heads turned all along as I went into the post office. There was, of course, no mail, so I came out and went into the drug-store next door.

I got newspapers and some cigarettes for Jenny and cold cream for myself which I didn't need and still, peering out the windows which faced the street, saw nothing of Tom.

"I guess this been a shock to you, Miss Drace," said Eddie wrapping my cold cream slowly. "They say you didn't have any idea Basil was still alive?"

"No, of course not. None of us knew it."

"Too bad. Everybody feels mighty sorry for Miss Alice." He tied the string and then retied it. "Where is Miss Alice?"

"She will be back in a day or two," I said—I hoped confusingly, for Eddie is a purveyor of news. "May I use your telephone?"

He waved at the booth, and I put in a wholly unnecessary call to Cook, my eyes on as much of the square as I could see through the little glass window in the telephone booth. There still wasn't anything however, except Rodney Loveday, who came into the drug-store to complain about a film that had or had not been sent away to be developed.

It was very hot in the booth, so I was forced presently to emerge. And I got the only scrap of news our expedition uncovered from Rodney.

"Mrs. Loveday brought the roll in," Eddie was saying as I came out. "How was I to know—"

"When did you send it away—" began Rodney sputtering; then he saw me. "Why, Miss Mary!"

He was very hot and pink and in his shirt-sleeves, with collar open and no tie. He accompanied me to the station-wagon, politely carrying my newspapers.

"Have you any news of the murderer?" I asked him, as I got into the seat beside Jenny.

"I was about to ask if you had," he said. "All I know is they've got Coliani over there now. Something about the man he claims he saw. Have you had word from Alice?"

"No, not yet. Coliani's man is town's rocking with it. Cosh, poor

the only clue to the real murderer that I know of."

"Well, that's something," said Rodney, wiping his hot forehead. "It must have been done by some tramp or burglar. Where do you suppose Alice has gone to?"

It's queer but up to that very instant I hadn't any doubt that Alice had gone of her own free will. But just then, there in the bright hot sun, I thought:

Suppose Alice hadn't gone to Robert, after all. The woods stretched around us on all sides; Tenacre isn't just ten acres but a hundred and ten, most of it in woodland with, at some distance from the house, patches of swamp.

Rodney must have seen something of the horror of the thought flash across my face, for he said quickly: "You'll hear from her soon. Don't worry. She's gone to Robert, of course."

Jenny, luckily, hadn't caught our unspoken thought. She said: "How's Cynthia?"

"She's sort of under the weather," said Rodney, looking worried, as he did when anything threatened Cynthia. "Nothing much; heat, I imagine. Tom came in to see her this morning."

"Oh," said Jenny. "Ready, Cousin Mary?"

Her fingers tightened on the starter. Rodney had to shout the bit of news he gave us over the rattle of the engine:

"Bales is in town. Came this morning."

"Who's Bales?" shouted Jenny. "The State's Attorney. For the inquest, tomorrow."

I suppose it was fortunate Rodney had warned us of the arrival of the State's Attorney. But still we were not exactly prepared for them all when they arrived as they

did shortly after lunch. Tom, of course, came along.

They began at once, or rather Tom did, looking awfully white and tense around the mouth as if he hated to say what he had to say. And he made it as easy as he could by offering her an out. For he said: "Jenny, don't get upset about this, but you see the revolver you and Miss Mary bought last spring has been found. It was in the bed of Houlden River below the bridge. I expect Miss Mary told you we had found it." At his first word Jenny's face had become so rigid you couldn't tell what she was feeling, and Tom went on quickly, explaining, giving her a chance.

"We found it and it was sent into town for a ballistics expert's report on it, and on the bullet that killed Basil."

"And you now have the report?"
(Continued on next page)

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USA

BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 37)
said Jenny in the quietest, coldest little voice.

"Well—yes."
"I suppose you've come to arrest me?"

Gib Walthers said: "No, certainly not, Miss Jenny. Just tell us what you know of the revolver."

"Then the bullet did come from that revolver?"

"Not two ways about it, Miss Jenny. That revolver of yours fired that bullet. It is your revolver, isn't it?"

"No more hers than mine," I intervened. "We talked about getting it and decided we'd better have one, since we were so much alone."

"Where'd you keep it?" asked Gib, looking at Jenny.

"In—upstairs in my room."
"When did you last see it? Don't be scared, now."

Jenny moistened her lips and said she wasn't awfully sure. She had kept it in a drawer of her dressing-table and had forgotten about it.

"You didn't know it was gone?" said Gib.

"Oh, yes. Naturally after the murder, and when I knew Basil had been shot, I thought of the revolver and went and looked and it—it wasn't there. So I—well, that's all. It wasn't there."

"But you claim you didn't shoot Basil Houlden yourself?" rumbled the State's Attorney suddenly.

"I didn't kill Basil Houlden," replied Jenny firmly.

"Jenny," said Tom, "No doubt you handled the gun recently—moved it about in the drawer—or picked it up to see if it was loaded. There are several fingerprints on it: yours, Jenny; one of Joseph's; one of Miss Mary's. The prints were a little smudged in the necessary handling involved in getting the gun out of the water. But enough recognizable bits remained to give us four prints."

"Who—" began Jenny, and Tom said quickly: "Basil's was the fourth. But it wasn't suicide. There's no possibility of suicide."

Again the State's Attorney rumbled:

"The point is, Miss Shore, the matter of your own fingerprints; can you satisfactorily explain it?"

"Naturally my fingerprints would be on the gun," said Jenny. "I wouldn't think of wiping them off—why should I? You see—well—I didn't tell you the truth about the gun, Mr. Walthers. I'm going to now."

Tom took a quick step forward as if to stop her, but she went on quickly: "I didn't tell you the truth about the revolver just now. I was afraid to. But I see now I was wrong. You see I—I did take the revolver out of the drawer where I kept it. I took it out there—the afternoon of Basil's return. I had heard a noise in the shrubbery the night before, and it made me think there was some one around the house. So I took the revolver

out and took it downstairs and—well, I don't know what happened to it. I think it was in the greenhouse."

Gib Walthers said: "What do you mean? Why the greenhouse?"

"Well," said Jenny, "I—I had it in my hand, and the flower-basket was on the hall table, and I put it down in the basket temporarily and—"

"And what?" said Tom as she stopped.

"Well, I went to the telephone, and I suppose I simply forgot the flower-basket and the revolver. At any rate Joseph took the basket out to the greenhouse, and must have taken the revolver along with it; there were scissors and some tulip catalogues in the basket too. He may not have noticed the gun."

Jenny was not a good liar.

But the trouble was that in the interstices of the lie there ran a curious thread of truth. There was something about that specious story that was true, something Jenny wanted us to know. Tom must have extracted from it the same impression that I did, for he was looking extremely perplexed and angry.

But to Gib and the State's Attorney it must have seemed only a lame attempt to shift responsibility for the revolver.

Well, they questioned her about it, Gib and the State's Attorney, and with every answer she made it seemed more and more evident that, again, she was forcing herself to tell an involved and specious story. Joseph, however, sent for by Gib, immediately corroborated it. He had taken the flower-basket to the greenhouse, and there had been some things in it, but he didn't know what.

The State's Attorney turned back to Jenny and me and began questioning us about the night of the murder. Jenny told her story again, and I told mine. The State's Attorney had heard it all before, but he pursed up his mouth and made us repeat the whole thing twice, re-admitting. I told my story briefly too, just as I had told it to Tom; but I was still, mainly, haunted by thoughts of Alice—and the shaded secret depths of woods and swamp.

"You ought to find Alice," I said. "And the cane-knife."

Tom said: "Cane-knife?"

I explained as well as I could; and when they asked why I hadn't told it before, I replied that I'd forgotten it in the first place; besides, Basil had been shot. It was only later, when I realized that it must have been removed from the bridge during those ten minutes or so when I was at the house telephoning and talking to Jenny, that it began to seem important. Important at least as evidence of an intruder.

Tom looked at me a little oddly; the State's Attorney frowned, and Gib Walthers said:

"Nobody's ever had to tell you to come in out of the rain, have they, Miss Mary?"

"Captain Walthers," I said with dignity. "I am not a detective. It is neither my intention nor desire to become one."

It was six o'clock before they left, and the shadows were long again on the grass. Departing, Gib told us what we already knew, that the inquest was to take place the following day.

"At eleven," said Gib. "At the town meeting-hall. You and Miss Jenny will be asked to tell what

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you've told us."

And that night, quietly, in the little bare telephone office above the bank Myrtle Shultz was murdered.

She was alone, on night duty, quite as usual. Somebody tried and failed to get Central and wanted to make a call to California during the cheap night rates. In exasperation (it was John Foeltz) he walked up to the telephone office and found her there on the floor with her skull fractured and blood everywhere and all the signals burning red.

But instead of clearing Jenny, it only made things worse.

The first we know of the murder was just after breakfast the following morning. I was making a hunt for the kitten's bell and harness, mainly for lack of something better to do.

Early that morning some one from Bales' office telephoned to say that the inquest had been postponed, but didn't say why, or when it would take place. And then Rodney came, hurrying up the hill, very excited, and asked if we'd heard. We both said, "What?" and he told us.

"Myrtle Shultz. Murdered. Last night. Nobody knows who did it."

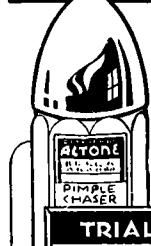
"Myrtle Shultz. Who is—"

"The telephone operator. One of them. The girl on night duty. There's only one at night, and three in the daytime." I made him sit down and handed him a fan. Jenny just stood there, white as her dress, the kitten still poised on her shoulder, staring at him.

"State police all over the place," panted Rodney. "Had me on the carpet soon as I told 'em I was in my office last night. They don't know exactly when it happened. I didn't hear a thing. Horrible—girl murdered right in the same building—"

"How?" said Jenny in the

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strangest voice in the world.
 "Skull fractured. Blood. No weapon found."

"She wasn't — shot, then," said Jenny; and Rodney, again staring, said, no, and began to fan, and told us as much as was yet known of the story.

The main point was that nobody knew exactly what time the murder had occurred. She'd gone on duty at nine, relieving two other girls. The third daytime girl had already left at six. But the night calls are very infrequent, and Myrtle handled the switchboard from nine to six alone. There was a little couch in the telephone office back of a screen, and an electric plate so she could fix herself a midnight snack if she wanted to. That night she had made no coffee, and there were no soiled dishes, which would indicate that she was killed before midnight. Had there been a regular time for her to eat. But there wasn't; the girls who worked there and knew her said she had no set time for her little lunch. And John Floetz found her dead at something after two o'clock. John Floetz was our baker, and worked at night; his daughter was a stenographer for some moving-picture company in Hollywood, and he always waited till late to telephone to her in order to profit by night rates.

Rodney, who had left the office, he said, at twelve-thirty, had heard

and seen nothing. He passed the door to the telephone-office, and it was closed, which was unusual on so hot a night, but he'd thought nothing of it and gone home.

"But it's almost impossible for all that to happen, quiet as it is in the building at night, without me hearing it. I don't believe she was murdered till later. I can't believe it. Surely the poor girl would scream for help."

"What are they doing?"
 "The police? Trying to discover the earliest signal for Central that wasn't answered. Several people have come forward saying they tried to telephone during the night and couldn't get Central. It's a small switchboard. Most of the late night calls are to and from New York and the country residents. Very few village calls, they say, late."
 That, as nearly as I can trust my

THE MYSTERY

By RALPH HODGSON

*He came and took me by the hand
 Up to a red rose tree,
 He kept His meaning to Himself
 But gave a rose to me.*

*I did not pray Him to lay bare
 The mystery to me,
 Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
 And His own face to see.*

memory, was all we knew of the thing when the State's Attorney and the captain of police arrived as they did, around noon, accompanied as usual by a policeman on a motorcycle.

Rodney had had to go; Cynthia was still under the weather, he said, and upset by this latest tragedy. He'd only come to tell us and to ask if we wanted him and Cynthia to come up to Tenacre for a few days. Jenny promptly said, no, we didn't. I thanked him; there were always, I added a little bitterly, policemen around the place, so we were perfectly safe.

Well, as I say, the whole parcel of them arrived shortly after; and they came out immediately with the really horrible and unexpected thing that had brought them there, and that was what they called a link — between the murder of the

little telephone girl and Jenny! Tom wasn't with them this time; he had a patient, I supposed. So Bales had it all his own way.

"What do you mean by a link?" I demanded. "We didn't even know the poor child. I've the barest recollection of what she looked like."

"We have found," said the State's Attorney, "that Myrtle tried three times yesterday to reach Jenny Shore by telephone. It was in the morning, and she was telephoning from the rooming-house where she lived. You, Miss Shore, were out; and apparently she went to sleep as was her custom during the afternoon, and didn't try again. Why did she try to talk to you?"

"I haven't the remotest idea." Jenny seemed shocked and honestly bewildered; and I didn't like the way they looked and acted, and I didn't like Tom's absence.

"She must have had some purpose," persisted the State's Attorney. "There's no doubt of it. One of her friends was at the switchboard, and Myrtle spoke to her, telling her the number—your number here. The girl reports that she asked for you, Miss Shore, when a maid answered. She tried no less than three times to reach you. Why?"

Jenny, very pale, shook her head. And they had Mabel in—who, wringing excitedly and exasperatingly, confirmed it.

(Continued on next page)

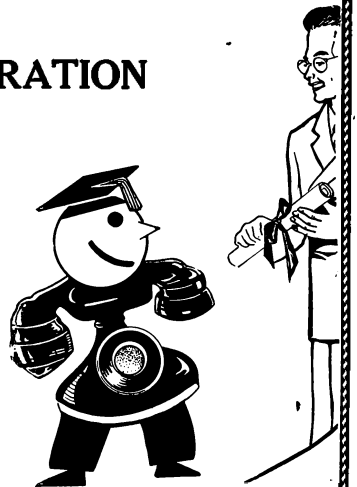
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BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 39)

"Why didn't you tell Miss Jenny some one had called?" I demanded.

"She left no name, ma'am. No message—"

A trooper escorted her from the room, and Bales turned triumphantly to Jenny.

"There you have it! Now, then, why?"

"But I don't know! There's no reason—"

"There's always a reason," pronounced the State's Attorney. Let's have the truth. It'll be easier on you in the long run."

"Do you mean—but you can't—I began incoherently and incredulously.

"Do I mean what, Miss Drace? I leaned forward. "Jenny couldn't have struck that horrible blow. She couldn't have killed this poor girl. You have only to look at her—why, it's fantastic. It's—"

He interrupted me: "Women have struck blows before now. Exactly as women have poisoned and stabbed."

"But—Jenny—the thought is preposterous—you are—"

Well, it went on for some time. They put the same question a number of ways to me and to Jenny. I don't believe the State's Attorney was ever convinced that we were telling the truth, as we were.

It was Gib Walthers who asked about the cane-knife, requesting me to describe it for Mr. Bales. I did so, a little reluctantly.

"And you haven't found it yet?"

"No. Unless the gardener has found it this morning."

He turned and said something to a very trim young policeman standing in the doorway, who immediately vanished. And Gib Walthers said slowly: "I think I'd better have the grounds searched—eh, Mr. Bales?"

That made Jenny turn, slowly, as if she were on a pivot. "What for?" she said.

Gib said hurriedly: "The cane-knife."

"Nonsense," said the State's Attorney curtly. "For Mrs. Houlden, of course. Well, search if you want to. But you won't find her."

They went away shortly after that.

An hour after their departure the search for Alice through the woods and swamp around Tenacre began in good earnest. You could hear shouted directions as they got farther and farther into the woods.

Jenny stayed with me awhile and then quietly disappeared. I saw her strolling across the lawn and toward the little footbridge and didn't pay much attention to it; it was only when she'd been gone for an hour or so that I roused and, a little uneasy, strolled across the lawn myself and over the bridge.

The path wound gently through the woods, with ferns so high and brush thickets so dense you couldn't see far ahead of you. I hadn't gone very far when I met her. She was hurrying, and looked startled and flushed a little when she saw me.

"Have I been gone long?"

"No."

"I ought to have told you I was going to Alastair's. He—he gave me tea, and I stayed longer than I intended."

I couldn't understand Jenny. She was a little excited, and protested if not too much at least too vehemently. I couldn't understand it, and I didn't like it. Alastair was not the man for Jenny.

The policemen left just before dinner, and so far as I could discover there had been no results whatever, except that our asparagus bed was very much trampled on and didn't really revive all the rest of the summer.

After dinner Tom arrived, while we were having coffee on the terrace. He accepted coffee, and smoked, and talked of the heat. Old man Jenkins, he said, had been overcome by heat about noon and had come near dying; and there was mumps in the village.

After a while Tom put his small coffee-cup down on a table and walked quietly over to the tall thick clusters of weigela and privet which screen the terrace. I perceived that he was making sure there was no one on the lawn and within earshot. He came back and sat down and stretched out his long legs.

"Jenny, I've waited till you were ready to talk. It isn't safe to wait any longer. That silly story you told about the revolver yesterday did a lot of harm. And now here's this thing about Myrtle Shultz! I'm afraid in spite of everything I can

do, that they're going to—to hold you for questioning—"

There was an instant's small silence. Jenny said then: "You mean arrest me?"

"I—I hope not."

"But they can't think I murdered the girl—Myrtle."

"Somebody murdered her..... Don't look at me like that, Jenny. I know you didn't murder that girl."

"Or—Basil?" said Jenny in the queerest voice.

Tom put out his cigarette slowly in an ashtray.

"I think," he said deliberately, "that if Alice had begged hard enough, you could have forced yourself to shoot Basil. It wouldn't have been you doing it; it would have been Alice just as surely as if she had pulled the trigger. I think that would have been possible, but only possible. I don't believe you killed Basil."

After a moment Jenny got up. Her slim white figure moved to the edge of the terrace. She reached out in the dusk and broke a leaf from the hedge, and rolled it in her fingers; and said without turning: "I tried to kill him."

"Jenny!" Tom was beside her in an instant.

"No, don't touch me. I—I'll tell you what I did. I haven't known what to do—everything I said was wrong; every lie I've made myself tell has just made things worse. That revolver—what I was trying to make them see was that the revolver wasn't in the house. That—that Basil did it."

Tom put out his arms, and didn't take her into them.

"He took it from you," he said quietly.

"Yes." Jenny still wouldn't turn. "He took it from me, but that wasn't it. I couldn't pull the trigger. I stood there with the revolver in my hand and tried to shoot him, and couldn't. I thought it was right to do it—then. He smiled at me; he was so—so utterly loathsome. But I couldn't make my finger move. I couldn't—"

"Jenny, my dear, you don't realize what you're saying—"

Tom interrupted me. "Let her talk."

Jenny whirled around, at that, and faced Tom directly.

"Yes, I'll talk. I've wanted to tell you what happened, but I couldn't. There's Alice. But now I'm—I'm afraid. It's gone too far. It didn't matter so much about Basil. I was glad he was dead—yes. I was glad, and I don't care who knows it. But Myrtle—that's horrible. That's—Alice couldn't have done that. I don't know who could have done anything so horrible and—"

She caught her breath sharply, looked at me and at Tom, and sat down on the edge of her chair with her hands clutched each other upon her white lap.

"Don't you see," she said, "I'd made up my mind Basil had to be killed. There was no other way

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out of it; and he—he deserved killing. You oughtn't to have left any more computation about killing Basil Houlden than you would about killing a snake." She took an unsteady breath, and Tom said very gently:

"But you couldn't kill a snake, Jenny dear. You couldn't kill anything."

"You see, that's why his fingerprint was on the revolver. But I don't know what happened after I left him."

Tom said slowly: "Let me get it all straight. After I went away that night, just what happened?"

You went and got the revolver—"

"No, I didn't. I'd already brought the revolver downstairs. I had it under my coat while you—while you were here."

"You don't mean that here on the terrace—"

"Yes," said Jenny. "Cousin Mary came into my room just as I was getting the revolver out of the drawer and loading it. She didn't see what I was doing. After she'd gone, I put it in the pocket that's on the inside of my blue taffeta cape. Then I came downstairs. Basil was waiting for me here on the terrace. I—I had promised him I'd come back and walk in the moonlight around the place. I—suggested it," said Jenny.

"Go on."

"I came out on the terrace, and he was sitting where you are, Cousin Mary. We were—talking, when Tom came I didn't hear him ap-



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proach—"

"No," said Tom, "I was sure of that."

"You must have been surprised to see Basil," I said to Tom, and then was struck with the banality of it.

"Yes. I was. I was here perhaps a half-hour—wasn't it, Jenny?"

"I suppose so," she said distantly. "We left Basil on the terrace, Cousin Mary, and—"

"And talked," said Tom rather grimly. "Go on, Jenny. After I left, you came back and tried to shoot Basil? Is that right?"

"Yes, I did," said Jenny. "After you went away, we—we walked, Basil and I—"

"At your suggestion," Tom reminded her.

"And at the bridge, I—I took the revolver and told Basil to turn around and look at me, and I—I was tried to shoot him, and I couldn't. I just couldn't."

"Naturally," said Tom. "Then what did you do?"

"That," said Jenny, twisting her hands, "is hard to explain. You see, after he—laughed at me, as he did, you know, when he saw I had that revolver, he dared me to shoot him, and—and still I couldn't. I can still see it, like a picture—Basil and the moonlight on the water, and Hugo somewhere near. — and beyond, a storm threatening, and lightning now and then. And

Basil came, finally, laughing, and took the revolver out of my hand, and I didn't even try to hold it."

"Yes," said Tom, "go on."

"Well, I—I came back to the house. I didn't know what to do. It was dark out here on the terrace, and I sat here a long time, wondering what to do. But I didn't see Basil again. It got later and later, and then—"

"Jenny—" I began and stopped. For I had been on that terrace, and there'd been no one else there.

Neither appeared to have heard me speak.

"Where were you when you heard the shot?"

"In Alice's room," said Jenny.

"Where was Alice?"

"She'd already gone. She wasn't there, and I—"

"Good God," exploded Tom, losing his hard-held patience, "do you mean to say that all the time I was trying to persuade you to call her—Jenny, my darling, isn't there any sense at all in that pretty little head of yours? Tell me exactly what you did when you went to Alice's room! How long were you there?"

"I don't know exactly. I went upstairs, and there was a night light in the hall, but nobody was around. I hadn't seen or heard any more of Basil; and it was late, and I had tried and tried to think of a way out of the thing, and there wasn't any. I came in the house without seeing Basil again—"

"What time was that?"

"I don't know. I think about one-thirty. I went to my own room first; but I knew I couldn't sleep, and I had to see Alice."

Then she hadn't been on the terrace, and hadn't tried to make me believe she was there at the time I went after the kitten! And I must tell Tom about that; there hadn't been a chance to do so that day.

"I opened the door of Alice's room, and thought she was asleep. That must have been—oh, nearly two o'clock. I'm not sure. But the moonlight made the room sort of light, and I could see that she wasn't in the bed. She wasn't anywhere, and I began to look all around for—oh, a note or something."

"Why did you think of a note?"

"Why, because right away I knew she'd been frightened and had gone back to Robert."

"Why did you think that?"

"Her dressing-things weren't there and her bag was gone, too."

I remembered the darkness around the door of Alice's room, and asked: "Did you turn on the light?"

"No. No, I'm sure I didn't. I could see clearly in the room. Besides, I thought of Basil outside, and didn't want him to see the light in the windows.... I did turn on the light in the bathroom, but the curtains were drawn, and I didn't think anyone would see. I was looking in the wardrobe to see what

dresses she had taken, when I heard the shot."

"Did you know what had happened?"

"I—guessed," said Jenny.

"Why didn't you come down at once?"

"Why, because I thought she might come back, of course."

"You mean Alice? You thought she did it?"

Jenny didn't say anything; Tom persisted, asking quietly:

"Why have you told me this now?"

Jenny leaned forward. She said huskily:

"Now? What—do you mean?"

"I mean," said Tom distinctly, "why do you feel so safe about Alice now? You haven't before this. You've fought like a tiger," he said coolly, "to keep any of us from knowing the truth. You've risked danger; you've got yourself into a hell of a mess with the police; you've got your own fingerprints on the revolver that killed him, and you've lied to them so badly that you're their prime suspect, in case you don't know it—and now all at once you break down and tell me the truth—why?"

"I—had to."

"That's not all. It's because at last you feel Alice is safe? All right, where is she?"

"Alice has nothing to do with this. She didn't kill him."

(Continued on next page)

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BRIEF RETURN

(Continued from page 41)

"How do you know? Jenny Shore, you've got to tell me the whole truth, and I'll stay here all night if I have to, to drag it out of you."

Jenny protested: "I've told you the truth—everything I saw, everything I did that night. I didn't tell you, or Cousin Mary, that Alice had gone. I went upstairs when you made me go to get her, and I—I pretended I had just discovered it when I came down again—"

"You did a very good job of that," said Tom.

"Tom, I had to do it the way I did. There wasn't any other way. I had got out that awful revolver myself. I myself had seen that Basil's real death would—would—"

"Benefit you all?" supplied Tom dryly.

"Well—yes. So if I had felt like that—if I had been so desperate that I actually tried to make myself kill him and failed just because—because I simply couldn't do it—then what about Alice? I know how she must have felt. I—I thought, of course, that she'd come

upon him on the grounds, and that he had seen her bag and tried to stop her, and that she got the revolver somehow—and shot him. There wasn't time for me to plan; I made mistakes. But I did the only thing I could think of. And then you came along, Tom, and—"

"And spoiled your happy little plan."

"You called the police," said Jenny implacably. "Oh, Tom, why did you do it!"

"Because it had to be done." His cigarette made a flying red line into the darkness; and some one came across the lawn at some distance from us with a flashlight. Jenny cried, startled, "Who's that?" and a voice called:

"Is that you, Dr. Tucker?"

Tom went to the edge of the terrace. "Yes, I'm here. What do you want?"

The voice and figure and glancing flash of the light came nearer. It was one of the State policemen.

"Did anybody come across the lawn?"

"Just now, you mean? No."

"Haven't seen anybody at all on this side of the house?"

"No. Why?"

He was quite close to us now. His light flashed upon Tom, fleetingly; it went on to me, blindingly, and then to Jenny, small and slender in white.

"One of the fellows thought he heard somebody enter the woods down there by the highway," the policeman explained. "We haven't found anybody. Might've been a dog or something."

We watched his light sweep jerkily here and there as he went down toward the lake. There was a short silence. Then quite suddenly and simply Tom went to Jenny and bent over and pulled her up into his arms.

He held her close, and said in a kind of breathless murmur with his mouth muffled against her face: "Jenny, I love you. Trust me, won't you?" And he kissed her.

[To be continued.]

HEADLINES

(Continued from page 2)

bloody Spanish civil war. Peace proposals would be opened under provisions of the armistice.... Coconut planters have formed a corporation to be known as the Coconut Centrals, Inc. and try to industrialize the local coconut industry. Assemblyman Francisco Lavidés is the temporary chairman of the corporation.

February 26: International tension in China reached a new high today with a fresh burst of military activity affecting foreign interests from North China to the Yangtze valley to Hainan Island in the South.... Resumption of active Japanese military operations in Central Hupei province near Hankow was announced tonight in an official Japanese Domei news agency dispatch from the front.... The resignation of Spanish President Azaña was

confirmed today. Reason: the recognition by the democratic government of Gen. Franco's nationalist regime.... The office of the resident commissioner of the Philippines in the United States has been reorganized to meet the changed conditions brought about by the new relationship between the United States and the Philippines since the establishment of the Commonwealth.

February 27: England and France today extended recognition to the Spanish nationalist government at Burgos. President Manuel Azaña of the Spanish Republican government was expected to announce his resignation as soon as formal announcement of the Anglo-French recognition of Franco's government was made.... The threshing camp at the estate of Assemblyman Felipe Buenamino, Jr. was turned into a miniature "no man's land" when tenants, supported by 300 socialists from Pampanga, entrenched themselves behind bamboo clumps waiting for a chance to cart away this year's crop guarded by 29 policemen and constabulary soldiers.... The Japanese army today resumed a large-scale offensive in upper Yangtze valley and made what Japanese circles had described as the first concrete threat to put military patrols in the International Settlement in Shanghai.... A bill which would prohibit and penalize birth control was introduced in the National Assembly by Assemblyman Guillermo E. Bonganalon of Nueva Ecija.

February 28: A high U.S. government official privately advised Philippine business leaders not to expect enactment of the Tydings-Kocalkowski economic adjustment act in the present session of Congress.... William (Bill) J. Shaw, one of the best known oldtimers in the Philippines, died at his home in Caloccan of heart disease.... Crop grabbing rage spread to practically all the haciendas bordering the estate of Assemblyman Felipe Buenamino, Jr. in Cabiao, Nueva Ecija.... Gen. Francisco Franco today proclaimed recognition of his government by Great Britain and France and asserted that the Spanish civil war had been won by his army.... The Royal Dutch Airlines asked the U.S. state department to approve its application for permission to land commercial planes in the Philippines in connection with its proposed air service between the Dutch East Indies and Manila.

March 1: While the U.S. Senate insular affairs committee continued its hearings on the Philippine Economic adjustment bill, insular circles headed by Res. Comm. Joaquin Elizalde sought intensively to meet the legislative threat of an additional 2¢ processing tax on coconut oil imports proposed by Sen. Tom Connolly, Texas Democrat.... Sections of Shanghai's International Settlement were thrown into confusion when hand-grenades, thrown by unknown persons, exploded in different places.... The tenants

at the government-owned Sabani estate in Laur, Nueva Ecija, announced their determination not to pay their rent this year until they were assured that the lots they are now occupying would be sold to them.

March 2: Eugenio, Cardinal Pacelli, today was elected 262nd Bishop of Rome and supreme pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. As pope, he will take the name of Pius XII. He was formerly papal secretary of state.... The Senate naval affairs committee announced today that it would open hearings on the Guam project.... Twenty persons were injured when a skirmish broke out at Candaba, Pampanga, on the Pampanga-Bulacan boundary between 500 socialists and tenants and 20 vigilantes or special police guards.... The first of the 30 Q-boats of the Philippine Army "mosquito fleet" arrived and was tested for off-shore patrol work.... Reliable sources said the Shanghai Municipal council had reached an agreement with Japanese authorities regarding the suppression of anti-Japanese terrorism.

March 3: President Quezon told the National Assembly in a special message that the government would use force in dealing with radical activities, other measures having failed to produce results. 200 constabulary soldiers were added to the 67 already stationed in Pampanga and another 200 were added to the 70 in Nueva Ecija.... A move to close Davao as an open port was revived and was believed to be under serious consideration in the department of finance.... Pope Pius XII observed his first day as pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church by broadcasting a message of peace to the world.... Authorities of the International Settlement and Japanese officials announced today an amicable arrangement for settlement of the long-pending dispute regarding policing of the Settlement.... For the first time in its history, Japan is building a navy with long-range striking power.

March 4: The signing of the lease contract of the Buenavista Estate was accomplished between President Quezon on behalf of the government and Archbishop O'Doherty in behalf of the Church which owns the property.... 18 new planes, including several pure suit planes and a number of light bombers, are now in the process of delivery to the Philippine Army corps, it was disclosed in authoritative military circles at Camp Murphy.... 122 persons were killed in one of the most serious clashes in Jerusalem, Palestine.... Philippine officials in Washington were busy preparing answers to attacks made on the Tydings-Kocalkowski bill by sugar and dairy interests before the Senate insular affairs committee.

March 5: President Quezon, accompanied by Mrs. Quezon and one of their daughters, went to San Fernando, Pampanga, to inspect the

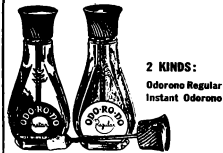
(Continued on page 13)



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BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 14)

troubled times, dirty politics, bewildered blacks, ruined fortunes, thieves and rustlers, and a much-shaken, disillusioned spirit. This was Cavin's Texas, the Texas that Georgian Lucina could not quite take into her heart as her home in spite of the quarter-century that she spent in it raising ten children, only three of whom were her own. But this was also the Texas that taught her so many things—among them, faith in her own strength and in that of her man, courage to face disasters, diseases, and even the elements, resigned humanity in the face of manifestations of life which remain unexplainable, and the drawing of vigor from the earth and its great and abundant richness.

The author rounded off Cavin's and Lucina's story with a graceful finish when in the last scene she has these two beloved characters of her book reminiscing about their eventful years together, Lucina, thoughtful, musing, a bit sad, while Cavin, dismissing the past as with a gesture while he restlessly planned ahead into a full, bright future.

* * *

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS

By Max Ascoli

W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1936 \$2.50

The timeliness of this book lies in the present-day conflict between the democracies and the dictatorships for by the very bewildering assertions on democracy given by the Italian scholar who is the author is explained the why and the wherefore of the controversy. It is immediately clear that dictator-ruled countries cannot understand the multiple loyalties to which must of necessity be dedicated a democratic nation like America.

Let us quote a little of the distinguished writer's somewhat paradoxical views: "Since the outset of her political organization America has wavered on an insecure equilibrium between the unfulfilled promises of her life and the averted menace of her calamities; so that dreams have been chartered and that no hope has been definitely abandoned. In this suspense nothing has been lost of what democracy promised to the intelligence and character, even though little has been gained. The greatest reservoir of stored experiences and of imprisoned hopes is still hers, stirring and disheartening. In spite or rather because of all these hindrances, intelligence here has been prevented from falling into arrogance, and politics has not yet passed beyond the grasp of human control." An American reading such a derogatory statement on his country's stability of mind cannot, however, fail to see the gracious concession that the Italian author gives to his (the American's) interest, intelligence and capacity for understanding. He will also wonder whether or not he is really putting his intelligence to the best use for the

society in which he lives—at least Prof. Ascoli gives his mind that teasing question to dwell on.

American democracy analyzed by a mind decidedly undemocratic presents a somewhat bewildering picture. It serves to show, if it does nothing else, the almost utter impossibility of complete understanding between peoples of different ideals and principles of living. A sad realization, but nevertheless to be accepted.

—PIA MANCHA

INTRODUCING: . . .

(Continued from page 10)

appointed assistant director of the bureau of education.

The Langeauon children were born at different places—Corazon, the eldest, in Albany, Aparicion in Masbate, and Fernando in Manila (Mr. Langeauon was then assigned in Rizal). They attended the public schools wherever their father happened to be assigned. Now that the family is living in Manila, the children attend private, religious schools for two good reasons: first, because the public schools in Manila are always over-crowded and rather than deprive three other children of places in them, the Langeauons decided to send their own children to private schools; second, because Mrs. Langeauon wants them to have the religious training and atmosphere that even the most religious home cannot give.

Mrs. Langeauon's hobby is gardening. Now that she has a home, not just a rented place, she can indulge in this hobby to her heart's content. The whole family goes to the movies, about twice a month, when the films are suitable to the children.

Having been a home economics teacher, she fully realizes the benefits that girls can derive from this subject if they will just pay some attention to it. She thinks that home economics should be made compulsory until high school. The girls in the elementary grades are still too young to be interested in it or to take it seriously. Home economics in the high school is of more practical value because the girls are older and can easily be made to realize and appreciate its usefulness.

Mrs. Concepcion Maramba is the first Filipina to obtain a college degree in home economics. This course not yet being offered at the U. P., she had to go to the United States to take it. She chose the University of Illinois because of its strong home economics course. She took chemistry as her minor, little realizing at that time that it would become her major interest in the future. Most of her chemistry subjects were taken at the University of Chicago. She organized the U. P. home economics department in 1922 when she arrived from the States, and the college home economics department of the Philippine Women's University in 1927.

While she was in the States, she met another Filipino student who

was also studying in the University of Illinois—Hilarion Henares. They were married in Manila in 1923 and went to live in Los Baños where Mr. Henares was assigned to teach sugar technology. Mrs. Henares also taught—chemistry. Then in 1926, Mr. Henares got an offer of a position to organize and supervise the Montilla Subsidiary Products Plant in Negros. The couple sailed for Negros and worked side by side in the laboratory. To show the ingenuity of these two people, here is how they thought things out: if alcohol was to be manufactured from molasses, there should be some uses for it so that it would be in demand; if wine was to be manufactured from sugar, there should be bottles to put it in. Mrs. Henares invented a stove that uses alcohol. Later, the couple made bottles from glass made from the ashes of bagasse. They stayed in Negros for about ten years.

When the National Development Company was formed, it called for men with technical training. Mr. Henares was sent for and prevailed upon to join the government company. He is now the industrial engineer for the NDC.

Mrs. Henares has not remained idle since her family came to live in Manila two years ago. She first thought of going back to teaching but after working independently for many years she feared that the routine, and having a superior would make her discontented. Using her garage as a laboratory, she experimented on a fire-proof paint she had had in her mind for some time. After many trials, she found the paint she had invented really fire- and weather-proof. Now it is being manufactured in Navotas, Rizal, under the name of Marco Paint.

Mrs. Henares is a member of three honorary societies: the Iota Sigma Chi (chemistry) and Omicron (home economics) of the University of Illinois and the Rizal Center Sorority of the U. P.

She has three children, the oldest being fourteen, but looking at her, you would not think that she is the mother of a quite grown-up boy.

WELCOME ADDRESS

(Continued from page 7)

lines which require the most painstaking effort to the end that they will meet the greater responsibilities of the future. Social welfare work among the masses which has attracted so much interest and enthusiasm has become a national concern. The health in our communities which must be safeguarded has not been and will not be overlooked. These and related problems must be continuously attended to if we want to build a nation worthy of respect. It is gratifying to note, however, that the National Federation of Women's Clubs has not been found wanting in the contribution of its share towards the solution of these problems.

(Continued on page 18)

NURSING MOTHERS



. . . need Extra Supply of certain food-factors in their diet!

FOR baby's sake as well as your own, you need an extra amount of certain food-factors in your diet, before baby comes and when you are nursing him. If your diet is not rich enough in certain vitamins and minerals, your health will suffer and your baby will fail to show proper development.

That is why so many women, the world over, drink Ovaltine before baby comes and in the nursing period. Ovaltine supplies Vitamins A, B, D and C, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and other essential food-elements.

Thus it helps to round out your diet and insure better growth in your child.

In addition, Ovaltine is very easy to digest and has other advantages. Add it to your diet before your baby is born and while you are nursing him. (Use with either plain or evaporated milk.)

MAKES milk more digestible. Top photo shows soft, fine curds; middle photo shows Ovaltine-and-milk curds; bottom photo shows large, tough curds milk forms alone.



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Town

THE GREATEST MAN

(Continued from page 8)

millponds. At three minutes after two o'clock on the afternoon of July 17, 1935, the garage boy brought his idiotic plane into Roosevelt Field for a perfect three-point landing.

It had, of course, been out of the question to arrange a modest little reception for the greatest flier in the history of the world. He was received at Roosevelt Field with such elaborate and pretentious ceremonies as rocked the world. Fortunately, however, the worn and spent hero promptly swooned, had to be removed bodily from his plane, and was spirited from the field without having opened his mouth once. Thus he did not jeopardize the dignity of this first reception, a reception illumined by the presence of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Mayor Michael J. Moriarity of New York, the Premier of Canada, Governors Fanniman, Groves McPeely, and Critchfield, and a brilliant array of European diplomats. Smurch did not, in fact, come in to time to take part in the gigantic hullabaloo arranged at City Hall for the next day. He was rushed to a secluded nursing home and confined in bed. It was nine days before he was able to get up, or to be exact, before he was permitted to get up. Meanwhile the greatest minds in the country, in solemn assembly, had arranged a secret conference of city, state, and government of-

ficials, which Smurch was to attend for the purpose of being instructed in the ethics and behavior of heroism.

On the day that the little mechanic was finally allowed to get up and dress and, for the first time in two weeks, took a fresh chew of tobacco, he was permitted to receive the newspapermen—this by way of testing him out. Smurch did not wait for questions. "Youse guys," he said—and the *Times* man winched—"youse guys can tell the cockeyed world dat I put it over on Lindbergh, see? Yeh—an' made an ass o' them two frogs." The "two frogs" was a reference to a pair of gallant French fliers who, in attempting a flight only halfway round the world, had, two weeks before, unhappily been lost at sea. The *Times* man was bold enough, at this point, to sketch out for Smurch the accepted formula for interviews in cases of this kind; he explained that there should be no arrogant statements belittling the achievements of other heroes, particularly heroes of foreign nations. "Ah, the hell with that," said Smurch. "I did it, see? I did it, an' I'm talkin' about it." And he did talk about it.

None of this extraordinary interview was, of course, printed. On the contrary, the newspapers, already under the disciplined direction of secret directorate created for the occasion and composed of statesmen and editors, gave out to a panting restless world that "Jack," as he had been arbitrarily nicknamed, would consent to say only that he was very happy and that anyone could have done what he did. "My achievement has been, I fear, slightly exaggerated," the *Times* man article had him protest, with a modest smile. These newspaper stories were kept from the hero, a restriction which did not serve to abate the rising malevolence of his temper. The situation was indeed, extremely grave, for Pal Smurch was, as he kept insisting, "rarin' to go." He could not much longer be kept from a nation clamorous to lionize him. It was the most desperate crises the United States of America had faced since the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh of July, Smurch was spirited away to a conference-room in which were gathered mayors, governors, government officials, behaviorist psychologists, and editors. He gave them each a limp, moist paw and a brief unlovely grin. "Hah ya?" he said. When Smurch was seated, the Mayor of New York arose and, with obvious pessimism, attempted to explain what he must say and how he must act when presented to the world, ending his talk with a high tribute to the hero's courage and integrity. The Mayor was followed by Governor Fanniman of New York, who, after a touching declaration of faith, in-

roduced Cameron Spottiswood, Second Secretary of the American Embassy in Paris, the gentleman selected to coach Smurch in the amenities of public ceremonies. Sitting in a chair, with a soiled yellow tie in his hand and his shirt open at the throat, unshaved, smoking a rolled cigarette, Jack Smurch listened with a leer on his lips. "I get ya, I get ya," he cut in, hastily. "Ya want me to ack like a softy, huh? Ya want me to ack like that—baby-face Lindbergh, huh? Well, nuts to that, see?" Everyone took in breath sharply; it was a sigh and a hiss. "Mr. Lindbergh," began a United States Senator, purple with rage, "and Mr. Byrd—" Smurch, who was paring his nails with the jackknife, cut in again. "Byrd!" he exclaimed. "Aw fa God's sake, dat big—" Somebody shut off his blasphemous with a sharp word. A newcomer had entered the room. Everyone stood up except Smurch, who, still busy with his nails, did not even glance up. "Mr. Smurch," said someone, sternly "the President of the United States!" It had been thought that the presence of the Chief Executive might have a chastening effect upon the young hero, and the former had been, thanks to the remarkable cooperation of the press, secretly brought to the obscure conference-room.

A great, painful silence fell. Smurch looked up, waved a hand at the President. "How ya comin'?" he asked, and began rolling a fresh cigarette. The silence deepened. Someone coughed in a strained way. "Geez, it's hot, ain't it?" said Smurch. He loosened two more shirt buttons, revealing a hairy chest and the tattooed word "Sadie" enclosed in a stencilled heart. The great and important men in the room, faced by the most serious crises in recent American history, exchanged worried frowns. Nobody seemed to know how to proceed. "Come awn," said Smurch. "Let's get the hell out of here! When do I start outtin' in on de parties, huh? And what's they goin' to be in it?" He rubbed a thumb and forefinger together meaningly. "Money!" exclaimed a state senator, shocked, pale. "Yeh, money," said Pal, flipping his cigarette out of a window. "An' big money." He began rolling a fresh cigarette. "Big money," he repeated, frowning over the rice paper. He tilted back in his chair, and leered at each gentleman, separately, the leer of an animal that knows its power, the leer of a leopard loose in a bird-and-dog shop. "Aw fa God's sake, let's get some place where it's cooler," he said. "I been cooped up plenty for three weeks!"

Smurch stood up and walked over to an open window, where he stood staring down into the street, nine floors below. The faint shouting of newboys floated up to him. He made out his name. "Hot dog!" he cried, grinning, ecstatic. He

leaned out over the sill. "You tell 'em babies!" he shouted down. "Hot diggity dog!" In the tense little knot of men standing behind him, a quick, mad impulse flared up. An unspoken word of appeal, of command, seemed to ring through the room. Yet it was deadly silent. Charles K. L. Brand, secretary to the Mayor of New York City, happened to be standing nearest Smurch; he looked inquiringly at the President of the United States. The President, pale, grim, nodded shortly. Brand, a tall, powerfully built man, once a tackle at Rutgers, stepped forward, seized the greatest man in the world by his left shoulders and the seat of his pants, and pushed him out the window.

"My God, he's fallen out the window!" cried a quickwitted editor.

"Get me out of here!" cried the President. Several men sprang to his side and he was hurriedly escorted out of a door toward a side-entrance of the building. The editor of the *Associated Press* took charge, being used to such things. Crisply he ordered certain men to leave, others to stay; quickly he outlined a story which all the papers were to agree on, sent two men to the street to handle that end of the tragedy, commanded a Senator to sob and two Congressmen to go to pieces nervously. In a word, he skillfully set the stage for the gigantic task that was to follow, the task of breaking to a grief-stricken world the sad story of the untimely, accidental death of its most illustrious and spectacular figure.

The funeral was, as you know, the most elaborate, the finest, the solemnest, and the saddest ever held in the United States of America. The monument in Arlington Cemetery, with its clean white shaft of marble and the simple device of a tiny plane carved on its base, is a place for pilgrims, in deep reverence, to visit. The nations of the world paid lofty tributes to little Jacky Smurch, America's greatest hero. At a given hour there were two minutes of silence throughout the nation. Even the inhabitants of the small, bewildered town of Westfield, Iowa, observed this ceremony; agents of the Department of Justice saw to that. One of them was especially assigned to stand grimly in the doorway of a little shack restaurant on the edge of the tourists' camping ground just outside the town. There, under his stern scrutiny, Mrs. Emma Smurch bowed her head above two hamburger steak sizzling on her grill—bowed her head and turned away, so that the Secret Service man could not see the twisted, strangely familiar, leer on her lips.

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HEADLINES

(Continued from page 42)

troubles areas. . . . Three Moros were shot and 1 killed in clashes with Constabulary soldiers in Dansalan, Lanao. . . . Foreign business at Cebu was caught in Chinese guerrilla-Japanese struggle and was reported facing a black future. . . . The government of Premier Juan Negrin was overthrown in a military coup de etat. The National Defense Council was established in Madrid and was preparing to "fight to the finish" against Gen. Franco. . . . 30 dead, 100 injured in rioting in India as Mahatma Gandhi continued his fast, started last week, as a protest against the refusal of Rajkot state ruler to give the people a vote in the government.

March 6: The Popular Army of General Segismundo Casado in control of Madrid after unseating the Republican government of Premier Dr. Juan Negrin. Casado said his army would fight to the finish. . . . Gandhi's condition reported serious as result of his fast. India's Viceroy might take action to end Gandhi's fast. . . . The National Assembly, passed the bill appropriating P500,000 recommended by President Quezon for law enforcement facilities in the troubled regions of Central Luzon. . . . The first plan for a revision of the Philippine tax system was submitted by the tax commission to President Quezon. . . . Dr. Manuel Roxas, NDC technical expert, revealed a rayon plant

would be established here in the Philippines to reduce the heavy import of rayon from abroad.

March 7: Transmitting the report of the tax commission and a codification of revised internal revenue laws, President Quezon addressed a special message to the National Assembly asking approval of tax measures which would boost national revenues at least P10,000,000 this fiscal year. . . . Admiral Leahy, chief of operations of the U.S. navy, today renewed the navy's efforts to obtain approval of appropriation for Guam fortification. . . . General Miaja, president of the Spanish Republican government's National Defense Council, was expected to open negotiations on surrender to the Nationalists. . . . Resident Commissioner Elizalde told the Senate insular affairs committee that the President-U. S. trade would suffer serious reduction as a result of too rapid elimination of preferential tariff. . . . Mahatma Gandhi ended his 918/2 fast today when the Indian and British government intervened assuring him settlement of his demand for liberalization of the government of Rajkot state. Gandhi began his fast when the Rajkot ruler broke his promise to inaugurate social reforms in his state.

March 8: Prospects for the U.S. senate approval of the Philippine economic adjustment bill appeared slightly improved today. . . . Gen. Casado's troops were reported to

have smashed a Communist leaders to be shot on sight in an effort to prevent the spread of the revolt. . . . Constabulary soldiers guarded the rice fields at Bahay Pare, Candaba, Nueva Ecija, as the crops were being partitioned between landlords and tenants. . . . Reliable sources reported in Paris today that Dr. Juan Negrin, deposed premier of the Spanish Republican government, who is in hiding in a Paris suburb, still considered himself as head of the government of Spain.

March 9: Major Gen. Paulino Santos, manager of the company under the National Land Resettlement Projects administration disclosed today that the company would be ready to take at one thousand settlers every month to Mindanao as soon as the National Assembly approved the bills appropriating P20,000,000 for the NLRPA. . . . Tension and terror heightened in Madrid today as the loyalist military junta faced the double threat of a renewed Communist revolt and an attack by 300 nationalist war planes. . . . The charges brought by Assemblyman Tomas Clemente of Sorsogon against the veterans pension board would be referred to Malacananing. . . . It was revealed in Hankow today that the American mission property was the target of Japanese air bombers during their wholesale attack upon Ichang.

March 11: Addressing the nation at 8 o'clock this evening, Pre-

sident Quezon called upon every citizen to cooperate with the government in its efforts to maintain peace and order and to carry out the social justice program, advised everybody to refrain from carrying on any movement through propaganda that might arouse the people to commit acts of violence and warned labor leaders who are engaged in this kind of activities that their continuance of pernicious agitation is done at their own risk. . . . Spanish Nationalist forces launched a strong attack on Republican lines around Madrid. . . . Addressing the 18th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Stalin proclaimed Russia's isolationist policy, revealing that his government would increase its military power. . . . Martial law was enforced in Slovakia today following sporadic clashes between separatists claiming for independence and police forces.

March 12: President Quezon's warning to radical agitators stirred rabid partisanship. Businessmen, landowners, government officials, hailed his radio speech while labor leadership leaders expressed bitter resentment. . . . Pope Pius XII was crowned today amidst pomp and splendor. . . . The Czechs grimly quelled revolt of Slovaks who demanded their independence. . . . The provincial and central committees of the Communist Party in Spain surrendered unconditionally to Colonel Casado's forces after their

(Continued on page 48)



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"MEATLESS" DISHES*Continued from page 26)*

with cheese and Brazil nuts. Season tomatoes to taste with salt and pepper and pour over macaroni. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about fifteen minutes until cheese is melted.

Baked Fish Loaf

- 1 pound halibut steak
- ¾ cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup stock
- ¾ cup butter
- ½ egg, beaten separately
- 1½ teaspoons minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Remove the skin and bone from the raw fish and separate it into little pieces. Then run it through the food chopper with the finest attachment. Soak the bread in the milk and stock (brown stock) combined, and cook until there is a tendency for the material to leave the sides of the pan. Stir to prevent burning. Mix with the fish, butter and eggs and season with the salt, pepper and lemon juice. Form into a roll or loaf, roll in buttered bread or cracker crumbs, dot over with butter and place in a hot oven for from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve with the following sauce:

Fish Sauce

- ½ can solid-pack tomatoes
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Sprinkling of pepper

Cook the onion in the tomatoes for ten minutes. Rub through a sieve and add to the butter and flour, which have been rubbed to a smooth paste. Season and pour over the fish loaf before sending to the table or serve from a separate dish.

LIMA BEANS

From Maine comes the potato—and don't forget Wisconsin. From Oregon comes the pear—yes, we remember the apple. From Jersey comes the luscious peach—all right! all right! they grow 'em elsewhere.

But from California comes the Lima bean—"regular" or "baby" Limas in bags, and cooked dried Limas in cans. If any other State wants to share this honor, you can't prove it by me.

One could write a story about the vitamins and minerals found in this vegetable; about their high food value; about their alkaline reaction; about the calcium which preserves and strengthens bones and teeth—

but your husband and your children are far more interested in "taste" or "savor."

So here are a number of recipes, showing how dried Limas may be used in various tasty dishes without digging too deeply into the family pocket-book. Try them once and you will add another modern product to the stock of "reliables" on your emergency shelf.

And, by the way, here is a basic recipe. To revive the fresh, juicy tenderness of dried Limas, soak them in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. Drain. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender (about 30 minutes). Add salt after 20 minutes cooking. This applies to either large or baby Limas.

Cream of Lima Soup

- 1½ cups cooked, dried Limas
- ½ small onion, sliced
- 1 tablespoon fine minced parsley
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup top milk or thin cream

Rub Limas through a coarse sieve. Melt butter, add onion and cook 5 minutes; remove onion, add flour to remaining butter; stir until smooth, add salt and pepper, cream and pureed Limas. Bring to boiling

point. A little whipped cream placed in bottom of each cup before pouring in soup is always an improvement to cream soup. Garnish with finely minced parsley.

Luncheon Salad

- 2 cups cooked, dried Limas
- 2 tablespoons minced pimiento or sweet red pepper
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- 4 peeled tomatoes
- ½ cup French dressing

Add minced pimiento to Limas and mix with French dressing. Arrange on lettuce leaves and surround with sections of tomatoes and hard-cooked eggs. Garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing.

Basta Fazoul*(a one dish meal)*

- 2 cups cooked, dried Limas
- 2 cups tomato sauce or strained tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- ½ pound spaghetti
- 5 tablespoons bacon fat
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until soft and drain. Cook the onion in the fat, add tomato, Limas and spaghetti.

THE TWO FAIRS*(Continued from page 12)*

gondolas to ride in on miniature lakes, thrilling rides in the Amusement Area.

San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition

The official name of this fair is San Francisco 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, just to be different from its rival, the New York World Fair. It was officially opened on February 18, 1939, 71 days ahead of the New York World Fair. Site—Treasure Island, "largest man-made island in the world", consisting of 429 acres of dredged soil.

The theme of the San Francisco International Exposition is the Tower of the Sun Phoenix which symbolizes the rise of the city from the ashes of the 1906 "fire". This tower is 40 feet high and is surmounted with a 5,000 pound gold-covered phoenix (a mythical bird, embodiment of the sun god, fabled to live 300 years, to be consumed in fire, and to rise in youthful freshness from its own ashes, hence it is often a symbol of immortality).

This Fair (we mean Exposition) is being sponsored by eleven Western States and unfolds a pageant of art, science and industry of the Pacific Basin. Chief feature—a new Pacific style of architecture.

The Decorative Arts section in the Fine Arts Palace was directed by Dorothy Leibes, noted designer of textiles, and is one of the most outstanding features of the Exposition. It emphasizes ideas rather than materials or technique. The house furnishings presentation (complete rooms) have been done by well-known American designers and decorators. Modern developments in glass, ceramics, weaving and other decorative arts are presented in demonstrations, as well as in intelligently arranged examples of finished work. There are exhibits of crafts from England, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland.

Two artist sisters, Helen and Ester Burton, executed several of the most interesting compositions for the Exposition.

The Yerba Buena Club for Women, whose main lounge was decorated by Frances Elkins, not only serves as a meeting place for club women visiting the Exposition but will undoubtedly give them ideas for gardening with its beautiful landscaped surroundings and for interior decoration with its rooms done by famous decorators.

The Philippine Commonwealth has a pavilion at the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition. It will officially open on March 24th, with Arsenio Luz as commissioner in charge. A daily feature of the exposition is the appearance of the Philippine Army band in concerts.

While the New York Fair is a fair of tomorrow, giving the visitors a sort of a pre-view of things to come, the San Francisco Exposition is a fair of yesterday and of today, reflective, serious.

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THE ROLE OF . . .

(Continued from page 6)
 perly. But the great mass of our women, you will admit, are neither interested in making use of this privilege nor, if they are, would know how to use it wisely and well. To educate our women folk in the provinces, municipalities and barrios who are qualified to vote, in the proper and wise use of the ballot and of the office that they may now hold, is the role of leadership that is yours. An educational campaign should be conducted by your clubs in every part of the Philippines to inform the women that only through the proper and wise use of this power can their enfranchisement be justified. It seems to me that this is one of their most important duties as leaders among the women of our country.

A place of leadership open for our women in the Philippines is in the field of social justice. They could do positive service along this line for the country and for the Administration which is doing a gigantic and oftentimes thankless task of adjusting the benefits of industry and labor, so that our poorer classes of men and women may be given a more proportionate share of these benefits without causing undue hardship upon capital and employer.

As you are all aware, one of the greatest social problems of all time, today more than at any time in the past, is the conflict between capital and labor, between employer and employees. It is a problem which admits of no solution that is permanent, neither fully satisfactory to one nor to the other. It is for this that walk outs, strikes, and uprisings have always taken place, resulting in the destruction of life and property. And more than that. The institution of home and family is endangered to its very foundations. As a result, the nation goes on the decline and unless the tide is stemmed, there is no saying to what extent suffering and decadence may reach.

Caught by this wave of dissatisfaction common among the laboring classes all over the world, the Philippines today is in the midst of a social revolution aimed at securing a more proportionate share of the conveniences and comforts of life which can only be had by a larger participation in the fruits of industry and labor.

It is precisely for this purpose that the Administration under the leadership of President Quezon has embarked upon a program of social justice so that our masses may have a better lot in life and enjoy the spiritual and material comforts

that are not now within their reach. To secure these to them is the gigantic and delicate task which he, and those of us who are assisting him, has assumed.

We urge feminine leadership in the Philippines to help in this mighty task, and the most effective way to do so is by counseling husbands and sons to use moderation in their economic demands and peaceful ways to realize them. Women can even take an active part in the movement for better wages and better labor conditions by personally going to their husbands' employers and appealing to them to preserve the home by making it possible to be properly maintained, for it is the home that gives man power to industry and to the nation. A home not properly maintained cannot produce healthy children for the benefit later of industry, labor and the nation.

Your leadership in this connection, I repeat, is clear. Counsel moderation of demands and peaceful means of securing them and it will be easy to secure them from those from whom you ask. Anything that is gotten by force is never permanent. It may be given temporarily because of fear of destruction, but you may be sure it will be eventually taken away. What is secured by peaceful agreement is permanent because it is done with due regard to the mutual interests of the parties concerned.

May I say in conclusion that, in exercising the civil and political rights and privileges granted to them and in giving assistance to the solution of our social problems as herein suggested, our women should never forget that they are women and that their place is in the home. By virtue of sex and by designation of Province they are the keepers of the home and the preservers of its sanctity. If women were to remain at home solely in the role of home makers, raising children to become good citizens, they would be doing their full share in the advancement of humanity.

The progress of the world, however, has been such as to have made it inevitable for women to enter fields that have been entirely within the realm of men. Since this invasion cannot be prevented because progress along the direction that it has already taken must continue, the ideal thing for woman to do is to perform her duties outside of the home in compliance with the demands of her acquired rights and privileges without forgetting that her main obligation is the preservation of the home. Let us not permit in our country the

spectacle that the traveler abroad notes too clearly, as he goes from one Occidental country to another, of women drifting away from the home and thus breaking asunder the institution of the family. The sanctity of the home and the compactness of the family is the salvation of any country. Break the home and you will eventually break the nation.

My last words to you, my friends, are: exercise and enjoy your newly acquired rights and privileges, assist your husband in securing social justice for your family, but do so, I pray, with such judiciousness and with such moderation as to remain, always, what God in his Infinite Wisdom, has intended you to be.

GREETINGS

(Continued from page 7)

where there is no government physician or private practitioner. The next step of this program will be to designate among the practising physicians in the locality where there is no government physician to render during certain hours of the day free medical service to the poor, and the third step will be to place physicians in big barrios or remote places and have them within the reach of the poor and the well-to-do. These physicians will be available to all classes of people in those places where these clinics are established, as they are to give free consultation and treatment to the poor, and be ready to answer calls from those who can pay for their services.

There are still places in the Philippines where modern medicine is not well-known and appreciated. The people still call on quacks and herbalists, not realizing the danger of placing themselves in their hands. I wish, therefore, that the members of the National Federation of Women's Clubs will help in the dissemination of information among our people about the benefits that they can receive from modern medicine.

Heretofore, a president of sanitary division used to take charge of the public dispensaries of two or more towns, and as he is also responsible for the community sanitation, he has no time to conduct properly these dispensaries or clinics. The establishment of the charity clinics will enable these presidents of sanitary division to devote more time to community sanitation.


We want to make our towns clean, their streets, their public markets, public buildings, and stores, particularly those selling foodstuffs. We want to have the health officers devote more time to this work, but they will not be successful unless they can get the help and cooperation of the town officials, as well as the enlightened public or civic organizations like yours.

The financial aid to the Federa-

tion has been curtailed, not because of the lack of recognition of the merits of your work, but because His Excellency, the President of the Philippines, who has inspired this new health program, sees the greater need for immediate relief on health work. He desires to have hospital facilities in every province, and more dispensaries or clinics in our towns, and make them available to all classes of people needing the same. As your goal is ultimately the better well-being of our people, I hope you realize the significance of this work and that you will try, as you have always done, to carry on with your own resources and supplement the work of the government independent of its aid.

I thank you for giving me this opportunity of greeting you and I reiterate my deep appreciation for all you have done for better communities and for the welfare of women and children.

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WELCOME ADDRESS

(Continued from page 43)

Working hand in hand with the various government agencies are numerous clubs under your Federation which are most capable of rendering valuable cooperation. This is especially true in the establishment and maintenance of puericulture and health centers. In the project of adult education and welfare of children of pre-school age, thanks to your support, many communities are presently provided with illiteracy, kindergarten and nursery classes operating in conjunction with these centers to promote the well being of thousands of children and adults. With reference to puericulture and community health centers, may it be said that with your help, they have done a great deal for our people particularly in the matter of mother and child health. It would be a very comforting picture to visualize all nooks and corners of the Archipelago dotted with these centers. Sometime ago, I have proposed and I wish to reiterate my views here that these centers should be established near or within school premises so that aside from the adults, our children could be cared for and treated conveniently, and their physical defects properly and timely attended to. Let there be effective coordination in the undertaking of these activities to avoid unnecessary duplication of work and dispersion of responsibility.

The role played by women's clubs in the development of social progress cannot be too strongly emphasized; particularly so in the wholesome upbringing of our children, the citizens of tomorrow who will shoulder the greater burden of carrying on the work to establish here a prosperous nation. If for no other purpose than to awaken civic interest and pride among our citizenry the activities rendered by your clubs deserve all encouragement. But much still remains to be done.

You will perhaps remember the stirring address delivered by our President on the occasion of his last birthday anniversary pleading for the regeneration of the race. No better institution can give a start to a movement than the home of the mother and the countless women of our country are the zealous and untiring influences that exercise will much of the moulding of the character of our youth and the strengthening of our social virtues. In common counsel with those called upon to direct this movement, you will undoubtedly exert all that is in you for the happiness of this and future generations. We trust that you will not fail in this task.

As you may I gladly offer in behalf of the City all its facilities to you and, however brief this convention may be, we hope that it will be most fruitful in accomplishments dedicated to the best interest of the country.

HEADLINES

(Continued from page 45)

headquarters had been bombarded by artillery. However, some Communists continued fighting in Madrid.

March 13: Dr. Joseph Tiso, head of the Slovak People's Party and dismissed Slovak premier, left Prague for Berlin at the express invitation of Canceled Hitler. The trip was made with the knowledge of the Central and Slovak governments.... Carrying out decision of President Quezon on the famous Planas case, Secretary of the Interior Alunan reprimanded the Manila eed councilor.... The malaria epidemic in Pangasinan was reported assuming alarming proportions, 22 death having resulted from 311 cases.... On the ground that the provisions of the Philippine Rice Share Tenancy Act are generally unfair to tenants and in some instances to landowners as well, a movement was started legislative quarters to amend the law to give a bigger participation to tenants, from 50-50 to 60-40 in favor of the tenants.

March 14: The Prague government today announced formal dissolution of the Federation of Czechoslovak state. Reliable quarters in Prague said that Germany's Chancellor Hitler made these demands on hand—preserve Czechoslovak government; no obstruction to Slovak independence; Bohemia and Moravia to form a customs and monetary union with Germany; complete disarmament of the Czech military; introduction of Germany's Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws.... Spanish loyalist junta at Madrid, having giving up hope for an "honorable peace" prepared to resist imminent offensive.... Huge Surigao iron reserves have been ordered set aside for the needs of the government by President Quezon.

March 15: The German army marched into Czechoslovakia today, occupying the great industrial cities of Pilsen and Prague in the province of Bohemia. Curfew was imposed at 8 o'clock p. m. to prevent outbursts of popular hatred.... A large fire destroyed the PECO manufacturing plant and bodega and its subsidiary, the McCullough Printing, in Quiapo.... Japanese war planes covered a wide area to-

BEAUTY HINT



Maureen O'Sullivan finds her spiky all-absorbing. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress proudly supplies her neighbors and friends with golden honey from her own bees.

day dropping death and destruction on widely separated Chinese cities.... In his press conference today, President Roosevelt warned that the proposal to raise excise tax on vegetable oils was a violation of trade agreements and might have serious international repercussions.

From Cover To Cover

(Continued from page 1)

story is known to the readers of this magazine through his poems that have appeared from time to time on our pages.

The speeches delivered on the second day of the Seventh Biennial Convention of the Federation are published in this issue. The others will be published in subsequent issues. We are sure that those club women who were unable to attend

the Convention want to read them in full.

After you have read the first of the story, *The Greatest Man in the World*, by James Thurber you will discover that the hero, Jack Smurch, has the same background—poor family, little formal education—that "Wrong Way" Corrigan has. And, like Smurch, Corrigan flew a battered plane that made everyone wonder how it could have crossed the ocean from the United States to Ireland. But the similarity ends here. For according to newspaper reports and magazine articles, Corrigan, unlike Smurch, has been unaffected by his unexpected fame; he has remained modest and thrifty. He is now in Hollywood making a picture and reports have it that he wears the same leather jacket that he wore when he flew across the Atlantic and he lives in an unpretentious hotel and eats one meal a day. He wants to save his money. As to the one meal a day, it seems that when he was younger, he was so poor that he could hardly pay for the flying lessons that he wanted very much. So he ate only one meal a day in order to save his money for the flying lessons. He had become so used to this that even now when he can afford to buy all the meals that he wants and needs he still eats only one meal each day. Moreover, his stomach has become used to such little food that it is upset when filled.

We are introducing the five new members of the board of directors of the NFWC in this issue. The Federation is happy to have these new members on its board. We are sure they will be of great help to the organization.

The Federation secretary is off to the States and will visit the New York World Fair and the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition (as who will not when in the States while these fairs are showing). How much we envy her! We expect to hear her own account of these two fairs when she arrives; in the meantime, let us just read others' account about them.

We have met and conversed with many of our compatriots who have traveled and our experience with them move us to agree with Pamela Frankau that travel breeds snobs and bores, as shown in her article on page 13. We have in mind especially one young lady who since she arrived from abroad never begins a conversation without this preface: "When I was in New York (or Chicago, Naples, Paris)..."

March is graduation time and hundreds of girls who have finished high school are wondering what courses to take. Their choice of profession is motivated not only by what they like but also by this question: is the field in this crowded? Iris Brown gives a good suggestion in her article on page 15, especially now that the government is planning to establish libraries in all the provincial capitals.

Advertisement for GALISATUM LUNAS CALIS. The ad features a large illustration of a jar of Galisatum ointment. Text includes: "for effective results against skin diseases such as Dricky-heat, Dhobie-itch, Ringworm, Chafing, Pimples, Mange, Hongkong-foot, Eczema, Dandruff." It also mentions "BOTICA DE STA. CRUZ Dr. CARLOS JANRLING Plaza Gaiti Manila" and "P.O. 40". At the bottom, there is a small line of text: "Copyright 1938 by Dr. Carlos Janrling, Manila" and "Distributors: ...".

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Woman's Home Journal—March 1939.