

September
1959



NOW
15¢

DARING ROMANCES

**STRIP-TEASER
AT SIXTEEN**

Minister's Wife
at Twenty-One

**I RAN OUT
ON OUR
HONEYMOON**

Shocked by My
Husband's Love-Making

**"YOUR MOTHER
MUST NEVER KNOW"**

I Caught My Father Cheating

**MY HUSBAND
LEFT ME
FOR HER**

Then Asked Me to Raise Their Child





Fragile...handle with Johnson's

The purest, best loved of all baby powders
for so many reasons:

- All silky-soft tale...with no rough, uneven grains.
- Guardian against rashes...helps neutralize diaper irritants.
- Gentle fragrance...keeps babies baby-sweet.
- Allergy-safe...agrees with even the most sensitive skins.

Johnson & Johnson



REPEATING AN AMAZING NEW "GET-ACQUAINTED" OFFER!

ANY 4 BEST-SELLERS FOR 99¢

VALUE \$11.34 to \$45.00

IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON.
CHOOSE ANY FOUR BOOKS FOR ONLY 99 CENTS.

The Book Bargain of a Lifetime!

TAKE advantage of this introductory offer from the famous Dollar Book Club! Join now and receive the biggest bargain ever offered to new members.

Select any 4 of the full-size hard-bound books on this page for only 99¢. Choose from new best-sellers . . . beautiful library volumes . . . big, lavishly illustrated books (sets count as one book!) Think of it — a total value of \$11.34 to \$45.00 in publishers' editions — yours for just 99¢ when you join.

Members Save up to 75% on New Books! Imagine — best-seller selections costing up to \$3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only \$1 each! Over the years the biggest hits by top authors like Ernest Hemingway, W. Somerset Maugham, Daphne du Maurier, Thomas B. Costain, Frank Yerby and others, have come to Club members at this low \$1 price. Occasional extra-big books are also offered at prices slightly above \$1. All are new, full-size, hard-bound editions. An exciting new bonus plan offers other big savings too. But you buy only the books you want and you don't have to take one every month. You may take as few as six \$1 selections a year!

Send No Money—Just The Coupon

Receive any 4 books on this page for only 99¢, plus a small shipping charge. Three books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive the Club's *Bulletin*, which describes forthcoming \$1 selections and other book bargains.

No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted return all 4 books and membership will be cancelled. Send no money now — just mail the coupon!

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of 24 offered in a year

Dollar Book Club
 Dept. 9-99-9,
 Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 4 books checked at the right and bill me only 99¢, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

Include my first issue of *The Bulletin* describing the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books in 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Name

Address

City & State

- CHECK ANY 4:**
- Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Dictionary**—2 vols. Late edition! 80,000 entries; 700 illustrations; 808 pages. Sections on letter writing, punctuation, etc. (9)
 - Pictorial History of American Presidents**—56 prints, paintings and photos — with fascinating facts—all the whole story of our Presidents! (97)
 - Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia**, 3 vols. 1,440 pages, 11,000 articles, 1,250,000 words. Up-to-date information in every field of knowledge. (81)
 - Outline of History**, H. G. Wells, 3 volumes. 1,624 pages, over 200 maps and pictures. The whole story of man from earliest times to the present! (62)
 - Around the World in 80 Days**—Illustrated tour of 84 lands! See London, Paris, Mexico, Caribbean, South Seas, and many other fascinating far-off places. \$22 (67)
 - Victorine-F. Parkinson Keyes**. New hit! A girl who is followed by a shocking murder in a Louisiana town! (92)
 - Sewing Made Easy**—Mary Lynch, 1,000 pictures with easy text, cover every phase of dress-making and sewing! For beginner or expert. (95)
 - How to Travel Without Being Rich**. New edition. Your dreams come true! How to go anywhere in the world and have most fun for least money. Specific costs, travel plans. (101)
 - Grimm's Fairy Tales**. Famed children's classic in a superb new edition! 32 never-to-be-forgotten stories—Tom Thumb, Snow White, Hansel & Gretel, etc. Illustrated. (102)
 - Kids Say the Darndest Things!** Funny and wise sayings of youngsters — with illustrations in one priceless volume by TV's famed Art Linkletter. (105)
 - The Citadel and Keys of the Kingdom**. A. J. Cronin's two great novels of passion and conflict—in one book! One about a young doctor in London's fashionable West End—the other set in dangerous, far-off China. Over 500 pages. (114)
 - Cross on the Drum**. *Hugh B. Cave*. A young millionaire, a woodoo priest, a Caribbean beauty in an unusual new story of un-drenched passion! —chilling suspense! —N. Y. Times (115)
 - Ladies' Home Journal Book of Interior Decoration**. Edited by 31 lavishly volume contains 253 illustrations — 144 in color. Information on fabrics, furniture, lighting, room arrangement, etc. (138)
 - Daybreak-Frank G. Slaughter**. The unforgettable brilliant young psychiatrist risks his career by falling in love with his beautiful patient! (150)
 - Hammond's Family Relations of the World Atlas**. Brand new! Big 256-page volume covers U.S., Canada, & all foreign lands. 190 pages of latest color maps, 100 illustrations of latest world geography. (155)

Poised...



night and day



Some women seem blessed with a look of quiet confidence, a kind of *sureness* that's reflected in everything they do. It's a gift that never leaves them, even on problem days—for they rely on the comfort, the freedom of Tampax.

Designed for smart moderns, Tampax® internal sanitary protection is invisible, unfelt, when in place. It protects while it keeps your secret *safe*. Protects while it keeps you *poised* and *sure*. For, with Tampax, there's no chafing, no odor, no lines, no bulk. So dainty to use—fingers never touch it. Disposal takes seconds. Extras conceal in a tiny purse.

No wonder millions choose Tampax. Why not *you*? Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies.

TAMPAX Incorporated,
Palmer, Mass.

DARING ROMANCES

September 1959 Vol. 9, No. 1

● NOVELETTES FROM LIFE

- MY HUSBAND LEFT ME FOR HER 14
Then asked me to raise their child
- HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME 20
Could I make him marry me?

● SHORT STORIES FROM LIFE

- "YOUR MOTHER MUST NEVER KNOW" 6
I caught my father cheating
- HOUNDED NIGHT AND DAY 16
They made us feel like criminals
- STRIP-TEASER AT SIXTEEN 22
Minister's wife at twenty-one
- I RAN OUT ON OUR HONEYMOON 24
Shocked by my husband's love-making
- WE NEEDED MONEY TO ELOPE 28
But this was blackmail

● FEATURES FROM LIFE

- PATTERNS FOR YOU 10
- NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES 12
- 25 TIPS FOR GOOD GROOMING *by Helen Ray* 19
- TREAT YOUR FAMILY TO A SPECIAL
 DINNER *by Frances Adams* 27
- WHEN A DATE GETS HARD TO HANDLE *by Julia Warren* 31
- THESE ARE NEW! 34
- PREPARE YOUR CHILD FOR THE NEW
 BABY *by Elizabeth Andrews* 36
- HOMEMAKING HINTS 38

A. A. WYN, *Publisher*

ROSE WYN, *Editorial Director* SHIRLEY BROWNRIGG, *Senior Editor*
 JEAN SHARBEL, *Executive Editor*

LEE SHORE, *Managing Editor* AL JAMEISON, *Art Direction*
 FREDERICK GARDENER, *General Manager*

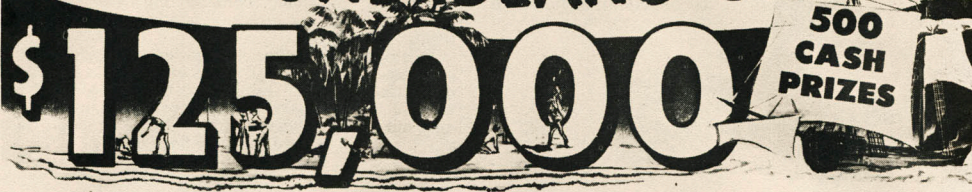
DARING ROMANCES, September, 1959, Volume 9, No. 1, published monthly by Ace Publications, Inc., Office of Publication, 1250 Camden Avenue, S.W., Canton 6, Ohio. Executive and Editorial offices, 23 West 47th Street, New York 36, New York. Second-Class Postage paid at Canton, Ohio. Single copy 15 cents; 12 issues, \$1.80. Copyright 1959, by Ace Publications, Inc. Manuscripts will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Only those manuscripts accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or with sufficient covering postage, will be returned. The stories published in DARING ROMANCES are based wholly or in part on true-life situations, but the names of persons and places mentioned in the stories are fictional.

Cover from FPG

ENTER FREE! EVERYBODY WINS!*

in the **HAMMOND ATLAS**

TREASURE ISLAND GAME!



CASH! CASH! CASH! FASCINATING PUZZLES! FABULOUS PRIZES!

HERE right in your hand is the opportunity to enter this great New Puzzle Game in which you may personally WIN A CASH FORTUNE OF \$75,000.00. That's right, as much as \$75,000.00 is what YOU may win in this fabulous Hammond Atlas "Everybody Wins" TREASURE ISLAND GAME! Stop and think what you could do with an amount of cash, so large, that only a select few people ever accumulate it in a lifetime! Now that "House of your Dreams" could be within reach... Education for your children assured... a magnificent World Tour... the Pleasure Boat you've always yearned for... Capital to start a business of your own... a thousand and one hopes and dreams could now come true. This may be the *Big Chance* you've been hoping for!

YOU ENTER FREE! No Statements — No Jingles — No Box Tops — No Guesswork — Only Skill Counts!

Yes, you enter this contest FREE. Everything you need to start is right on this page before you. The first four Official Puzzles (#1-#4) are at right below. Simply send in your solution to these four puzzles on one of the FREE Entry Coupons below... that's all you have to do to enter... We'll send you Puzzles #5-#8 by RETURN MAIL (within 14 days) together with the official rules and complete details of how you may win up to \$75,000.00 in this exciting game (which for lack of space have not been printed here). Now study the sample puzzle below.

YOU MAY WIN:

FIRST PRIZE... \$75,000.00

2nd PRIZE... \$17,000.00

3rd PRIZE... \$9,000.00

4th PRIZE... \$5,000.00

5th PRIZE... \$3,000.00

6th PRIZE... \$1,500.00

7th PRIZE... \$1,000.00

8th PRIZE... \$500.00

9th Through 36th PRIZES \$50.00 Each

37th Through 500th PRIZES \$25.00 Each

500 CASH PRIZES ALTOGETHER!

SAMPLE PUZZLE

L I Y
C I S
S I C I L Y

Largest Island in the Mediterranean.

In this Sample Puzzle which is typical of all basic Official Puzzles there are just enough letters scrambled to correctly spell out the name of a certain island. Now look at the Clues. "Largest island in the Mediterranean." Of course you know this is Sicily and, sure enough, when you unscramble the letters, that's exactly the island name you come up with. Furthermore, you can tell by the outline of the island that you've got the correct answer. Finally, the pictured objects in the puzzle (Mt. Etna—a hot sun), also suggest Sicily. **NOTE:** An additional clue with each set of basic Official Puzzles will be a list of island names from which to select your answers.)

Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 will be mailed to each entrant within just **14 DAYS!**

HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME

The correct answer to each of the four FREE Puzzles below is the name of an island. The object of the game is to spell out the correct island name in each puzzle by unscrambling the letters in the puzzle. The pictured objects and other clues will help you verify your solutions.

WHY DO WE OFFER THIS EXCITING FREE ENTRY CONTEST?

C. S. HAMMOND & CO. for over half a century has been one of the foremost publishers of Maps and Atlases in the world. Perhaps you have an old edition in your home. But the world is changing — up-to-date geographic material is a must if you and your family are to keep abreast of the momentous changes going on in the world today. Particularly if there are children, we urge that you make this contest one for the whole family. The purpose of this contest is to make you conscious of the wealth of information available in Hammond Maps and Atlases, as well as to give you the opportunity to win huge Cash Prizes. We know that this contest will win new friends for Hammond because you will enjoy the Fun and Excitement and the truly Educational Challenge these Puzzles represent. This intriguing game is of great pride to us and you can be sure that we will conduct the finest and fairest contest ever offered. Winning solutions will be certified by one of America's outstanding independent firms of Public Accountants.

MAIL SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

#1, #2, #3 AND #4 TODAY!

Solve the first four OFFICIAL PUZZLES, enter your solutions on one Coupon below, and get it into the mail to us at once, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in which we will RUSH to you Puzzles #5, #6, #7, #8. Sometimes, things just off never get done, and with all that cash waiting for the winners this may be one of the MOST IMPORTANT DECISIONS you will ever be called upon to make.

EVERYBODY WINS THIS PRIZE!



Even the "you don't win one of the 500 CASH Prizes"—still we will positively send you FREE a copy of Hammond's Full Color "FABULOUS TREASURE" Map provided you mail in solutions/right or wrong to all basic Official Puzzles. This large "shamrock" is a 5 1/2" picture map (ideal for framing) lists and locates famous lost treasures totaling millions of dollars still waiting to be found. Retail at \$7.

The correct answer to each of the four puzzles below is among the following island names.

- ICELAND CUBA PALMERSTON HAWAII PUERTO RICO IRELAND GAMBIA HAINAN

PUZZLES 1-4 INCLUSIVE! SEND SOLUTIONS ON COUPON BELOW KEEP PUZZLES FOR YOUR RECORDS

1 B U
A C U
Famous for cigars
□ □ □ □

2 C T O E R I O
P U R I O
Inhabitants of this island are United States Citizens.
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

3 N I A D I
R L E
Saint Patrick drove out the snakes from this shamrock isle.
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

4 W A H I
A I
Isle of the Hula Hula.
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

THIS COUPON FOR A RELATIVE OR FRIEND

Mail To: **TREASURE ISLAND GAME**
Box 2715, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Please Rush Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 together with official rules and details of this exciting GAME. I understand this obligates me in no way.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
 I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope 5

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Print Your Answers below

Puzzle #1 _____
Puzzle #2 _____
Puzzle #3 _____
Puzzle #4 _____

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.
MAP PUBLISHERS
Since 1900

YOU ENTER ON THIS COUPON

Mail To: **TREASURE ISLAND GAME**
Box 2715, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Please Rush Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 together with official rules and details of this exciting GAME. I understand this obligates me in no way.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
 I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope 5

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Print Your Answers below

Puzzle #1 _____
Puzzle #2 _____
Puzzle #3 _____
Puzzle #4 _____

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

I'll never go up to Lake Eden again. I only wish I'd never gone there that night, that terrible night. I wouldn't have, either, if my girl Joanie hadn't called me up at the last minute to tell me she couldn't go with me to the big May Day dance at the school because—of all things—she had the measles!

She was giggling when she told me about it. "Oh, Ken, honestly, I just feel so silly!" she said. "Imagine, being sixteen years old and having the measles!"

Well, I had to laugh, too. But actually I was kind of relieved that our date was off for that night. My conscience had been bothering me something awful about going off and enjoying myself after getting a look at

Pa's face at the breakfast table early this morning. Gosh, he'd looked terrible. He'd just sat there, his eyes big and dark looking from not getting much rest, his mouth tight, and he'd hardly said two words all during the meal. I figured I knew pretty much what was on his mind, all right—bills and Ma being sick. That was probably all he thought about lately.

After all, Ma had been sick for almost a year now. Doc Cramer said it was some kind of anemia and some other complaint, too—woman trouble. Most of the time she just wandered around the house like a lost soul or sat there in the living room, looking like a little gray shadow in Pa's big armchair, sewing or embroidering or just staring off into space.

Pa's been working practically day and night to make ends meet, what with all those extra medical expenses and with the special things Doc Cramer said Ma had to have to build her up. We were just plain lucky to keep our heads above water, the farm being like it was—

(Continued on page 8)

"Please, Anna," Pa pleaded. "Go back to bed." It made me sick. Pa didn't care about Ma—he was just trying to ease his conscience!



"Your Mother Must Never Know"

**I CAUGHT MY
FATHER CHEATING**

Pa had done a terrible thing,
but he'd turned to God, and
God had forgiven him. The
trouble was, I couldn't!

"How a Wonderful New MONEY-MAKING IDEA

can put up to \$50 more a week
into your pocketbook—

*just for visiting at home with friends
and neighbors in your spare time"*

BY HELEN HARLEY



In the three or four minutes it is going to take you to read this page, you are going to make a discovery that I know you will remember the rest of your life. That simple discovery is based upon the fact that *when people stop thinking about selling and concentrate on helping*, they have unlocked the key to undreamed of profits!

Actually, all of us are salesmen in one fashion or another. I suppose you can say that I hold my job as Placement Director because I "sold" the company on my ability, or that I am married to my husband because he was "sold" on my looks and talents. But when we make the mistake of thinking about selling as "the act of convincing people to buy something so that we selfishly can pocket a commission of a dollar or two for ourselves," we frequently defeat our purpose!

The WONDERFUL NEW MONEY-MAKING IDEA that you read about in the headline above is simply that we have been able to show hundreds of women all over the country that there is untold treasure awaiting them when they think and act as Friendship Counselors instead of trying to be sales women. How much easier the dollars roll in when they concentrate on *helping*, and forget about *selling*!

Growing Need for More Friendship Counselors

Just what do we mean by a Friendship Counselor? We mean a person who serves her community chiefly as a specialist in promoting friendly personal communications. She performs the increasingly important function of helping the people of

her community (mostly friends and neighbors) select the right kind of correspondence notes, stationery, greeting cards, table decorations, gifts and gift wrappings that correctly express the individual's feelings and personality. Whether your friends wish to convey best wishes, remembrances or condolences, they always know they can count on you as their Friendship Counselor for the smart, correct form of communication.

Also a Chance to Go On a Wonderful Shopping Spree!



Whether you are one of our newest Counselors or a veteran, you get an equal chance to share in \$5,000 worth of prizes and prize-money, just for a little extra effort. Only 10 minutes extra a day could get you as much as \$500 cash extra, for shopping.

Can anybody become a Friendship Counselor? Well, not exactly *anybody*. But we don't care if you are 16 or 66, and whether you are a high school graduate or not. It is more important that you have some artistic taste; and a comfortable place in which to visit with friends and neighbors where you can provide the kind of help they frequently need.

Pays You Up to \$10 a Visit

Best of all, you're not tied down to this kind of job. You can spend your time when and as you like. Your earnings, of

course, will depend on your activity, but earning \$50 a week between now and Christmas is not unusual. Some times just a few minutes pleasant visiting nets as much as \$10! And you'll be warmly thanked for your help!

Coupon Below Brings FREE Information

Our new Friendship Counselor's Kit with complete information is yours for the asking. Why not send for it today, and find out all about this wonderful new spare-time money-making opportunity. You are under no obligation, should you decide that you are not interested. With the Kit we also send you our FREE CATALOG, which provides a complete display of the Personal Stationery, Correspondence Notes, Greeting Cards for All Occasions, Table Decorations, Gift Wrappings, made available through Friendship Counselors, as well as our exclusive Name-Imprinted Christmas Card Selection. Also included are 4 boxed assortments of Christmas Cards sent for your approval.

It's a real opportunity to establish yourself as an expert in a growing field that pays good money. Why not act today?

GENERAL CARD COMPANY

Dept. 659 1300 West Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago 7, Illinois

SIMPLY MAIL THIS COUPON!

Helen Harley, Placement Director
General Card Company, Dept. 659
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

I want to know more about how to become a Friendship Counselor. Please send me your latest Friendship Counselor's Kit, including 4 new boxed assortments of Christmas Cards on approval, FREE CATALOG and everything else I may need to get started. Also tell me how I can go on your Wonderful Shopping Spree!

Check here if your age is under 14.

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____



It costs so very little to prove you really care!

hardly ever even paying for itself, let alone a lot of extras.

Pa had even started to take on some odd jobs, like repairing a barn or a hencoop for one of the neighbors or putting a new porch on a house—things like that. He was pretty good at that sort of thing.

What bothered me about it all was that I wasn't doing much of anything to help out with all those extra bills. Oh, sure, I hurried home from school every afternoon and did all the chores, and I spent most of my week ends working, but I'd wished for a long time I could just quit school and take on a real job, maybe as mechanic over at Riley's Garage in town. But, gosh, when I brought it up to Pa one night, he just about blew his top.

"Quit school?" he exploded. "What do you think I've been working my fool head off for, anyway? To get you through school, that's what! So you can have some kind of decent job, so you won't have to scrape out a measly living from a few miserable acres of land! And I don't want you messing up your schooling, not at this late date! You can work all you want during the summer, but during the school months you study, you hear?"

I heard, all right. And whatever Pa said was law around our place. But I still felt guilty with Pa working his head off and a big, husky six-footer like me sitting around in school all day. Yet I couldn't help but get a real warm feeling of pride, hearing my pa talk that way, when so many of the kids in our area were quitting school and going right to work on farms and I knew Pa wanted something so much better for me.

Well, naturally, I didn't tell Joanie I was glad our date was off. She'd been talking about that big May Day dance for weeks now. I told her how sorry I was that she was sick and how much I was going to miss her while she was laid up. But just as soon as I was off the phone, I jumped on my bike and headed for Lake Eden where Pa was putting a new roof on one of the summer cottages. I could give him a hand now, I figured. He sure rated some help.

His face just seemed to haunt me—those deep lines around his mouth giving him such a tight, grim look and those wrinkles in his forehead, as though he were carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. Why, he looked no more like Pa than the man in the moon! Not that he was ever one of those easy-laughing, kidding kind of men. But I never saw him so nearly licked by anything as he was since Ma got sick. Why, he'd even taken to drinking some lately, and he'd always been dead set against any kind of liquor.

"There'll be no drinking in my house!" he'd stormed once when he'd caught the smell of beer on my breath. It was after a few of the other fellows and I had a couple of glasses on our way home from a big basketball game over in Prince City.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Pa," I'd said sort of sheepishly. "A couple of glasses of beer—why, all the other guys—"

"I don't give a hang about the other guys!" he'd bellowed. "I never had to drink that—that swill to give myself false courage, and nobody living under my roof is going to!"

Well, I guess these days he needed a little of that "false courage," after all. Anyway, when I came downstairs one

night last week to get a glass of water, he was standing beside the big cupboard in the kitchen. He hadn't heard me come in. I saw him reach up and take a bottle from the highest shelf of the cupboard. It had been hidden back of some canned tomatoes there.

He tipped the bottle up and took a big drink. Then he stood there for a minute, sort of leaning against the cupboard, breathing hard. Finally he straightened up and put his shoulders back and walked over to the back door. He went on out without even seeing me.

I just stood there, stunned. Pa, drinking! Boy, he must really be feeling rotten these days!

Well, it wouldn't be long now, I thought, swinging my bike off the main road and onto the little dirt one leading up to the lake. Pretty soon I'd be out of school for the summer and able to take on a job.

I WAS sure deserted around the lakefront now. You'd never believe that in another month the place would be crawling with folks from Prince City, trying to beat the heat. Today it was plenty warm—in fact, almost like a June day. I even stopped and pulled off my shirt.

I didn't hear any pounding when I came up to the Harris cottage, the one Pa was working on, and I thought maybe he'd given up already and gone on back home. It would sure do him good to get a good night's rest, I thought. Maybe I'd stick around, though, for a while and do a little work on the roof myself—nail down a few boards for him and surprise him. There was still a little while before dark really set in.

I'd just stepped up on the front steps when I heard a sound in the little screened-in front porch. It was a soft little rustling sound. Then I heard voices.

"Darling," a woman was saying. "My sweet, sweet darling—"

Then there was a man's voice, just a sort of murmur so that I couldn't hear what he was saying. But I felt a funny little prickle at the back of my neck. I stepped through the door into the porch and stood there, paralyzed.

It was pretty dark in the porch, but I could still see the woman, lying on the porch swing. I could even tell the color of the two-piece playsuit she was wearing—it was pink. She had her hands in the man's face and was pulling him down and kissing him. The man kept saying, "Meg, Meg," over and over in a husky kind of voice.

I felt sick all at once, sort of caved in in the middle, like you feel when you get hit hard in the stomach! It was Pa—Pa and some woman!

He was down on his knees beside her with his back to me, but I knew it was him—even in the near dark I could recognize the familiar thick, sun-redened neck, the broad shoulders under the tan work shirt, the big-square hands on the woman's bare shoulders.

I stood there, not able to move, staring at them. Then I saw those familiar big square fingers reach around and untie the halter the woman was wearing.

I turned around and ran. I hardly remember pedaling all the way home. My mind was whirling like a madman's. I thought, it just can't be happening—not Pa! He wouldn't do a low, sneaky kind of thing like that!

I practically staggered into the house. All I could think was, how could he do this to Ma? How could he?

I was glad she was in her room so I wouldn't have to face her, knowing what I did, how Pa had betrayed her. I went on up to my own room and fell down on the bed. I had to think. I had to figure out somehow what I was going to do.

I sat up all at once. I should tell Ma—that's what I should do! She had a right to know what he was doing to her. But how do you tell your own mother a thing like that? A woman like Ma, quiet and sweet and trusting—how do you say a thing like that to her? You can't just walk up to her and say, "Ma, I just caught Pa making love to another woman!"

It would nearly kill her, learning that the only man in the world she'd ever cared about, the man she'd been married to for almost twenty years, the man she'd always looked up to for security and protection, had betrayed her! No, I couldn't tell her.

I kept remembering things—like the way it had been before she'd gotten so sick. Sometimes while we were sitting at the supper table, Pa would tease her in that gruff, dry way of his, and her face would turn red, and she'd say something like, "Oh, Sam Harwood, you're just trying to get me all flustered! Honestly, you men!"

She'd say it like she was really exasperated with him, but then she'd always reach over and put her slim little hand on his big one and squeeze it, hard, and anybody could tell how much she loved Pa. She loved everything about him, even the way he teased her.

I got up and began to walk back and forth from one end of the room to the other. I just couldn't take that awful knowledge. It didn't hurt just because of what it would do to Ma, either. It hurt because I'd always thought Pa was the most decent guy in the world. Disappointment was a big ache all through me. Pa was rotten—he was rotten!

I stopped pacing when I heard Ma's voice outside the door. "Ken, are you in there?"

"I took a big, deep breath. "Yeah, Ma, I'm here."

"Well, come on out and have a glass of milk with me. I thought you were with Pa all this time. Then I saw your bike propped up against the front porch. I hate being alone so much, and Pa probably won't be home till late—"

No, he won't be home until late. I thought, bitterly, not until he and his girl friend are finished out there in the cottage.

I felt sick to my stomach all at once, but I gritted my teeth and walked over to the door and opened it. Ma was standing there in that old black-and-white checked dress she was always wearing lately.

"You look pale, Ken," she said, putting her hand up on my face. "You aren't sick, are you?"

"No," I said, pulling away. "No, I'm okay, Ma." I couldn't look at her. I was sure what had happened would show in my face.

THEN I heard the back door open and close, and I knew Pa had come in. I clenched my fists at my sides to fight down the feeling of wanting to yell at the top of my lungs what I thought of him for what he'd done to Ma.

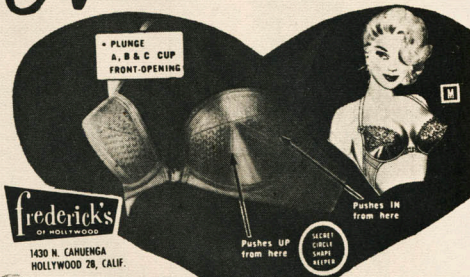
I watched her walk down the stairs and toward the kitchen, and then I heard her voice, soft and sympathetic. "Oh, Sam, you're so terribly tired—you

Frederick's
HOLLYWOOD

Love Winners!



SPECIALLY PRICED —
\$12.98



PLUNGE
A, B & C CUP
FRONT-OPENING

Pushes IN
from here

Pushes UP
from here

SECRET
CURVE
GAIN
KEEPS

Frederick's
OF HOLLYWOOD
1430 N. CAHUENGA
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

FREE GIFT COUPONS
with every purchase
of \$5.00 or more

A #2131 CLINGING VINE
Copy of an original created for Hollywood's most glamorous star, this stunning sheath in curve-clinging wool jersey in skin tight from top to hem. Daringly reveals every contour of the body. Long, long back zipper, closing and rollover collar styling. Order Black, Red or Goldtone. Sizes 10 to 18 Only. \$19.98

B #2533 STUNNED
It will be when he sees this stunning sheath in shimmering acetate taffeta! Snares your every curve right down to torrid little fishtail flounce. Sensational creation; sensationally low price! Black, Pacific Blue, Red. 7-15 \$12.98

C #2515 DATE MAKER
100% wool jersey sheath captures your curves in a classic design that changes appearance with change of accessories. Rump lined to keep its shape and flatter yours. Red, Black or Blue. Junior Sizes 7 to 15 \$11.98

D #2102 MERMAID DATE
You're steamed in acetate-taffeta that snug fits to mermaid flounce, then flares glamorously. V neck rides rim of the shoulders then plunges to bust separation. Black, Rose, Turquoise. Sizes 7 to 15. \$11.98

E #2082 PUM-IT PRETTY
One of Frederick's fabulous WOW! values—this basic figure-clinging sheath is a must for every occasion! Wash 'n' wear jersey of kitten-soft 80% Orlon, 20% Wool. Black, Light Blue, Gold, Red or Green. Junior Sizes 7 to 15 or Misses Sizes 8 to 16. \$11.98

F #3724 SHEER DELIGHT
When baby doll is permanently pleated, scoop-necked and slit at sides. Matching panties. Red, Orchid, or Black. Sizes 32 to 38. \$5.98

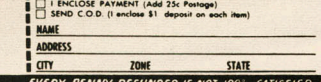
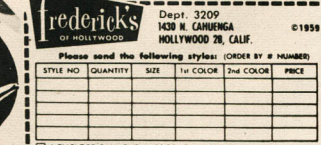
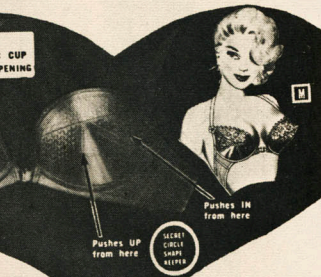
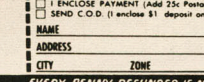
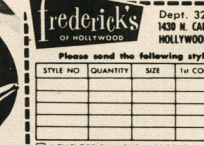
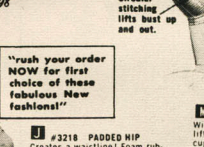
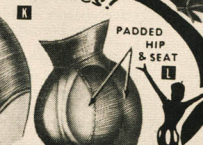
G #3727 CHEMISE PLEASE
Dress length chemise cuddles leaves something to be discovered! Permanently pleated sheer nylon. Big satin boom boom. Nile Green, Orchid, Red or Black. Sizes 32 to 38. \$9.98

H #2080 FOUR INCHER!
That's right! This 8 1/2" rayon-satin waist cincher will shove 4" from your middle. Lightly boned throughout. Side hooking, lace-up front. Attachments for garters. White. Sizes: 24" to 32" waist. A steal at this low price. \$3.50

I #3905 SHANGHAI SAIL
Girls, get your man in this mischievous Mandarin marvel of naughty Rayon and Acetate knit jersey! Glamorous gold braid and seductive side slits are your personal secret weapons. Black or White. Sizes 32 to 38. \$5.88



SPECIALLY PRICED —
\$12.98



Now! Curves at New Low Prices!

J PADDED HIP

NOW \$895

K PADDED SEAT

NOW \$695

L PADDED HIP & SEAT

NOW \$1295

Frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3209 1430 N. CAHUENGA HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF. ©1955

Please send the following orders (ORDER BY # NUMBER)

STYLE NO.	QUANTITY	SIZE	THE COLOR	PRICE

ENCLOSE PAYMENT (Add 25c Postage)
 SEND C.O.D. (I enclose \$1 deposit on each item)

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

EVERY PENNY REFUNDED IF NOT 100% SATISFIED!

PATTERNS FOR YOU



SIZES
9329 2-10



4846
SIZES
10-20

9329—Whip up an entire wardrobe for daughter with this one Printed Pattern! She'll love these wonderful mix-mates. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jacket and jumper require 2½ yards of 35-inch nap; blouse, ¾ yard of 35-inch fabric.

4846—Figure-flattering jumper and a smartly cut blouse. Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 10 to 20. Size 16 jumper requires 4¾ yards of 35-inch nap; blouse, 2¼ yards of 35-inch fabric.

Send thirty-five cents in coins for each pattern to: DARING ROMANCES, 225, Pattern Department, 243 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Add ten cents for each pattern if you wish first-class mailing.

poor face, the lines in it. Now you go right to bed. I'll get you a nice glass of hot milk."

I went back into my room. I couldn't stand to look at him.

When Pa came down the next morning, I was just finished breakfast. Ma looked real peaked, and Pa grabbed her shoulders gently and pleaded, "Please, Anna, go back to bed. I'll fix my own breakfast." It made me sick. Pa didn't care about her—he was just trying to ease his conscience. I couldn't take it. I brushed past them and went out to do the chores.

That night at supper, though, I tried to act normal about things. But when Pa said he was going up to Lake Eden to finish the cottage roof, I just about gagged on the mouthful of potatoes I was trying to force down. I shoved my chair back and stood up.

"Why, Ken," Ma said, "what's wrong? You are sick! Sam, just look at that boy, how pale he is, and he hasn't eaten a thing!"

"I'm just not hungry," I told her. I was halfway out the back door when I heard Pa saying behind me, "Something wrong, son? Something go wrong at the dance last night?"

I swung around and stared at him. My throat and chest felt funny and tight, and I could hardly breathe. It was the first time I'd looked him straight in the face since that awful thing had happened.

"I didn't go to the dance," I said hoarsely. "Joanie got sick, and I didn't go!"

He looked surprised.

Then Ma said, "Ken went up to the lake to give you a hand at the cottage." She took a sip from the cup of hot soup in front of her. It was a special kind of beef broth that Doc said she was supposed to drink to build up her strength. "But you weren't around," she went on, "so he came back home."

Pa's and my eyes met then, and from the shocked, stunned look on his face I knew he'd guessed what I'd seen up there at Lake Eden. His face turned a strange gray color. "Oh," he said slowly.

Then he stopped and swallowed hard. "Well, I—I went on over to Bill Small's to pick up some more nails. You must've come while I was at Bill's."

"Yeah," I said, glancing at Ma. I couldn't help but notice how thin her fingers were on the cup she was holding and how thin and narrow her shoulders looked, sort of hunched over in the old checked dress. All at once the terrible hurt about Pa just seemed to turn into a horrible feeling of disgust for him.

I hurried on out the door. I heard Pa's chair scrape on the floor as he stood up, but I didn't wait for him. I didn't want to talk to him. What was there for us to talk about? Could he explain away what had happened last night?

I hiked the two miles into town and called Joanie from the drugstore. I figured I'd feel better if I could just see her, talk to her. I guess that's the way it is when you love somebody—when things go wrong for you, it helps just being with that somebody.

But Joanie laughed when I told her I wanted to come over and see her.

"Are you kidding, Ken Harwood?" she said. "Have you forgotten I've got the measles!"

"Oh, heck, Joanie," I told her. "I'm not afraid of any old measles. I already had them, when I was about seven years old. Please, Joanie, let me come over

and talk to you—just for a minute."

"Oh, no!" she said in a shocked voice. "I'd never let you see me like this—all these awful splotches on my face. Why, I look like a— a boiled lobster!" Then she began to giggle again. "I'd never let anybody see me like this—never!"

So I hung up finally. But, gosh, I sure ached to be with her. It just seemed like my whole world had fallen apart all at once.

Well, I didn't see Pa when I got home that night. But the next afternoon when I got to the barn to do the milking, he was there waiting for me. We just stood there, staring at each other, then finally he said in a weary voice, "Ken, I went over to see Reverend Gates today—I guess you know why. I needed help."

I didn't say anything. "I feel rotten about this, son," he went on after a minute. "That's why I went to see Reverend Gates. I just didn't know what to do—"

"What is there to do?" I burst out in a crazy-sounding voice. "What is there to do? You can't take it back—what you did to— to Ma—"

HE TOOK out a cigarette and lit it, and I could see how his hand was shaking. Ordinarily he'd never have lit a cigarette in the barn. Honest to Pete, I almost felt sorry for him then. Almost, but not quite, not when I thought again about the woman in the pink playsuit.

"Listen to me, Ken," he said. "I know I can't ask you to forget about what's happened, I know it'll never be the same—"

No, never the same, I thought numbly. It'll never be the same.

"I told Reverend Gates everything," he went on. "I told him how sorry I was. Reverend Gates told me to pray—he told me God would forgive me if I prayed. And, Ken, I prayed so hard— His voice gave in a funny way, and he gulped.

"Son, can't you see how—how rotten I feel about this? It was one of those crazy things. Your ma's been sick for so long, so awfully sick, too sick to— He stopped short, and his face turned brick red. I knew what he was trying to say—that Ma'd been too sick to be a wife to him. So he'd gone out to find that sort of thing someplace else.

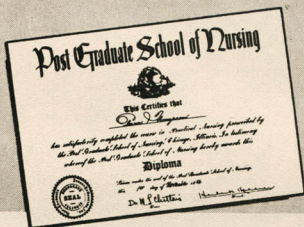
"I was weak—" He put his hand up to his forehead in a sort of desperate way. "I was lonely, and then Meg came hanging around the cottage while I was working. Her brother runs the bait stand there at the lake. She started to drop over during the evening. We talked, and I was so tired, so empty without your ma, and it—well, it happened—"

I sat down on a bale of hay and put my hands over my face. I wished he wouldn't talk about it. It made me feel rotten, too, just hearing how it had been with the two of them, sneaking around behind Ma's back.

Then I felt Pa's big hand on my shoulder. "I love your ma more than anything, in the world," he said. "I wanted to go right to her, tell her everything and beg her to forgive me. I wanted to get right down on my knees and beg her to give me another chance. But after my talk with Reverend Gates I—I knew I shouldn't."

"Why?" I said. "Why?" "Because it would hurt your ma too much." He lifted his head up high, and his eyes burned. "You think I'm getting out of it easy, don't you?" he

ENJOY STEADY PAY EVERY DAY AS A NURSE



"Symbol
of
Success"

LEARN AT HOME IN ONLY 10 WEEKS

THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE that can change your whole life. You can enjoy security, independence and freedom from money worries . . . there is no recession in Nursing. You can earn up to \$65.00 a week in good times or bad as a Practical Nurse.

YOUR AGE AND EDUCATION ARE NOT IMPORTANT . . . mature and older women are also desperately needed. In just a few short weeks from now, you should be able to accept your first cases.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING is to get the **FREE** complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesman will call upon you. You can make your decision to be a Nurse in the privacy of your own home. Send me, without obligation, your **FREE** sample lesson pages, and your **FREE** folder "Nursing Facts"



POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 7L99—131 S. WABASH, CHICAGO 3, ILL.

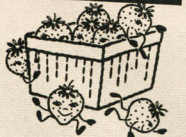
Send me, without obligation, your **FREE** sample lesson pages, and your **FREE** folder "Nursing Facts."

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



Post Graduate School of Nursing
ROOM 7L99—131 S. WABASH, CHICAGO 3, ILL.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES



630—Lively vegetables make gay motifs for kitchen towels, dinette linens. Easy stitchery. Transfer of six motifs $5\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4} \times 8$ inches.

759—Set an elegant table with this luxurious center doily. Crochet directions for 25-inch doily in No. 30 cotton, 38 inches in string.

Send twenty-five cents in coins for each pattern to: DARING ROMANCES, 266 Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 162, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalogue.

said. "You think I've had my fling and now I can go back to your ma and not tell her a thing, and everything will be like it was before. But it won't. Believe me, Ken, I'm not getting out of it easy. It'd be a lot easier for me if I could go right to your ma, tell her, get it off my chest, but this way I've got to carry my guilt with me— His voice broke again.

Just for a second I was torn all apart by my feelings. One part of me wanted to comfort Pa, he looked so beat. But the other part of me said, why should I be comforting him, making things easy for him? He's the one who did this terrible thing. He should suffer for it, shouldn't he?

"What do you want me to do?" I said coldly.

"I want you to help me, son," he said slowly. "I—I want you to keep my secret."

Well, I guess I knew right then and there that what Pa was saying was the truth. It would nearly kill Ma if he told her about that other woman. And I guess Pa wouldn't have gone to Reverend Gates if he wasn't really sorry about the whole thing.

"I won't say anything," I said, not looking at him. It made me feel sick, having to be a part of the thing he'd done, but I didn't see any other way out.

His big hand squeezed my shoulder. "Thanks, son," he said. And then he turned around and walked out of the barn.

So I figured, well, that was probably the end of the whole thing. Things settled down pretty much into the old routine again, except that I didn't spend as much time at home as I used to. I'd hurry home and do my chores around the farm, and then I'd ride my bike back into town. I hated being in the same house with Pa, having to act as though nothing had ever happened, sharing that ugly secret with him.

It was easier to hang around Phillips's Drugstore with some of the gang from school, drinking cokes and playing the jukebox. Not that I went much for those other kids. There were about a half dozen or so of them.

This one senior, Burt Scott, was sort of the ringleader. I'd never liked him much. He was one of those big-mouthed, smart-aleck types. He was always taking us guys aside and telling us about his experiences with this or that girl, how he'd spent a night at the Sunset Motel out on Route 6 with one of them or parked out at the Point on Lake Eden with another. You know the type.

But at least kidding around with all of them at Phillips's I could forget for a while about Pa.

I SURE missed Joanie, though. Oh, I talked to her every day on the phone, but I ached to hold her in my arms—especially now with my whole world gone sort of haywire. It wasn't just a matter of any girl, either. It had to be Joanie.

There were several others I could have gone out with—like this one girl, Betsy Grant. She was in my class at school, one of those pretty little blond-doll types, if you know what I mean. She'd been hitting around for quite a while about a date. She'd slide onto the stool beside me while I was having a soda and say something like, "Poor Kenny—he misses his Joanie so much! I bet I could make him feel better, though."

And when I'd look around at her, she'd smile, an impish sort of grin. "There's going to be a swell big weiner roast up at Ridgeway Park," she'd say, putting her hand on my arm. "Come on, Kenny—why don't you come on along?"

Well, she wasn't fooling me any. I mean, I knew she was like that with all the guys. I'd heard the talk around school about her. At least half the guys in the senior class had been in the old lover's lane at the Point with her at some time or other.

Sure, I could have gone out with Betsy. I could have had almost anything I wanted from her. But it was Joanie I wanted, Joanie I needed.

Pa didn't go up to Lake Eden any more. He was finished with the Harris cottage roof. He got a pretty good-sized check out of it, too. It was like Christmas around our place. A lot of the bills were paid off, and Pa bought Ma a pretty new flowered house dress and some stockings and a little bottle of perfume.

He bought me something, too—the rifle I'd been wanting for ages. But somehow I couldn't feel very happy about it. It almost seemed like a bribe to me, to keep my mouth shut about what I'd seen out there at Lake Eden.

Oh, I kept telling myself I shouldn't feel like that. Pa'd turned to God for forgiveness, and God had forgiven him, so why shouldn't I? But it didn't seem like a minute went by that I didn't feel that terrible ache of disappointment about him and a nagging little feeling of resentment, too. I didn't want it to be like that, but I just couldn't help it.

Then this one night it seemed like I just couldn't sleep. I half wished I'd gone up to Ridgeway with the gang, after all. They were having a big barn dance up there, and Betsy had tried to coax me to come along. Now I kept thinking that at least if I'd gone up there, I wouldn't have had to think. I could just be a part of the gang, laughing and kidding and having a good time.

Finally I got up and slipped down to the kitchen to get a glass of milk. Then I remembered the bottle Pa had hidden up there on the top shelf of the cupboard, and I figured a good swallow or two of that would make me feel better.

I reached up and found it behind the jars of tomatoes. When I saw how dusty it was, I knew Pa must have quit drinking. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry about that. I couldn't help but think bitterly that he sure wasn't suffering much these days for the terrible thing he'd done.

In fact, you'd never even know to look at him that he was sorry at all about the whole thing, that he even had a conscience. If he ever thought about it lately, he sure never showed any signs of it. He'd gone back to his usual gruff, tight-lipped self. He never mentioned the whole mess again to me, even when we were alone.

I tipped the bottle up and felt the stuff burn my throat. In a minute I began to feel warm all through me. By the time I put the bottle back on the shelf, it was practically empty. Everything was getting a little blurred around me. I started back toward my room, but walked smack into somebody standing in the kitchen doorway.

It was Pa. He reached out and grabbed my arm. "You're drunk!" he
(Continued on page 42)



Style No. 507

9-17
10-20 **7.98**
20 1/2-28 1/2
40-48 **8.98**

Style No. 507—**DRAMA OF THE YEAR!** A superbly molded modified sheath of fine rayon menswear. Shows off your figure to subtle perfection. Slim and sleek, with a dashing wide collar and button closing adding dramatic back interest. Red, black, grey, royal blue.

Style No. 307—**SUNDAY STROLLER.** You look wonderful the minute you step into this button-up darling. Crisp stand out rayon menswear fashioned to nip you in slim curves that point up to the flirty flyaway wing collar. Navy, beige, french blue.

Style No. 114—**SIREN STRATEGY.** Irresistible—that's what they'll say about you in bewitching nylon lace daintily draped over crisp rayon taffeta. Its neckline dipped to a new and exciting low. Behind your back there's plenty of news in the deep décolletage and fluid, floating lines. Black, red, powder blue.

Style No. 208—**DREAM DRESS** of young-in-heart flocked nylon. The neckline, rounded in front to show off your shoulders, dipped to a scoupy bow in back. In red with red dot, pink or white with white dot.

Style No. 307

9-17
10-20 **7.98**

Style No. 114

9-17
10-20 **10.98**
20 1/2-28 1/2
40-48 **11.98**

Style No. 208

9-17
10-20 **7.98**

Skylark Originals

DEPT. 50-09, Asbury Park, N. J.

- PREPAID ORDER:** I enclose price of garment plus 30¢ to cover postage and handling—I save over 75¢ in C.O.D. fees.
- C.O.D. ORDER:** I will pay postman amount plus postage, C.O.D. and handling fees.

I may return garment in 10 days if not satisfied.

Style No. | Size | 1st Color Choice | 2nd Color Choice

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

STIRRING NOVELETTE

MY HUSBAND LEFT ME FOR HER

Then Asked Me to Raise Their Child

• THE other half of the wide bed was empty. My reaching hand lay there for a moment before I remembered. It was a habit I couldn't seem to forget—reaching out for Steve when something wakened me in the middle of the night. Steve and I had been divorced for almost three years, yet I still did it. There was still that heartsick, empty feeling inside me when I came fully awake and remembered.

The telephone was ringing. The clock on the night stand said two a.m. I picked up the phone and murmured drowsily into it.

In my ear Steve's voice said, "Joyce—Joy honey, is that you?"

He'd been drinking—I could tell that. He didn't belong to me any more—he'd been married for almost three years to somebody else. When I divorced him, I told him and myself and a lot of other people that I hated him, but that wasn't true—not then, not now. I hadn't found anyone to take Steve's place in those three empty, lonely years, and I had a feeling I was never going to.

Now, with the sound of his voice in my ear, the surge of longing within me told me nothing else mattered except that he was here, back in the town where we'd been married and had lived together in this house.

He was at the bus station. He said he wanted to see me, talk to me. I knew something must be terribly wrong. Otherwise he wouldn't have come back. Whatever it was, it didn't matter.

"It's all right, Steve," I said. "Come—I'll be waiting."

I slipped into a robe, pinned back my hair, and went running down the stairs to start coffee in the percolator. When I heard the cab in the driveway, I think my heart really stopped for a minute. I don't remember running across the room to open the door, but the throb of emotion when I saw Steve standing there looking in at me was like a sharp, deep pain.

He looked terrible. It was raining, and his clothes and his hair were soaked. He'd been drinking—he was almost out on his feet. He stood looking at me for a minute,

(Continued on page 44)

How nicely little Matt and Tina play together, I thought happily, glad that we'd decided to keep Matt with us. And then I heard my little daughter's terrified screams for help

Steve tried to comfort me. "Maybe the doctor's wrong about the baby, Joyce. We'll take him to others—to specialists!"

Sobs rose in my
throat as I looked
at my infant son.

What could he have
to look forward to,
with a mother
living on charity
and a father

in jail?

• IT WAS nearly midnight when they came. Pepe and I were watching a late movie on television. There were three of them—two in uniform, one in a suit. They came into our small room, crowding it with their bulky bodies. "Stand up, Rivera," one of them said.

Pepe stood up slowly, a dazed look spreading across his face. I shrank against the door, frightened.

"What do you want?" Pepe said hoarsely.

"Raise your hands, Rivera."

Pepe lifted his hands above his head.

One of them stepped up to him and began to run his hands along Pepe's body. "He's clean," he grunted.

Pepe lowered his hands slowly, his look of bewilderment giving way to anger. "What do you want with us?" he said heatedly. "Why do you burst in at this hour?"

"Hold out your hands," one of them said.

(Continued on page 18)



HOUNDED NIGHT AND DAY

THEY MADE US FEEL LIKE CRIMINALS

"He's innocent — can't you see he's innocent?" I cried. "Pepe, tell them you didn't do it!"

Pepe stared at him defiantly. Then, while the one in plain clothes had started to search through our bureau.

"Hold out your hands," the policeman repeated.

Pepe put both hands in front of him unwillingly. I stared in dumb horror, the click of the handcuffs making me wince. "Why are you here?" I cried desperately. "Please—won't someone tell us?"

The cops stared at me with closed faces. The man in plain clothes continued to search the room, peering into the oven, opening the refrigerator, lifting the paper drapes. Pepe and I looked at each other, frightened. Pepe's face was a sickly yellow.

"Donovan's the name—I'm a detective." The soft voice of the man in plain clothes startled me. It didn't match the face like leather, the thick white hair. "You know a guy named Brigstock?" Donovan said.

Pepe thought for a moment, then shook his head.

"He lives at the hotel where you work."

"Many people live there. I work in the kitchen. I do not know them." Pepe's voice shook.

"Brigstock knows you," Donovan said softly. "He was robbed and mugged early this evening. Where were you at six-thirty?"

Pepe looked dazed. He thought for a moment. "I was on the subway."

"Alone?" Pepe nodded.

"What time did you get home?"

"He got here at the usual time," I said raggedly. "Seven o'clock."

The detective frowned at me. "Brigstock says you came to his room at six-thirty, that you pretended to be from room service, that when he opened the door, you pushed your way in and beat him up and took his watch and money."

"He is crazy!" Pepe said sickly. "Brigstock said he recognized you right away. He's seen you hanging around the service entrance, smoking."

"We all go there for a cigarette," Pepe said numbly. "I do nothing wrong."

"Told that to the judge," Donovan nodded to the policeman who placed themselves on either side of Pepe.

"March, Rivera," one said curtly.

Pepe stiffened, his eyes wild. "I am innocent!" he cried. "You cannot arrest an innocent man!"

One of the policemen shoved him toward the door. He stumbled and slowly righted himself. Then he whirled, raising his handcuffed wrists above his head. "I will not go!" he cried. "I am innocent!"

One of the cops lunged at him. I heard the thud of his fist against Pepe's face. I covered my mouth, feeling sick. Pepe was swaying. Blood trickled from his mouth. The policeman swung again. Pepe staggered, his knees buckling.

I went a little crazy then. Screaming and weeping, I flung myself at the cop. "Leave him alone!" I moaned. "He is not a thief!"

Donovan grabbed my wrists. "Take it easy," he said softly. "Your man resisted arrest. He wouldn't have been hurt otherwise. That's a serious charge—resisting arrest. We won't enter it unless we have more trouble with him."

I tried to break loose, my eyes blinded by tears.

"Take him away," Donovan said softly. I strained forward as they led Pepe out. Then I collapsed in a chair and covered my face. "You can see him tomorrow," Donovan added. A moment

later I heard the door close after them.

It was a long time before I could stop crying. Still in a state of shock, I stared dully around the room. Clothes hung crazily out of the bureau drawers. The paper drapes were hanging crooked. I got up to straighten them.

Suddenly my hands on the drapes froze. What am I doing, I wondered sickly. I sat down, shaking violently. I could not stop. Familiar sounds drifted up to me from the street—soft laughter, the babble of voices, an occasional truck rumbling by. How could life go on with Pepe in jail, I wondered numbly.

I felt a flutter inside of me. The baby stirred. I looked down at my swollen stomach, and fresh tears filled my eyes. Our child would be born soon. I thought of all our dreams for him, how hard we'd worked, to get to America, to make a decent life.

In pain, I shut my eyes, remembering San Miguel, the night of the fiesta for our patron saint.

THE village was gay with the music of the marimba band. People laughed, forgetting the hunger in their stomach. The paper lanterns strung across the streets cast a strange enchanted glow over our sleepy village.

I hung back at the edge of the crowd, a shy fifteen-year-old. Pepe separated himself from the group of giggling boys

Pa's only interest in life was keeping me decent. That's why he felt he had to keep me from ever seeing Ernie again—even though Ernie was my legal husband!

Be sure to read this teen-ager's drama-packed story—

ON PROBATION IN SCHOOL

We Had to Keep Our Marriage Secret

in the exciting October issue of

DARING ROMANCES

on sale everywhere September 10th

and asked me to dance. My throat too thick to answer, I nodded, drifting into his arms as if in a dream. We danced every dance together, and later, hand in hand, we walked away from the village to the palmetto grove. The moon was a crescent casting a soft light over us. My heart throbbed with excitement when Pepe turned and looked at me. "You have grown up, Carmen," he said thoughtfully.

I couldn't help giggling. "It isn't such a discovery. Pepe. Everyone but you has noticed."

Pepe's grin made my heart dissolve. His slender face, so handsome in the moonlight, swept me with a strange excitement. We looked at each other for a long moment. "Oh, Carmen," he sighed, "come here." I drifted into his arms with a glad cry. And when we kissed, I knew it was the beginning of love.

But it was a hopeless love, and often in the years that followed, I wept. Pepe would not marry until we could get to the States. "There is no life here, Carmen, no hope. I want something better for both of us."

In my heart I agreed, but I wanted so to be Pepe's wife!

Our families were poor, and there

were many of us—too many, and too little food. The men worked in the sugar fields—Pepe, too. I did laundry for the wives of the rich planters when I could get it. We saved every cent we could for the fare to the States, but the dream seemed far away and impossible.

Pepe had gone to school for a couple of years. He could read and write. He taught me to read and write, too. We studied English together, the strange words making our tongues clumsy.

It took us five years to save enough for our fare to the States. We were married in the village church, and a week later, with much crying and kissing, we said good-by to our families and departed for San Juan, where we got the plane to New York.

New York—such a beautiful, magic city when you see it from the plane, its lights twinkling like all the stars in heaven! It was so different on the ground, with its bigness and the roaring noise and the confusion and the cold.

We arrived in mid-December. My cousin Ramon met us at the airport. Crying and laughing, we hugged him and answered all the questions he asked about San Miguel and our family and friends. We were shivering when he led us to the bus to Manhattan. All the way into the city he kept questioning us, and it was hard not to interrupt with questions of our own.

In Manhattan we followed Cousin Ramon down into the subway. I clung tight to Pepe's hand, terrified of the thunder of the trains, the swarms of people who pushed and shoved. We got off in Spanish Harlem. That was where Cousin Ramon lived. My heart sank as we walked through the dirty, crowded streets. Was it possible there were such slums in America? Pepe and I looked at each other sadly.

But the warmth of Cousin Ramon's apartment cheered us, and the gladness with which Maria, his wife, threw her arms around us made us forget the dirty streets. While their four solemn-faced children stared wide-eyed, Ramon said their names, "Larry, Betty, Jean, and Barbara." He grinned. "They're American names." The children looked healthy and well fed. With pride Maria showed us through the small apartment. It was clean and comfortable. She opened the shiny refrigerator and showed us how easy it was to cook on the gas stove.

Over dinner Pepe asked Cousin Ramon all the things we were dying to know. Jobs were easy to get, Cousin Ramon said. He was head bus boy in a fine restaurant. He would take Pepe to an agency where they would get him a job. There would be work for me, too. There were agencies that found jobs for women.

Pepe's face lit up. "It is all like a dream," he said eagerly. Then he frowned thoughtfully. "Tell me, Cousin Ramon," he said gently. "Why do you live in such a neighborhood?"

Cousin Ramon stared down at his plate. "The rents are too high elsewhere. Besides, we're happier among our own people."

I felt troubled. This was not what Pepe and I had dreamed of. I looked at Pepe. His face was sad. Then he shrugged. "It is nice inside, though. That is what matters."

I felt troubled. This was not what Pepe and I had dreamed of. I looked at Pepe. His face was sad. Then he shrugged. "It is nice inside, though. That is what matters."

That night Pepe and I slept on the kitchen floor. And even the bitter cold of the hard floor could not spoil our happiness.

(Continued on page 51)



25 TIPS FOR GOOD GROOMING

BY HELEN RAY

Yardley

• **GOOD grooming is essential to today's woman.** Whether she's about to embark on a new job, date a boy, or meet some new people, she'll make her best impression if she's looking her best. Check yourself with these questions on good grooming. If you can answer yes to fifteen or more, you're undoubtedly a well-groomed girl!

1. Are your lines definite? This includes a straight hair-parting, eyebrows tweezed free of straggling hairs, brushed to a smooth line, and accented with a subtle touch of eyebrow pencil, mouth etched sharply with a pencil-slim lipstick or a lipstick brush, underwear and girdle that hug the figure without any bulges or wrinkles.

2. Have you lady's fingers? Correct untidy cuticles by pushing them back with your towel every time you wash your hands and also by massaging them occasionally

with cuticle oil. The effects of smoking can be hidden with nicotine stain remover or a cut lemon rubbed over the stains. No nail polish at all is better than the chipped remains of an old manicure. Nail-white pencils or double-strength peroxide will remove undernail stains.

3. Is your complexion clear? Cleanse the oil track beside each nostril with extra care, and follow your soaping and creaming with an astringent. Keep all your laughter lines free of blackheads, and pay particular attention to your temples and hairline where tiny pimples tend to form from dust irritation.

4. Are your undergarments under control? Of course, you don't allow your slip to show below your hemline, but what about the straps? Sew little tabs on the inside of your dress and blouse shoulders with a snap or hook

(Continued on page 61)

I was sitting on top of the world. On our very first date Billy had taken me home to meet his folks. How was I to know that that was only Billy's slick way of getting a girl to let her guard down?



HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME

Could I Make Him Marry Me?

Compelling Novelette

• "OH, GO soak your head, Mom!" I screeched. "Can't you ever leave me alone? Do you have to yak, yak, yak all the time? If I want to go with Billy Clark, what difference does it make to you? You and your Danny Paxton—you've crammed him down my throat until I hate the sight of him! What's so great about him, anyway? He's just a drip, and you know it. He's poorer than we are and doesn't even have a car. Some date—sitting in this crummy house wearing more holes in the sofa cushions. No, thank you—I'm going out with Billy, and that's that!" "Now just a minute, Linda," Mom said, furious.

"You'd better be careful how you talk to me, or you won't be going out with anybody! I'm getting fed up with your insolence—after all, you're only sixteen, and you still have to do a few things I say!"

"Big deal!" I retorted. "I'm terrified! Honestly, Mom, you're going to push me too far someday. You don't know what I'd give to leave this house forever just so I could get away from your constant nagging."

"Oh, Linda," Mom moaned, "it's impossible to
(Continued on page 32)

I was thrilled and happy when Billy murmured, "Darling, how did I ever miss anything so lovely? How could I have wasted so much time?"

Strip-Teaser at Sixteen



My husband had asked
someone home for
supper—nothing
unusual in that. Yet
here I was, watching
the minutes tick off,
knowing that the
moment this guest
entered our doorway,
my marriage would
blow sky-high

"You'll do," he said.
I wanted to slap that
grin off his face, but
in the spot I was in,
I just couldn't.

MINISTER'S WIFE AT TWENTY-ONE

• GREG'S voice came strong and clear from the pulpit as he started his sermon, and from the choir loft I looked down at him with love and tenderness and the never-ending wonder that he belonged to me. Even after being his wife for four years and the mother of his child, I still couldn't believe it had really happened to me, Bonnie Walters. But I wasn't Bonnie Walters, I corrected myself fast. I was Mrs. Gregory White, wife of the young pastor of St. Mark's church.

But just remembering that former name, Bonnie Walters, brought back ugly pictures of the past, and I squirmed there in the stuffy choir loft and tried to shut out the thoughts that came crowding in.

Bonnie Walters—that name had been plastered over the marquees of cheap night clubs and burlesque houses up and down the West Coast. "See Bonnie, Sexational Strip-Teaser," the newspaper ads had read, and men had poured into the clubs and theaters and devoured me with


their eyes and shouted coarse demands as I paraded before them in a scanty costume and with a frozen, painted smile on my face.

Sitting there in the choir loft, I felt deathly sick to my stomach, as I always did when the past shoved itself into my mind. Dear God, what wouldn't I give to undo those five terrible years? I'd been broke, friendless, a kid of sixteen who'd been kicked around so much by a drunken


(Continued on page 57)

I Ran Out On Our Honeymoon

Shocked By My Husband's Love-Making



I stiffened at Brad's touch, but I tried to still my panic. After all, we were married now.



What was I going to do? The very day we'd married, my husband had changed to a man I couldn't possibly love!

● IT WAS very late when Brad, my new husband, pulled up in front of a motel. "We'd better get off the road, or we'll never make an early start in the morning," he said. "And we've got to be in New Mexico by Sunday." He seemed to be nervous and very tired, too.

I cringed inwardly for just a moment, remembering Mom's certainty that all men were beasts—and inconsiderate of women. But this was Brad. I'd loved him for years!

So a few minutes later I undressed in the small bathroom, hurrying because it was late, poking because I was aware of every taut muscle in my body, screaming tired.

Then I opened the door, and Brad stood there, big and powerful looking. I flushed when his eyes went over me in my sheer gown and robe. His

(Continued on page 26)

voice tried to tease, I knew, but there was an impatience on his face, too, when he said, "I was getting ready to knock the door down, woman."

Maybe a bit of his panic showed, because he grinned, that slow, sort of shy smile, and put his arms around me. He kissed me tenderly, then I felt him tremble as his kiss grew more urgent.

"I won't be long," he promised, and I shivered a little as I walked toward the strange bed.

I concentrated on the memories of desire Brad's petting had always aroused in me, and I was somehow consoled.

Brad set the new travel alarm clock, smiled down at me with a strange look in his eyes, and then snapped off the lamp. I felt shy, exhausted, and strange, being so intimately close to Brad. But I was a little eager, too. We'd waited so long for this night.

He turned, reached for me, and I stiffened at his touch. But I tried to still my panic. After all, Brad was my husband now. I wanted to plead, "Be gentle." But this was the man I loved, and there was no need to plead—certainly he understood me.

But when his mouth took mine in a hating manner and his hands were harsh and bold, I stiffened again. He didn't seem to sense my panic. There was no reassurance from him. My pain, my injured pride, my shame at being used—all were lost on him in his impatience. I couldn't believe it!

For without any love-making, any build-up, he made me his wife and then turned on his side and slept, I lay there, rigid, shocked, and he didn't even realize it.

How could he claim to love me and treat me so? Mom had been right—men thought only of themselves. Anyway, Brad thought only of himself. I almost hated him.

But when daylight streaked our room, I raised myself on my elbow and stared down at his relaxed features. He looked like a tired young kid. I remembered all the things we'd done together through our teens, the way he'd held me close the night he'd returned to camp after basic training and begged me to wait for him if I wouldn't come to camp and marry him. He wanted us to be married at once. I'd thought then that it was because he loved me as I loved him, because he couldn't bear being separated. Now I knew he'd just desired me—nothing more! He'd been impatient since getting out of the Army two weeks ago, so angry at Mom for insisting on a big, formal wedding. Maybe he wouldn't have married me at all if he could have had me otherwise.

I'd wanted him so much before our wedding. Nights when he'd kiss me, caress me, I'd feel deep desire sweep over me. But I didn't want him now! I'd never want what we'd shared last night. As though he heard my thoughts, he stirred. I slid out of bed, shut off the alarm before it rang, and hurried into the bathroom to dress.

When I came out, Brad was dressed, and he smiled at me as he rubbed his eyes and stretched. "I'm beat," he said. "What a honeymoon this is—so darned rushed."

WE REACHED New Mexico by Sunday, but I was in a state of numb shock by then. The long hours of driving and short hours of sleeping were telling on each of us. Brad sensed something was bothering me, but I didn't try to make

him understand. You just don't beg a man to love you gently.

If he just took his husband's rights for granted, nothing I could say would change him, I decided. He found a motel room in New Mexico and immediately called his buddy who had promised to get him a union card on a big job if he could start by Monday.

When he came back from telephoning, I was standing in the middle of the small room, filled with despair. "I'm going over to talk to Ed Harvey now, Judy. He just told me his boss agreed to start me out as if I'd had three years' apprenticeship as a plumber. Plumbing takes less time to learn than welding, and I'll still be on the same job as Ed," Brad said excitedly. "It's a swell break. And the starting pay will be good."

I just stared at him, feeling shut out, alone. "Are we going to live in this one room?" I asked.

He whipped around, grinning. "Of course not. We'll find an apartment soon." He washed hurriedly and combed his hair. "Hurry, Judy." And he pulled a bill out of his wallet and handed it to me, saying, "But you eat now. There's a luncheon a couple of doors down from the office out front."

When he left, I felt forsaken, then angry when my chin started to tremble. His eyes that could seem so warm had been brilliant with excitement when he'd kissed me good-by. Why did he

Don't miss these gripping,
unforgettable stories—

PETTING-PARTY DATES

That's All He Wanted From Me

I Made My Daughter a Tease

By Teaching Her Too Much About Men

SHE LET MY BABY DIE

While She Made Love to Her Boy Friend

In the big September issue of

SECRETS

On sale everywhere now

have to want a job halfway across the country? Why had I let him talk me into coming along now? I should have waited until he'd found an apartment, was settled, as Mom had advised.

Or better yet, I should have insisted that Brad try the job my Uncle Mort had offered him, driving truck for his lumber yard. Then we'd have lived at home. If Brad could accept help from Ed Harvey, he had no reason to call Mom interfering just because she'd begged us not to leave town. She at least really loved me.

I didn't know what to think any more. I realized, pushing my fingers through my hair. I'd seen happy marriages among my friends, had read books, so I did know, even though my own father had skipped out on Mom when I was two, that all men weren't like he'd been. Or were they? Was Brad like him?

He had cried myself sick and then showered and crawled into bed before Brad finally got back, and I was still too confused to know how to think clearly.

He burst into the room, snapped on the lamp, and grinned. "Sorry to be so long, Judy. Ed took me out on the job

to show me the setup. It's big," he added, cracking his knuckles nervously. "He says I'll catch on, but I'm not sure."

He paced the floor, filling the small room with his bigness, and then as though really remembering me at last, he asked, "Did you get something to eat?"

I hadn't. I wasn't hungry. But I nodded.

"Ed and I ate downtown. I knew shop talk would bore you," he said. And then that look changed the color of his eyes, and I knew that he had forgotten the job. I was his—to use. I turned my face to the wall and was glad there were no more tears inside me.

When I woke up the next morning, Brad had left for work. I noticed he had left a bill on the night table for me. I climbed out of bed and looked around the small, cluttered room, ugly in the bright light filtering through the shades at the windows. Suddenly I burst into futile tears.

How could Brad be so different? How could a girl go with a fellow so long and not realize that he didn't love her the way she loved him? I sank down on the ornate chair in the room and dried my eyes. Tears were so useless!

Just the same they started anew as I remembered the first time he'd brought me flowers, the year he'd graduated from high school and had taken me to his senior prom. He'd been so bashful, shy looking, as he'd filled the door frame with his bigness, offering me the box of flowers. "Are they okay?" he'd asked as I opened them. "Mrs. Bright at the greenhouse said they were."

I'd smiled up into his eyes. "Brad, they're beautiful!"

He'd grinned sheepishly. "A guy never knows how dumb he is until he tries to figure out what his girl would like. I asked my old man, but he didn't know because he'd never given a woman flowers."

"They're just perfect," I'd insisted, feeling a surge of pity, thinking of Brad and his father living alone for so many years since Brad's mother's death.

Later, when it came my turn to graduate and Brad took me to my senior prom, he brought my flowers confidently, sure of himself that time. And right after that he'd been drafted and had spent sixteen months on duty in Germany.

I couldn't make him understand that there just wasn't time to marry during his first furlough after basic. He'd resented that more than I even realized. I now decided.

Brad had taught me so many things. He'd taught me to roller skate at our local rink, where he'd picked me off the floor, his face flushed, while I was learning. He'd taught me to swim in the river near our town and to dance. And when we were older, he'd taught me to come alive in his arms without going too far. We'd wait for marriage he'd said. But now—

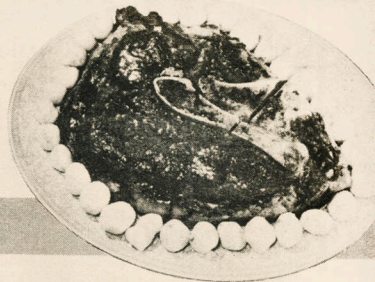
Still, there were so many things in him I did love!

AT LAST I got dressed and tried to hide a few tears with make-up. I unpacked a few things and came upon the envelope Mom had given me while she helped me dress for my wedding. I'd scoffed at the idea when she took my hand and told me she wanted me to have enough money to come home if my marriage didn't work out. But now, clutching the

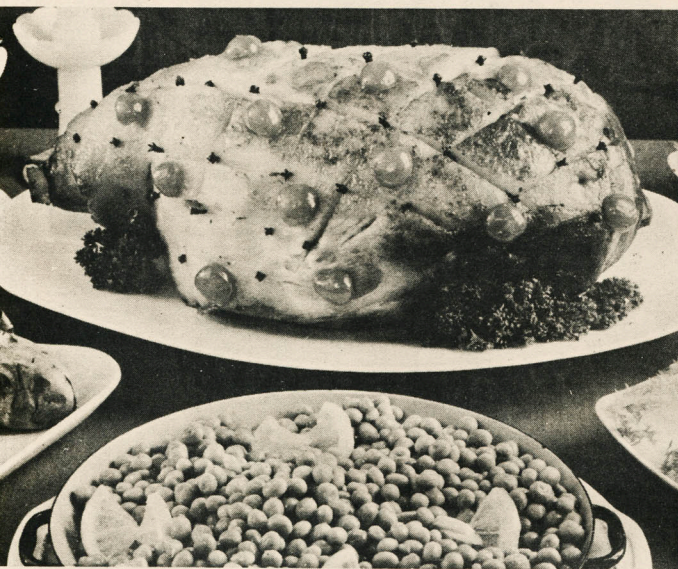
(Continued on page 40)

TREAT YOUR FAMILY TO A SPECIAL DINNER

by Frances Adams



Garlic Steak transforms a sirloin cut into a steak lover's dream!



Sunday dinner supreme — Baked Glazed Ham, topped with maraschino cherries, and Baked Peas and Lemon.

National Canned Pea Council



A brand-new taste treat for dinner to-night—Fruit-Stuffed Pork Chops!

Kellogg's All-Bran

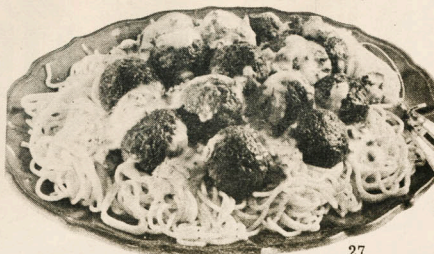


Make plenty of Marjoram Braised Chicken—your family is sure to want second helpings!

American Spice Trade Association

If you want to do something different with spaghetti, try tempting Spaghetti with Lamb Balls and Sauce.

American Sheep Producers Council



We were just a couple of happy-

go-lucky kids in love when

we started out on that hike.

But after the shocking

thing we saw that

day, neither of

us would

ever be

the same



"Come on, Ellie," Ted said excitedly. "Don't be afraid." I had to laugh. How could I be afraid of anything with Ted beside me?

● WHEN Ted and I got off the bus and started out on our hike that summer day, we were a couple of kids. Oh, not carefree kids exactly—we thought we had a problem. But we were never again to be quite so young as we were that July morning.

Ted Burke was eighteen years old. I, Ellie Lyman, was sixteen—and that was the rub. Too young to marry without my mother's permission, and she wouldn't give it. She said I had to go back to high school next year and graduate before I married. And there was another rub, too—money.

You see, Ted and I were a dance team—and a good one, too. We'd met three years before on an amateur program and had teamed up. This summer we had landed our first real engagement at the beach casino, but the money wasn't much. If someday we could just get enough money to strike out for New York or California, we felt that we'd land something good. But it was a long way from our Southern town to either New York or California, and neither Ted's father nor mother had any spare money. Ted had just finished high school that June, and this was his first job as well as mine.

We were talking about it that morning as we wandered through the farm country that reminded me of my old home, which I still missed sometimes.

"Don't worry, kid," Ted said softly. "A year isn't so long. At least that's what the old folks say. And this winter I'll get a job teaching at one of the dance studios, and I'll save every cent. When you graduate, we'll get married and take off."

I squeezed his hand and tried to pretend to be as optimistic as he was pretending to be. Actually, we both knew that even if he did land

(Continued on page 30)

WE NEEDED MONEY TO ELOPE

**BUT THIS WAS
BLACKMAIL**

the job he wanted, the chances were slim that he'd save enough to get us to New York, much less Hollywood. Oh, I wished fervently, if only we'd get one of those breaks you hear of people getting and somebody would drop a thousand dollars into our laps!

Some people believe that if you wish a thing hard enough, you'll get it. If that's so, you ought to be mighty careful what you wish for—judging by my experience that morning.

We had taken a path that led behind one of the farms into an almost tropical wilderness. We had been heading toward a creek that we knew ran somewhere back there. But this particular section was almost impassable, and we were about to turn back when Ted caught a path that seemed to begin on the far edge of the thicket. "Let's see if we can't get in there a way," he said excitedly. "Come on, Ellie—don't be afraid."

I had to laugh. How could I be afraid of anything with Ted beside me?

We picked our way gingerly through shrubs and weeds. My legs were getting badly scratched, but Ted was so intent on reaching the path that I hated to suggest turning back. Then I stumbled over the huge trunk of a fallen tree.

Ted picked me up, apologizing, laughing, kissing me, until for us the wilderness disappeared. We sat on the trunk of the tree, intent only on each other for some time. As I looked at Ted lovingly, the same old thought came to me—oh, if only there were nothing to stop us from marrying! Then my eyes wandered in the direction we had been traveling. Before us a very small tract of the wilderness was not wilderness at all. There were about thirty-five plants, carefully nurtured, almost ready for harvesting—plants that I recognized.

"Ted," I cried unbelievably. "Look!" He followed my glance. "Why, somebody's planted something out here in this wilderness. I wonder why and what it is."

"I know what it is," I gasped. "It's marijuana!" Ted hooted. "Silly! You've been reading too many detective stories. And how would you recognize marijuana, anyhow?"

"Because I've seen it before," I cried, "when I was a little girl. You know, I've told you a thousand times that before Dad died, we lived on a little farm. Well, there was part of our land that wasn't cultivated, and it merged with some uncultivated land belonging to our next-door neighbor, Mr. Barnes. One day Dad went out there for the first time in years to see what the chances were of doing anything with his unused bit of land, and he wandered over to his neighbor's part by mistake. He found a marijuana patch about this size. Dad knew every plant that ever grew, and he recognized it right away."

"What did he do about it?" Ted asked. "Well, at first he was going right to the police. Then he got to thinking about that neighbor of ours. He and his wife had been good neighbors when Mother was sick—they'd done a lot for us. So Dad decided to give the man a chance. He went over there, told him he knew what he was up to and what he thought of a man who'd raise dope that might ruin people's lives. He said if Mr. Barnes would come out with him right then and burn the marijuana down, he wouldn't tell. But I guess Mr. Barnes

didn't know Dad very well. He said that crop was worth fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, that he'd give Dad five thousand of the take if he'd keep his mouth shut."

"Five thousand!" Ted gasped. "What did your father do?"

"Well, Dad had a temper, and he tore out of there fighting mad and called the police. He said nobody could bribe him to be a party to a crime like that. I was there when the police burned down the stuff after they arrested Mr. Barnes. And I know exactly what it looked like. That's marijuana, Ted."

"Well," Ted said excitedly, "it's our turn to call the police. Come on, we'll go back and map out the road for them. Gosh, who'd have thought we'd run into an adventure like this?"

I didn't feel as jubilant as Ted did. For the first time I was thinking of that five thousand Dad had turned down. What I could have done with it today! I tried to push the thought aside, but I couldn't.

If we hadn't wasted time walking around those narcotic plants and examining them, we'd have gone back and phoned the police and probably gotten our names in the paper, and that would have been the end of it. As it was, we wasted perhaps another twenty minutes. The plants were almost ready for harvesting. I told Ted all Dad had told me about marijuana, and then we stopped

A lie for a lie—that was the code
Frankie had taught me. And now I
was using it against him.

Look for this compelling story
of a gang girl—

He Boasted About Our Love
I Fixed Him—But Good
in the bigger, better September
issue of

REVEALING ROMANCES

On sale now

for a few more kisses. And as we were finally coming out of the jungle-like section, a man appeared before us. A big burly man with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

He was as startled as we were, but he spoke first. "Lost, kids?" he asked. "N-no," I answered.

Ted said, "We were just exploring." "Find anything?" the man demanded. I nudged Ted, but he was never the cautious type. "We sure did," he cried. "Marijuana. We're on our way to report it."

"I wouldn't be in too big a hurry to do that," the man said quietly. "You might get in trouble, you know. I know the man who owns this land, and I've an idea he might be willing to make you kids a nice present if you just keep quiet."

"You own it yourself," I blurted. "Smart little girl, aren't you? Okay, miss. I own it. Not the land, but the crop. A fellow's got to earn a living somehow, you know. In five or six days I'm going to harvest that crop and there'll be a thousand dollars in it for you if you keep your mouths shut good and tight."

Ted cried, "Why, you no-good—What

do you take us for? We're going to the police right now."

Now the man looked ugly, and I was scared of what he might do if Ted carried out that threat. I like to think that it was only my cowardice that made me do what I did. But I know better than that. I was scared, but I was thinking of the money, too.

A thousand, the man had said. We could hold out for two thousand. Two thousand would mean our whole future. I wouldn't really have to finish high school. Ted and I could easily elope to New York on two thousand dollars!

I saw my father's indignant face in my memory. Oh, Dad had ideals, but he could afford them. He was satisfied with his little farm. He didn't really need money. As for me—well, I knew what an ugly business dope was. But suppose the crop was burned and the man went to prison? What then? He'd get out pretty soon and plant a new crop. We couldn't wipe out dope peddling just by reporting this one man and destroying his marijuana plants. And, anyway, marijuana wasn't as deadly as most dope.

The man smiled knowingly as I drew Ted aside for a conference. Ted was shocked and furious at first at my suggestion. Then gradually he started to listen.

"Oh, Ted darling, we'll be stuck down here forever if we don't get a break like this—I know we will! This is our big chance, and we owe it to ourselves to grab it. Ted, we can't reform the world by going to the police about this, and that man might kill us if we even tried. Let's take the money while we can get it. Maybe—maybe something will happen to the crop, anyhow."

Ted didn't want to listen, but he loved me. And maybe he wasn't quite as strong as he should have been.

We faced the man together a little later. "We'll keep quiet for two thousand dollars, and one for one thousand," I told him crisply. "And we don't wait for harvest day."

"I might make it two thousand, but you'll wait for harvest day, all right. Otherwise how do I know you won't take my money and squeal?"

We reached an agreement at last. I knew the marijuana couldn't possibly be harvested before three days, more likely seven. We were to come out every morning after the third day and look at it. The day it was cut, we would be paid off.

We went through the next few days and nights in a trance. Even our dancing didn't quite wake us up. We continued to spend our daylight hours together, but we had little to say to each other. When we passed a policeman, I saw Ted's face tighten, and I knew the struggle that was going on inside of him. Had I weakened, he'd have been happy. But he never suggested backing out of our contract. And as for me, my conscience was hurting, but I silenced it and concentrated on the picture of Ted and me as a big-time dance team.

We made three trips to the marijuana crop before harvest day. On that morning the man we'd seen the first day was there, with another man. They had come in a truck which was almost hidden by trees and undergrowth on an overgrown road in the direction of the creek. The men were already at work, cutting the stalks and piling them.

The man we'd talked to before held

(Continued on page 50)



WHEN A DATE GETS HARD TO HANDLE

•IT WAS a rather grim Muriel who sat in her bedroom, pondering the disillusionment of her previous date. It had been an all too familiar story. The boy simply didn't want to keep his hands in place and wasn't too happy over keeping their evening a pleasant affair.

Must I always have trouble with straying hands, she wondered. Am I the only one this happens to, and if I'm not, how do the other girls handle it?

The problem was obviously a difficult one. Muriel would do well to adopt a few methods used by Mary.

In the first place, Mary accepts the fact that many of her dates might be inclined to be free with their hands, that it isn't always easy to tell the aggressive from the timid. For this reason she is always certain to take a few precautions.

Before each date Mary makes certain the evening is

properly planned to avoid such a crisis. What kind of date is it to be? Where will they go? How many other couples will be along?

Double dating at a dance, a prearranged evening at the theater or movies, or a party to be held at the home of a known and trusted friend, are all ideal. Definitely out are such evasive replies as, "Aw, I don't know—but we'll find something to do!"

After she learns where, when, and with whom, she sets a time limit when she must be home and tells her date beforehand. This limit will allow sufficient time for entertainment, plus half an hour for a late snack, and a reasonable time to drive home—but it will preclude any possibility of a heavy necking party or too many idle moments.

(Continued on page 43)

He Took Advantage of Me

(Continued from page 20)

make you happy. I give you everything I can, and I try to be patient, but you'd try the patience of an angel."

"Well, you're no angel," I sneered. "But you have some idea you are!"

"And that's the way it went. I had come home from school all built up because Billy Clark had finally asked me for a date. I knew Mom and Dad didn't like him very well—he had a bad reputation in spite of the fact that his parents were devoted church members.

It seemed that Billy, who was forced by a stern father to attend church and all church functions, just plain hated it and did all the mean things he could in a sort of defiance. His folks had scads of money, and lived in a huge house. Billy drove the sleekest car you ever saw and had the drooliest clothes. All the girls were after him, and no wonder—he looked just like a movie star. I'd been crazy about him as long as I could remember, and I'd made up my mind a long time ago that Billy and I would be married someday.

Billy could offer me a lot. In addition to the fact that he was really dreamy, he could offer me security, could rescue me from a life of what I considered to be poverty. I wanted things, pretty things, and lots of them.

I could remember not so long ago when I'd had everything I wanted. Probably I was spoiled, like Mom kept telling me. Only, when Granny was alive, things had sure been different for me. After my grandfather died, Granny had married a man with money. She had been very generous with me and with my three older brothers—but especially with me. Since I was the only girl and my dad was her only child, she went wild over me.

Mom let her spoil me, too—in fact, I think Mom encouraged it. Granny took me to town several times a month and completely outfitted me in the best clothes she could buy. I got pretty smug even when I was still a little girl because my clothes and toys were so much nicer than any of my friends had.

Well, all the good things in my life ended when Granny passed away suddenly when I was thirteen. It came as quite a shock to me that the pretty dresses and the dainty slippers of my past were no longer with me, any more than Granny was.

I cried and threw tantrums, but the plain fact of the matter was that there just wasn't enough money in our family for me to have any of the "extras," as Mom and Dad called them. And when there's no money, crying doesn't do any good—I was smart enough to realize that. But I resented it, anyway, and felt like I'd been cheated somehow.

It was right about then that I decided I wasn't going to be poor all my life. I made up my mind I was going to marry young and marry the richest fellow I could find. I'd be able to buy Mom some pretty clothes, too, maybe even hire a maid to come in and help her with her housework. I could even buy her some new furniture, which I knew she wanted awfully bad, even though she never said so. And the minute I met Billy, I realized marrying him would be the answer to everything.

Of course, Mom was always pushing that clod, Danny Paxton, down my throat. I had to admit he was good looking and real nice, but he lived on our block in one of those look-alike little houses which are neither very good nor very bad. He worked at a filling station and always had grease under his fingernails and on his clothes. Nope, that wasn't the life for me. I had my sights set on something bigger, and the something bigger was Billy.

Always before, Billy had practically ignored me, even though we did go to the same church and school. Of course, we weren't in the same class, because Billy was eighteen. Then today at school we had bumped into each other in the hall, and he finally saw me—I mean really saw me! He had asked me for a date for tonight.

Oh, I knew he'd been seen a lot with Cynthia Grovner lately and that it was rumored around that he was crazy about her, but I wasn't going to let that stand in my way. Even if Cynthia was older and had a lot of money, I knew I was getting prettier all the time, and I figured I had as good a chance as any other girl.

I WILL never forget that day—so much I happened. Mom and I argued through the rest of the afternoon, with her telling me I couldn't go out with Billy and with me defying her. "You know as well as I do that Billy Clark is the biggest wolf in this town," Mom stormed. "Why everybody knows he gets drunk and runs around with some of the cheapest girls in town. I don't want you to be labeled cheap, too!"

"Oh?" I sneered. "I suppose Cynthia Grovner is cheap? She's got more dough than you can even imagine."

"Linda," Mom said, patiently for her, "even boys who are out for what they can get from the girls they date hold one girl in reserve, one they usually eventually marry, a girl in their own social class. You aren't in Billy's social class, Linda, and he's well known around here as a snob, although his parents aren't like him in that respect at all."

There it was again, I thought bitterly, brooding about "social class." If I had the beautiful clothes I used to and could do my entertaining in the nice large house my grandmother had lived in, I could be in Billy's social class.

Suddenly I was sobbing and yelling at the same time, "That's why I'm going with him! I'm planning my life to be different from the miserable existence you have with Dad. You call this living? This punk little dump with cheap slip-covered furniture? You slaving over a hot stove in your shapeless clothes? What is there in life for you but cheap, inferior stuff and hard work? I'm not going to be like that! I'm not! I'm not!"

"Linda!" Mom was hollering again. "We aren't that poor! We're considered to be in comfortable circumstances. And I don't need expensive clothes and a maid to be happy! I love your father, and I'm perfectly content to live with him in what you call poverty, Linda," she added more calmly, "honey, you're awfully mixed up."

"Get off my back, for Pete's sake!" I shrieked. There was more of course—neither of us ever gave up. I guess if Dad had been home, he'd have straightened me out. I didn't talk ugly to Mom when Dad was around—he wouldn't have stood for it. But when was Dad around? He was a traveling salesman, home only about two days a week. I loved Dad and respected him. I loved Mom, but I have to admit I didn't respect her.

I don't know when I got wise to Mom—probably when I was still real little. I had known for a long time, though, that if I threw my weight around enough, Mom always ended up by giving me my own way—if it was at all possible for her to do so. I didn't really enjoy treating Mom the way I did, but it just seemed to have become a habit.

After I'd gotten to high school, I'd started to really sound off at her, and the first few times I'd expected her to cry or ask me politely not to talk that way to her. Instead, though, she had just screamed right back at me, threatening me with every breath about what she was going to do to me, but then ending up by not doing anything.

I often wondered what would happen if Mom had hauled off and smacked me a good one when I was acting like that. I think I might have been happier, and I'm sure I'd have respected her more if she hadn't stood there like a five-year-old, yelling back at me and not even making me mind her.

Well, she was still yelling when it was time for Billy to come for me that night, telling me she wasn't going to let me go out with him. Naturally at the last minute, though, she let me go with him.

When I let Billy in the front door, Mom sat, white lipped and strained, and she was just barely civil to him. I knew she wouldn't make a scene in front of him, though, and I waved my hand at her gaily and smiled a little smugly at her as I tucked my fingers under Billy's arm. It was Friday night, so I didn't have to be in too early. I felt like a queen when Billy opened the door of that sleek car and helped me in. Oh, I hoped everybody in the neighborhood was taking this scene in—especially that gon, Danny. I didn't see anybody staring, though, as we glided silently down the street.

That was a strange night. Right away Billy asked me if I'd like to go over to his house and listen to records for a while. "Are—are your parents home?" I asked hesitantly, suddenly suspicious of him.

"Certainly," Billy sounded hurt and offended.

And they were. They were really awfully nice people, and I knew they were happy to see me with Billy. They figured I was a good girl because I went to church so regularly—they didn't know the reason I'd been going was because of their son.

Mrs. Clark followed us down to the recreation room, which was more gorgeous than anything I'd ever seen. Actually, that house just about took my breath away. She turned on soft lights and suggested quietly to Billy that he light a fire in the fireplace. Then she left us. We didn't seem to have much to say to each other, but Billy started the hi-fi set, and pretty soon we were dancing. He held me closer to him all the time, and I figured I was really sending him.

FIRST TIME!

COMFORT-WALK PANTY Girdle

with "Hide-a-way" DETACHABLE CROTCH

Wear it as a PANTY Girdle! Wear it as a REGULAR Girdle!

Available Exclusively From Us!



NEW!

- NOW you can
- STRETCH
 - BEND
 - WALK
 - DANCE
- in glorious comfort and freedom!
- Freedom-of-action!
 - Will not ride or shift!
 - No poking, binding, pinching or rubbing!



- * Lifts and Flattens Tummy!
- * Long Line High Waist!
- * Will Not Roll or Curl on Top!
- * Brocaded Panel with Zipper—Zips all the way up!
- * 100% Natural Rubber Power-Lastic Fabric!
- * Light Boning Cushioned!

INTRODUCTORY SALE!

\$5.98
VALUE
only

\$3.98
POST PAID

First Quality

COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER

WITH

BROCADED ZIPPER-PANEL

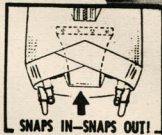
GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY SLIM 2 SIZES OFF
your measurements

OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

NEVER BEFORE!
2-in-1 CONVERTIBLE
COMFORT-WALK
SLIMMER
PANTY GIRDLE

with exclusive "HIDE-A-WAY" detachable crotch! Instantly you snap the crotch on or off—wear it as a panty girdle... wear it as a regular girdle. What a wonderful convenience as you enjoy fabulous freedom and comfort... and trim 3 or more inches off your figure.

© 1954
Wilco
Fashions.



"COMFORT-WALK" SLIMMER Panty Girdle with exclusive "Hide-a-way" detachable crotch gives you the comfort and freedom you've always wanted. You walk, sit, stretch—end, dance—even engage in sports, without shifting, riding-up, binding or rolling. So light and gentle—you hardly know you're wearing this magic figure—slimmer.

FREEDOM-OF-MOVEMENT!

The moment you close the zipper, this long-line, high-waist girdle whittles inches off your waist, hips, thighs and derriere. Now, at last you can have the smooth, glamorous figure that makes you look years younger and sizes slimmer!

2 STYLES - 2 COLORS - ALL SIZES

Panty Girdle with "Hide-a-way" detachable snap-button crotch and garters or Regular Girdle. In Nude and White

Small (25-26), Medium (27-28), Large (29-30), Also: "Plus" Sizes for the fuller figure, Extra-Large X (31-32), XX (33-35), XXX (36-38), XXXX (39-40), XXXXX (41-43), XXXXXX (44-46).

SEND NO MONEY - 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

**WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. DX13F
Rockville Centre, New York**

Please rush COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER on approval. If not delighted, I may return it within ten (10) days for refund of purchase price.

Send C.O.D., I'll pay \$_____ plus postage.
 I enclose \$_____ You pay postage.

Please Check: Regular Girdle Panty Girdle with "Hide-a-way" crotch. (Sizes 31 and over \$4.98)

WAIST SIZE please _____ SEND ME _____ EXTRA
1st Color Choice _____ 2nd Color Choice _____ GROTCHES @ 49¢ each.

NAME (Print) _____
ADDRESS (Print) _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
Enclose payment on Canadian and Foreign orders

**"You Must Be Satisfied" —
Our policy for over 30 years!**

**Try Comfort-Walk Slimmer
at OUR expense!
Mail coupon today for
FREE trial!**

All orders promptly filled!

**OUR FAMOUS
GUARANTEE**

Every COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER carries our full guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

Mail FREE TRIAL COUPON Today!

WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. DX13F, 35 S. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N.Y.

These Are NEW!

Buy one — get the other free! That's **Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Pairs** offer, good for a limited time. For instance, if you purchase **Heavenly Glow Compact Make-Up** for its normal price—\$1.50 plus tax—your free gift is a bottle of **Deep Cleanser**, the liquid cleanser that leaves your skin soft and smooth. Or if you buy your favorite shade of **Silk-Tone Moisturizing Make-Up** at \$1.50 plus tax, its usual price, you can get a matching shade of **Silk-Tone Face Powder** free.

Feel cool, comfortable, and completely well groomed with **Prince Matchabelli's new Summer Shower Roll-On Deodorant and Anti-Perspirant**. This flowing cream lotion is non-irritating to skin and harmless to fabrics and is effective for many people ordinarily sensitive to anti-perspirants. **Summer Shower Roll-On** comes in a plastic container for safe and easy packing and costs \$1.00 plus tax.

Mothers of colicky babies will be glad to hear about the new **Nursmatic Set**. This set, containing three **Insta-Valves** and three **Nursmatic nipples**, converts nurses to the **Insta-Valve** feeding technique, which is guaranteed to eliminate excessive air swallowing, the most common cause of colic. **Insta-Valve**, a stainless steel disc, fits inside the nipple and permits **Baby's** formula to flow only one way—out to the baby. This reduces the time needed for burping and practically ends spitting up and other common bottle-feeding problems. The **Nursmatic Set** costs 98¢.

Thinking of changing your hair color? Be an exciting redhead with **DuBarry's Tiger Lily**, the new vibrant red shade of **Color Glo**. This soft, shimmering rinse foams into the hair, won't rub off, won't stain—but will wash out when you shampoo. **Color Glo** is available in **Tiger Lily** and six other flattering shades at \$1.50 plus tax.

Try the new travel size of **Dorothy Gray's Suntan Cream**! In a plastic bottle with spillproof dispenser top, **Suntan Cream** promotes a golden tan, protects against burning, guards against drying, and gives the skin a dewy-fresh look. It's not sticky or greasy, makes an excellent foundation under make-up. The 3-ounce travel size costs 75¢ plus tax. It's also available in a 5½-ounce squeeze bottle at \$1.00 and a 5-ounce aerosol container at \$1.25, both plus tax.

WE WERE still dancing when Mrs. Clark came back about an hour later with a tray of sandwiches, cookies, and cokes. Again she left us, and then Billy excused himself for a moment. When he came back, he had a bottle of whisky hidden in his sweater. "Oh, no, Billy," I whispered as he poured a generous shot in each of our glasses. I had never had a drink in my life, and, golly, right here in the Clarks' house—why—why, I just couldn't!

"I just shoved my glass at me and said, 'Drink up, beautiful. Don't make old Billy think he's out with a drip. Come on, doll, don't be chicken.'"

"But what if your mother finds out?" I quavered.

"She won't. She wouldn't believe it if she saw us pouring it in our glasses. She's kind of dumb where I'm concerned. Now come on—be a good sport, huh?"

Obediently I raised my glass, and after the first few swallows of the fiery mixture I rather enjoyed it. A warm, glowing feeling was spreading from my throat clear to the tips of my toes, and I felt young and alive and suddenly very, very daring, and very, very sure of myself with Billy.

We danced some more and had several more drinks from the bottle. It wasn't long before I was getting pretty silly, giggling and snuggling up to Billy. Something kept stirring in the back of my mind, some little voice that told me to behave myself. Actually, up until that night I had been a good girl in spite of the way I treated Mom. Now I couldn't seem to care that I was acting cheap.

Pretty soon Billy said, "Let's leave now, shall we?" His voice sounded dreamy, sleepy, different. Billy looked different, too. He was more handsome than he had ever been. His black hair was sort of tumbled on his forehead, and his big blue eyes were just dreamy looking. He bent over and kissed me, and I just about flipped! I could feel the muscles in his strong arms as they tightened around me. I strained against him, and yearning surged through me.

Slowly Billy moved away from me. "Shall we go?" he whispered huskily. I barely remember that we paused briefly to speak to Billy's mother, who sat in a high chair in the parlor, reading. She smiled real pleasantly and said, "We want you to come back. Billy's friends are always welcome in our home."

Billy told her good night and guided me as quickly as he could toward the door. I was so sure that I was special, Billy had taken me into his home, he'd taken me to see his parents! I sat dazedly beside him in his car, visualizing myself living in that beautiful house with Billy and his parents.

Well, I guess I was special, all right—I was Billy's conquest for that night. Only, how could I know that then? How could I know that Mom had been right about Billy? How could I know that he took all the girls he had cheap affairs with into his home, that it was a subtle method he used to gain a girl's confidence? And, most of all, how could I know that his poor mother, blind with love for her only child, never suspected the truth about Billy?

I guess I didn't know much of anything as I sat cuddled close beside Billy after we left his house. We

stopped at a drive-in, where Billy ordered cokes into which he poured whisky from a bottle he had in the car.

The next move, of course, was to park someplace, which we did. Billy had a wonderful secret hiding place, off the main highway only a few feet, but completely surrounded by trees. And it was there that Billy made me his—oh, not without some struggle, but I'll have to confess I didn't struggle very hard.

I went into Billy's arms willingly when he cut off the motor. His kisses were wonderful, and I didn't even try to stop him at first—I didn't even want to. Then suddenly I realized I was letting Billy go too far, and that's when I discovered I felt powerless to stop him. I struggled briefly, but the drinks I'd had had dulled my reflexes, and I was no match for Billy.

Besides, Billy's sweet whispered words cast a spell over me. "Darling, beautiful, sweetest—how did I ever miss anything so lovely? How could I have wasted so much time? Oh, you're the greatest. Billy will do wonderful things for you—you'll always be happy. Please, baby, oh, please—"

"Oh, Billy, Billy. I love you. I love you," I murmured, unable to fight him any more.

I was terribly, terribly sorry when I awakened next morning with a terrible taste in my mouth, a throbbing headache, and a frightfully guilty conscience.

Mom flounced into my room about ten o'clock and screamed, "You can just get up off your lazy back now, young lady. Just because it's Saturday and you were out half the night with that sneaky Billy Clark doesn't mean that the work doesn't go on around here. You get up and clean up this room. It's a disgrace—can't you ever put your clothes away?"

I just lay there looking at her. I was feeling guilty and sick at heart, and I wished she'd go away. "Get up, I said!" she screamed, pulling the covers off me.

For once I didn't say anything. I just crawled wearily out of bed. Mom looked like she'd been smacked. Well, if she expected a fight, she was going to be disappointed, I thought as I went into the bathroom to wash my face. I just didn't have it in me to holler back at her that morning.

It wasn't a good day. I was too quiet, and that made Mom suspicious. She kept asking me what had happened the night before. I moped around the house listlessly, doing what she told me to and feeling more and more depressed.

PUT toward late afternoon I began to feel better—Billy called and asked for another date that night. Well, I thought, looking over at Mom defiantly, maybe it won't be long before I can get away from here. Maybe I can leave this dump and go live at the Clarks'. They have a maid—I won't even have to pick up after myself. Smugly I told Mom I was going out with Billy again that night.

"Oh, Linda, I wish you wouldn't. I don't know what it is about that boy, but I'm afraid for you."

"Big deal!" I smirked, and without another word I got ready for my date.

Mom fussed at me frequently in the weeks that followed when I was out with Billy so often. She was worried, I could tell, and I knew she had good reason to be. Dad had a fit when he

came home from his trip and found I was going with Billy, but I told him how nice Billy was being, how he took me over to his parents' house every night. What really clinched the whole deal, though, was when the Clarks waylaid my folks in church and told them how happy they were that Billy was going with me and how much they enjoyed having me over.

Billy and I dated three or four nights a week. I knew he was still seeing Cynthia, but when I hesitantly mentioned it, he assured me he was trying to let her down easy. What could I do but believe him?

I was beginning to have my first doubts, though, beginning to wonder how much Mom might be right about Billy's reputation. I found out for myself that Billy was spoiled and surly and could be biting cruel if he didn't get his own way.

The second date we had, Billy drove to what I later referred to as "our special place." I tried to be strong. I wasn't going to let him make love to me again. He was very nasty, though. He didn't try to use the sweet words of the night before—he just took it for granted that I'd give in.

Our argument was brief. He thrust me roughly from him and turned the key in the ignition. "All right, if that's the way it is," he snarled.

I was scared I might lose him. I stammered, "But—but, Billy, it's wrong—"

"Oh, baby," he grinned, "it's not wrong when two people love each other." And he turned toward me again and caught me to him.

Did I have any excuse for giving in to him night after night? I guess I didn't, but I kept convincing myself that he really loved me, even though the words had come so easily to him. And as the days went by, I never had a doubt but that when Billy finished school, he'd marry me. The only thing that made me the least bit uneasy was that sometimes when Billy was drinking, he was almost brutal in his love-making. Other times, though, he was like he had been the first time, and it was those times I lived for.

As the weeks went by, I thought more and more about how lucky it would be for me if I were to get pregnant. Then Billy would naturally go ahead and marry me right away, I told myself. I wouldn't have to wait. Funny, I never thought about a poor innocent baby living a life of shame because his parents had to get married. I just selfishly thought that a baby would bind me forever to the boy I loved.

I wasn't complaining so much about my life now. I felt my future was settled. I could put up with Mom and being half poor awhile longer, I decided. It never occurred to me to worry about the fact that Billy and I never discussed the future. I was content to just ride along, living and savoring each day.

For the most part Mom and I were getting along better now, too. She didn't pick at me quite as much as she used to. I knew Mom was worried about me when she stayed so quiet. Oh, sure, once in a while we still tangled, and after every bout I was more convinced than ever that I just had to get Billy to marry me and the sooner the better.

Billy and I were invited to a party one of my girl friends was having on Christmas Eve. I hadn't let myself worry because Billy hadn't taken me



I'LL BET

\$5.00

YOU'LL MAKE MONEY SHOWING MY DRESSES!

My dresses are so stunning, so up-to-the-second in styling, and such wonderful values at their low, down-to-earth prices . . . that I'll "bet" \$5.00 your friends, relatives, neighbors and acquaintances won't be able to resist ordering them from you.

What do you risk in this "bet"? **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!** And, you can earn up to \$1.50, \$2.00 . . . even \$5.00 in an hour, plus beautiful dresses of your own as an extra reward.

YOU DON'T RISK A SINGLE PENNY—NOW OR EVER!

Nothing for you to buy! If showing my gorgeous creations doesn't bring you easy money, write and give me the facts. I'll promptly send you a crisp new \$5.00 bill for my having lost the "bet". If I win—well, *you'll* win, too, because you'll be making spare-time money for the things you're always wanted. You can't lose . . . and you need no experience to be a winner.

RUSH COUPON BELOW—TODAY!

Use the convenient coupon below to send for my **FREE Fashion Kit**. You'll be amazed at the wide variety of styles, colors, weaves, and patterns . . . in Misses, Junior, Stout, and Half sizes—more than you would find in a dozen dress shops. You'll be proud to show this magnificent line, with the almost unbelievably low prices. Don't lose a second. Fill out the coupon below, paste it on a postcard, and mail it **AT ONCE. PH. MEYERS. Dept. C-30193**

Textile Bldg., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY!

PH. MEYERS,

Dept. C-30193

Textile Bldg., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

I'll take you up on your friendly \$5.00 "bet". Without cost or obligation, please **RUSH** everything I need to make spare-time money showing your lovely dresses.

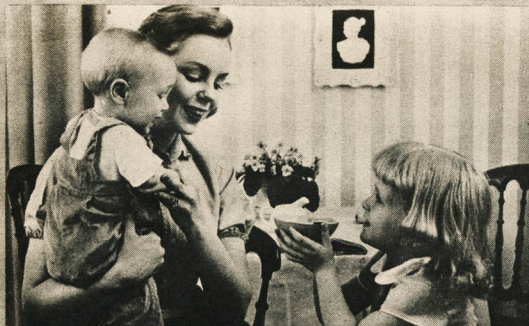
Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to
NORTH AMERICAN FASHION FROCKS, LTD.,
 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 39, P.Q.





Gerbers

PREPARE YOUR CHILD FOR THE NEW BABY

By Elizabeth Andrews

● PATHETIC indeed is the child who feels that a new baby has taken his place in the family affections. No parent would willingly subject him to his misery. Moreover, in an effort to draw attention back to himself, a child may develop objectionable habits.

He may, for instance, cry—like the baby—over every little thing or refuse to do anything for himself. He may become rebellious and disobedient. He may even resort to running away because he feels he is no longer wanted. And he is almost certain to harbor a growing resentment against the intruder in what was once his happy home.

Yet the arrival of a new baby can bring great joy to its older brother or sister. It can awaken in him or her a new nobility, a desire to protect, to serve and to help the little one. Few things will pay higher dividends in family happiness and welfare than efforts exerted toward making your baby welcomed by your other child.

To accomplish this, efforts must begin two or three months before the baby comes. Changes in your household which will affect another child should be made so far ahead that they will not be associated in his or her mind with the baby. For example, little Sue's bed must be moved to make room for the crib. If she knows it is being done for Baby, she will naturally feel that he is being given preference. By moving it two or three months early—on some excuse having nothing to do with Baby—this distress will be avoided. If you plan to send her to a nursery school or to a neighbor's each morning so you will have time to care for Baby, this should be begun a couple of weeks in advance. Then Sue will not feel that she is being shoved aside for the newcomer.

She should, of course, be told in advance that a little sister or brother is coming to live with her, and every oppor-

tunity should be taken to arouse her interest in babies. But she should be made to understand how helpless Baby will be at first. Explain that you and she—always include her in what you say—will have to do everything for him and that it will be a long time before he will be able either to play or talk with her. This will help her to realize that the main pleasure to be got out of him is in serving him. It will also prepare her for the time and care which you must give him.

Let her do as much for him as her size permits—even if it's no more than washing the soap off his back, feet and legs when he has his bath, and shaking on the powder or putting on the oil. It will keep her from feeling left out. Let her hold him often, even if she's so tiny herself that you must keep your arms under hers to insure his safety.

Encourage her to feel superior and important, and stress the fact that you no longer give her the attention you give Baby only because she is such a big, clever girl that she doesn't need it any more. This is very important. A child often gets the impression, because of the fuss and affection lavished on the baby, that being one is somehow praiseworthy and that in growing up, he has made himself inferior. His reaction naturally is to become babyish.

Last—and perhaps most important of all—when Sue and the baby are together, make a point of directing demonstrations of affection toward her rather than him. Never pet him to any great extent when she is around to see. Remember that until his arrival all your affection was heaped upon her. It does not show a mean or jealous nature if her heart aches, if she feels lonely and neglected when you direct it away from her toward this newcomer who takes up so much of your coveted time.

around in his crowd—I knew he wanted to be alone with me, as I did with him. He had seemed enthusiastic, though, when I mentioned the party, and I'd really gotten excited since this would be the first time I had a chance to show Billy off to any of my friends.

SO WHEN the doorbell rang that night, I ran to let Billy in. In his hand he held a package, beautifully wrapped. Thank goodness, I thought, that I'd taken my precious, small allowance for the past several weeks and bought him a billfold. I was sure he didn't need it, and I was also sure it wouldn't be quite good enough for him, but it was the best I could do.

I took my package from his hands, and with fingers that were all thumbs, I opened it. Mom and Dad were staring curiously, waiting to see what was in the package. I gasped in surprise, for wrapped in soft tissue paper was a slinky, sheer black nightgown and robe. I had never seen anything so beautiful. "Oh, Billy—oh, Billy," I cried, overcome with joy.

Then I noticed Mom and Dad. They were glaring disapprovingly. "Young girls don't accept gifts of clothes from men," Mom said quietly.

"Certainly not that kind of clothes," Dad said.

Wow, I was in for it with all of them. I guessed, because Billy's face was real red, and he looked mad as hops. I tried to smile at Billy, but his face flushed a deeper, angrier red. "Oh, it's all right, Billy," I grinned weakly. "Mom and Dad don't mean anything. And, anyway—" I turned defiantly to my angry-faced parents—"Billy and I are just the same as engaged!"

Mom and Dad looked so surprised—it was really hilarious the way their faces changed. Both of them jumped to their feet and grinned all over themselves. Honestly! Dad stuck out his hand for Billy to shake, and Billy reluctantly pushed a limp paw forward, which Dad soon dropped. Dad's face looked a little puzzled suddenly. Billy glared at me then, and he looked more sullen and even angrier than he had before.

I grabbed my coat and dashed for the door. Mom and Dad began yelling as usual about what time we should be home and to be careful. I wasn't listening—I was just feeling plain scared of Billy. Of course, he was furious, but—after what we had been to each other, weren't we engaged?

He jumped, me the minute we were in the car. "What was that bit about us being engaged?" he roared. "Who gave you that idea? Listen, if I were going to get engaged, it wouldn't be to a dame a guy can make out with as easy as I did with you. We're not engaged now or ever! Do you understand me?"

"But, Billy—" I stammered. "After what we did—well, naturally, I supposed—"

"That's where you were wrong!" he lashed out. "You asked for what you got, and if you're after marriage, too, you asked for it from the wrong guy!" Then he half stopped the car and slapped me hard across the mouth.

I held back my sobs, too proud to cry or ask to be taken home. The rest of that evening was pure torture for me. Billy ignored me completely. All the other girls at the party got the full benefit of his charm that night, while

I sat, silently and alone, not joining in because of the horrible worry I had now. Jeppers, I had thought that when I gave myself to Billy, we'd always be together. I'd known it was wrong, but I'd been so sure he really loved me. Brother, was I a square! Oh, gosh—I'd been so wrong, so terribly wrong.

Billy took me home silently and sullenly. I tried to coax him into making love to me, but he wouldn't. He walked me up to my door without a word, and he didn't kiss me good night.

"Billy—oh, Billy," I moaned. "Please don't be mad at me. I didn't mean anything, and I do love you so."

He didn't say a word, just spun on his heel and started back for his car.

"Will you call me tomorrow?" I begged. Still no answer. I went into the house feeling lost and frightened and too exhausted emotionally for tears.

CHAPTER III

AFTER that I only saw Billy at church and school. If he had to speak to me, it was very briefly and curtly. He was seen more often with Cynthia and was also going with a girl who had a terrible reputation in school. I knew then I'd thrown myself away on a boy who couldn't have cared less about me. I was sick about Billy and the way he was treating me. My heart just ached, and it didn't make it any better for Mom to constantly give me the third degree about why Billy changed toward me.

Finally one day I cried out, "It was you and Dad! You and your old-fashioned ideas! You insulted him about the Christmas present—you embarrassed him! When will you learn to be still? You always act so dumb! I'm sick of you! I wish I were dead!" And I stormed away and flew into my room and flopped down on the bed and cried and cried.

Afterward, even though Mom told me a hundred times that if Billy had really cared for me, she and Dad couldn't possibly have done anything to change him, I convinced myself that Billy's change toward me was all their fault.

When I look back on it, I wonder how Mom and Dad stood me during the months that followed. I know now something I didn't understand then—that they loved me very much, and when you love someone, you make allowances for him.

I was really more than impossible to live with after I discovered I was pregnant. What did I expect? I asked myself. Hadn't I even hoped it would happen? I wanted to go to Billy and tell him, but I knew in my heart that it wouldn't make any difference to him. He'd probably laugh at me and tell me to prove it was his.

I stumbled dazedly through the next weeks, secretly setting the buttons over on my skirts, living in misery, trying to hide the truth from Mom and knowing I couldn't hide it forever.

One morning I was so sick I couldn't eat my breakfast, and when Mom followed me into the bathroom and saw me being sick, she knew. My waist was puffed, ever so little, but enough so you could tell. Yes, I had accidentally let my guard down, and now she knew.

She grasped my shoulders, and a terrible moaning sound came from her white lips. "Oh, Linda! Oh, no—no!" She just kept on moaning.

I got that peculiar feeling I so often had where I wanted to hold her and

FREE PORTABLE "SHOE STORE"

* Pays you \$217 Extra Monthly on 2 Spare Time Orders a Day!

* Rush Card Today for FREE Selling Outfit—No Investment



Get in a highly profitable, repeat order shoe and jacket business! Sell amazing line of famous Mason Air-Cushion Comfort shoes to friends, neighbors, fellow workers. Dress, sport, work shoes for men and women—more than 230 styles in sizes 2½ to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE. You carry no stock—we ship the shoes for you! Never sold by stores—just 2 easy orders a day can pay you \$217 EXTRA profit monthly—you can sell in spare hours and decide for yourself how much you make. Top men earn up to \$10 an hour! No investment... we need good men to help us fill demand. Send postcard today for FREE SELLING OUTFIT!

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE OUTFIT!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-780
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

RUSH—absolutely FREE—everything I need to start making extra money immediately—as much as \$217 EXTRA monthly for 2 easy orders a day.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... Zone..... State.....

MASON SHOE MFG. CO. DEPT. F-780
CHIPPewa FALLS, WISC. F-780

love her, while another me which was stronger and crueller made me want to hurt her. "Haven't you ever seen a pregnant woman before?" I snapped, forcing back my own pain and anguish.

"I knew that's what would happen! I knew you shouldn't be out with that Billy Clark! Everybody knows what he's like. I knew it! I knew it! I told you so!" On and on she moaned and whined, and I stood staring at her, wanting again to comfort her and to be comforted, but not knowing how.

Finally I couldn't stand any more of her ravings, and I screamed. "And do you know why I'm like this? It's perfectly simple. You made my life such a misery I wanted to get away from you. I wanted to get married, to have money, to be somebody. Don't you think I want things? Do you think I want to be chained forever living on cheap food, sitting on worn-out furniture, wearing bargain basement clothes? Well, I wanted something better for my life!"

Mom stared at me a moment, and then she said very quietly, "Your plan boomeranged, though, didn't it, Linda? Instead of being out of your so-called misery, you have only brought yourself more. You have to consider your illegitimate child now. There will be no clothes for you, no fun. You'll be saddled with a child who didn't get you what you wanted, after all.

"In a way I guess much of it is my fault. Your dad told me, when his mother was lavishing so many fine gifts on you, that we were spoiling you. But you were so lovely, so dainty, so perfect. I wanted my only girl, who seemed like a beautiful miracle to me,

to have everything I had never had. It was wrong, Linda. Even if we had been wealthy, there should have been some limit to the giving. Between your grandmother and me, we gave you the idea that you were something special, someone better than others, and we ruined what could have been a lovely, gracious girl."

I stared at Mom speechlessly. She was right. My plan had boomeranged. I hadn't been mature enough to accomplish what I'd started out to do. Now I was really in a fix. I brushed past Mom and went to my room. I had to think, but I was glad that Mom knew the truth. I couldn't have carried my burden alone much longer. I knew how hurt Mom was. What mother wouldn't feel the same? I could hear her crying in her room, and if my heart hadn't been so encased in stone, I'd have gone to her and comforted her and told her how sorry I was.

Finally in the afternoon I came out of my room, and Mom and I talked. We discussed everything in the world except my condition. When finally Dad came home, Mom, with her tear-red-dened eyes, said quietly, "Go to your room, Linda. I want to talk to your father."

Wearily I went to my room. I heard the soft murmur of their voices and then Dad's loud, belligerent, "I'll kill him! I'll kill that—that—"

"Al, Al," Mom soothed. "Don't talk that way. We have to be calm. We have to decide what to do."

"No, by Heaven!" Dad thundered. "He did wrong, and he'll pay! I'll kill him!"

HOMEMAKING HINTS

● DID you know that discarded wool or cotton socks make excellent dust cloths? Wear them like polishing mitts and work both hands at once to save time. Of course, they should be laundered in hot soapsuds after they have been used.

● ● ●
If you sew, make sure your needles are bright and gleaming. Every once in a while push them through a piece of soap, and you will find they'll work more smoothly.

● ● ●
Zippers will give you no trouble if you remember every so often to scrub them with a well-used toothbrush before laundering the entire garment. Scrubbing them removes the particles that prevent the zipper from sliding smoothly along the prongs.

● ● ●
Give the man of the house a pair of plastic covers for his trouser legs if you want him to look neat while he goes about the messy household chores of painting and repairing. They are not cumbersome and are soft and supple enough to be folded into a pocket-sized pouch when not in use. These "dry pants" just need a sponging of soap and water to keep them clear.

● ● ●
When you wash woolens, use two or three times as much suds as you would for other fabrics. The suds will help to "cushion" the wool fibers which are sensitive to friction.

● ● ●
Want an always fresh-looking cover for your card table? Then make one of seersucker, which can be so easily sudsed after each use and, of course, does not have to be ironed. Just cut the seersucker to size, hem, and add tape ties for each corner.

● ● ●
The metallic thread that brightens up so many scarves, gloves, sweaters, and other accessories this season is, generally speaking, as washable as it is pretty. Wash in lukewarm soapsuds and rinse well, making sure to use only a gentle, squeezing motion. If the article needs to be pressed, be sure to use a cool iron.

"Now, Al." Mom said firmly, "you stop that right now and listen to me. We'll have to go to the boy's father. He's a good man, and I think he'll take care of things. It's too late now to do anything else. The harm has already been done. We can't help Linda if you kill Billy. Eat some supper. Think awhile. Then we'll go talk to Mr. and Mrs. Clark. It's hard, I know. I've cried my eyes out today, but we have to do what's best for our girl. We have to stand by her through all this—that's our duty as parents. Please now, Al, you will help Linda, won't you?"

"Yes—of course," Dad moaned. "I wouldn't ever let one of my own kids down."

"It's all my fault, Al—I spoiled her." Mom sighed.

I lay dry eyed, listening to them. What difference did it make what they did? How they did it? My life was ruined. I've been born under an unlucky star, I told myself self-pityingly.

WELL, the Clarks were good people. They knew I'd been with Billy practically every night for weeks. When Mom and Dad told my story to Mr. Clark, he was as indignant as Dad had been. They came to our house with Mom and Dad. I was still lying on the bed where I had been wallowing in my misery. "Come here, Linda," Mom called.

I stumbled into the room where my parents and Billy's were, all of them as grim faced as though they were facing the electric chair momentarily. They asked me thousands of questions, and finally they seemed satisfied. Billy and I had done wrong, and now we must marry, must pay for our sin by giving our baby a name.

I didn't know how it was to be managed, but I didn't really care, because I suddenly realized I no longer wanted to marry Billy. I saw him now for what he was—a spoiled, egotistical brat. But then, I reflected, so was I! I felt lifeless, like all the emotions had been drained from my body, as though nothing really mattered any more. The faces of the four parents as they sat in the shabby living room deciding Billy's and my fate were blurs to me.

Several days later Billy and I were carted, like wayward children, to the church and married by Pastor Sedinal in a quiet, unannounced ceremony.

After the ceremony we silently left the church and climbed into Billy's car. We were to spend our wedding night at a nearby motel. I trembled with a fear I didn't understand as I silently followed Billy into our cabin and watched him lock the door behind us.

As he turned to me, he thrust my overnight bag at me and dashed frantically to the bed, where he threw down his bag and opened it. There was a bottle of whisky in his bag, and I stood speechless as I watched him swallow the fiery liquid. For the first time I realized this boy I had married was already drunk—he must have been drinking for hours.

It seemed funny to me as I prepared for bed in the tiny bathroom that Billy and I hadn't spoken to each other except during the exchanging of our wedding vows—even the drive to the motel had been a silent one.

Standing quietly in the bathroom, clutching my robe to me, I began to shake with terror. I was afraid to open the door and face the stranger who

was my husband. But a loud pounding on the door brought me around, and I opened it reluctantly.

By then Billy was very drunk. "My beautiful, round, pink bride," he smirked, then grabbed me and threw me to the bed. What happened then was a humiliation I'll never be able to forget.

After he had finished with me, he took another pull at his bottle and stood leering over me. "A dumb dame!" Suddenly his face lightened. "Yeah, so dumb she took in everybody—even my parents." He took another pull at the bottle, and the light-brown liquid trickled down his chin. He stood there glaring at me, not speaking, for what seemed to me like hours, before his words came spouting forth again.

"You tramp! You rotten little tramp! Do you think you're worthy to be married to me? To me, Billy Clark? I had plans for my life!" he moaned. "Did you know that I was planning to marry Cynthia Grovner?"

I didn't move my head or my eyes—I was afraid to. At the same time I didn't feel the least bit sorry for Billy. Why should I? He was in this as much as I. But oh, how I wished now that I wasn't married to him! I wish I'd never seen him, I thought as he stared crazily, drunkenly down at me.

Then his mouth opened again, and a torrent of terrible abuse came pouring out. He called me every name he could think of, and he began to hit me, first with the palm of his hand across the face, then with his fist on the side of my head. Then all over my body his hard, drunken blows rained. I felt powerless to move as he stood over me, a madman holding me helplessly on the bed. Once he stopped to take another drink, and I tried to rise, but his other hand grasped my hair and held me tight.

When he finished the contents of the bottle, he hit it hard against the side of the night table and broke it. He watched the broken pieces clatter to the floor in fascination. Then, still holding the jagged top of the bottle, he began to slice at me as I cried out in pain and fear.

Terrified, I exerted all my strength and jerked desperately away from him. I guess my terror made me strong, because finally I lunged with such suddenness that Billy lost his balance as I rolled off the bed on the other side. I was on my feet instantly, staring in horror at Billy. Dear God! He'd fallen forward on a large, dagger-shaped fragment of the broken bottle, piercing his chest, and he lay there, bleeding. I screamed—I remember that. I screamed and screamed.

LATER I realized I was in a hospital. Mom and Dad were there, their faces tense and drawn. "What—what happened?" I whispered, at the same time remembering the horribly bloody boy I had seen just before I lost consciousness. A they told me then that Billy was dead.

There was no question in the minds of the police—Billy had been trying to kill me before, ironically, he'd lost his own life. The cuts on my body and the baby I had lost were perfect evidence that Billy had caused his own death.

Naturally the newspapers gave the story a lot of publicity. Now everyone knew that I had been four months pregnant on my wedding night. I saw my

parents change overnight into tense, miserable, heartsick old people. Of course, they were terribly hurt and ashamed.

I came home from the hospital still in a daze of shock and disbelief. Mom and Dad were good to me—too good to me, I guess. I lay awake night after night. I didn't think I'd ever sleep again.

I brooded for months. I didn't go back to school. I didn't see anybody. Mom left me alone—she didn't have the spirit to yell at me any more. I moped around the house and helped her some with the housework. I didn't sass her any more, and she didn't boss me any more. Now that it was too late, we seemed to have achieved our peace.

But it wasn't a happy peace for either of us. If only it could have happened before I ruined everybody's lives! I had hurt my parents so, and I knew that because of me, Billy's parents would never get over their hurt, either. I kept on wallowing in self-pity, and I felt that the world had thrown a dirty lick at me.

Then one day, about six months after Billy's death, Mr. Clark came by the house. He looked years older, but his tired, kind eyes glowed with pity when he saw me. I knew I was too thin, that I looked troubled and years older than my age.

"Linda, would you do me a favor?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, of course," I whispered. "Billy's mother is very ill. She had a heart attack several weeks after Billy's funeral and another last night. The doctor says she doesn't have long—She wants to see you. Do you think, in spite of the awful opinion you must have of our family, you could come and see her, give a dying mother her last wish?"

I wouldn't have thought of not going. Mrs. Clark had always been wonderful to me. She had tried to see me while I was still in the hospital, but I'd told the nurses I didn't want to see her. I guess I was ashamed that I'd taken her son away from her in such a horrible way. She'd respected my wishes and left me alone, and now she was ill and wanted to see me.

When Mr. Clark ushered me into her room, I was appalled at the difference in his wife. Her skin was parchment thin and drawn so tight over her bones she looked like a skeleton, lying in the vast bed. Her eyes were sunken deeply, and huge purple shadows encircled them. My heart went out to her, and I knelt beside her bed and put my hand on her hot cheek. "Hello, Mrs. Clark—" I could say no more.

She put her withered hand over mine and sighed, and then in a dull monotone she began to talk, to tell me how she couldn't die without making her peace with me, without telling me how sorry she was that she'd given birth to such a monster as Billy, who'd done such terrible things to me.

On and on she talked, telling me of her hopes and dreams for her son, how she had tried so hard to make him into a man everyone could be proud of. And most of all she recriminated herself because she was a failure, because she had failed in the one big undertaking of her life—to raise her boy to be a man.

And as she talked, as she poured out her soul to me, I knelt there, spellbound, knowing that Billy hadn't been altogether to blame. Oh, I figured Billy never would have amounted to much,

FREE MONEY-SAVING



NATIONAL BELLAS HESS
207-99 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

STYLE CATALOG

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS FALL & WINTER CATALOG

Newest Styles

See hundreds of the newest fashions designed in New York, Miami, Hollywood, the world's fashion capitals, offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere.

Shop by mail and join the millions who save by buying from this colorful catalog. Select from the latest styles for you and your family, all tailored to your family budget. Exciting home items at lowest prices, too.

Your choice of three convenient ways to buy:
CASH, C. O. D., OR CREDIT
All absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not pleased. Our 71st year.

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS, INC.
207-99 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, the new National Bellas Hess Money-Saving Catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
P. O. Box _____ City _____
State _____

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

(and women, too)

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

... You can borrow \$50 to \$600 for any purpose entirely by mail. No co-signers. Confidential. Men and women with steady income eligible, anywhere in U. S. Low monthly payments. Up to two years to pay. Free loan application mailed to you in plain envelope.

LOANS BY MAIL

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN - City National Bldg.

Omaha 2, Nebr., Dept. SRG-99 Amount Wanted \$ _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
OCCUPATION _____ AGE _____

Husband's or wife's occupation _____

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc. GIVEN TO YOU FREE!



Thousands of famous products to choose from—furniture, fashions, silverware, china, draperies, etc. You get \$50.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club who help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today: Popular Club, Dept. T-914, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. T-914, Lynbrook, N. Y.
Send Big FREE 276-Page FULL-COLOR Catalog

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

but hadn't I been the one who'd caused his final downfall? Maybe he'd have eventually straightened out — lots of spoiled boys did. If I hadn't been so eager to feather my own nest, wasn't it possible that Billy might have turned out all right?

I HAD to tell Mrs. Clark about my own part in this tragedy—I had to let this woman die in peace. And even though it was probably the hardest thing I'd ever done, I told her everything, just as I've written it here, about how I treated Mom and about how I set my cap for Billy.

She cried, poor Mrs. Clark, but they were tears of relief, because now she could believe again, could tell herself that maybe Billy would have been all right if it hadn't been for me. She didn't seem angry with me, she wasn't that kind of woman—she just seemed terribly relieved that I had told her the truth.

When Mr. Clark took me home, he said, "You did a brave and wonderful thing back there, Linda. For several years I've hidden the truth about Billy from my wife. I got him out of some bad scrapes without publicity—money can do anything," he said dryly. "except make a man out of a spoiled boy. My wife has been in poor health for a number of years, and I protected Billy, never let him face up to his misdeeds, for her sake, fearing a shock might kill her. I was wrong, too—it seems we were all wrong," he sighed.

"I know I was, Mr. Clark," I whispered, "but will you believe me when I tell you that I thought I really did love Billy? It wasn't only the money, al-

I'll Send You This Handsome SAMPLE CASE—FREE



and Show You How to Make Up to \$30.00 in a Day

Mail coupon for this Free Tailoring Sample Case packed with 100 items—big-value suit and overcoat fabrics, plus orders from friends, fellow-workers, others, for fine quality made-to-measure clothes. Because we're giving you suits and overcoats because we're making 1000 suits for you to get your own clothes without its cost. No experience needed. **NO INVESTMENT. NO RISK.**

SEND NO MONEY. Just fill out and mail coupon—today!
 No experience needed. **NO INVESTMENT. NO RISK.**
J. C. FIELD & SON, Harrison & Thorpe Streets
DEPT. U-1779 CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

J. C. FIELD & SON, Dept. U-1779
Harrison & Thorpe Sts., Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT A MADE-TO-MEASURE SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without making a **NO INVESTMENT** and Sample Kit of actual fabrics, **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

NAME _____ AGE _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

SWAP PHOTOS

... With all your Friends, Relatives and Classmates

25¢ for ONLY 1¢.

Need more? 60 for \$2.

Send 25¢ for extra Super-speed service

- Beautiful Silk Finish
- Wallet Size 2 1/2" x 3 1/2"
- We Pay Postage

Money Back Guaranteed!

Just send your favorite snapshot or portrait (returned unharmed) and money to

WALLET PHOTO CO.
 Box P. Hillside, N. J.

SONGS

into DOLLARS!

NEW songwriters, poets share \$33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted. Appraisal, info FREE from . . .

NORDYKE Music Publishers
 6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 285 Calif.

Arthritis

I suffered many attacks for over 20 years. I used at least 75 doctors and tried everything. Nothing really helped very much. Then a friend, acquainted in scientific medical circles, told me about a wonderful new kind of medicine for arthritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis. I am so grateful that I feel duty bound to share my new-found secret of comfort and happiness with others. Please write me today. No obligation whatsoever. I just want to do for other what I'd want done for me. Please write now.

Paul McCoy, Apt. 1409, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

EARN EXTRA CASH!

It's Easy to Take Orders for Advertising in Towns or Regions

Every business in town is your prospect. No experience needed. We show you how! Millions sold daily! Manufacturers and retailers offer you a ready-made opportunity with steady repeat orders. Rush your order today for details on FREE Sales Outfit, samples.

MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
 Dept. KZ-99, 3433-43 W. 48th Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

Get Yourself FIXED FOR LIFE in the Big Pay Shoe Business!

It's no trick at all to make big money—FULL OR SPARE TIME—with the only shoe line featuring baby shoes in addition to shoes for all the family with new Family Discount Plan. Lifetime security. Amazing new "Spring-Step" cushion invention. Proven 100% actual demonstration. Only ORTHO-VENT has it! There is no other shoe in the world like it. Repeat orders are sure, steady. One try and a customer is sold for life. Profits are BIG. Orders are sure and easy with the most amazing 2-minute demonstration in the history of the shoe business. No experience needed. No investment. No out-of-pocket. Everything, including actual cut-make, furnished free! Be the big-pay ORTHO-VENT man in your territory. Write TODAY!

ORTH-VENT SHOE COMPANY
 5799 BRAND RD., SALEM, VIRGINIA

I GIVE PRODUCERS THE OWN SHOES AS A Bonus!

though I have to be honest and admit that was important, too. But I'm wondering if I couldn't have loved any other boy as much. I'm wondering if I would have loved Billy if he'd been poor. I've pretty well messed up my life, but maybe—maybe God will give me another chance, even though I don't deserve it."

For the first time I realized that God was with me, that He had always been with me, and I knew that I must release my own mother from her guilty pain as I had Mrs. Clark. She was thinking the things that had happened had been the result of her spoiling me. Poor Mom—I'd given her a bad time. I had to try to make it up to her.

Seeing Mrs. Clark dying from what was, at least partly, a broken heart had frightened me into thinking about Mom. What would I do without her? What would any of us do without her? It was time I started to think about my mother and not so much about myself.

Well, Mom and I had a long talk. I told her I was sorry for everything I'd done. She was awfully sweet. She told me she was sorry she hadn't been able to control her tongue when we'd argued and that she hadn't had the backbone to make me mind her.

I Ran Out on Our Honeymoon

(Continued from page 26)

envelope in trembling hands, I wasn't so sure.

Brad came home from work, tired and starved. We ate at the luncheon near our motel, and then I asked him if we couldn't look around for an apartment.

"Tonight? I'm bushed, Judy. Why can't you look tomorrow? Get a newspaper and run down the listed ones by bus. Okay? I'm ready for bed myself. I've got to get set as a plumber—it's our future—and it's going to be rough." He looked so mixed up as he spoke that I felt a surge of tenderness sweep over me.

Perhaps if I had tried to get close to him then—but I didn't.

Later I sat reading the newspaper, and he asked, "Aren't you coming to bed, too?"

I reached up and tilted the lamp shade away from him. "Not just yet," I said, my voice sounding muffled behind the newspaper as I pretended to read.

He got out of bed, picked me up in his arms and carried me back to it rather roughly. "Hey, this is our honeymoon," he said in a tight voice as impatiently he pawed at my clothing. "What kind of wife are you, preferring to read?"

"Stop it!" I demanded, helpless in his grasp.

His face went white, his lips firm. "What's wrong with you?"

Where was the Brad I'd fallen in love with. I wondered as I snapped, "There's nothing wrong with me." His face flushed as he turned and grabbed his clothes and stalked into the bathroom.

And it was like a dark thundercloud when he came out fully dressed and headed for the door. "Thanks for being so darned honest!" he snarled, slamming the door behind him.

I changed my dress, trembling with fury and heartache. And then I hurried to the luncheon and put through a long-distance call to my mother. I would

"I was just too wishy-washy with you Linda," she said.

"I never could refuse you anything, and when you got older and I wanted to insist on obedience, I'd lost control over you. Well, you can see that I made a mess out of motherhood. I'm hoping, though, that it's not too late for us to make up to each other for all the past misunderstandings. I've learned a lot through all this heartache, and I think you have, too."

I'm not going back to school here at home. Mom is letting me go to stay with an aunt of mine in Illinois. She says she knows she can trust me to be obedient and good, and she's right. I'm going to finish high school, and later I think I'd like to go into nurse's training. I'm not sure yet, but I am sure of one thing—the rest of my life is going to be decent.

I'm not chasing a rainbow any more. I figure I'll get my rewards if I work for them. So I plan to work and work hard, knowing that the world doesn't owe anybody a living and that selfishness has a way of bouncing back on a person. I'm hoping that Mom and Dad and I can all be happier and can benefit from our hard-earned lesson.

• THE END

not put up with the monster that Brad had become, not another minute!

When there was no answer at Mom's, I bit my lip to hold back my tears and looked up the bus-depot number. When I called there, they told me there wouldn't be a bus leaving for home before early morning. I felt trapped.

But biting my lip to steady my teeth which threatened to start chattering, I decided I'd get another room. I'd move my things into it and refuse to see Brad again before I left for home. In the morning I'd call a cab to take me to the bus station, and I'd go home where I belonged, home to Mom and familiar things—and forget Brad.

The owner at the motel office gave me a startled glance when I asked for a room. And then, his eyes filled with amusement, he asked, "Sure you want one? Expensive when you'll probably make up before morning, anyway. Why not settle for a walk now, and later—later—"

"Will you rent me a room, or must I call a cab and find another motel?" I interrupted sharply.

He shrugged and reached for a key.

"It's across the compound from the one you have. Number six." Then as I turned, clutching the key, I saw his eyes fill with laughter.

It didn't take me long to sort out luggage and carry my suitcase across the compound. I just hoped too many tourists didn't know we were honeymooning, because thoughts of their snide remarks made my face flush.

I left a note for Brad. I wrote:

I'm leaving you. I never want to see you again, so don't come after me. I have my own money to get home on.

I pinned it to the pillow where he couldn't miss it. And this time I did not cry.

Later I heard our car and realized I

hadn't really quite separated our possessions in my mind. I jumped off the bed when it stopped in front of our old room, and I peeked around the blind to watch Brad let himself into the empty room. He was carrying something, but I couldn't see what it was. He closed the door behind him, and although I wanted, unexpectedly, to run across the compound and throw myself at him, I stood still and waiting at the window. Brad came back out and rushed up front to the office. I checked to make sure my door was locked, even though something within me wanted him to come to me, plead with me.

I WAITED minutes that seemed hours for him to return, and at last I saw him walking slowly toward his room, his head bent forward as though he'd been knocked for a loop.

He didn't come over to my door, but before he went inside his own room, he turned and looked across the compound. In the moonlight I saw his hands lift and then fall as he slammed into his own room. Something lurched and choked off my breath. Not tears—I had none left. But not anger, either. I turned, threw myself on the bed, and beat my pillow with futile fists. After a very long time I must have slept, for when I awoke over the sun was shining through the blind. I felt sick at heart and lost.

He hadn't even cared enough to attempt to talk me out of leaving him. I thought miserably when I saw that his car was gone. I stripped off my rumpled clothes and took a long shower. I had an hour before I'd have to call the taxi, so there was no need to hurry. I wasn't hungry. But when I wanted to brush my teeth, I discovered I'd left my toothpaste in the other room. I went there to get it, and when I tried the door, it was locked, which hurt me deeply. He'd finished with me completely, that locked door seemed to say.

I went out front to the office and asked for a key. "I forgot something I need," I explained.

The man took a key from the nail and handed it to me. "I hope you haven't forgotten that that kid loves you," he said, his voice filled with honest concern. "You aren't going to leave him without telling him why, are you?"

I stiffened. "You seem to know an awful lot about something that's none of your business," I said sharply.

"You've hit his man's pride, honey," he said quickly.

I whipped around and outside. Brad must have told that horrid man about our quarrel! My cheeks flamed at the thought. Men! Still, when I saw Brad's clothes scattered around his room, I felt an automatic compulsion to sort and straighten them. But before I could, I saw the crushed, wilted flowers.

Great long-stemmed roses, red roses, that once must have been velvety lovely. I picked them up, ravished as they were, as though thrown and then ground into the floor. They were still inside the clear plastic wrapper. Brad had brought me flowers.

Something stirred in my breast, crushingly heavy and yet sweet, so very hurtfully sweet, as I buried my face in the once-beautiful flowers. They were ruined beyond repair, but I was of more sturdy stock. I realized, Red roses for his wife, to say what? No. Red roses for his wife, for being a man? For not being sensitive to a woman's need? And I remembered his awkwardness the first time he'd brought me flowers. I remembered his

exact words—"A guy never knows how dumb he is until he tries to figure out what his girl would like. I asked my old man, but he didn't know because he'd never given a woman flowers."

I was waiting for Brad when he came home from work. His face lit up as if an explosion had gone off inside him. Then it crumpled, grew withdrawn, as though he were on guard against any new hurt I could hand him.

"I couldn't leave you," I said, praying for the right words to make him understand how I felt. He looked at the crushed flowers I'd put in a shallow bowl, then looked back to me.

"Judy, why? What's wrong with—" His hands knotted into fists, his eyes reflected his injured pride, his hurt.

So I told him, avoiding his eyes, praying he'd understand. I told him how I'd yearned of belong to him, but how he'd hurt and shocked me. "In spite of it, though, I couldn't leave you," I whispered. "I love you in every other way, and if ours is less of a marriage than I'd dreamed of—well, maybe a man can't see how it is with a woman, ever."

HE TREMBLED as though suddenly chilled. "I've been a clumsy, blundering fool, Judy." And then his arms were holding me, and his face was wet when our cheeks touched and then pressed together. "Judy honey, I love you! I nearly died when I read your note. You didn't want me. I couldn't beg you to love me. Maybe my pride got in the way."

I held him tightly, murmuring incoherently, comforting him as he clung to me. Then he said raggedly, "Darling, I'm not a mind reader. We had such a time making the job deadline, all that fuss with a big wedding—" His arms tightened around me, and I felt the mad beat of his heart against me.

"I thought I was some shakes as a man, but—" He pressed his face hard against my throat. "My experience is limited to a few nights on the town overseas. A guy doesn't think much about that kind of woman's feelings. And I didn't mean to make you feel like one—"

I put my finger across his mouth, his firm, lovable mouth, and when he saw that I understood, he showered kisses greedily on my neck, my face, my lips. And then it was the way it had been on our dates. He was holding me, caressing me, wooing me with a gentle urgency until I had to lift my arms, my lips in total surrender.

Much later, when at last I knew how wonderful being a woman could be, I smiled at Brad as he leaned over me. I saw love on his face, but more than that, I saw tenderness and wonder.

I whispered, "Did I make you happy, my darling?"

He buried his face against my throat, and his voice was muffled, but I heard the words correctly and filled with love when he said, "Very—it was like seeing a glimpse of paradise."

As I held him, I knew a moment's desperate fear for what my stiff pride might have cost us. Just a few words between those who love can undo damage brought about by ignorance and too-little time for understanding. But I had forgotten my pride, and he in turn had humbled himself and his uncertainties to me. That is how it must be between husband and wife. I kissed the side of his cheek and smiled mistily in my new knowledge of him. Ours would be a good marriage, I knew.

• THE END

La Vive Creme

A BEAUTY AID FOR SKIN OF BUST AND BODY



IS THE HORMONE CREME THAT HAS SOLD STEADILY AND HELPED WOMEN FOR MORE THAN 7 YEARS!

La Vive Creme

IS THE HORMONE CREME THAT HAS PLEASSED THOUSANDS

La Vive Creme

IS THE HORMONE CREME YOU CAN TRUST!



Genuine LaVive Creme—a Beauty Aid for Skin of Bust and Body—has been sold under this guarantee for years: You must be thrilled with results or your full purchase price will be refunded immediately. Why take chances? Why risk untried cosmetics? Use the Hormone Creme that has proven itself—that has delighted thousands of users. Every jar of LaVive Creme is compounded with 40,000 units of natural Estrogens and Estrogenic substances—plus extra beneficial oils. That's why women who have used LaVive and know what it has done for them, enthusiastically praise it.

READ WHAT LA VIVE USERS SAY:

"There has never been a finer creme made, I just can't give it enough praise."
J. S. Martinville, Va.

"Please send me one more jar of your Creme. My sister and I have used it and it has helped an awful lot."
P. E. K., Rockville, Conn.

"Have tried your marvelous Creme. I think it's the most thrilling product I've ever seen. In just 15 days I saw very satisfying results."
Mrs. M. L. S., Wichita, Kans.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

Genuine LaVive Creme comes in a large 4 oz. jar—enough for a true 60-day supply. It has a full money-back guarantee. Be sure you get the genuine LaVive Hormone Creme, the creme of tested quality.

Only \$2.95 for a full-size jar. SPECIAL: 2 jars, \$5. Sent in plain wrapper.

FREE! With each order we give a helpful copy-righted booklet, *What Women Should Know About Their Breasts*—it's packed with information you need. Send today for your LaVive Creme and Free Booklet. Mail Coupon.

LA VIVE COMPANY, MT. VERNON, N. Y.

SEND THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW

LA VIVE CO., DEPT. C-299
4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Send me _____ jar(s) genuine LaVive Creme on your no-risk offer. I must be thrilled or you will refund full purchase price.

Name _____

St. _____

City _____ State _____

IF COD, PLEASE SEND \$1 DEPOSIT



**Earn
BIG MONEY
as a graduate
PRACTICAL
NURSE**

Train At Home in 9 Weeks!

The desperate shortage of nurses means Opportunity for YOU! Earn the Lincoln Certificate in 9 weeks' spare time and make high earnings year after year! Age, education not important. Earn while learning. Investigate today!

**Average Price Per Lesson Only
15-16 page booklet: \$18**
FREE
"Careers in Nursing" Mail coupon

The Lincoln School of Practical Nursing
808 Larrabee St., Dept. 69
Los Angeles 46, Calif.
Rush 16-page FREE booklet "Careers in Nursing"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

\$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

Up to \$500 paid for child's photos when used for advertising. Hundreds selected monthly. Ages 2 mos. to 20 yrs. Rush small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. No obligation. Testimonials sent.
HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. H
8344 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



OLD LEG SORES

Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old leg sores due to venous congestion of varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for a FREE BOOK and NO-COST-**FOR-THE-TRIAL**-Plan.

S.K. VISCOSE COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 2, Illinois

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, lovely books. Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of How To Publish Your Book.
COMET PRESS BOOKS
Write Dept. 895
200 Varick Street, New York 14

CHILDLESS WIVES WHO WISH BABIES!

Send 4c stamp for information concerning simple easy-to-follow ovulation method (no drugs) which has succeeded in 4% of cases tested.
WARNER COMPANY, Dept. H
500 Robert St. St. Paul 1, Minn.

**Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery
Stops Itch - Relieves Pain**

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain - without surgery.
In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"
The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) - discovery of a world-famous research institute.
This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters - money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

"Your Mother Must Never Know"

(Continued from page 12)

said in a cold voice. "Kenneth Harwood, you're drunk!"
"I'm not drunk," I mumbled.

But the whisky had sure gone to my head, all right. I felt funny and groggy and terribly sleepy. All I could think about was getting back to bed.

But Pa began to shake me. "I won't have it!" he said still in that same cold voice. "You know how I feel about this sort of thing—"

I wanted to laugh all at once. I thought about the bottle on the top shelf. I felt like saying, "You think I don't know you yourself had a bottle hidden up there behind those cans of tomatoes?"

But I didn't say anything like that. It's pretty hard, I guess, to buck sixteen years of Pa's kind of authority, even when you're dead drunk. I only mumbled something about going to bed.

"Yes, you better get to bed, young man!" he growled, giving me a sudden, hard shove toward the stairs. "And tomorrow after you're sobered up, we'll talk this matter out!" I don't think I ever heard him sound so mad.

Well, it began to burn me plenty, too. What right did he have, acting like this toward me, I thought foggily, after the way he'd come crawling to me practically, begging me to help him. Now here he was, treating me like I'd committed some horrible crime, just because I was a little drunk! And after the terrible thing he'd done!

I swung around and faced him suddenly. Fury surged up through me. I saw Ma come up behind him, her face pale.

"What's wrong, Sam?" she said in a scared little voice.

"What's wrong?" Pa fumed. "What's wrong? This—this kid's drunk, that's what!"

"Oh, Ken, no!" Ma said.

PA REACHED over and put his arm around her. Something exploded in me then, when I saw his big square fingers on Ma's shoulder. I thought about those same big fingers unfastening the halter on that woman's playsuit. I just seemed to go crazy. The room reeled around me. "Get your hands off her!" I yelled. "Get your dirty hands off my ma!"

"Ken!" Ma said, shocked. "Ken, what's wrong with you?"

"Ask him!" I croaked. "Ask him about the woman in—in the Harris cottage!"

Pa took a step forward. "Ken!" he said hoarsely. "Ken, you're drunk—you don't know what you're saying!"

"I'm not that drunk!" I blurted out. "I saw you and her—"

"The Harris cottage?" Ma said in a vague sort of voice. "A—woman in the Harris cottage?" She looked up at Pa, her eyes questioning.

"Oh, Anna," Pa said, grabbing her to him. "I didn't mean—I didn't mean to hurt you—"

I saw the blood drain right out of Ma's face then, and her eyes rolled funny, and she just went limp. Pa picked her up in his arms and rocked her a little, like a baby. Then he lifted his head and looked at me, and I never saw such a terrible look of agony in anybody's face.

I turned around and staggered out

the door. I just walked and walked and walked. I tried not to let myself think about Ma's face when the truth hit her. I tried not to think about that look of pure agony in Pa's eyes when he stood there, holding Ma in his arms.

I'd done right, I told myself. I'd done right! Ma should know. He had no right betraying her like that, then going right on just as if nothing had even happened! I was right in telling her! There was no forgiveness for what he'd done, none!

I didn't even realize that I was walking along the highway until this car pulled up alongside of me. I don't know where I was going. I kept shaking my head, trying to get the fuzziness of those drinks' out of it, trying to shake off those awful pictures of Ma and Pa.

"Hey, fella, where you going in such a huff?" somebody said.

I looked around. It was Burt Scott. He was sitting in his old jalopy with a few other kids.

"Come on—jump in, man!" he said. "We just came from Ridgeway. What a time we had there, huh, kids?"

The others laughed. "Come on, Ken, climb aboard," one of them yelled.

I started to say no, but then I thought maybe the cool air hitting me in the face would snap me out of the muddle I was in. Maybe riding along with those other kids laughing and kidding would be better than letting those thoughts tear around in my head. So I climbed in the back seat.

The air did feel good. But then suddenly I realized Burt had pulled the car off the highway into the driveway of some old deserted farmhouse. I heard him say, "Come here, baby," to the girl beside him in the front seat, and in the moonlight I saw him pulling the girl against him. I felt a sudden pang of longing for Joanie. Things wouldn't be so bad if she were here, if I could just feel the warmth and sweetness of her, hear her telling me she loved me.

"Well, lover boy?" That was the first that I realized that Betsy Grant was sitting beside me. She kind of laughed and reached over and took hold of my hand.

"What's the matter, honey?" she said. "You act so unhappy—"

Just for a minute I wished I could tell her everything. It seemed like it would ease the ache inside me to let somebody know what had happened, to hear somebody say I'd done the right thing in telling Ma.

But then I thought, what a fool thing that would be—telling somebody like Betsy Grant all our personal business.

She moved closer to me and slid her arms around my waist. "Don't be so cold to me, honey," she said in that babyish voice of hers. I looked down at her. In the moonlight she was like a little blond and pink doll. Her arms tightened around me, and I felt like I couldn't breathe.

Then I was holding her close, letting that wild kind of excitement race through me, letting it ride over me, drowning everything else out. Everything was forgotten—Pa and Ma and everything—all there was left was this

big, wild, thrilling release from every-thing real.

I almost made a terrible mistake then. I almost gave in to that driving hunger in me.

But it was when my hand touched the buttons on Betsy's blouse and felt them come undone that the picture of Pa and the woman in the cottage hit me. It was as if somebody had thrown cold water in my face.

I was doing what Pa had done! Because I was drunk and hurt and mad and all mixed up in my feelings, I was trying to let Betsy Grant's exciting, easy-given kisses give me just a few minutes away from all my problems. Why, that must have been just the way it had been with Pa!

I shoved the car door open and staggered out. Behind me, I heard Betsy's sarcastic, sneering voice. "Well, well—Little-Boy Harwood—you just better run straight home to Mama—"

Well, she didn't know it, but that's exactly where I was going. I was going to see if I could pick up the pieces a little, make up some for what I'd done. I was stone-cold sober now, and I could see so many things differently. I could see how Pa could make such a terrible mistake. Oh, it still wasn't right what he'd done, but he was human, wasn't he? He could make mistakes, too, just like I almost did back there with Betsy.

He was standing in the middle of the living room when I came in. His face had lost that terrible look of agony. There was only shock there now and hurt.

"Pa," I said, and I could hardly force my voice out, "Pa, I'm sorry—"

He glanced over at the bedroom door, a quick, despairing look, and I

knew Ma was in there, heartbroken. "I've lost her, Ken," he said wearily. "She—she can't understand. Oh, I don't blame her. She's been hurt, so—so terribly hurt—"

I walked stiffly over to the bedroom and opened the door. Ma was lying with her face in the pillow, her shoulders moving a little, and I knew she was crying quietly to herself. At first she wouldn't even listen to me.

"No, Ken, no—" she kept saying. "I don't want to hear about him and—and her. No, please, Ken, please—"

But I kept right on talking. I had to. I had to make her understand somehow what I knew now—that Pa would gladly die if that would erase what had happened that night in the Harris cottage.

I told her how he had gone to Reverend Gates, how he'd come to me. I told her about the bottle on the top shelf in the kitchen. And I told her about me tonight. I told her everything.

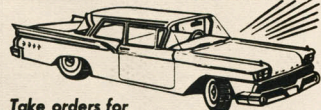
After a few minutes she lifted her head from the pillow and looked at me. "Where—where is your pa?" she asked in a choked voice.

Well, it's been almost a year now since that night. Ma loved Pa enough to forgive him his one terrible mistake. She won't ever forget, I guess—none of us will—but she's forgiven him. And now that Ma's well again, they seem as close as they used to be.

Once in a great while I see Ma looking at Pa with a strange, hurt look in her eyes, and I realize all over again that I could have spared her that. I didn't have to send her whole world crashing down around her. Maybe Pa betrayed Ma, but I'll never forget that I betrayed her, too. ● THE END

WIN A BRAND NEW FORD CUSTOM 300 TUDOR SEDAN

or any of more than 100 other valuable prizes, TOTAL VALUE \$5000.00



Take orders for **EVANS LUXURY CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Enter without delay! Boost your chance of winning!

Finest assortment of EVANS Christmas Cards in 33 years offers you the most glorious opportunity ever—to win a brand new Ford Custom 300 Tudor Sedan. Just show these magnificent EVANS cards to friends and neighbors. Every order you take and enter, gives you another chance in this terrific contest. So you have as many chances to win as you want. Then, imagine your joy if YOU win this beautiful brand new Ford. What's more, while showing EVANS Christmas Cards you'll be making lots of extra cash. . . .

SELF-SELLING EVANS KIT STARTS YOU IMMEDIATELY



To help you win, we supply you with the remarkable self-selling EVANS KIT—on approval, FREE Money-Making Guide gives priceless success tips. TWO FREE Catalogs (1) Full line of EVANS Cards. (2) Over 200 gift items to boost your orders. FREE: 32 Samples Personalized Cards. Write at ONCE.

CONTEST RULES. Complete rules on how to enter the contest included in the Self-Selling Kit. Write to: NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, N. Abington 674, Mass.

Reg. Price \$9.98 **595 GENUINE DIAMOND**



Engagement Ring 10K SOLID GOLD "Impossible" you say! Get this outstanding value and convince yourself. Write on GUARANTEE BOND with every order. Why wear plated rings when you can now own this rich SOLID GOLD ring with a GENUINE DIAMOND (Rose Cut quality).

Matching Wedding Band also available. Write on order to cover postage and C.O.D. fee.) State ring size. **FIFTH AVENUE JEWEL CO.** 415 Lexington Ave., Dept. 2905-M, New York 17

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL!
Baby's First Shoes
BRONZE PLATED
IN SOLID METAL

Only **\$3.99** a pair



Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL for only \$3.99 pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. 100% Money-back guarantee. Also all-metal Portrait Stands (shown above), ashtrays, bookends, TV lamps at great savings. Thrillingly beautiful, the perfect Gift for Dad or Grandparents. SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address today for full details, money-saving certificate and handy mailing sack. Write TODAY! **AMERICAN BRONZING CO., Box 6504-1, Bexley, Ohio**

When a Date Gets Hard to Handle

(Continued from page 31)

This doesn't mean that Mary is cold or doesn't believe in romance. It simply means that she takes certain precautions until she learns the intentions of that handsome fellow with the red sedan.

Once the car stops in front of her home, she is in safe surroundings. For fifteen minutes she will chat with the guy—letting him know what a swell time she had and what a wonderful fellow she thinks he is. Always she is careful of two things: 1) To let him know that she enjoyed herself and is appreciative of their date 2) That she doesn't sit too long in the car, thus branding her own time limit as a subtle trick.

As she gets to know him better, a few kisses may be in order. Just as the first few dates are casual, happy, and airy, so are the kisses. Mary keeps them short, pleasant little tokens—not as teasers, but as an enticing sample of better things to come.

When she knows Fred a little better, perhaps she will invite him inside to raid the refrigerator, providing, of course, that her parents are home.

In order that he won't ask himself a purely masculine question, "Does she really like me, or is she just using me as an admission ticket because I have 'ome dough'?" Mary makes use of those compliments men pretend to hate but secretly desire. Without overdoing it, she reminds him how much fun they

have together, how nice he really is, and how he will probably be a successful man in his occupation some not-too-distant day.

So far it is easy. Eventually, if they continue to date, the red sedan is going to stop in a shaded lane. How, then, does she keep those imploring hands where they belong?

Now psychologists and sociologists both generally agree that limited petting is wholesome for dating couples. It is a natural outlet for pent-up emotions; it is the first beginning of young love. So long as it is kept on a minor plane and is not indulged in for extended periods, it can have a beautiful effect upon the emotions.

Again Mary takes a prearranged step. She relaxes with her head against the seat, and whispers, "Darling, do you know why I like you so much? I like you because you are the only boy that I can trust. You have no idea how wonderful it makes a girl feel to know that the fellow she is with will stop when she asks him to stop. All girls aren't as lucky as I am!"

That usually does it. In a gentle, subtle way she has not only placed him on his honor, but she has made him feel that he is superior to all other males. She has dressed him in shining armor, and he will try to live up to the degree she has bestowed upon him.

This technique probably will prove

Want to Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?



Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Softens, and Whitens Skin While You Sleep just follow the amazing Mercolized Wax Cream? NIGHT PLAN to a whiter, softer, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week. You'll begin to see results almost at once...lightens dark skin, blotches, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mercolized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years - you'll love it's fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now! **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE WEIGHT Paper. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlarging 4x6 and 5x7 pictures to original size. Returned with your enlargement. **Send No Money** 3 for \$1.50 Just mail photo, negative or snap, shell (any size) and receive four enlargement guaranteed, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. Pay postage or send 60c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer. Send your photos today. Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 109-1, Princeton, Illinois

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration. **Phonograph Records Made** CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 780 New York 1

HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA • You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

OUR 62ND YEAR AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H20 Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois Please send FREE High School booklet. Name _____ Address _____ City & State _____ Accredited Member National Home Study Council

THIN LEGS

Try this new amazing scientific home method to ADD SHAPELY CURVES at ankles, calves, thighs, knees, hips! **FREE!** How To Add Alluring Curves To Correct Your Personal Thin Leg Problems! Book—also packed with actual before and after photos of women who obtain remarkable results! Skinny legs rob the rest of your figure of attractiveness! Now at last you too can get help you've longed for—undesired, undeveloped legs, due to normal causes, and still not at that point you wish. Your legs all over as many women have by following this new method. Well known authority on legs with years of experience offers you the tested and proven scientific course—only 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your home! Contains step-by-step illustrations of the easy SCIENTIFIC LEG technique with simple instructions: gaining shape, stronger legs, improving skin color, circulation of legs. **Limited Time FREE OFFER!** For free booklet of Developing Skinny Legs mailed in plain wrapper, without obligation, just send name and address. **MODERN METHODS** Dept. SL-53 296 Broadway New York City 7

adequate at most dates. Assuming, however, that he should slip for a moment, Mary still has an unused secret weapon—tears, honest, heartbroken tears. Should the man she is coming to love and trust betray her original estimate, she should, and does, let him realize what this broken faith means to her.

A man is utterly helpless when a woman begins to cry. No matter what he outwardly pretends, tears force him into shame and guilt because he knows that he has been the direct cause of it all. They will cause only disgust and anger if used on the first date, and this is the primary reason why Mary used the tactics already described. But if judiciously indulged in after the romance begins to blossom, tears are indeed a most effective weapon.

But the worst is yet to come. What happens when Mary and Fred decide that they were meant for each other, that all that keeps them from marriage is a short engagement while they make plans and save the necessary money?

This is truly the most dangerous period, for it is difficult to parry such reason as Fred's statement, "But we'll be married soon. You'll be mine then,

just as you are mine now." Since we know it will come about sooner or later, there can't be any harm in having a little fun now."

Mary's desires will probably be as inflamed as Fred's. When this comes to pass, there is only one way out—to face the question squarely and frankly. This is when Mary will confess, "Darling, I want you as badly as you want me. I need you. We need each other. But let's face it—if we go ahead now, we'll spoil our honeymoon. There won't be anything new, vital, and romantic left for our wedding night. Of course, I feel the same way you feel. But don't you see, we've come this far without trouble. Just a little more waiting will only make it better the day we both say, 'I do.'"

Should he continue to persist, she can only say, "Darling, this is upsetting all our plans, but if you're this desperate and if you can't wait any longer, we'll have our blood tests tomorrow and be married right away."

If Fred is worth marrying at all, he will fall in with this line of reasoning. He'll take great pride in and have added respect for the girl he is going to wed.

• THE END

My Husband Left Me For Her

(Continued from page 15)

then he swayed and stumbled a little and put out his hand. "Joyce—Joyce honey—"

I didn't say anything—I couldn't. I just went to him with my arms open and felt the weight of his big body collapse against me.

I don't know how I managed to get him to the couch, but I did. He dropped down on it, his eyes closed, and he mumbled something I couldn't understand. He had caught one of my hands in his, and he went on holding it long after I knew he was asleep. I was still crouched down on the floor beside the couch, cold, aching in every muscle, when the early sunlight began coming in the window and Steve woke up.

His face was pale and puffed with sleep, and he had a king-size hang-over. "I know what you need, Steve," I said. "Just wait now—"

In the kitchen my fingers shook as I fixed him a pick-me-up. I tried to make my voice casual when I put the glass in his hand. "Morning after, remember?" I said. "Go on, drink it down."

He sat there holding it, looking at me. "Joyce, I—I'm sorry about this," he said. "I shouldn't have come here, bothered you—"

"I told you to come," I said. "Don't you remember?"

He shook his head. "All I remember is getting on that bus, knowing I couldn't take another hour of being alone like that, needing you—"

Alone! I wondered if he realized the sudden, wild surge of hope that that gave me, hope that once I'd been too proud to admit had never really died. Did it mean that he and Vicky weren't together any more? That their marriage hadn't worked out?

I tried to keep my voice steady when I told him, "It's—it's all right, Steve. If you need anything, if I can help—if you and Vicky—"

"Vicky's dead," he said shortly. His voice had a dull, hopeless sound—not grief, not despair. It sounded as if he

just wasn't feeling anything at all. "Oh, Steve, I didn't know," I said. "I'm—I'm sorry, so sorry—"

"It happened two months ago," he said. "She died when the baby was born."

I gasped. "The baby! Steve, you—you have a child?"

"He's two months old. He's still in the hospital—they had to keep him for a while because he was premature." A bitter twist pulled at the corner of his mouth. "I haven't even got enough money to get him out of there," he said. "That's how things are with me, Joyce."

I'd heard that Steve had had it bad after he married Vicky and they moved to the big city three hundred miles away. Vicky had been a switchboard operator for the Driscoll Company, where Steve had been a salesman. Mr. Driscoll knew me and had always been nice to me. After the divorce I asked him for a job as a secretary with the company, and I was working there now.

I knew Mr. Driscoll felt sorry for me and blamed Steve for what had happened. I knew, too, why Steve hadn't been able to get a good job in the city—Mr. Driscoll wouldn't give him a reference.

Now Steve told me more about it—how hard up they'd been for money, that there'd been trouble between him and Vicky almost from the start.

"When she was when we knew she was going to have a baby, she didn't want it. She got hold of some kind of medicine—it almost killed her, but she didn't lose the baby. She was sick the rest of the time, though, and the little guy came a lot too soon. That time she didn't make it."

I LISTENED to him, sick with pity and remorse, thinking how different things might have been if I'd listened when Steve begged me not to divorce him, even though he admitted having an affair with Vicky. He had pleaded with me to forgive him, but I'd been hurt and angry and deeply humiliated. Three years of



loneliness had washed all that away and left only what I was feeling now—the pity, the remorse, and the love.

Steve started to get up. "I shouldn't have come crying to you, Joyce," he said wretchedly. "After the rotten deal I gave you, you don't owe me anything."

"I love you, Steve," I said. "I never got over loving you. And a lot of it was my fault—I know that now. If I hadn't gone on that Florida trip with Shirley Lewis that winter—I knew we couldn't afford it and that you couldn't go."

"That Sunday," Steve said. "That Sunday I called you long distance—that was when it started, the thing with Vicky. I couldn't stand it in the house alone, and when I went out for a drink—well, she was there in the bar by herself. That was when it started."

We stood there looking at each other over three lost lonely, wasted years of heartbreak and tragedy for both of us. Finally I said, "Steve, if you could—Steve, if you want us to be together—"

"Honey," Steve said, "why do you suppose I came back here?"

And the next minute we were in each other's arms.

Most of the rest of the day we spent making plans. After the first emotional reaction had spent itself, it was astonishing how natural it all seemed. It was almost as if we'd never been apart at all, as if the future we talked about was that of any ordinary couple who had a child and economic problems to solve.

At the time of the divorce my lawyer had advised my claiming the house and our savings, instead of the alimony he felt Steve wasn't going to be able to pay. I still had the money in the bank, and the house was clear.

We decided to sell the house and maybe later buy another in the city where Steve had been living. There had been too much gossip here in our old home town, too much scandal—there were too many people who knew too much about us. We both felt that the anonymity of a big city would be better for a new start.

There was one thing we hadn't talked much about, maybe because we were both a little afraid. We hadn't talked about the baby and the part he would have in our lives.

"Are you sure, Joyce?" Steve asked me. "Are you sure you want to do it? A lot of women wouldn't."

"I told you I love you, Steve," I said, "that I never stopped loving you, really, not even when I was hurt and angry. Your child—well, he's a part of that love. Without ever having seen him or held him in my arms, I love him, too, because he's yours. I can't help it if it isn't the way some other woman would feel. I'm the woman who loves you, and this is the way I want it to be. I want our life together again, with everything in it that belongs to both of us, and the baby does."

And I meant every word of that from my heart.

Steve went back to the city. I went to the office and straight to Mr. Driscoll. I told him what had happened and what I was going to do. I confessed that some of the things I'd told him before had been colored by emotion. I begged him to give Steve a good reference so that he could get a good job and we could make a new start in life.

My employer was wonderfully understanding. He said he would give Steve a break, that he was glad we were going to try again, and that he hoped we'd make a go of it this time. I put the

house in the hands of a real-estate agent, bought a new dress, had my hair fixed, and wired Steve that I was on my way.

Our remarriage, our visit to the hospital to get little Matt, our first night together—these are memories still too charged with emotion, too poignantly sweet for me to describe. Only people who have been lost and lonely and who have found one another again would understand—and they don't need to be told.

There was little Matt, our son. From the beginning I thought of him like that—as ours. All I felt for his mother was a kind of muted pity.

Matt was a beautiful, big baby. He more than made up the weight he needed in the first few months, and he was good and quiet. He was the heart of Steve's and my love, a love that only deepened when we found we were going to have another child.

Steve had a good job in his own line of work by that time. We had found a sunny first-floor apartment that even had a little fenced back yard. The night I told Steve that I was pregnant, I think it seemed to both of us that there was nothing more to ask for, nothing sweet in life that wasn't already ours.

At thirteen months little Matt was so robust that even the nurses who had helped bring him into the world as a premature baby were astonished when I showed them his pictures. He was still a quiet baby—he hadn't started to talk, but he laughed a lot. He hadn't started to walk, either, but a neighbor told me big babies were often slow about that.

AND then one day when I'd been downtown shopping while my neighbor sat with the children, someone screamed my name from a taxi which had stopped for a light. I couldn't help the chill that came over me when I saw who it was—Shirley Lewis, from our old home. When I went up to the cab, she threw open the door and almost dragged me in beside her.

"Joyce!" she shrieked. "Joyce, I can hardly believe it's really you. Are you living here now? Are you and Steve really together again? Did you take him



PROPORTION-IZED®
Half-Size
FASHION CATALOG
FREE



ENJOY BETTER FIT, youthful smartness, save money. Shop by mail from new Hayes Catalog of styles in Sizes 12½ to 26½—all Proportion-ized to fit you perfectly.

Unusual stained-glass print fabric fashions this smart dress of drip-dry cotton. Silk kerchief at belt. Only \$3.98. Others \$2.98 up. Also coats, suits, sportswear, underwear.

\$98

SIZES 12½ TO 26½

Mail the coupon today

DEPT. 420
Hayes INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

Please rush FREE Hayes Half-Size Catalog. (420)

Name _____
Address _____
Post Office _____ Zone _____ State _____

TEAR OUT AND MAIL THIS AD WITH YOUR NAME & ADDRESS HERE TO GET BIG BOX OF FULL-SIZE PRODUCTS for FREE TRIAL!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY for this big box containing full size products for bargains in more than 200 home necessities. You don't pay us one cent to start. I supply products for FREE TRIAL to make you certain of the money and I'll help you get products on credit. Cut or tear out this ad today, write your name, address above for Assortment and Money-Making Plans.

BLAIR, Dept. 372CS, Lynchburg, Virginia

Our Silver Anniversary... But You Get The Gift!

FREE "SOUTHERN BELLE" Cameo Necklace
GIVEN TO PROVE YOU CAN MAKE \$60 to \$160

NEW! "Southern Beauty" Christmas Cards
NEW! Personalized Religious Cards
NEW! FREE Silver Anniversary Album with 36 personalized sample cards!

NEW! Low-Priced Gifts

SOUTHERN GREETINGS
478 N. Hollywood, Dept. P-25
Memphis 12, Tennessee

Please send samples on approval. Include **CAMEO-NECKLACE** which will be mine FREE with first order.

Name _____
Address _____
CITY & STATE _____

Sell New SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS CARDS!
Help celebrate our Silver Anniversary, get this gorgeous "Southern Belle" CAMEO-NECKLACE FREE! In addition, you'll also get bigger-than-average cash profits for shipping SOUTHERN Christmas Cards to your friends. Anniversary Special 21-card \$1.25 Christmas Assortment pays you \$80 on only 100 boxes. New religious cards, new ceramic gift items, new stationery... all new money-makers bring you top profits plus cash bonus. No experience needed. We'll send money-making samples on approval; Anniversary Gift is yours with first order. Send no money... mail coupon... Now!

SOUTHERN GREETINGS
478 N. Hollywood, Dept. P-25
Memphis 12, Tennessee

UGLY BROWN SPOTS



on Face, Hands
Neck and Arms
Dim and Fade

Amazing BROWN SPOT CREAM

If you're embarrassed because nasty brown spots on hands and face add years to your age, use... Now fade them away with new FAYD, the wonderful medicated skin cream that penetrates deep to lighten pigment spots—causing them to disappear. Wonderful results guaranteed. Use FAYD before retiring or before you make-up. It's fragranceless, easy to use, smooth, and softens the skin to make it clearer, smoother, lighter. Try it on a trial plan that leaves no room for doubt.

SEND NO MONEY—7 DAY TRIAL

Send name and address. On arrival pay only \$1 for 30 day supply plus G.O.D. postage and tax on guarantee of marvelous results in 7 days or return unused FAYD for money back. Or save postage charges by sending only \$1.00 (tax included) and we pay postage—same guarantee. Order from:

Cosmetic Mfg. Co., Dept. 741-K
Box 264, Atlanta, Ga.



Learn DENTAL NURSING

Prepare now for a well-paid career. Learn chairside and reception technique, X-ray, lab, personality development. Simplified, personal instruction. If you are between 17 and 50, you can begin in spare time at home and shorten classwork. Write now for FREE booklet.

WAYNE SCHOOL, Dept. F-45
2521 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

Send for FREE BOOK



COMPLETE NEW FALSE PLATE IN 24 HOURS

SEND NO MONEY
—Just rush name and address for full free details. If your teeth are loose, we'll tell you how to tighten them. ACT TODAY.

FROM YOUR OLD \$15.95 NOW LOW AS... NO IMPRESSIONS. NO PAIN. Let us help you enjoy life again. You will marvel at this revolutionary new method. Using your own old plates, we will remake them completely in only 24 hours. Missing teeth carefully matched and replaced. ABSOLUTE MONEY BACK Guarantee.

TWO-GRIP DENTAL LABS., 127 N. Dearborn, Dept. B, Chicago 22, Ill.

FREE MATERNITY Catalog

Shop by mail and save! New season fashions by top designers, \$2.95 to \$22.50. Styles for morning, afternoon, sports. Slings, 8 to 16. Also corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.) Write today and ask for FREE list of Baby Names.

CRAWFORD'S
Dept. 65, 1015 Walnut, Kansas City 6, Mo.

POESIES WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC
SEND YOUR POESIES TODAY
FOR FREE EXAMINATION
J. CHAS. McNEIL, A. M. MASTER OF MUSIC
1112DR Wilshire, Santa Monica, Calif.

FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT of Your Favorite Photo

From Famous Hollywood Film Studios Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5x7 silver-tone portrait enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our complete list of clothing for your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2. Enclose 10c for handling and mailing and enlargement. Originals returned. We will pay \$100.00 for children or adult pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW! U.S.A. A.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-644
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

back after that awful woman? You can't imagine the talk back home after you ran away like that! What really happened with Steve and that girl? Did they break up? I'll bet they did! It's the kind of thing that never lasts."

I listened to her babble, still feeling cold, wishing I hadn't run into her. I knew that anyone like Shirley could never understand what had happened between Steve and me—all she would do was bring the shadow of old unhappiness into our lives.

But when she made it embarrassingly plain that she expected an invitation to our home, I invited her for dinner that night. I had to prepare her for one thing, though, I told her, "We—we have two children, Shirley."

"She stared at me. 'Two! But it's only been—You mean, twins?'"

"No," I said. "My baby was born over two months ago. Our boy was two months old when Steve and I remarried. Vicky died when he was born."

"Oh, Joyce!" Her mouth was a red circle of dismay. "How awful for you! Her baby! You mean, you're going to raise it?"

"Matt is our baby," I said. "We love him very much. We think we're very lucky people to have two such wonderful children."

But I could see what she thought of that. She said, "Well, I think it's wonderful of you, Joyce. A lot of women just couldn't have. I couldn't."

She came early, before Steve was home and while I was getting the children ready for bed. She cooed over Tina, the baby, but I could see how her interest and curiosity centered on little Matt. She couldn't take her eyes off him.

"He's awfully big, isn't he?" she said.

"How old did you say he was?"

I told her fourteen months. When I came back from putting the baby to bed, she was bending over him where he sat in his stroller, trying to coax him to talk to her. Shirley's voice was shrill, and she always talked too loudly. I could see Matt was afraid of her.

"Can't he talk?" she asked me. "Can't he say anything at all?"

"Lots of children don't until they're past two," I said. "He understands when you speak quietly to him."

Her eyes were bright and curious as she watched me lift him.

"Can't he do anything for himself? He seems so—well, sort of limp. Is he sick or something?"

"He's fine," I said. "It's the end of the day. He's tired."

But when I put him on the floor for a moment, his grasp on my knee slipped, and he slid to the floor and lay there until I picked him up. I looked at Shirley, and she was staring.

"Can't he walk? Can't he even stand by himself? Joyce, you said he was fourteen months old!"

"He is," I said levelly. "And the doctor says he'll walk when he gets ready, not before."

That wasn't quite true. I hadn't had Matt to the doctor's for a checkup recently, because he didn't seem to need it. He slept and ate well, his skin was moist and pink. He'd started teething without a bit of trouble.

Now, though I told myself it was foolish, I couldn't help feeling a little stab of anxiety as I picked him up and finished undressing him, conscious of Shirley's eyes on me every minute. Her talk had stirred up worry in me, the kind every mother knows. Was Matt really all right? Because he was undemanding and

easy to take care of, had I been neglectful? With the excitement of the new baby in the house, had I failed to notice something I should have seen?

As I carried him into the bedroom, his little body lay against my shoulder, soft and warm, his head dropped against my neck. Shirley had said he seemed limp. I'd never thought of him as that, yet now I wondered if he was.

DINNER was a little tense. Steve had never cared much for Shirley—she had been intimately associated with our trouble, and her presence made us both self-conscious. I'd phoned him at the office and told him she was coming, and he tried to be pleasant to her, but I think all of us were relieved when it was over.

Steve offered to drive Shirley downtown to her hotel, but she said no, that she'd take a taxi. I walked with her to the door when it came, but she didn't leave right away.

She stood there, half whispering, "Joyce, if I were you, I'd be real sure about that baby before I really made up my mind to keep him. After all, what did you know about Vicky—her family or anything? I'll bet even Steve didn't know much. And there might be something—you never can tell—"

"I don't know what you mean, Shirley," I said.

"I mean something hereditary, something wrong. Joyce I hate to say so, but that baby doesn't look right to me. He's so big and not walking or talking or anything. If I were you, I'd find out for sure before I made up my mind."

There was no use telling her I didn't have to make up my mind about anything. She left in a baffle of good-byes and promises to write.

When I went back to Steve, he asked, "What was she whispering about—digging up old trouble?"

I tried to tell him it was nothing, but he'd heard the mention of Vicky's name. "She's got me a little worried about Matt," I said. "Steve, you don't think he's—you don't think there's anything wrong with him, do you?"

"Wrong with him?" he hooted. "He's the biggest, healthiest kid for his age in the neighborhood."

"I know. That's why I haven't been taking him for checkups lately. But Shirley thinks he ought to be talking and walking by himself by now."

"A lot she knows about it—been married twice and no kids of her own to show for it. She's the type that's always glooming up other people."

But he went in with me when I went to look at the children, and I could sense uneasiness in him. Little Matt lay flat on his back, the way he always slept. His hair lay in little rings on his forehead, his skin was pink and moist. He was a beautiful, healthy baby boy—no one looking at him could doubt that. And Shirley was what Steve had always said she was—a troublemaker.

But just the same I phoned the baby doctor's office in the morning and made an appointment to bring Matt in for a checkup.

The doctor was reassuring. He told me, "Children develop differently, at different levels. This boy is a little ahead of himself physically—a little overweight and large. If he's a little behind in learning to talk, it doesn't mean anything

—it's nothing to worry about. As for walking, his weight has something to do with that, I think. I'll give you a diet for him to bring it down a little. Bring

him back in two or three months—by that time he'll probably be running his legs off and have a vocabulary that will amaze you. Children who learn to talk late often do."

I went home feeling immeasurably relieved. Afterward I wondered if perhaps the doctor wanted me to feel that way because he knew I had a new baby to care for and wasn't ready to face what he had probably already detected.

The three months were busy ones. I was active and absorbed in the care of the two children. Maybe it was that, or maybe I just hadn't wanted to see it—the inescapable truth that Matt wasn't progressing.

At a year and a half he still couldn't talk. There were sounds he had learned to make that meant different things—food, a drink of water, a name he had for his little sister that sounded like "Gree." I knew what he meant by them because I was used to him, but it wasn't real talking.

He could stand by himself—he could even walk a little—but his steps were stumbling and unsure. He fell often, and when he did, he didn't try to get up again. He lay there and waited for me to help him.

He was still sweet tempered, gentle, easy to care for. His brown eyes still followed the baby wherever she was, and he always had that smiling look when he watched her. He adored her. But something was wrong—something was terribly wrong—I knew it as Steve and I watched the doctor examine him that second time. He tried not to alarm us when he talked to us afterward.

But he said, "Sometimes it happens that completely normal parents have a child who is going to develop a little differently from other children. Why it happens, we don't always know—an accident of birth, some hereditary factor—we just aren't sure. But it happens. From what I can see so far, your boy is going to be one of those children."

I stared at him. "You mean—you mean, Matt is retarded—a retarded child?"

He frowned. "I don't like that word. Matt will simply develop more slowly than other children his age, on a lower intellectual level, and, of course, there is a very definite limit as to how far he can go. But with love and care and understanding, he can develop into a good, useful individual."

"I won't believe it!" I shouted. "I won't! There must be something we can do. We've got a little money saved—we were going to buy a house—but we'll spend every penny of it to cure Matt—"

The doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing to be done but what I've suggested—give the boy love, extra care, make him feel secure and loved. I won't deny you'll have certain problems in raising a child such as this one, but they shouldn't be insurmountable ones. Of course, you have another child. If you're planning a larger family, there is always the alternative of institutional care. Sometimes—"

"No!" I said. "No—I could never do that, never!" The very thought of Matt in some kind of institution shocked me so that I didn't want to talk about it or even think about it.

The doctor understood. "Forget I mentioned it," he said. "Take him home now. Don't make yourself unhappy brooding about it—he'll feel it if you do, and so will the other child. Just remember—this has happened to many

other people. There are tragedies far worse."

We walked out of the doctor's office in a daze. Once outside, I burst into uncontrollable tears, clutching little Matt tightly in my arms.

Steve tried to comfort me. "Maybe the doctor's wrong about the baby, Joyce," he said. "We'll take him to others—to specialists!"

I nodded, forcing a smile. If it took every penny of the money we'd saved for a home, we'd spend it on getting the best doctors for little Matt, give him every possible chance there was to grow into a normal little boy.

CHAPTER II

IN the next three or four years we exhausted every possibility of medical or psychiatric help—and used up most of our extra money in doing it. The diagnosis was always the same—Matt would never be normal. He would have to be taught slowly and carefully the things that other children learn instinctively—how to speak with any kind of distinctness, how to walk, the use and meaning of everyday things. He even had to be trained patiently and slowly in the physical functions of his body, long after such habits were well established in normal children.

There was, as the doctor had told me, a definite limit to what he could learn. He would never speak quickly or clearly, he'd always be vulnerable to innumerable dangers because he lacked the instinct of self-protection. A psychiatrist found us a teacher with special training who came to us and worked with him for a few hours a day, but it didn't seem to me there was much change.

There were other problems, just as the doctor had warned me. One of the worst of them was the unasked-for advice, the people who told us. "He would be better in an institution with other children like himself. You'll come to that—you'll see."

We wouldn't—Steve and I both knew that. Matt's condition in some ways marred the perfect happiness of our lives, brought in anxiety and tension, made us both feel so helpless. But we loved little Matt warmly and devotedly, and he loved us, his home, and his small sister, whom he still called "Gree."

Tina loved him, too. Small as she was, she seemed to sense his helplessness and dependence, and she was fiercely loyal to him. He was still large for his age and startlingly strong. When sometimes he broke or destroyed something because of his clumsiness, she covered up for him if she could. Their devotion to each other was touching. It made up for a lot of other things, I thought—until the day he broke her arm.

They were playing together in the living room, and I was in the kitchen. I heard Tina say, "Let go—you let go now!"

She was a willful little thing and used to giving Matt orders. Usually he obeyed her, but this time he didn't. He had been holding her hand, and when she tried to pull away, he didn't let go. I had already started for the living room when I heard her scream of pain. His hand was still gripping her arm, her little arm that hung at such an odd angle.

I wanted to scream, too, but I held it back. I knew I mustn't frighten him, or the damage might be worse. He let

SKINNY?



Amazing New Discovery PUTS POUNDS, INCHES FIRM FLESH

On Thin Folks When Underweight is Caused by Poor Appetite or Poor Eating Habits

Men, women and children in normal health but thin, skinny, and underweight, who don't like overeating or cramming with fishy oils, sugary tonics or expensive vitamins should test wonderful new WATE-ON. It's the all-in-one, concentrated meal of weight building calories you've long heard was coming! What's more, it's easily digested, and instead of being wasted goes to put firm flesh on cheeks, neck, arms, bust, hips, legs, ankles . . . yes, WATE-ON puts pounds and inches of firm solid flesh on, all over the body. WATE-ON makes for better digestion of fats, fights fatigue, low resistance and poor endurance, gives quick energy, provides a rich source of bone-building Vitamin D and new red blood building Vitamin B-12, so successful in hospital tests building up children. Also now contains appetite building L-LYSINE. Pleasant, fast, effective. WATE-ON is HOMOGENIZED! Folks report gains of 2, 4, 5 pounds . . . even 10, 15, 20 pounds in a short time. It's amazing!

TRY AMAZING WATE-ON LIQUID EMULSION ALSO TABLETS



Fortify weight-maintaining meals as directed with WATE-ON either LIQUID EMULSION or TABLETS. Only \$3.00. \$5.50 for 32 oz. Family Size Emulsion. You must be satisfied with weight gain in first 10 days or return empty bottle for money back! Don't be skinny when WATE-ON starts putting on firm flesh first day. When underweight is caused by disease take WATE-ON under direction of your doctor. Ask your druggist for genuine, original WATE-ON.

AT ALL DRUG STORES
A Product of The
FLEETWOOD COMPANY
427 W. Randolph, Chicago 6, Illinois

NEW!

LUSTER-TONE Glamour Satin Finish

GIV-N-KEEP WALLET Photos




Made from any photo, snapshot or negative (returned unharmed). Size 2 1/2" x 3 1/2", on heavy portrait paper. Money back guarantee. For Hi-Speed Service, add 25¢! Send photo and money today!

25 for \$1
60 for only \$2
We Pay Postage!

FREE! 5" x 7" PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENT
... with every \$2 order.
Suitable for framing.
U.S. PHOTO CO., Dept. 9-C
Box 73, Newark, N. J.

Train At Home For A SECRETARIAL or Business Career




Now Wayne School brings business training to your home! Saves time. Modern, practical home courses in Stenography, Typing, Business English and Procedures. Personality Development; also Bookkeeping and Business Law. Mail coupon or postcard now for Free information.

Wayne School, Desk SE-9
2527 Sheffield Avenue, Chicago 14, Illinois

MAIL FOR FREE FACTS

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

'How to MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS'



A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address **FREE BOOK**

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 379 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

LARGER & CLEARER

MAGNIFYING READING GLASSES

with finest plano-convex lenses. For people over 40 who need simple magnifying lenses to read fine print, and do not have astigmatism or eye disease. 30 Day Money Back Guarantee. Send Name, Age, Sex and \$2.95—order C.O.D. or postage extra.

NU-LIFE PROD., COS COR. CONN., DEPT. A-47

>Aged 50 to 80?

Mail us your name, address and year of birth. We'll rush details of our sensational "Special" bank account. Life Insurance that you can get without examination. No salesmen. Details free.

>ROYAL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
BURIAL INSURANCE SOCIETY
7 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill., Dept. 14.

Amazing New Creme Color Shampoo

RE-COLORS HAIR IN 17 MINUTES



Now change streaked, gray, graying or drab hair to a new lustrous youthful-looking color. Use Tina Creme Color Red Blend Shampoo today. It's a new hair coloring that recolors hair at home as it shampooes. Takes only 17 minutes. No waiting for results. It's easy to use—no messy mixing. Won't wash or rub out. Get your choice of color today: Lt. Ash Blend, Golden Red Blend, Blond, Lt. Warm Brown, Lt. Auburn, Auburn, Med. Warm Brown, Dk. Warm Brown, Dk. Brown, Lt. Brown, Med. Brown, Black, Jet Black.

TRY AT OUR RISK Write today, only \$1.65 tax incl. on Money Back Guarantee. Add \$1.00 postage extra. \$1. deposit required on C.O.D. orders. (Enclose \$1.65 tax incl. Tina's dry postage.) Mail order today to: FLEETWOOD CO., Dept. J-741, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

me bend his fingers away and free her arm. Tears filled his eyes as he watched her cradle her arm in mine as I carried her across the room to telephone for the doctor. He knew his beloved Gree was hurt, but he didn't realize that he had done it. He was still standing there, woebegone and lost looking when the doctor came.

It was a clean fracture, and it healed quickly, but I had to keep the children from physical contact with each other for a while, and it wasn't easy. For the first time I realized the danger of Matt's size and strength. I kept telling myself that later on it would be different, when he had more training and was older.

But there was something else that kept coming into my mind. It came back every time I tried to shut it away—the memory of something one of the neighbors had said to me. She had spoken very bluntly. "In the end you'll find it's better if you have him put away. Sometimes they get violent—"

There was no violence in Matt—they hadn't been quarreling when Tina was hurt—and there was his terrible, terrible strength, and there was nothing to warn him how dangerous it could be to use it.

That was the beginning of the really difficult time. After that I don't think I ever really had a moment free of deep uneasiness.

TIME passed. Tina was five years old and ready for school. In the first months of our remarriage we had talked about having a family of several children, but we didn't talk that way any more. Without discussing it, we had both put the thought away, because now we couldn't afford it—financially or otherwise. My life and my time were fully absorbed in caring for the two children we did have—the one who was ready now to begin a normal life in the world outside of her home and the other who could never do that and must be shielded from the hurt of knowing it.

Tina's first day at school was one of mingled delight and trouble. She was full of eager excitement to go, but without her, Matt was lost and confused. For the first time he was sullen, rebellious, and hard to handle. He stood at the door, making futile efforts to open it after she had gone. When he found he couldn't do it, he kicked and beat on the panel. When I tried to draw him away, he struck me. After that he started to cry.

Talking did no good. When the teacher who worked with him came, he wouldn't look at her or respond to her. After a while he went to sit in a corner of the room, with his back to us, and stayed there until Tina came home.

She was full of the excitement of the first day at school, but I couldn't enter wholeheartedly into it, the way I wanted to. I was too worried over Matt, too deeply concerned about the time that lay ahead, when the sister he loved so dearly would inevitably be separated from him more and more as time passed.

Once or twice in the weeks that followed, I caught myself wondering despairingly if it was always going to be like this—the pleasure and interest I should be enjoying in Tina's life marred by my anxiety over Matt. I tried to curb such thinking, bury it, deny to myself that it was there. It didn't mean that I loved Matt less, that I was beginning to resent the restraint his care imposed on all of us. It was only that I wanted so much for Tina to have a happy, carefree childhood like other little girls.

Matt was slow to learn things, but we discovered that when he wanted something as much as he wanted to be with Tina, he was able to find ways to accomplish it. Alone in the living room one morning, he pried open a screen on the open window, climbed out, and went looking for her.

The school was only a few blocks away, but how he found it we never knew. Perhaps some stranger saw him wandering on the street and took him there. He found Tina among the other children at recess. When the teacher tried to separate them, he clung to Tina with the stubborn, strong determination he had shown before. By the time they managed to get the two children to the office and call me, the whole school knew what had happened.

I walked into a roomful of excited, frightened teachers—one of them Tina's. The hall outside was crowded with staring children. Tina's eyes were bright with unshed tears. Matt had his arms around her, and even I couldn't make him let go. I had to take them both home with me.

The next morning Tina didn't want to go to school. I got past that one somehow, explained, placated, promised it wouldn't happen again. It did, though. Somehow he managed to get out of the fenced back yard and went to the school again.

I'd always had to be extra watchful with Matt—now I didn't dare let him out of my sight for a moment. The strain began to tell on me after a while—sometimes I was cross with both children, sometimes with Steve. I began to notice how often Tina asked to play at some neighbor's after school and on Saturdays.

"Bring some of your friends home with you after school tonight, why don't you?" I told her. "I'm going to bake cookies."

She shook her head. "Why not? You've been going to Harriet's house so much and to Jill's. Why don't you ask them to come here?"

"No, I don't want to." I didn't press it. Her birthday was coming up, and I was planning to give her a really lovely party, with all her friends there.

But at the first mention of it, she shook her head. "No, I don't want a party."

I couldn't believe she meant that. "Darling, of course, you want a party. You can help me plan it. We'll have a big white cake with candles and your name on it. We'll have a grab bag with presents for all the children, and—"

"No!" Her mouth was set in the tight line that meant she was holding back tears. Then she added, "They won't come. Nobody will come."

"Of course, they'll come! You have so many friends—Harriet and Jill—"

"They won't come here—they won't come to my house! They're afraid of Matt!" The tears came then, a flood of them, and the rest of it, the things that had been making her unhappy without my even knowing it.

"They're afraid of him. They think he's crazy because he comes to school and hangs on to me and he can't talk good and he's so big. The boys laugh at me and say I've got a crazy brother, and the girls are all afraid of him. They won't come and I hate school—I hate it! I don't want to go to school any more!"

Above her head, Steve and I stared at each other, stricken. This was something we should have foreseen, but we hadn't.

In the peace and love of home Matt was a part of our life, only a little different from the rest of us, accepted and beloved. But now there were other forces to reckon with—the world outside of home and the people in it.

There would be kindness and understanding there, but there would also be cruelty and lack of feeling—and, worst of all, there would be fear. It had already reached in and touched us like a dirty hand. It had brought the beginning of heartbreak to a little girl of six—our child, who had a right to expect a normal life, security, happiness.

AFTER the children were in bed, we tried to face it together, as we had done other things, talk it out, find a solution. There was one—it had been there all along. We had never been willing to accept it before—we weren't accepting it now—but for the first time we talked about it, and I think each of us knew in his heart what that meant.

The future lay ahead, the long years in which the children would be growing up. Tina would live in the world of the normal, she would have friends who were like herself—or would she? So many people were uninformed about children like Matt, and because they knew so little, they were unfeeling, cruel—like the children at school.

Would this go on happening through the rest of Tina's childhood and adolescence? Would it perhaps affect her chances for a happy, stable life as an adult? When she was ready for marriage, would the fact that she had a brother who was mentally retarded make a difference?

There was love between the children now—Tina didn't blame Matt for any of the things that had happened. But would it always be like that? Wasn't the possibility there that in time she might grow to resent him? And if she did, how would I feel about it? What would I do?

They were long thoughts, reaching ahead into a future that was still far away, but they were things that had to be considered, because we both realized that one day, perhaps soon, the final decision would have to be made.

But it was a decision neither of us could make—not yet, not right now. Neither of us could be the one to say that our adored little son must go away from us, into an institution. I think that Steve's suffering was more bitter than mine—his sense of guilt and remorse went deeper.

"I've brought this on you, Joy," he said, "on you and on him, too—all of us. It's too much to expect you to go on with it when your own child—"

I laid my fingers against his lips. "We're talking about both our children, darling," I said. "And we're too tired to talk any more now. We'll leave it in God's hands for tonight. Maybe tomorrow we'll know what to do or the day after—"

And in the end it was a decision that was made for us.

A few days later Matt got away from me again. When a delivery man brought a package, I went into the bedroom for some money to pay him. Matt just slipped through the open door. It was only a few minutes until I missed him. I went through the house and out into the back yard, looking for him. When I couldn't find him, I realized what must have happened and that he must already be at the school, since he knew the way now.

It had been raining during the night,



we send you FREE. Let people see it. They admire it. They want one or several—and they ASK YOU to let them buy some!

The Lord's Prayer Pin has given help and inspiration to thousands. It is 14 Karat Gold Plated—and has the ENTIRE LORD'S PRAYER artfully engraved on it—every word—in tiny letters, yet clear and readable. A miracle of engraving craftsmanship.

Wear your pin, or show it to people. They quickly buy one or several at only \$1 each. You sell a dozen in no time at all. When you have sold your first dozen, just send us \$6—and keep the rest.

SO EASY—SO REWARDING!

Now join thousands of happy men and women all over the country who thank us for this plan. Just mail the coupon in this ad—and begin to make extra dollars for yourself, your church, your Sunday School. Make others happy doing it! Your coupon brings you one dozen pins—plus one FREE for yourself! WE TRUST YOU. All we ask is that you send \$1 deposit with coupon—and you deduct this when you pay for your pins—after you sell them. Start now on this wonderful way to earn extra money, help others and serve the Lord.

SEND FOR YOUR PINS TODAY!

LA VIVE CO., Dept. P-229, 4 N. Third Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

EARN EXTRA DOLLARS — AND HELP PEOPLE

this easy way . . .

Yes, you can begin to earn extra dollars right now — and enjoy the satisfaction of helping other people by doing it!

It's so easy—and you don't have to "sell" anything. All you do is wear this beautiful Lord's Prayer Pin that

READ WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE...



"I enjoyed selling the pins very much. I wish you would send me one more dozen."

Mrs. Jessie Wilkins

"Please send me another dozen Lord's Prayer Pins. Our Sunday School class sold the other dozen and has orders for another dozen."

Miss Shirley C. Burke

"I only received my last order yesterday and they sold on sight."

Mrs. Stan Jackson

"So proud of my pin. It is beautiful and my friends all want one and would like some to sell for church work. So glad you have given us a chance to make some extra money."

Minnie Durrett

LaVive Co., Dept. P-299

4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Please rush my dozen Lord's Prayer Pins, plus one FREE. I enclose \$1 deposit. When sold, I will send you \$5 more.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

and there were little pools of water on the front steps. As I raced down them, I slipped and fell, and I felt the sharp, quick stab of pain in a twisted ankle. A neighbor came out and helped me up. She was one whose advice about Matt's care had always been most gloomy and depressing, and I didn't want her to know what had happened.

When she told me I shouldn't try to walk, I told her, "I have to go down the street a little way. I'll take care of it when I come back. I—"

The roar of a passing fire engine drowned out my voice. Two others followed it, with sirens screaming.

"My, it must be a big one," my neighbor said. "They're headed toward the school. If there's a fire in that old building— It must be the school—look at all those people running!"

People were pouring out of every apartment on the block, women most of them. The acrid smell of burning stung my nostrils. I tore away from the woman and broke into a hobbling run, not even feeling the pain of my twisted ankle.

There was a crowd already there when I reached it. Thick black smoke belched from the windows of the old schoolhouse. Firemen's ladders were already up. They wouldn't let me through, and I heard my own voice screaming at them, "My children—they're in there! My little boy—he won't know what to do!"

But mine was only one of a hundred terror-filled voices, screaming, praying.

Some of the children were coming out the door. Some of them were at the

Yes, now you can destroy unwanted hair PERMANENTLY, right in the privacy of your home! Achler is NOT a depilatory!

KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

By following our directions, you too, can use the Achler safely and efficiently. Send 5c today for important new booklet "New Radiant Beauty".

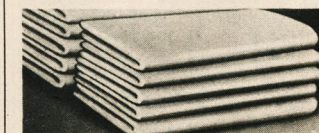
MAHLER'S, INC. Dept. 209N, PROVIDENCE 15, R.I.

DENTAL PLATES BROKEN? FIX IT YOURSELF!

Why wait days for repairs? Do it all at home in minutes. Save \$5 to \$10 on repairs by doing it yourself! Buy **ACHLER'S** **DENTURE REPAIR KIT**. It's GUARANTEED to fix broken dentures. **ACHLER'S** **DENTURE REPAIR KIT** on hand for emergencies. Mail order **\$2.98** with \$2.98 cash, check, or money order. Prompt shipment. **POSTPAID** back guarantee.

DENTURE REPAIR CO., 6447 N. Albany Avenue, Dept. 9-14, Chicago 45, Ill.

2¢ ea. FOR LARGE NEW TOWELS **50** For \$1.00



Amazingly but true . . . marvelous large, brand new towels in beautiful colors and white, 50 for only \$1.00 (plus 25¢ for post. & hdg.) Others get \$1.00 for SIX same quality updown cotton and rayon towels. We give you the world's LOWEST price, because we sell by the quality updown cotton and rayon towels. **GUARANTEED NOW.** Supply is limited. Only \$30 for \$5.00 to each customer. Free bonus of 25 towels with \$50 purchase.

TOWEL TOWN, DEPT. S-17
910 Princeton Road, Linden, N. J.

Prepare Now AT HOME for a BIG PAID CAREER

IN SHOW BUSINESS

BIG BOOM IN TELEVISION CREATES SENSATIONAL DEMAND FOR NEW PEOPLE
 Writers, directors, actors & actresses, cameramen, film cutters, camera & set designers, make-up artists, lighting technicians, doormen, etc. Boom opportunity for ambitious newcomers with proper training.

FANTASTIC SALARIES—LIFE OF GLAMOUR in business on earth compare with Show Business for big pay, thrills and excitement—for everybody. Even set carpenters, wardrobe handlers, etc. drive for show national events become personally acquainted with famous stars.

COMPLETE 12-LESSON HOME COURSE WITH 12 BIG KITS OF MATERIALS—2 WEEKS TRAINING IN HOLLYWOOD OPTIMUM FACILITIES Many to be seen and heard with photos of stars & technicians at work. Shows how things are done. Includes 12 big professional kits—records, tapes, make-up materials, microphones, etc. Provides for 2-weeks advance training in Hollywood, if you wish. Not necessary! You are welcome—at no extra cost!

PREPARE AT HOME IN SPARE TIME
 Course recommended by Show Business stars & industry. Prepare you quickly for high-pay career in world's most exciting profession. Send no money—no advance payment—no risk—FREE MAP & FREE TRIABLE. Do as NOW!

FREE HOLLYWOOD STAR NAME
 FREE HOLLYWOOD STAR NAME

Member Association of Home Study Schools, Washington, D.C.
 Dept. C-9 5108 South Vermont, Los Angeles 37, Calif

windows, with the orange blaze of the fire behind them. Some of them jumped—

It was a horror that will always live in my mind and in the minds of everyone who saw it or read about it in the papers. It will live most of all in the minds and hearts of those who lost children there—Steve and I among them.

Tina was saved—she came stumbling, half choking, out of a blazing, rubble-filled hallway where the firemen had thought rescue attempts were hopeless. And it was her brother Matt who had saved her life.

There were many stories of heroism after the fire. Matt's story was one of them. The newspapers printed it—they used Tina's own words, just as she told it to us.

"I saw him coming in the room. It was smoky and awful, and we were by our desks. He pulled me outside. I couldn't see, and things kept falling on us, and there was fire all around. Matt kept pushing things away and pulling me with him. I cried. Then something fell down, and I couldn't get by it, but Matt lifted it up and pushed me through. And then the firemen came—"

Matt had been able to save his sister, but he couldn't save himself. He had fallen, with his hands outstretched, pushing her to safety, and with his slowness in handling his big body, he couldn't get up again and get out before death came. But his great strength, which once had frightened me, had given us Tina's life.

"God had this thing for him to do," the priest who came to talk to us afterward told us. "When it was done, his Heavenly Father reached down His hand and took him back again. Think of it like that, and be comforted. There will be many a life lived for fifty years and more that will not do what his did in the short time your son was here with us."

Our grief for little Matt was bitter, but the priest's words had truth in them. We'd had Matt for only a few short years, yet they had been years full of love, touched only a little by anxiety that we sorely remembered now. He had been happy while he lived, and when the time came to give up his life, he gave it for the one he loved most. We think, as the priest said. God had this thing for him to do. ● THE END

ENDS GRAY HAIR WORRIES IN 5 SECONDS

Quick, easy Tintz Touch-up. Faded colors gray. Faded hair at roots, parting, temples. Like lipstick. In metal vial only. PLUS TAX. Don't rub off, but wash out. TRY AT OUR RISK. Send \$1.00 tax included on guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back. Sorry no C.O.D.

*Hate shade: Black, Dark Red, Med. Brown, Light Brown, Auburn or Blonde. Mail order now to: FLEETWOOD CO., Dept. J-741, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago 66, Ill.

FREE! Florida Fashions Latest STYLE CATALOG

Plus Every New Issue for a Full Year
 Be Fashion Right—Be Fashion First always—save big money in the bargain. Everything to wear for the family at low, low prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SEND FOR LATEST FREE CATALOG TODAY!

Florida Fashions, Dept. 6863, 4801 E. Colonial Rd., Orlando, Fla.
 Send free catalog and every new issue for a full year.

Name _____
 Address _____
 Postoffice _____ State _____

DRUNK?

DOCTOR'S MARVELOUS NEW DISCOVERY RELIEVES DRUNKENNESS IN 3 DAYS "WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1943" THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN HELPED TO BREAK THE DRINKING CYCLE

Does Drunkenness Threaten Our Happiness Or Your? Lower One! This Remarkable New Discovery Quickly And Easily Helps Bring Relief From All Desires Of Liquor. This Is Truly A Home Method. Easy To Take. Nothing Like It Before. Not Represented As A Permanent Cure! But It Is Doctor's Recognized Method Of Withdrawal Of Alcohol. You Can Go To Business And Carry On Your Social Life As Usual. While Using Our Method. May Be Used Secretly For Fear Of Loss Of Job. Improvement Is Noticed In A Remarkably Short Time. The Price Is Amazingly Low, Only \$10.00 For The Entire Method, Formula, and Instructions. This Is The Only Method That Guarantees Satisfaction Or Your Money Refunded. You Will Bless The Day You Saw This Ad As Thousands Have Already Done. Mail Your \$10.00 With Order Or Pay Postman When You Receive Package.

SOBERIN AIDS CO. DEPT. SR-11
 P.O. Box 42 Rugby Station Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

We Needed Money to Elope

(Continued from page 30)

out an envelope, his face grim. Ted's hands shook as he took it and counted the money. The man said, "You two kids stay here until we're ready to leave. Don't try anything now." We wandered around uncomfortably, waiting for them to finish. In that hour the full import of what we'd done hit me. I thought of the dope racket and all its horrors. I longed now for a chance to tell the police, and the money no longer seemed important. But it was too late. If we tried to leave now, I had no doubt what those two criminals would do.

I could tell by a glance at Ted's white face that he was suffering, too. We held hands and said nothing at all to each other.

AT LAST the men were through. "Come on, you kids," one growled. "Help us carry this stuff to the truck. We're going to drop you a few miles from here."

Ted protested, "We can walk back to the bus, the way we came."
 "Oh, no, you don't. We're taking no chances on your getting back before we're out of reach."

We were both scared as we carried the hateful plants to the truck. I noticed when Ted walked behind it that he studied the license number. I knew what was in his mind. He was going to report these men, try to help the law to catch them, turn the money in. And I was glad. It wouldn't make me stop hating myself altogether, but it would help.

They made us sit in the front of the truck, and the second man got in back. We drove a few miles down a road that wasn't really a road at all, and then suddenly the truck stopped. And that's all I remember, except for a sudden terrible pain in the head.

When I opened my eyes, I was face down in a clump of bushes. I could remember nothing at all, and then slowly it came back. The back of my head still ached dreadfully. I roused myself and

called frantically, "Ted—where are you?"

There was no answer. There seemed to be something terribly wrong with my right leg, but I managed to get to my feet and stumbled around. And then I found him in another clump of bushes. Ted—so dreadfully still, lying face down. The back of his shirt stained with blood.

I think I fainted then. There are some moments I can't account for, anyhow. But then I remember leaning over him, calling his name wildly. He was breathing—thank God he was breathing!

I collected my scattered wits at last. My leg now hurt even worse than my head, and I realized I must have been thrown from the truck. But I managed to walk. I took the direction that seemed the most likely. They tell me I walked three miles to the nearest farmhouse. A woman was in the yard. I must have made sense, must have given her some idea where Ted was, before I passed out again.

The next thing I remember clearly, I was between white sheets in a white room at the farmhouse. The woman was sitting beside me. "Don't try to talk now," she said with a smile. "The doctor was here and gave you a shot. You'll sleep for a long time if you let yourself. Your boy friend's going to be all right. My husband and another man went after him and took him to the hospital."

I don't remember anything after that until the next morning. My mother first, crying over me. Then the doctor. He told me I had a broken ankle, but that there was no skull fracture as he'd feared at first. Then the police.

I cried when I told the police the story, begged them not to blame Ted, because it was all my fault. I described the two men as best I could. They said Ted had regained consciousness and repeated the license number of the truck yesterday and that the police were searching for it. He'd also told them that the man in the back of the truck had hit me over the head first, and when Ted turned on him, the driver had apparently

ly shot him from close range. Then the men must have taken the money—as they must have planned to all along—and thrown us both out of the truck.

"But Ted—will he be all right?" I begged.

"Probably. They're operating on him. That's all I know," the policeman said not too kindly. He despised me, and I couldn't blame him.

I learned that I was under arrest, but would be allowed to go home in my mother's custody until the case was heard. The kind farm couple took me home in their car, and there I stayed while Mother went back and forth to the hospital, bringing me news.

Ted would live, but his spine was severely injured. He would certainly never be able to go in for a dancing career. Whether he would ever walk again depended partly on nature, largely on Ted. Mother reported that he was at present too depressed to make any effort even to live.

"Oh, I had to get to him! But I wasn't allowed to see him till after my hearing in the juvenile court.

The men had been caught long before that, the marijuana destroyed. Charges against me were dismissed after I was given a scathing lecture by the judge. And charges against Ted were dismissed, too, though he was not a minor. They were dismissed because he had helped the police trace the criminals and probably also because he was a very young man who had suffered and would suffer too much, because he'd let a girl distort his sense of values.

MOTHER and I had a long talk before I saw Ted. She agreed tearfully that my plan was the right one. It was not a matter of being too young to marry now. I had a duty to Ted. And his father, never too loving, had steadfastly refused to see him since the accident.

I went to the ward in that charity hospital, and Ted and I cried in each other's arms. And then I told him my plan, and once more I had a lot of persuading to do. But finally I wore down Ted's resistance.

We were married at his bedside a few days later, and then he was taken in an ambulance to our tiny home. Not a hus-

band, not a dancing partner, he said wretchedly, only a burden. I started that very day on the hardest thing I'd ever tackled—convincing Ted that so far as I was concerned, he wasn't a burden.

I got a job working in a department store, and I soon learned how wonderful another year at high school would have been. At night I worked with Ted, helping him to walk again. It was hard, painful for us both, but today at last, a year later, he can walk so well that a stranger would not know anything was wrong with him. A stranger wouldn't know that those legs were made for dancing and that they can never do intricate dance steps again.

And, of course, I who shared Ted's dream of dancing and bright lights will never dance without him. But every night I thank God that our punishment was not as great as it might have been. When Ted was recuperating, he went to a school for the handicapped and learned something about machinery. Today he is working as a mechanic and learning to like it—not with the consuming love he had for dancing, but in the mature way of a man who has a job to do and who is thankful to be able to do it.

We have come a long way since that day we found the marijuana patch. We not only lost our self-respect that day in the wilderness, but we also lost some of our respect for each other. It was mostly my fault, of course. Ted would never have taken that money if it hadn't been for me. I know he had a hard time forgetting that, though he never mentioned it. And I—well, if he'd been a little stronger, if he'd held out against me, I'd have respected him more, and we'd have started our marriage much later, but on a firmer foundation.

Today we have learned to put such thoughts out of our minds and to concentrate on building a life together we can be proud of. We both fell for the lure of easy money, as so many other young people have done—easy, as though there were any such thing! We paid a big price for that money we never got. But at least we learned a sense of values—the hard way, but before it was too late.

• THE END

Hounded Night and Day

(Continued from page 18)

Life wasn't quite what we'd expected, but it was a whole lot better than San Miguel. Within a few days we both found jobs—Pepe in the kitchen of a hotel and I in a laundry. At first we tried to find an apartment outside the slum. But the rents were so high, vacant apartments so few, and the people in charge often just looked at us defiantly and shook their heads. We finally found a place a couple of blocks from Cousin Ramon, in a dirty, run-down apartment house.

OUR apartment was just one grimy room, with part of it for the kitchen. The toilet was in the hallway, and the noises from the street were always in our ears. Still, we made the best of it. We painted, we scrubbed, we bought linoleum for the floor. We shopped for furniture. We bought a couch, a bed, a kitchen table and chairs. Everything we got on credit—a little down, a little every week. Later

we bought a television set, also on credit.

We bought the warmest clothing we could find to keep out the northern, icy winds. We spent hours in the five-and-ten-cent-store. We were like children there, buying everything that caught our fancy—bracelets and fake flowers for me, a wallet and a pipe for Pepe, glittering little vases for our room. We were trying to catch up on a whole lifetime of doing without.

A year passed. We made friends on the block, learned the subway system, discovered Coney Island and the zoo in Central Park. We developed a taste for hot dogs and pastrami sandwiches and an understanding of American slang. We were happy in the States with our stomachs full and the love between us always quickening our hearts and making the breath go out of us.

So happy that we closed our eyes to the undercurrent of violence on the

4 skin specialists' secrets that

erase **ACNE-
PIMPLES
BLACKHEADS
OILY SKIN!**

Amazing, new
combination treatment
**HEALS
AS IT
HIDES**



A big improvement
FIRST DAY or
MONEY BACK!
medication

Now without risking a cent you can prove the miracle of this new shortcut to clearer skin with this complete 4-way treatment. See for yourself how it is at least 75% more effective than old-fashioned "one way" methods you may have used trying to rid your self of these stubborn skin conditions.

Four of the most effective skin treatments prescribed by dermatologists have been released to you in one big package—all without prescription—at one amazing low price. Here's what you get.

1. 7 Day Clear® Medicated Soap with colloidal sulphur softens and dissolves dead skin cells, cleanses excess oils, purifies deep down.
2. 7 Day Clear® Medicated Bleemish Cream containing "Allanton" permeates the pores, soothes, heals, unplug clogged pores.
3. 7 Day Clear® Medicated Lotion. It's bacteriostatic. Does away with pus-forming germs, bacteria. Treats infected pustules. Guards against spreading infection.
4. 7 Day Clear® Bleemish Stick. Naturally fresh colored, is impossible to detect even in glaring light. Covers up bleemishes. HEALS as it HIDES!

Let 7 Day Clear® go to work for you to help clear up your complexion! You've nothing to lose but bleemishes! Send the coupon now!

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON TODAY
National Healthaids, Inc., Dept. 283
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Please rush me the big 7 Day Clear Medicated Treatment Package. I enclose \$1.98. If I don't see a big improvement in just 7 days you will refund my money.

Enclosed is: Cash Check Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

8 CHILDREN'S DRESSES

All for only \$3.45 used



TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT
Good condition, ready to wear.
Washable, colorful cottons!
Price includes all 8 dresses!

Sizes 1-6X **\$3.45**
Sizes 7-14 **\$3.95**

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!

Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

WEAR-WELL MAIL ORDER CO.

63 SUFFOLK ST., DEPT. SR8,
NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

\$1 DEPOSIT Age Size Price
MUST
ACCOMPLY
ORDER!

Age	Size	Price

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

EYE GLASSES by MAIL As low as \$1.95

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG with 14 LENS SAMPLE CARD

Thousands of customers
Since 1939



QUALITY READING or BIFOCAL GLASSES FOR FAR and NEAR
Recommended for folks approximately 40 years or older who do not have astigmatism or disease of the eye, and who have difficulty reading or seeing far.

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO. Inc., Dept. SWR-8
537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

1 SPECIAL

ANY photo, snapshot or negative

ENLARGED 8x10
and FULL COLORED in OILS 99c
PLUS Black and White 1c
8x10 ENLARGEMENT

Beautiful enlargements you'll display or give proudly. Send photo, snapshot, or negative (returned unharmed). State color of hair, eyes, and clothes.

\$1 Total
C.O.D. orders accepted on orders for \$3 or more

QUALITY VALUES, Dept. 201-C
BOX 222, COOPER STATION, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

It's Yours—

7 Jewel

Wristwatch
With Every Bridal Set
With Every Bridal Set
Your Choice of Ladies' Bracelette Wristwatch, or Men's Quartz Watch with 7 Jewel lever movement in 14K Gold, 18K Gold, 10K Gold, White Gold, Stainless Steel.
On Combination Offer



When ordered and paid for within one year. Bridal set is beautiful 80-10K YELLOW GOLD FILLED set with fashion simulated diamonds. The two things match perfectly. With these beautiful rings NEW YORK, plus a 7 Jewel wristwatch for a total cost of \$18.95, plus tax. PAY DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN, FULL YEAR TO PAY \$100 NO MONEY, just name and address. We ship at once and you pay postman only. Ladies' 7.11, plus C.O.D. postage. Pay balance of 89.00 late (anytime within one year). If you wish you may ladies' or man's watch and be sure to send ring size. Wear 10 days on Approval. Money Back Guarantee. **RUSH ORDER TODAY!**
CONTINENTAL JEWELRY CO., Dept. B-822, Beloit, Wis.

crowded streets, the frequent clashes between Puerto Ricans, and the other races in our neighborhood, the names were called by those who didn't like us, the unseen barrier that kept us apart from other Americans, and the Puerto Rican boys who'd turned savage and bitter, who lounged around the candy store and got in trouble with the police. We turned our backs on such things, believing that hard work and a decent life would someday earn us the respect of our fellow Americans.

But the end of the first year I was expecting a baby. How wonderful it was to have a baby in the States! Instead of a village midwife with dirty hands and the soul of a witch, there was a fine clinic and good doctors to watch over me, a nurse who told me what to eat to have a healthy baby. Pepe and I were overjoyed.

All went well. I felt fine and kept my job until I was too big to lift the laundry bundles. Pepe and I shopped for the baby. We bought a crib, pretty little clothes, blankets. My heart swelled with pride. Our little one would never wear rags, never know the gnawing pain of hunger, the hopelessness and futility of Island life. We decided on an American name like those of Cousin Ramon's children—David for a boy, Dorothy for a girl.

And now what? I stared around the room, so empty without Pepe. The television was still on, blaring out a commercial. Then the movie we'd been watching together came back on. Was it less than an hour ago that we'd been sitting here in peace and happiness? Already it seemed like a lifetime. I got up and turned the set off. They couldn't hold him, I kept telling myself desperately. But suppose they did? My throat thickened with terror. Suppose they did!

I hardly closed my eyes that night. The next morning, feeling groggy and sick, I went to the prison to see Pepe. They told me I'd have to wait awhile, but as I walked toward a bench to sit down, I heard Pepe's voice coming from the next room, and I rushed in before anyone could stop me.

Pepe was sitting in a chair under a bright light, surrounded by policemen. He looked haggard and worn, and my heart filled with pity for him as I rushed toward him. One of the policemen held me back as I pleaded, "He's innocent—can't you see he's innocent? Pepe, tell them, I sobbed. "Tell them you didn't do it!"

The policeman holding me motioned to another one to bring Pepe along, then led me to an adjacent room, bare except for a long table and benches on either side. He helped me to one of the benches and told Pepe to sit at the one on the other side. Then he stationed himself at the door, where he stood watching us. I fought down my panic and tried to look encouraging. Pepe's eyes looked frightened and shocked.

"Are you all right?" I whispered softly.

He nodded numbly. He glanced at the policeman, who was watching at us. Then, reaching for my hands across the table, he said, "Ask all the neighbors if they saw me coming home last night. Someone must have seen me, Carmen. Make them understand how important it is to remember. It is the only way I can prove my innocence. Ask everyone—even the children. Do you understand?"

"I will see everyone," I said earnestly. "I will—"

"Time's up," the policeman said apologetically. My heart sank. There was so much to say.

Pepe squeezed my hands, forcing a sick smile. My heart turned over.

"Take care of yourself," he said softly. I nodded unable to speak, my eyes burning as Pepe stood up. I swallowed hard, forbidding myself to cry, knowing it would only add to Pepe's misery. He went out with the policeman, and then the tears fell from my eyes, and I thought my heart would break.

AS SOON as I got home, I went from apartment to apartment in the hope of finding a witness who could prove Pepe had gotten home at seven. Big Rosita, with a baby in her arms, her flock of little ones tugging at her skirt, shook her head and tried to comfort me with food. Softhearted Dolores wept, old Mrs. Perez muttered bitterly. The others—Lupe, Inez, Mrs. Murano—shook their heads, too, and murmured about the sadness of life. None had seen Pepe enter the building.

With rising terror I combed the neighborhood. Mr. De Luca, the grocer, shrugged. Hernandez in the candy store shook his head. The janitor, sitting on the stoop, said he was too busy minding his own business to keep track of the tenants.

I went home then. Aching with tiredness, I lay down. Terror gripped me, and I started to shake. Unable to lie still, I got up and started to straighten the bureau. My eyes flooded with tears, and I sat down and wept. Somewhere someone must have seen Pepe come home! I moved to the windows, staring down at the busy street. "Someone come and help me!" I felt like screaming. Despair and frustration welled up in me.

I rushed out of the apartment and began to pound on the doors again. "Think—try to remember!" I gasped. "Please—you must have seen him!"

The women gathered around me, shaking their heads. Dolores led me back to my room and stayed there with me until I got a grip on myself. I managed to sleep a little.

That evening I went to Cousin Ramon's and told them what had happened. His face paled, and Maria's eyes went moist with sympathy. They tried to get me to eat something. "For the baby, *muchacha*," Maria said softly.

I forced a few mouthfuls, choking on the food. "What am I going to do, Ramon?" I groaned.

"He will be freed," Ramon said softly. "The New York police are clever. They will find the right man."

For the first time it crossed my mind that someone walked the streets who should be locked up in Pepe's place. I began to go to pieces again. I wanted to run along the streets, screaming, shaking strangers until I shook the truth out of someone. I started to tremble with rage. Dimly I heard the voices of Maria and Ramon pleading with me to get hold of myself. I nodded numbly, feeling suddenly weak and drained.

A little later Ramon walked me home. Alone in my room, I realized that he was as helpless and confused as I was about what we could do to help Pepe. For the first time I felt the helplessness and loneliness of a stranger in a strange land.

I went to see Pepe again the next day. Across the table from me, he gave me an eager look. "Did you find anyone who saw me, Carmen?" he whispered.

Unable to get words out, I shook my head. Pepe's eyes went dead, the color drained from his face. "I will try some more," I whispered desperately. "I will find someone."

He nodded numbly. We stared at each other sadly. After a moment he said, "What will become of you if they don't let me out?"

"They will," I choked out. "They have to!"

"Sure," he said listlessly. "Listen, Carmen, I have a week's pay coming. Go and collect it. If they say no, make them give it to you."

The policeman stepped up then, and I knew it was time to leave. I stood up slowly, aching to be close to Pepe, loving him with my eyes. My chest ached as I watched him being led away.

A week passed, then another, and every day I felt a little more heart sick and helpless. At night I cried bitter tears. Every morning I went to see Pepe, and every day my heart broke when I saw the terrible despair and hopelessness that filled his eyes. I knew no one to turn to, no one to ask for help. My own helplessness nearly drove me crazy. I felt as though I were falling down into a dark pit—lost, frightened, and bewildered. I wondered if this nightmare would ever end.

Another week passed. I was running out of money. The bills were piling up, the rent, the payments for the furniture. With a heart hollow with panic, I went to the laundry to try to get my old job back. The boss looked at me and shook his head.

"Please," I begged. "I need money."
"I'm sorry, Carmen. You'd kill yourself lifting the heavy bundles. Come back after the baby's born. I'll have a job for you."

When I got home, the landlord was waiting for the rent. "Give me a little time," I pleaded.

"I'll give you till the end of the week," he said curtly and left.

THE fear inside me thickened. The next day the men came and took the couch away. The day after the chairs and table. A few days later the television set. I watched them numbly, thinking of all the money we'd paid, all the hours we'd worked. Before my very eyes my life seemed to be crumbling to pieces.

It was Cousin Ramon, his sad eyes surveying the room empty but for the bed and crib, who told me about Welfare. "I would help if I could," he said softly.

"I know," I said numbly.
"You must go tomorrow. They will pay your rent, feed you."

My eyes glittered with tears. Was it for this we'd slaved and sweated to come to this country? "It won't be forever," Cousin Ramon said gently.

I went down the next day and made out the application for relief. When I told Pepe what I'd done, his mouth tightened with bitterness. "I hope they all burn in hell," he raged. "I am a man, not an animal to be penned up like this. I can't stand it! Every day is a lifetime! I can't stand it, Carmen!"

The guard tapped him on the shoulder. "Sorry, bud, but you'll have to be quiet."

Pepe's eyes blazed. His body stiffened, and he half rose out of his chair.

"Please, querido," I said sickly.
"Don't!" I touched his arm. He stared at me, his eyes hot with misery. Then his body sagged, his face went dead with helplessness.



RECORD YOUR VOICE AT HOME

ONLY \$6⁹⁸



Make Your Own Records Anyway!

Now, you can cut your own records at home. Sing, tell jokes, record "secret" conversations, take off your favorite show and music, and it's all ready to play back instantly. Baby's first words, famous speeches, top shows and so much more are all captured by you forever. Yes, with this precision instrument, you no longer need expensive tape recorders. And, think how useful this exciting recorder will be at parties, gatherings and wherever you and your family and friends gather.

Not A Cheap Tape Recorder—Makes Actual Records

You receive complete recording equipment, including recording arm and head, microphone, tracking disc, cutting needles, and full supply of blank records. It all attaches to your phonograph, and you're all set to record what you like, where you like and when you like. Takes only 30 seconds to operate and so simple any child can use it. Perfect for mailing to a loved one who hasn't heard from baby or the kids in a while. Records at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 or 78 R.P.M.'s.

- Cuts Actual Records
- Records at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45, or 78 R.P.M.S
- Money Back Guarantee

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Dept. RL-40
Lybrook, New York

Rush my Home Voice Recorder on 10 Day Free Trial. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of the purchase price.

- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$6.98 plus postage and shipping charges.
- I enclose \$6.98 plus 45¢ shipping charges full payment.

Name.....
Address.....

GAIN MORE WEIGHT START GAINING WEIGHT IN 24 HOURS



We don't want SKINNY on our team!

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have the same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain fast acting MORE-WATE tablets for only \$2.98 with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now!

Stop being the guy or gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight! MAIL COUPON NOW!

WHY BE SKINNY?
Now you can quickly put on 10 to 20 well-rounded pounds and more so fast it will amaze you! Like MAGIC skinny broomstick figures fill out and over the body into a beautiful new "LOOK" that wins popularity! MORE-WATE promotes appetite, new blood supply and red-blooded vitality! DON'T BE SKINNY. SEND FOR MORE-WATE TODAY!

DON'T STAY SKINNY! GO FROM THIS TO THIS

MORE-WATE is the newest discovery of medical science—entirely safe, not a drug, not a medicine... Instead, a delicious weight-adding tablet that helps your body to build... new gains of healthy, attractive body weight. You gain solid good-looking flesh automatically wherever you need it—on face, neck, bust, arms, thighs, ankles, etc. (all over)! START GAINING! Amazing new More-Wate puts on weight faster than anything known to medical science. TRY QUICKLY... If you fill up at meals and lose your appetite! Use MORE-WATE the amazing concentrated tablet that sets delicious and works weight-gaining wonders.



TEST AT OUR RISK

Mail the coupon below for your generous supply of MORE-WATE. Only \$2.98 size on 30 days supply or \$6 for the triple dose! On the expiration of the first package fraction, return the unused weight to your satisfaction, return the empty package for full money-back and return empty package. Children—get mom or dad to order for you!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. M-392
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

- Send one large generous supply of MORE-WATE. I enclose \$2.98 cash check or \$6.00 on guarantee. I must be delighted with first package or money-back when I return empty package.
- CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT 3 for \$6 (save \$3)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

(SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST)

SAVE 75% on WORK CLOTHES!

Terrific Values You've Got To See To Believe!



SHIRTS 79c

4 for \$2.99

What a buy! Made to sell for 2.99. Now, get 4 for the price of one! The best quality you've washed, sterilized, pressed, and ready for long, tough wear in blue, tan or green.
Send neck size, 1st and 2nd color choice.



PANTS 99c

to match 4 for \$3.75

Think of it! Heavy-duty cotton twill pants that sold for 3.85! Now, fully reconditioned and yours at this rock-bottom price! Send waist measure and inside leg length.



MEN'S COVERALLS

Wear 'em used and save plenty! You can't beat this bargain anywhere! The best made. Sold for 6.95. Now... wow!... what savings! Send chest measurement.

Unlined WORK 99c JACKETS

3 for \$2.75
Popular Eisenhower type. Four pockets. Heavy-weight twill. In good, solid condition for plenty of rugged wear! Blue only. Send chest measurement.



SHOP COATS—Like brand new!

\$1.79
3 for \$5.00

LADIES' COVERALLS—Though used, in perfect condition!

\$1.49
3 for \$4.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE... if not satisfied! That's our way of doing business! You can't lose! So order TODAY. Send \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 25c for postage on prepaid orders.

HALCO SALES CO. Dept. 1039

7120 HARVARD AVENUE • CLEVELAND 5, OHIO

FULL BLOOD



for the figure men admire... and other girls envy! Now you can help develop your bosom in the privacy of your own home, with this exclusive formula containing 100 MCM's of ROYAL JELLY PLUS VITAMINS A and D.

BE AS OUTSTANDING AS A MOVIE STAR!
Send \$1.98 today for FULL BLOOD TEST FORMULA. Sent in plain wrapper.

FULL BLOOD, Inc., Dept. 104-A
55 East 13 St., New York 3, N.Y.

TINY RADIO PLAYS FOR 10 YEARS!



NO TUBES—TRANSISTORS—BATTERIES or "PLUG-INS" NEEDED!
Smaller than a pack of cigarettes, 1960 model, never runs down or burns out. Guaranteed to receive local radio stations almost anytime, anywhere—without EXTRA ANTENNA WIRES. Easy thumb station tuner—Perma wave detector. Chrome, black plastic case. BUILT IN SPEAKER—PHONE—SEPARATE DANCING EARPHONE. American made and service guaranteed for 10 years.

Send only \$2.00 (cash, m.o. and pay post.) and pay postal \$4.99 COD on arrival or send \$6.99 for 3. Complete—Ready to listen with 10 year guarantee. No extras to buy. Free 1000-mile antenna enclosed if you order at a store.

MIDWAY COMPANY, Dept. TSG-9, KEARNEY, NEBR.

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

Even if You Don't Know a Note of Music Now!
Now it's EASY to learn any instrument. No boring exercises. Start playing real pieces by notes right away. Amazing progress in home spare time. No teacher. Few cents per lesson. Over 1,000,000 students! Write for FREE BOOK. School of Music, Dept. 1039, Washington, N.Y. No salesman will call. (Our #1st successful year!)

EASIER WAY

Tints Hair

NATURAL-LIKE
Imagine—a remarkable TINTZ Shampoo in bar shape which colors hair as it washes out oil, dirt and loose dandruff. Dull, streaked or graying hair loses its drabness and gains new youthfulness, glamour and allure. Nothing like a hair matter. It's old-fashioned to look mature. Today... get a bar of TINTZ. Glamourize—revitalize. TINTZ Bar Shampoo tints hair gradually—each application adds color, tone and sparkle. NO DYED LEGS. Won't hurt permantents. Full size cake only \$6.95—\$3 for \$1.00 plus tax. Comes in Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Auburn, Henna, and Blonde. Try it today on the guarantee of satisfaction or money back. **TRY AT OUR RISK—Just mail name, address and shade wanted with \$3 for 1 bar or \$1.10 for 2 bars. tax incl. —no postage.** **Rory C. D. FLEETWOOD CO., Dept. J-741, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.**

My body burned with hate when I left the prison. I wanted to scream, "Why are you crucifying my man? What have we done?" But to whom would I scream, I wondered sickly. The blank-faced jailers? The indifferent walls? The screeching subway?
So the days passed. I mourned for Pepe like he was dead. My nights were sleepless—I ached to have him next to me. My days were full of gloom and hopelessness.

In August, five weeks after Pepe's arrest, our baby was born in a charity ward. All during my night-long labor I cried for Pepe. The need to have him near was so great I thought I'd die without him.

Our son, David was born at dawn, a lusty, squawling, angry little thing with the soft curls of his father framing his tiny face. Our American child, I thought, and my heart twisted with sadness. What would be his life? A father in jail, a mother living on charity. My heart broke into a thousand pieces.

I dreaded taking the baby home to the empty room. But I found the room wasn't empty. The neighbors, Cousin Ramon, and Maria were waiting. There was coffee on the stove and a meal spread out on the table, and everyone who could afford to had brought a little present for the baby. A lump filled my throat. "Thank you, thank you!" I choked out. I looked at all their gentle faces. Their goodness seemed like a miracle.

As soon as I was strong enough, I took David to the jail to show him to Pepe. They blocked my way. "Sorry, lady, no babies. It's the rules."
"The rules!" I mocked, beginning to tremble. "Why don't you take my man out and shoot him?" I cried. "You think that would be more cruel? You are murdering his soul, locking him up like an animal."

All the way home on the subway I went. People stared. Well, let them stare. I thought defiantly.

I left David with Maria the next day and went to visit Pepe alone. He was trembling as he sat down opposite me. "How is the baby?" he whispered. "Tell

me about him. Are—are you all right?" I nodded numbly. "He is a beautiful baby." I said softly, "strong and healthy. He looks like you, Pepe."

Pepe smiled, his eyes aglow with fatherly pride. Then he sighed, and his face went dead again, and my heart twisted with sorrow.

A week passed. Every day I went to see Pepe and every day my despair and hopelessness deepened. Afterward I'd walk the streets, burning with sorrow and bitterness. Oh, God in heaven, help us, I kept pleading.

ONE day as I was leaving the jail, I saw one of the policemen who arrested Pepe. He came over and spoke to me very kindly. "Hello, Mrs. Rivera," he said. "Looks like it'll be another month before his trial comes up. The court calendar is awfully overcrowded. It's a rotten shame, if you ask me. Too bad you don't have enough money to bail him out."

"Bail?" I said, frowning. "What is this 'bail'?"

He looked at me, incredulous. "Don't you know that if you put up a certain amount of money, your husband can wait for his trial at home?"

My eyes flew open, wide with hope, and I begged him to tell me more. Instead he ushered me back into the building, and we went to see the court clerk, who explained the whole procedure to me and told me Pepe could be released on bail and that if I went to a bail bondsman, he would put up the money if I paid him a certain percentage.

I hurried home and went straight to see Ramon. Each of us spoke to everyone we knew, and we managed to borrow enough money to pay the bondsman for Pepe's bail.

Pepe came home on a Tuesday. There was still the trial to face, of course, but meanwhile he was free.

When he saw the room bare of furniture, his eyes went bleak. "They took everything," he said heavily.

I nodded sadly. Then, forcing a smile, I said, "Come and see David. Today we shouldn't be sad." I led him over to the crib, where David lay sleeping.

Pepe stared at him, his eyes widening with pride and awe. "So big!" he gasped.

"He's always eating," I laughed.

Pepe leaned over the crib, scarcely breathing, and touched his lips to the baby's face. His eyes were misty when he straightened up. "Oh, Carmen!" he said softly. He pressed his cheek against mine and held me tight. "Oh, Carmen, I'm so glad to be home!"

The room began to fill with people. Everyone in the building came to welcome Pepe home, their soft voices filled with gladness and friendship. Cousin Ramon and Maria came, too. It was like a party. Somebody brought a cake. Somebody else carried in a steaming bowl of rice and beans. I put on coffee. We started to sing some of our Island songs. Dolores danced. It was like being back home in Puerto Rico.

When David woke up, Pepe picked him up and carried him around the room to show everyone. "My son. See—my son."

It was late when everyone left. I started to pile dishes in the sink. Pepe came over and took the plates from my hands. "They can wait," he said huskily. "I can't." He drew me against him and held me tight. And when Pepe's lips fastened on mine, the breath went out of me and my heart pounded happily.

At breakfast the next morning I fixed Pepe fried bananas and good strong coffee. I couldn't keep my eyes off him. It was like a feast, having him across the table, and my foolish tongue ran on and on about how glad I was to have him home. Pepe smiled as I talked, but his eyes looked sad. My tongue faltered. "Pepe?"

His mouth tightened, and he stared down at his plate.

"What is it, *querido*?" I said softly. He lifted his face slowly, and his eyes were full of fear. "Suppose they find me guilty, Carmen?" he said hoarsely.

"They can't," I said desperately. "You're innocent. They won't!"

"I'd kill myself," he groaned. "I mean it—I'd kill myself before I let them lock me up again."

"Pepe, don't talk that way." I pleaded. "We must try not to think about it."

Pepe stared at me bleakly. "Sure," he said bitterly. "I won't give it another thought."

A knot of agony wound through my chest. I started to tremble. Dear God in heaven, help us, help us, I begged.

But God didn't seem to hear my cry. We were out buying the groceries later that morning when a voice said, "Rivera?" A policeman motioned us to stop.

Pepe froze. I stared at the cop, stunned, and my nerves began to screech with tension.

"What do you want?" Pepe muttered. "Just want to get a good look at you," he said. "I'm responsible for this block. I'll be watching you, so don't try any funny stuff."

He turned and walked away. Pepe's face was white as a sheet, and his hands were trembling.

"Let's go," I said softly.

ALL the way home Pepe's face did not move a muscle. He looked like a sleepwalker. As soon as we got inside, he slumped onto the bed face down. I stood over him, my heart burning with sorrow. He turned over and looked up at me, his eyes like coals in his white face. "It is no different than being in jail," he said numbly.

"No, Pepe, it will end," I said desperately. "It has to."

But I was wrong. The next morning as Pepe was getting ready to go job hunting, there was a knock at the door. When I opened it, Donovan, the detective, stepped into the room, followed by two policemen. "Stand up, Rivera," he said.

For a moment Pepe hesitated, his eyes filling with defiance. The policeman moved toward him. "Stand up, Rivera."

Pepe got to his feet, his stiff arms ending in balled fists. I looked on sickly while the policemen searched him.

Meanwhile Donovan was rummaging through our things. "Okay, let's go. Nothing here," he said.

"They started to move toward the door. 'Wait!' I cried. Donovan turned and looked at me. 'Why are you hounding us? What did you want?'" I groaned in misery.

"Strictly routine, lady. There was a holdup in the neighborhood early this morning. Just checking on everyone who's been in trouble."

Strictly routine. Those words twisted through my brain long after they'd left. Strictly routine. As though it was normal to have the police break into your home! It was like entering another world, a

dark, horrible, unknown world where there were only two kinds of people—the hunted and the hunters. And we were the hunted. I was frightened, more frightened than I'd ever been before in all my life.

Pepe did not look for a job that day or the next. He stayed in the house, embittered, fearful. I watched his drawn, tormented face, his eyes filled with bitter hopelessness, and despair and fear grew in me.

After that every time someone came to the door, my heart would skip a beat. On the street it was even worse. Every policeman in the neighborhood seemed to know who Pepe was. At the sight of one of them, I'd cringe. Some would say things. Others would search Pepe for weapons. A crowd would gather. And then the police would leave and the people would drift away, leaving Pepe and me standing there, white faced, sick with shame, sick with a helpless anger that churned and boiled in us.

Still, Pepe managed to get a job the following Monday in the kitchen of a midtown restaurant. Things seemed a little better after that. The job helped Pepe get his mind off his troubles. The tension and fear began to leave his face. I, too, relaxed a little. That Saturday he got his first pay. We splurged a little, bought a steak for supper, a fuzzy rabbit for David in the five-and-dime. The good feeling lasted all week end.

On Monday Pepe came home early. My heart sank when I saw the sick, angry look on his face. "Somebody told the manager I was under indictment for robbery," he said heavily.

"He fired you?"

Pepe nodded numbly. I sat down and covered my face. Was there no end to the nightmare. I wondered. The future unreel before my eyes, as hideous as these past months. When I looked up, Pepe's eyes glistened with angry tears.

"They'll make a criminal of me," he said hoarsely. "They'll hound me and push me, and someday I'll break. Someday I'll kill somebody." His fists were clenched, his eyes wild with desperation.

"No, Pepe," I protested, "it will end. It has to!" But even to me the words sounded like a lie.

Pepe tried again. He started job hunting the next day. And nothing turned up that day or the next or the next or the next. Perhaps it was the look in his eyes—the frightened defiance of a hunted animal. Every place he went, he was turned down.

Our money ran out. We had to apply to Welfare again. The woman who came to investigate had a disapproving look on her face. She wasn't as nice as the other welfare worker I'd seen. Pepe tried to explain that he would rather work than take charity. She listened, disbelieving, her eyes sweeping our barren room. "You come here and get in trouble, and then you expect the city to take care of you," she said as she filled in our application.

Pepe's face flooded with anger. I was sick with terror that he'd say something. With my eyes I pleaded with him to be still. We needed the relief money. David had to be fed. We had to keep a roof over our heads. He sat with his teeth clenched until the lady left.

As soon as she closed the door, he leaped up, his eyes burning and began to pound on the wall. His anger spent, he slumped into a chair and buried his face in his hands, and the violence of his silent weeping shook his body.

Look slimmer... Feel better WITH AMAZING NEW



Reg. U. S. PATENT Office No. 356432 and No. 506777

Featuring INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT*

WAISTLINE TAKEN IN...STOMACH FLATTENED. Tummy-Slim takes in the waist to the right proportions—makes you ready for the latest fashion creations. Only Tummy-Slim does this properly, yet correctly taking in the stomach.

BACK HELD TOGETHER. Tummy-Slim is wonderful for your back—holds it together firmly—keeps you from getting that "falling apart" feeling.

DETACHABLE GARTERS AND CROTCH PIECE. Detachable garters and crotch piece make it possible to wear Tummy-Slim under slacks, play shorts, as well as evening wear.

NO LACES—NO STEEL RIBS. Tummy-Slim Supplies "hold-in" power comfortably, correctly and differently.

Test the INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT* this way: Interlock hands across abdomen as in the picture, then gently press up and in. Feel and look better? Of course you do! That's what Tummy-Slim will do for you.

FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL MAIL COUPON TODAY

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. T489 43 West 61 Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send Tummy-Slim on approval for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. I will pay postman \$3.98 plus postage. If not satisfied with results I may return belt in 10 DAYS and purchase price will be promptly refunded.

Waist Measure _____ Hip Measure _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____
 Check here if \$3.98 is enclosed and we pay postage. Some refund offer applies.



"My Hair Looks Longer!"

"At last—I have the glamorous, longer-looking hair I've always wanted! With the ultimate in new hair preparations—Long-Aid with K-7! Use Long-Aid for 3 days and you'll start getting results you can see and feel for yourself! Amazing Long-Aid contains 3 wonder-working ingredients: Extracted lanolin to relieve dry scalp—make hair look longer, softer! Deltyl Prime, that new greaseless agent that protects hair from moisture! Miracle K7 to help relieve itching irritation, keep hair fresh, clean-smelling. SEND COUPON NOW for Long-Aid. Actually see and feel sensational difference in your hair in just 3 days—or money back. Long-Aid Co., Box 2026, Memphis, Tenn."

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

LONG-AID CO., Dept. 4-2
Box 2026, Memphis, Tenn.
Rush Long-Aid with K-7

I enclose \$1.00, plus 10c Fed. tax (cash, check or money order). Long-Aid pays all postage.

Send C.O.D. with pay postman \$1.10 on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charge.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

Need Cash Quick? BORROW by MAIL

If you need \$50-\$500 now and are regularly employed, rush the coupon! We are State Licensed and make quick cash loans available in the U.S. ENTIRELY BY MAIL. No agents will call. Repay in small monthly installments to fit your income. No security. Your employer, relatives, tradespeople, friends, never know you are applying for a loan. RUSH COUPON for free information and Money Request Form in plain envelope. **POSTAL FINANCE CO., 200 Keelbine Bldg., Dept. 46R Omaha, Nebraska** — Saving America Since 1908.



\$50-\$500 EASY - CONFIDENTIAL!

POSTAL FINANCE CO., Dept. 46R
200 Keelbine Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska
Please rush FREE Information and Money Request Form.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
TOWN..... STATE.....
OCCUPATION.....
AGE..... AMOUNT YOU WANT TO BORROW \$.....

SONGWRITERS

LARGE RECORDING COMPANY WANTS NEW SONGS! Your song may be chosen for recording on ROYALTY BIAS, NATIONAL SALES, PROMOTION, DISTRIBUTION IF SELECTED. SEND SONGS, song poems for FREE examination. NO CHARGE FOR MELODIES. MUSIC MAKERS, Dept. C-59, Box 2507, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAKE Extra MONEY!

A DELIGHTFUL CAREER—SPARE OR FULL TIME—WITH FAMOUS HOOVER Uniforms

A permanent big-income business for you—spare or full time! Experience not necessary. Take orders for famous HOOVERS line of smart, colorful uniforms for waitresses, beauticians, nurses, doctors, etc.—including Nylon, Dacron, HOOVER UNIFORMS are known everywhere for smart, dressmaker styling plus top quality and value. Complete Style Presentation, actual sample fabrics, full instructions for starting—all supplied FREE. Write TODAY.

HOOVER UNIFORMS
Dept. LK-27, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

FREE OUTFIT Big display of 17 styles with fabrics

Pepe hardly left the house after that. Sometimes he slept the morning away. Or he lounged in a chair, hour after hour, his face sullen and bored, reading Spanish books or just staring. Always his eyes were haunted with fear and bitterness.

My heart twisted with pity, seeing him like that. My eyes burned all the time with tears I dared not shed. Oh, Pepe, dear Pepe, what have they done to you?

The only time Pepe smiled was when he played with David. He was sweet with the baby. Holding him on his lap, he'd talk softly to his son. "Smile, *muchacho*—yes, like that. You know me, David. You smile for Daddy." Sometimes he would sing to him. He spent hours carving a doll for David out of a block of wood.

But away from David the sweetness and peace would vanish from Pepe's face, and the fear and bitterness would return. My heart would bleed for him. I'd run my fingers along his face trying to erase the harsh lines. He'd look at me with dead eyes, his face stiff with the effort of holding in his feelings.

"Smile, Pepe," I'd whisper. "Smile for me."

Sometimes a ghost of a smile would flicker across his mouth, never reaching his eyes. Other times he'd turn away. And always I'd be searching for words that would console him, that would give him back his courage. But what could I say that would not be a lie? So I said nothing, trying to tell him with my eyes how much I loved him, how much I suffered for him.

The only thing that kept me going was the nearness of the trial. I dreamed all the time of Pepe's day in court. Again and again in my mind I heard the judge say, "Not guilty, case dismissed." And then the nightmare would be over and we would build a life again. I clung to this dream desperately. Without this hope I would die.

Meanwhile the police continued to question Pepe. Whenever a crime was committed within twenty blocks of us, Donovan would walk in and turn the room upside down. It's funny what you can get used to, or deaden yourself to. When a policeman stopped us, I felt nothing but resignation, a dumb kind of animal patience, until he moved on. And when Donovan came to search the room, I'd watch numbly, thinking only of the tidying up I would have to do after he left.

It was like a living death, our numbness and resignation.

The final blow came on a Wednesday, early in October. Pepe and I were eating our breakfast when Donovan came with two policemen. I stared at them numbly as they moved toward us. Pepe stood up before they said anything and lifted his hands to be searched.

"Get your coat, Pepe. You're coming down to headquarters with us," Donovan said softly. Pepe looked startled, his hands frozen in mid-air.

I glanced at Donovan, my throat thickening with terror. "Strictly routine, Mrs. Rivera," he said quietly. Pepe got his coat silently, his face blank, his thin shoulders bowed like all the world was weighing on them.

After they were gone, I sat paralyzed until David woke up. My legs were stiff when I stood up, and my arms could hardly hold him. I held him close to me, and my tears began to wet his little face.

The morning passed slowly. Unable

to sit still, I cleaned and cleaned. And all the time fear was choking in my throat, and I could hardly breathe. Where was he? Where was he? I felt like screaming, I was so tense.

It was nearly one in the afternoon when Pepe came home. My heart turned over when I saw his white face, his eyes haunted by shame. I was afraid to speak, afraid to ask him what had happened. He moved around restlessly, touching things, stopping to look at David, moving again in sharp, nervous jerks, as though trying to escape some awful memory.

Suddenly, his eyes blazing, he turned and looked at me. "They lined me up with six other men," he choked out. "Bright lights shining in our faces, a ruled paper behind us to show how tall we were. They made us stand there like cattle. Then a man looked us over. He was looking to see which one of us robbed him of his money—"

A sob choked off his words. He turned away from me. I started to touch him, but he stiffened and jerked away from me. "Like cattle!" he blazed. "He went down the line looking at us. Then he stopped in front of me and looked into my face as though I had no feeling, no heart. This time it wasn't me, though," Pepe said bitterly. "This time it was the boy next to me they arrested."

He started pacing again, his fists clenched, his mouth bitter. I watched him, my heart bleeding. "I'm sorry," I said softly. I took him in my arms and held him like a hurt child. It was then I felt something hard against my hip. I tensed and moved away. "What have you got in your pocket?" I said, stunned.

Pepe's eyes slid away from mine. "You have a gun," I said sickly. "Why, Pepe? What are you going to do?"

He didn't answer. "Pepe," I sobbed, "have you gone crazy? Have all our troubles robbed you of your senses? Don't you know what will happen when they find it on you?"

"They won't find it," Pepe said harshly.

"Give it to me," I rasped. He shook his head, his eye filled with defiance.

"What are you going to do?" I said. "I am going to get money, Carmen," Pepe said grimly, "enough to get us back to San Miguel."

"I won't let you!" I shouted. "I can't take it any more!" he said desperately. "I would kill myself before I got dragged down to another line-up."

"Give it to me—please, Pepe! You won't solve anything with a gun." I put my hand out. He shook his head, his eyes cold with determination. I moved toward him. "Please, Pepe, give it to me."

"Keep away, Carmen," he threatened. "Don't—"

(SOMEONE was pounding at the door. We stared at each other in terror. The pounding continued. Pepe jerked his head toward the door.

"Who is there?" I said weakly. "Donovan."

My head began to spin. I felt as though someone had punched me in the stomach. Pepe's hand slid in his pocket as I reached for the knob.

Donovan took off his hat. "May I come in?" he said softly.

I nodded. I was trembling as I followed him inside. Pepe was standing like a rock, his hand jammed into his pocket, a look of such desperation in his eyes that it filled me with a sick horror. I knew he'd shoot if Donovan

tried to search me. I moved slowly between them as Donovan sat down on a chair.

Donovan fumbled with his hat. "Pepe, that guy we picked out of the line-up this morning confessed to a lot of other robberies. One of them was the hotel robbery you're under indictment for."

I stared at Donovan uncertainly. "Pepe doesn't have to stand trial?" I whispered.

"That's right. The charges have been dropped."

Still unsure, I said, "He is no longer under suspicion?"

"He's no longer under suspicion," Donovan echoed softly.

"Did you hear that, Pepe?" With a glad cry I turned and threw my arms around him. "There is nothing to worry about any more!"

He pushed me away, his eyes blazing. "You think it's that simple?" he exploded.

"I'm sorry we gave you such a bad time," Donovan said awkwardly. "We were only doing our job, Pepe."

"Your job," Pepe sneered bitterly. "To hunt me, to keep me locked in the jail like a dog, like an animal—to have me searched every time I went downstairs!"

"I don't blame you for being sore," Donovan said. "You got a dirty deal. But I had orders to watch you, so I had to watch you. I can't decide who's innocent and who's guilty."

Pepe glared at him. Donovan stood up and put his hand out. Pepe moved away. Sighing, Donovan dropped his hand. "If there's anything I can ever do for you—maybe I can help you find a job."

When Pepe didn't answer, I said, "Thanks, mister."

Donovan opened the door and paused. "It was my job, Pepe," he said softly, and then he left.

Neither Pepe nor I said anything for a long time. He stood with his back to me, looking out the window. I watched him, not moving. Then David woke up and started to cry. I picked him up and heated a bottle. While I fed him, Pepe turned and watched us. Our eyes met. Pepe's face softened for a moment. Then the bitterness returned.

"The devil with Donovan and his job!"

he said savagely. He fondled the gun in his pocket. "We are going back to Puerto Rico."

I stared down at the baby, at his fat cheeks, his well-shaped body. "Go," I said heavily.

There was a long silence. Then Pepe said, "What do you mean—go?"

"Go if that's what you want," I said, sickly. "Rob, steal, kill someone—I want no part of it, not me. I'm staying here."

"Why?" he groaned. "We've been kicked around for months—can you deny that? You think I want to stay in this place after what's happened? I spent almost two months in jail. Can anyone give me back those two months?"

"I have suffered, too, Pepe," I said angrily. "You think it was nice for me while you were in jail? You think I enjoyed seeing our furniture being carted away or begging for charity? You think I haven't shared your misery, your suffering, your shame? But the difference between you and me is that I will not go on suffering. I will not go back to Puerto Rico with bitterness in my heart. We had a bad time, but we can still make a good life in the United States."

"I will go alone then," Pepe shouted defiantly.

"And I will stay. No matter what happens, I will think of the good things—like our first year here, before all the trouble began—and in my heart there will always be hope."

"Hope for what?" Pepe cried.

"For my son, Pepe. Maybe I will always be a stranger in a strange land, but this is David's home. He is an American. He will not know hunger, and he will not know ignorance. He will grow up strong in spirit as well as body. It is hunger that turns men into animals. My son will be a man."

For a long time Pepe stared at me. Then slowly he withdrew his hand from his bulging pocket. He came over to where I was sitting and said softly, "Our son, Carmen."

We looked at each other and smiled. And as Pepe bent to kiss me, I knew that we would stay, that we would work and struggle and hope. And that one day—someday—we would feel that this was our home, too.

● THE END

Strip-Teaser at Sixteen

(Continued from page 23)

father that I'd finally run away to San Francisco from Pa's broken-down farm near Bakersfield.

When I got to San Francisco, I immediately looked through newspaper want ads to get a job. I knew I couldn't possibly fill any of the ones calling for typists or stenographers, so I took a chance and answered one that called for show girls. People back home were always saying I was pretty enough to be in show business. Maybe I'd be lucky enough to get into it even though I was green as grass.

The man who'd placed the ad didn't waste words once he looked at me over. "You'll do," he said, leering at me. "The job's yours if you'll act as a strip-tease."

I wanted to slap that grin off his face, but in the spot I was in, I just couldn't. Just the same I was so horrified I walked out and slammed the door behind me.

It was raining and cold, and I had no place to go. I passed a restaurant and almost fainted from hunger as I caught

the odor of hot food. Strip or starve. I slowed my walk and pulled my thin coat around me. Hunger pains knotted my stomach, and I moaned softly. Strip or starve. No one in San Francisco knew me. It would just be a temporary job, something better would come along. I turned and went back to the burlesque office, hoping another girl hadn't landed the job.

I would have broken away if it hadn't been for the kids—my sister and two brothers. But I knew what a rotten time the three of them must be having with me gone and Pa kicking them around and roaring how he wished they'd never been born—the same as he used to yell at me. Timmy was only fifteen and George and Alma eleven and nine, and I just about went crazy at times worrying over them. But sending money helped a little. I sent it to Mrs. Grady, the next-door neighbor, and asked her to buy the kids clothes and see that there was decent food in the house. I

5 DRESSES
For \$2.55
NOW READY! GORGEOUS, SMART,
MODERN STYLE DRESSES FOR ALL
OCCASIONS!



Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous dresses that have been cleaned and pressed — in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous one and two piece modern styles in all beautiful colors — in a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayons, cottons, gabardines, woollens, silks, etc. Expensive dresses—original value up to \$40!

FREE with each dress order 100 assorted brand new buttons—worth a few dollars!

Send for FREE CLOTHING CATALOG for ENTIRE FAMILY

MONY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON!

1 GUILD MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 531.
(One of the oldest and largest mail order houses of its kind)

103 E. Broadway, New York 2, N. Y.

Rush my assorted dresses in size circled below with Free Button Cards. Enclosed \$1 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Money returned if not completely satisfied. Canadian and foreign orders accepted. Circle Size in Your Group:

- Girl's Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 5 for \$2.75
- Teen Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 6 for \$3.75
- Junior Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 6 for \$3.75
- Missy Sizes 10, 12, 14, 6 for \$3.75
- Women's 16, 18, 20, 38, 40, 42, 44, 6 for \$4.75
- Half's 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½, 6 for \$4.75
- Extra Large Sizes 46, 48, 50, 52, 6 for \$4.75

Check here to save C.O.D. fee. Send full amount with 25¢ postage.

Please send FREE CATALOG FOR FAMILY

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"GROW" LONG NAILS
IN MINUTES
BEFORE AFTER
USE MAGIC NAIL LIQUID FORMULA #71
by Charles of Fifth Avenue
 Brush on nails. Change ugly, short, broken, split, and bitten nails into hard, long, glamorous nails—IN MINUTES—STRONGER THAN YOUR OWN! Can't trimmed, filed and beautifully polished. Will not break or split no matter what work you do. Will stay on until your own nails grow out! **MAIL ORDERS ONLY! USED BY MILLIONS! NOW! A LARGE \$5 KIT FOR ONLY \$1.98 plus C.O.D. Save C.O.D. charges by enclosing \$2, with order. MAIL ORDERS TO: CHARLES OF FIFTH AVENUE, MAIL ORDER DEPT. RR 550 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 36, N.Y.**

POEMS
 ★ **Wanted to Be Set to Music**
 ★ by America's Largest Song Studio.
 ★ Send Poems. Immediate consideration.
 ★ **Phonograph Records Made**
 ★ **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 658 BEACON BLVD., BOSTON, MASS.**


NEW FALSE PLATE
FROM YOUR OLD ONE IN 18 HOURS
as LOW as \$14.95


Send us your old broken, cracked or loose plates and we'll transform them into new lightweight wonder plastic plates. NO IMPRESSIONS needed with our revolutionary method. We use your own old plates. We remake them completely in only 18 hours. Missing teeth carefully matched and replaced. WE GUARANTEE TO SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY.
SEND NO MONEY—Send us your name today and we'll RUSH COMPLETE DETAILS. Begin to enjoy life right now. Clip this ad, save it and send for free facts!
CHICAGO DENTAL PLATE LABORATORY
 303 Dearborn • Suite 714 • Chicago, Ill. • SR959

25 WALLET \$5.00 POST
PHOTOS

 Send any size photo for 25 2 1/2x3 1/2 inch photos on silk finish paper. Money back guarantee. 60 for \$2.00, 100 for \$3.50.
BEAUTYONE® PHOTO
 Dept. 37 Green Bay, Wis.

Woman Nearly Itches To Death
"I nearly itched to death for 7 1/2 years. Then I discovered a new wonder skin creme. Now I'm happy," says Mrs. D. Howard of Los Angeles
 Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so prevents healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at drug stores!

BE PROUD OF YOUR JUST

 Why envy other women that firm bust full? Try our phenomenal "Allure Cream" and see what thrilling improvement you too may experience in a short time. Eject yourself of that self-conscious feeling due to that undeveloped bustline. Try at our risk. One month supply \$5.00. We accept C. D.
STARLITE PRODUCTS
 DEPT. A-9, BOX 1014, BERLIN, N. H.
 In Canada: 199 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

didn't dare send the money to Pa, because it would go for liquor, every red cent of it.

Kids cost a lot when they're growing up. If I quit, I figured, it was the kids who would suffer. So I went on and on, getting a little harder, a little tougher every year.

THEN Pa died, and Timmy joined the Army, and I was frantic worrying over who'd care for George and Alma. And then Mrs. Grady wrote that George had run away and she was keeping Alma until she heard from me. Money, money, money! Everything could be solved with money. I could hire detectives to search for George, and I could pay for Alma's care in some nice boarding school.

I went out looking for anything that would bring in more money, and I found it. Stag parties, convention shows—just put in a call, and Bonnie Walters was there with her hand outstretched for the money. I worked day and night, feverishly fighting for every dollar I could get, and I'd try to hide the signs of fatigue with make-up. But being tired wasn't important.

After George had been found, he was placed in a good foster home by the State, and Alma, after a year at boarding school, went to live with Pa's sister and her husband in Michigan. She wrote that she was happy there and wanted to remain.

Five years had gone by then from the time I'd left home, and now that the worry of the kids was over, I knew I had to do something about myself. One night I sat staring into the mirror in my dressing room at the burlesque theater, hating what I saw. You can't live and work among cheapness and filth and not have some of it rub off on you, and I felt that I looked cheap and hard. I knew that I was different from most girls of twenty-one. I was brazen, getting a price—any price I could get—for flaunting my body.

Bitterness welled up in me. The last show was over, and I was due at a stag party in half an hour, but I vowed to myself aloud, "This is the end. After tonight I'm through." I looked at my drawn face in the cracked mirror and added, "When you can't stand living with yourself, it's time to quit."

But halfway through the show we put on at the stag party that night, the place was raided.

"That lousy mayor!" Nina, one of the other girls, grumbled as the police herded us into the car. "He's been cracking down on all the night spots lately just because election time's coming up and he wants to be the fair-haired boy."

"I'm worried about the fine," I answered, putting on my shoulders a coat that a detective lent me after the raid. "If Judge Anders is working night court tonight, I'm a dead duck! He slapped a fifty-buck fine on me last month when I was working that convention party, and he gave me a lecture, besides."

Nina made a sound of disgust and folded a stick of gum into her mouth.

"Oh, sure. It's easy for them guys to tell you how to live. Let 'em try being in our shoes once and see what they'd do."

There were a half-dozen drunks ahead of us in night court, and when it came to my turn, Judge Anders scowled down at me.

"Well! So it's you again, Bonnie!"

An officer was reciting the charge against me in a monotonous drone while the middle-aged judge blinked at me with disapproval from behind his glasses. "Fifty—"

I said I was through with all of it, and I meant it. And I needed every cent I'd managed to save. That's why I dared interrupt Judge Anders then and plead for mercy, telling him I wanted to make my life over.

When I finished, I held my breath and anxiously waited to hear what he'd say. So much depended on his answer. "I hope you mean it when you say you want to make your life over," he said finally, after a minute or so of thoughtful silence. "All right—if you leave town within forty-eight hours, I'll suspend the fine."

It had been a long time since I'd smiled, but I was smiling then. Fifty bucks saved by the bell!

"I'll be out of town tomorrow, Your Honor. I promise!"

I went to a quiet little summer resort in Wisconsin because a vacation pamphlet at the travel bureau spoke of clean, cool air and whispering pines. And that's what I needed more than anything. Years of city dirt and noise made me long for green grass and cool rivers and the peace of country woods. And when the bus pulled up in front of the rustic lodge that was the resort office, I felt peace enter my heart.

I can't tell you the change that came over me once I got there. I was all alone, but not lonely. I walked for hours, thinking over all the mistakes and shoddiness of my life, and I felt no bitterness. It was bad, but it was over. Here in this simple, quiet spot I could rest, refresh myself, and start a new life.

AND then one day while I rowed the A woods behind the cabins, I saw Greg. He was sprawled on the grass, reading a book, his white shirt open at the neck. When I heard me, he looked up and smiled—the friendliest, sweetest smile I'd ever seen.

"Hello." That rich, vibrant voice was like the warm touch of a hand. "Do you know what I'm doing? I'm reading 'Tom Sawyer' over again, and it's wonderful. Sit down and listen to this," he chuckled and then started a passage from the book.

I learned so much about him that lazy afternoon. He told me he'd been a minister for seven years and how much he liked the little Minnesota town where he'd been newly transferred. He spoke of church socials and ball games and bazaars to reduce the church debt, and I sat there and listened with growing wonder. I didn't know very much about ministers, but Greg didn't seem a bit like anything I'd imagined. He wasn't solemn and preachy. Instead he was gentle and fun loving, and he made working for God seem like the most wonderful job on earth.

"Are you going back out West when vacation's over Bonnie?" he asked idly as we sauntered back to the lodge. I'd told him that I'd been clerking in department stores out West.

"No, I'm sick of the West. I haven't made any plans yet. I guess you'd say I was just drifting."

He took my hand and swung it as we walked up the gravel path.

"If I can help in any way, call on me, will you? Sometimes a person who's just drifting needs a friend to steer him on course."

Tears sprang to my eyes. "Thanks, I think you may be able to help me more than anyone else in the world!"

Greg and I were inseparable during the next two weeks, and a whole new world opened up to me. Greg taught me to love and forgive my fellow man, never to be afraid, because there was always God to turn to, and to remember that prayer worked quiet miracles for every man. I didn't know much about praying or about God. I was only eleven when Ma died, but I did remember how she knelt with me each night and listened to my prayers and how I always felt better afterward. But that had been so many years ago. I hadn't thought of praying since.

Greg helped me get a waitress job at the resort when one of the regular girls was taken ill and had to leave, and when he returned to his Minnesota town, I felt desolate and lost.

"It's only about a hundred and fifty miles from here," Greg smiled as he kissed me good-by. "I'll try to visit you a few times a month."

I nodded and lowered my head. He mustn't see my eyes and read the truth. I knew I was desperately in love with him and that it was the craziest, most impossible situation on earth.

But because Greg had taught me to pray, I prayed that he might love me, and the miracle happened. Every week during that long, golden summer, Greg's little black sedan rolled up the gravelled path, and his rich voice boomed out my name. "Bonnie! Bonnie, where are you, honey?"

And early in September he took me in his arms and whispered those three words I'd prayed to hear.

"I love you!" His lips claimed mine, and I clung to him, weak with rapture. "Bonnie, will you marry me, darling?"

He was talking on about our being married in his little church and about the pretty little cottage that was his rectory and how all his parishioners were dying to meet me. I knew then that there was no doubt in my mind about telling him of my past. Risk that heaven on earth he was offering me? He was good and kind and charitable—but he was also a man in love. I couldn't, I wouldn't pit his moral strength against his human nature. The West Coast was far away, and my old life was buried. Greg and I would find happiness together in a new life. Only a fool would first drag out the past.

"MRS. WHITE, it's time for the next hymn," Addie Young nudged me, and I scrambled to my feet and realized Greg had finished his sermon. I turned the pages of the hymn book quickly, trying to find the right place. All those thoughts of the past had so engrossed me that I hadn't heard a word of the sermon, and Greg always asked my opinion of it over Sunday dinner. Oh, well, it was always safe to say something complimentary. My lips curved in a smile as I sang, and my eyes roamed over the congregation seated below.

My little Peter was there in the first row, squirming with a three-year-old's impatience and getting dark looks from an older child beside him. I spied Helen Giggs, president of the teen-age club, and made a mental note to tell her that Greg gave his permission for the dance the kids wanted to hold.

Suddenly I broke off singing, my throat tightening as my gaze rested on a man whose face was turned in profile.

Those broad shoulders, those eyes blinking in a quick, nervous manner behind glasses—swayed, and yet my eyes never moved from the man. It couldn't be—it mustn't be Judge Anders! The man turned back to the pulpit, and I strained forward, trying to get a better view of him. And then the service ended, and Greg was walking down the aisle to take his position at the door as the churchgoers left.

"Come on, Bonnie. Time to take our roasts out of the oven," Charlotte Kimball called cheerily as she closed the organ and stacked up hymnals.

But I was waiting for the broad-shouldered man to move out of his pew and face the rear of the church as he started down the aisle. Three or four people nodded and smiled at him as they passed, and I dug my nails into a chair back, waiting—waiting for him to turn around. At last he moved from the pew, and I held my breath.

And then—just one close look, and I felt my blood turn to ice water. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. My eyes fastened on him until he passed beyond view, and then I crept slowly down the stairs and darted into a closet until I was sure that the judge had walked out.

Why was he here in this little Minnesota town? Could he possibly know that I'd married Greg? Did he know Greg from some time in the past? A hundred fearful questions nagged at me as I slipped out of the closet and ran from the church to our little house next door.

Peter and Greg came in a little later, just as I put dinner on the table, and I gave Greg a quick, fearful look.

"What happened to you, honey?" he smiled as he lifted Peter onto his chair. "That youngster, Helen Gibbs, was tearing all over the place trying to find you."

I felt the wetness of my palms as I rubbed them together.

"I was worried about the roast. I—I hurried right home to see if it had burned."

Greg bit into a slice of meat and grinned. "You worried for nothing. It's perfect!" He waved his fork at Peter. "If your wife can cook half as well as your mother can, you'll be a mighty lucky man, son."

My hands trembled as I passed rolls and vegetables. She's good at bumps and grinds, too, I added in my mind. You ought to have seen her, son. The hottest stripper on the burlesque circuit. I wish my lower lip hard. Stop it, I warned myself. You can't have hysterics now.

"By the way, honey," Greg said, "we're having company tonight. Mrs. Hinkley is bringing her brother over for a little visit. I asked them to come for supper—I knew you wouldn't mind. 'He's from California—a judge—and it's the first time he's been back home here in twenty years. I met him after services. Seems like a fine man."

A bit of food stuck in my throat, and I reached for my water glass, spilling it on the way to my mouth. So that was it! Of all the thousands of little towns in the country, this one had to be Judge Anders's former home town. What luck!

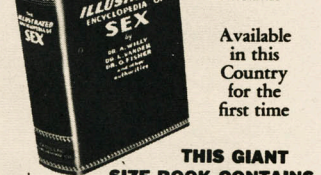
"How—how long is he staying?" I managed to ask.

Greg shrugged. "I don't know. A few weeks, I guess. Seems all the old timers in town are planning parties for him. We've been invited to a couple ourselves."

at last a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples

Illustrated SEX FACTS

BY DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VAN DER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS—many in life-like color.

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical authorities on sexual adjustment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures—many in true-to-life color, plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. It is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind—both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understood and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for \$5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only \$1.98. The first good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

Partial List of 61 Big Chapters. Each a "Book" in itself.

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act of both male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Techniques for first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female sterility, its causes and cures
- Impotence and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- How sex life's finish
- Male changes of life and its effects
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Female self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urges in men
- How sex activity affects pregnancy of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of facts and enlightening illustrations!

Partial List of Illustrations with Authentic Color Pictures!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensation
- Child Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's SEX ORGANS
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Woman's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy creates it
- ... plus many more pictured instructions!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON CADILLAC PUBLISHING, Dept. F-443 220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper and "Personal" 1/2 of the price, \$1.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for \$5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded, I am over 21.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
 Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon card, \$1.98. Same Money Back Guarantee.
 (CANADIAN ORDERS \$3.50. NO C.O.D.'s.)

I'm NOT Buying A Thing Until See Frederick's Catalog



Send for Frederick's booklet. Attract the man you want by wearing gorgeous dresses, blouses, lingerie, sweaters, etc. Everything in glamour, designed for male appeal. Sizes 16 to 20. Buy now and pay as you wear on Frederick's easy credit plan.

One year subscription, just 25c.
Dept. 3299 ©1959
1430 N. Cahuenga Hollywood 28, Calif.

REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

Colorful SNAKE and ZEBRA DESIGN Or LEOPARD-COW-HIDE DESIGN. Can Be Used On Either Side. Water And Stain-Proof. Tailored With Side Grip Pockets For Long Wear. Simple To Install.

ORDER FROM MFR. AND SAVE

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

CHOICE OF SPLIT Or SOLID FRONT SEAT ONLY \$24.95. Complete Set For Both Front & REAR ONLY \$55.00. Enclose Payment And Save Postage Or Sent COD.

CRUYDER SALES CORP., Dept. P-14
Box 79, Whitestone 57, N. Y.

SONGWRITER!

YOUR SONG SET TO MUSIC FREE (As Part of Our Success Plan). FREE examination of poems, songs, to be prepared for publishing, recording. New writers DO win contracts. Send for no-cost "Success-Aid." Best songs, poems.

METEOR MUSIC (Dept. S-9)
201 Broadway, Boston 46, Mass.

GERMAN AUTOMATIC

6-SHOT REPEATER
—22 CAL.

The skilled hand of the German gunsmith is responsible for this .22 caliber, 6-shot repeater automatic with self-ejecting clips. Just 4" long. Fits easily into pocket or purse. Ideal for sporting events, stage use (not available to Calif. residents). Comes for \$6.95 post. from Best Values, Dept. K581, 403 Park, Newark, New Jersey.

Relief for EPILEPSY SPELLS?

Helpful information is available on the treatment of Epilepsy spells from this 28-year-old company. Write for particulars.

THE VERNON COMPANY DEPT. P-157
6956 Wentworth Ave., Chicago 21, Ill.

"WITH GOD All Things Are Possible!"

Are you facing difficult problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Unhappiness? Drink? Love or Family Troubles? Would you like more Happiness, Success and "Good Fortune" in Life? If you have any of these Problems or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping thousands to glorious new happiness and joy. Get this message now and mail with your name, address and 25c to cover postage and handling. We will send you the wonderful NEW MESSAGE OF PRAYER and Faith to you by Return MAIL, absolutely FREE! We will also send you this FREE GOLDEN CROSS for you to keep and treasure!

Life-Study Fellowship
BOX 7209, NOROTON, CONN.

FREE



GOLDEN CROSS

The quick hope I'd had of pleading illness tonight died a sudden death. I could avoid tonight's meeting, but if there were parties—well, I couldn't stay hidden forever.

SOMEHOW I held on to myself for the rest of dinner, and then when the dishes were done and Peter was settled down for a nap and Greg had gone visiting the sick, I went to my room and let loose the terrible cries of despair. What could I do? What would Judge Anders do when he saw me? Would he take Greg aside and tell him the ugly truth? Or would he confide in his sister and let her spread word of my shame throughout the congregation?

I buried my face in the pillow and clawed at the bedspread in an agony of fear. What could I do? The time was so short, and there was no escape, nothing to save me. The clock ticked on as I wiped cold perspiration from my face and tossed from side to side, thinking, thinking—

I could run away. I sat up abruptly, examining the thought. I could run away this very afternoon, before Judge Anders had a chance to see me, and Greg and Peter would be spared knowing what I'd once been. Shakily I got to my feet and took a suitcase from the closet. But almost at once I knew that idea was no good. Even though my past would remain a secret if I ran away, Greg and our son would still be hurt. There'd be sorrow and scandal as tongues wagged, and Greg would be left, bewildered and heartbroken, to wonder why I'd left. No, running away was as bad as having Greg find out the truth.

I showed the suitcase back and looked at the clock. Ten minutes after four. Greg would be coming back soon. We'd have a light supper, and Judge Anders would come. I can't face it, I thought. I gripped the back of a chair, sick with fear. Maybe if I killed myself—but that was a sin. Greg had preached a sermon on suicide just a couple of weeks before. What was it he'd said? That suicide was a coward's way out and that a brave person accepted the trials God placed before him and worked them out the best he could. But I'm not brave, I told myself, falling into the chair, whimpering and lost in despair. I'm a wife and mother picturing everything she holds dear being snatched away. Who could be brave at a time like that?

Greg returned, and I talked and fixed a salad for supper and helped Peter set up his toy cars, and the clock ticked on. It was six, six-thirty. I gave Peter his supper. Then it was seven. They'd be here any minute. I kept looking at Greg and then at Peter, filling my eyes with the sight of them as though I'd never see them again. The phone rang, and I jumped, and Greg patted my shoulder as he went to answer.

"What's the matter, darling? You've seemed nervous all day."

I thought, maybe I'd better tell him now, as soon as he returns from the phone, throw it all in his face before the judge gets a chance. My mouth was dry as I started to pace the floor, waiting for Greg to finish. Someone was in trouble, and Greg's voice was warm and soothing as he offered consolation.

"The doctor knows best, Mr. Campbell. And I'm sure Joel will come out of it just fine."

Dimly I realized that the little Campbell boy must be facing the heart operation his mother had dreaded.

"You must pray, Mrs. Campbell," Greg went on more firmly. "God hears every prayer and offers help and comfort. Pray, my dear, and you'll be given strength."

I caught my breath in shock. How many hundreds of times had I heard Greg give that advice? How many times had I followed it since meeting Greg and discovering the truth of his words? And yet today, when the most terrible trial of my life had come, I had been swallowed in panic and despair, and God forgave me, had forgotten to pray. I clutched my hands in supplication. It was so late—the doorbell would ring any minute. Could God answer a prayer in such a short time? Would He forgive me for turning to Him last instead of first?

I closed my eyes and sank to my knees and opened the fears in my heart. I don't know how long I knelt there, but after a while the doorbell rang, and I got up and walked to the hall, Peter following me, and there was no fear to cover me. Greg had just finished talking on the phone, and he joined me in the hall. I stood at his side as he opened the front door.

Judge Anders turned pale with shock as Mrs. Hinkley made the introduction. His lips moved, but no words came. Greg took him by the arm and ushered him into the living room, and Mrs. Hinkley and I followed, little Peter at my side. Greg was asking the usual polite questions, and the judge answered, but his nervous, blinking stare was ever on me. I could imagine his loathing and contempt.

WHEN I left the room to put Peter to bed, the judge followed, pretending he was interested in seeing Peter, display of toy cars. While I helped Peter get ready for bed, the judge chatted with him and then stood silently while I heard his prayers. Then I turned off the light and closed the bedroom door behind us, and we faced each other in the hall.

"Bonnie Walters." He took a cigar from his vest pocket and lit it, his face expressionless. "So this is what happened to Bonnie Walters."

His voice was flat, without emotion, and he puffed his cigar and looked at me thoughtfully.

"Does that young man know the truth about you?" he demanded.

I shook my head, looking away from him. He went on puffing his cigar, and my nerves grew taut as I waited. It was like the old days when I had stood before him and waited for him to judge me. Only, this time there was far more punishment coming than a fifty-dollar fine. Help me, God, I prayed. Give me strength to bear it when it comes. I looked back at the judge and lifted my chin high.

"When are you going to tell him?" I took a deep breath and held it in suspense.

He took the cigar from his lips and frowned. "Why should I tell him?" he barked. "I deal in enough human misery. I'm not looking for a chance to add to it."

I let out my breath in a long, shaky gasp and leaned against the wall for support.

"Everyone speaks well of you, Bonnie. I've heard of your fine work with the young people in the church, your helpfulness to those in need. Did you really think I'd destroy all that because

of what used to be Bonnie Walters?" His mouth curved in a faint smile. "After all, child, even the courts refuse to try a man twice for the same crime."

I felt tears of gratitude and relief wet my cheeks. All my fears had been for nothing. If I hadn't given in to despair, I'd have realized that Judge Anders had said, "Why should I tell him?" Yes—why should he? Looking at it clearly and calmly, I could see there was no reason to expect him to smash my life. It was a good life, and Judge Anders, more than anyone else in my past, would want me to keep it that way.

"Come now, dry your eyes and let's

have supper," he said with a sort of gruff kindness.

"Yes, in just a moment. You go on ahead," I answered.

He went down the hall to the living room, and I slipped across to Greg's study. There was something peaceful about this little room where Greg spent so many hours. I knelt and bowed my head in a prayer of thanksgiving and found peace settling over me. It had been a terrible trial, but I'd asked for help and found it. How wonderful to know that help was there—always.

I got to my feet and closed the door of the study behind me. Then, with a smile on my lips, I joined the others.

• THE END

25 Tips for Good Grooming

(Continued on page 19)

and eye on one end. Then you can collect all underwear straps and fasten them together so they won't slide down your arms. Be sure that your undergarments are always fresh. Many girls are careful to change their panties daily, but they let their girdles get dingy before they wash them. Scrub the elastic of your girdle with a sudsy nail brush.

5. Are your heels neat? Keep track of your stocking seams during the day to see that they stay straight. Check your shoes before you slip them on for uneven or run-down heels. And keep your heel calluses small by rubbing them with a towel and massaging them with hand lotion whenever you dry your feet.

6. Is your back hairline perfect? Some of the home permanents offer special curlers designed to keep those back ringlets in tight curl. If you wear a chignon or French knot, be sure it's moored firmly. Your chignon should be supported as well as restrained with a nylon or natural hair net.

7. How's your hemline? Dresses and coats are shorter this year. Too long clothes give you a dowdy, leftover look—it's well worth the trouble to raise them. Before you go out, always give yourself the once-over in a full-length mirror to see that your straight-line skirt hangs even. There's something faintly ridiculous looking about a dress or suit that dips in front and hikes up in back.

8. Is your neck immaculate? Cream your neck whenever you cream your face. And when you wash, get into those crevices under the chin and behind the ears with a lathered shaving brush.

9. Is your mouth kissable? Always blot your lipstick on a cleansing tissue and carry special small lipstick tissue for after-lipstick application wherever you are. Give your teeth an extra brushing before a date, reaching those hard-to-get-at spaces with dental floss and finishing with a mouth rinse. Baking soda in warm water makes an effective and inexpensive rinse. If you're still unsure, carry some breath pastilles in your handbag for occasional use.

10. Do you always have a clothes brush handy? Before you go out, brush your shoulders, sleeves, suede or nappy gloves, suede or nappy shoes, and your hat. Loose hairs and dust detract from any costume.

11. Do you smell as sweet as you look? Take your choice of deodorant—spray, stick, or roll-on—but use it every day under your arms. Sprinkle powder in your shoes if your feet perspire heavily. It goes without saying that a daily bath is a must. Follow it with a dusting of body powder or a sprinkle of toilet water. And a weekly shampoo will keep your hair sweet smelling, too.

12. Are your accessories clean? This means that your handbag is tidy, with a clean lining when opened to public gaze. Give leather linings a saddle soaping periodically and cloth linings a going-over with benzene or suds. Your powder puff should be washed or changed frequently, your comb always kept clean and free of lint and hair. Of course, your shoes should be shined or brushed daily, and your light collars and cuffs must be above suspicion.

13. Is your make-up right? Always put on make-up in a full light to see that it's straight and not too heavy. Use gradually darker powder as the spring advances into summer and your skin becomes tan. Color your lips far enough inside so that you have no startling line of demarcation.

14. Do you protect your hair? A bandanna kept for wearing only when you do a dusty job should be one of your most important articles of clothing! Of course, everyone's hair needs daily brushing to remove loose dirt and protect its gloss.

15. Are you kind to your hands? They should be lotioned or creamed after every wetting. If the day is extra-blustery and you're going out, try rubbing them with raw oatmeal after you dry them with a towel. Wear rubber gloves for messy, harsh jobs. Every so often treat your hands to an overnight beauty treatment. Wear heavy hand cream and cotton gloves to bed. In the morning they'll be smooth.

16. Do you apply your perfume to your skin? Never touch perfume or perfume products, such as toilet water or cologne, to garments. It spots them. Instead put perfume on the bends of the body—back of the knees, inside the elbows, at the base of the throat, behind the ears, and on the ear lobes and the hair.

17. Do you remove your make-up



BEFORE AFTER
spot it off THIGHS, WAIST, TUMMY,
HIPS and keep it off with the
BODY MASSEUR

"SWEDISH MASSEUR"

LIKE HAVING A PERSONAL MASSEUR
VISIT YOU IN YOUR HOME!

If you invited a private masseur into your home, all of his physical manipulations, massaging and professional skill couldn't satisfy your spot reducing needs as effectively, as excitingly, as YOUR PERSONAL Body Massager "SWEDISH MASSEUR!"

Here is the miracle massager that goes to work on your body wherever you need it most... wherever disturbing bulges appear... wherever unsightly fat spoils the svelte, glamorous figure that can be yours... wherever you want to SPOT IT OFF AND KEEP IT OFF, SLIM IT, TRIM IT, SHED IT—FOR GOOD, as long as you keep using the Body Massager. You spot reduce by firming and toning your tissues.

In just a few short days, you'll sense the emergence of a new person. You'll begin to look your loveliest—your new, slim figure will mean new experiences—new romance—new physical beauty! Your Body Massager "SWEDISH MASSEUR" will open new worlds for you.

FEATURES

- Spot Reduction
- Aids Circulation
- Eases Tension
- Relaxes Tired Muscles
- Soothes Aches and Pains Due to Over Exercise

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GUARANTEED

For
Two Full Years

Order your Body Massager "Swedish Massager" today at our risk. Use it for 10 days. This is your iron-clad guarantee. You must be happy, you must feel it is the best purchase you ever made for your figure beauty, you must agree that everything this advertisement has promised, it has more than fulfilled or your complete purchase price will be promptly refunded on request.

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Body Massager."

MAIL COUPON NOW

Body Massagers, Dept. A-6
405 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2.98 cash, check or money order, the Deluxe Model "Body MASSAGER" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

FRECKLES

Do freckles prevent you from being beautiful? Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream today. It gently lightens and leaves the skin smooth, soft and clearer. It is more than a freckle cream. Thousands of girls, women and men all over the world have used it for years. A good complexion always adds a charm to your personality.



Write for free Beauty booklet with many beauty suggestions.

THE STILLMAN CO.

DEPT. 46, AURORA, ILLINOIS

Learn PHOTO COLORING At Home!

EASY TO LEARN. Supplement present income by doing this profitable creative home work for studios, stores, and others. Full or part time. Fascinating hobby or profitable sideline at established school. Low tuition. Easy payments. Write today for FREE BOOKLET. It tells all you need to get started. No obligation.

NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL
635 Diversy Pkwy., Dept. 3228, Chicago 14

NERVOUS

My name is John Winters and "nerves" made my life miserable. So compare my suffering with yours and be prepared to hear the happiest news in years—for men and women of all ages. Yes, I suffered with the agony that so often builds up from simple nervous disturbances, fears, anxiety—titters, quivers, flutters, headaches, loss of sleep and appetite. No one seemed to understand. I was growing older, worried about family, job, money, health—almost frantic at times! I tried so many things. Then one day I consulted a famous Doctor in New York. He told me about an amazing new medical discovery—new and different, the safest and greatest of its kind in his long experience. I am so happy I want every one who suffers to know about this wonderful transmuting help for feeling calm all day long for sleeping well at night—for feeling free from the fear of "nerves". Please send your name and address and I'll make you a free gift of this most welcome news.

John Winters, Apt. 1189, 313 E. 53 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

10 Kt YELLOW GOLD FILLED
TIFFANY DIAMOND RINGS

Beautiful engagement & wedding ring set with brilliant imitation diamonds. **10Kt YELLOW** Each, or **GOLD FILLED** or Sterling Silver. **SEND NO MONEY. \$3.69**

Money. Pay Postman on delivery plus Federal Tax and postage. Sold on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Clark Bros. Co., 234 and 236 Lakeside Ave. DEPT. 2223 CHICAGO 47, ILL.

\$500.00 FOR YOUR CHILD'S Photo

\$100-\$500-MORE paid for children's photos, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. if selected for advertising. **HUNDREDS** used weekly. RUSH 1 small photo, with child's name, for APPROVAL. Returned promptly. No obligation. FREE service. Est. 1948.

HOLLYWOOD AD-PHOTOS
6087-XI Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.

every night? Remove it first with cream, then with soap and water, then with astringent if your skin is oily. Give it an additional creaming if your skin is dry.

18. Do you cover the shoulders of your dress when you comb your hair? A towel will do if you have no make-up cape. And follow with a clothes brushing, just to be sure.

19. Are your arms smooth? Heavy arm hair can be bleached with peroxide and household ammonia. Horny, darkened elbows can be bleached with lemon juice or laundry bleach and smoothed with cold cream. Remove underarm hair with a razor, electric shaver, or depilatory.

20. Are your legs smooth? Do you defuzz them, knees and all, whenever necessary? Keep them scale-free with hand lotion or cream.

21. Are you fastidious about your clothes? Let dresses lose body heat before enclosing them in the stuffy closet. Hang dresses inside out to help protect them from dust. Use garment bags. Also check over buttons, belts, etc., before storing clothes, so you won't accidentally don a garment that has loose or missing accessories. Always mend unraveled

seams immediately and snip off all loose and hanging threads. And never wear anything with a spot on it!

22. Do your clothes fit perfectly? Gloves that are too big make their wearers look like scarecrows. Gloves that are too small affect circulation. Ill-fitting shoes are bad for the feet and make you look awkward. Dresses that bulge at the shoulders look like castoffs. Too-loose clothes spoil the figure. Too-tight clothes look cheap. Often it takes only a minor correction to make clothes fit perfectly and look lovely.

23. Are your eyes clear? Bathe them once in a while with eye lotion or with boric acid and water. Be sure that your mascara is never smeared over your eyelids or under the eye to look untidy or even dissipated!

24. Are your feet neat? Summer's the time for bare feet. Be sure yours look well. Trimmed toenails save wear on stockings. Be sure to treat all corns promptly.

25. Is your posture perfect? If you slump, you'll make even well-fitting clothes look sloppy. And a beautiful hairdo looks well only on a well-carried head. Good posture makes you look better groomed in every way! ● THE END

Treat Your Family to a Special Dinner

(Continued from page 27)

Garlic Steak

- 2 pounds sirloin steak
- 1 package of garlic salt
- 1 tall tin of tiny potatoes

Dust steak generously on both sides with garlic salt and pop into broiler. Serve it on a platter with a gutter that will hold its juice, and garnish with tiny potatoes. Tinned potatoes are best because they make an enchanting frame for the steak and are no bother to prepare. Just flip them out of the tin and into the broiling pan just before the steak is done. The steak juices, mixed with the tangy garlic of the salt, will add a new note to the potatoes as it runs over them. Serves 5 to 6.

Baked Glazed Ham

Place ham fat side up on a rack in an open roasting pan, and bake in a slow 325-degree oven, allowing 18 to 20 minutes per pound for a whole, uncooked ham. Fifteen minutes before ham is done, remove it from oven and peel off

the rind with a sharp knife. Score the surface of the ham, and spread it with a mixture made by combining enough brown sugar and yellow mustard to make a soft paste. Insert whole cloves in corners made by scoring. Return the ham to oven, and bake for 15 minutes more. Remove ham from oven, and garnish with maraschino cherries.

Baked Peas and Lemon

- 1 1-pound can peas, drained
- 2 teaspoons grated onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 small lemon, thinly sliced

Combine peas, onion, butter or margarine, sugar, and salt; mix well. Turn into 1-quart casserole. Top with lemon slices. Bake in slow 325-degree oven 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Spaghetti with Lamb Balls and Sauce

- 1 pound ground lamb
- 1 teaspoon onion salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 8 ounces spaghetti

Combine lamb, onion salt, celery salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and pepper; mix well. Shape into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch balls. Cook lamb balls over low heat until browned on all sides. Add mushroom soup, milk, and parsley; mix well. Cover and cook over low heat 20 minutes, stirring occasion-

NASHVILLE NEEDS

**HILLBILLY
ROCK & ROLL
SACRED
FOLK & WESTERN**

SONGS

ALL WE NEED IS WORDS AND POEMS. WE DO THE REST. SEND SONG POEMS TODAY TO

**MUSIC CITY SONGCRAFTERS, Studio D
Box 6145, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tenn.**

ally. Meanwhile, add 1 tablespoon salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add spaghetti so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Serve spaghetti with lamb balls and sauce. Serves 4.

Marjoram Braised Chicken

- 3- to 4-pound ready-to-cook chicken
- 1/2 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
- 1/4 teaspoon onion salt
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1 1/2 teaspoons ground marjoram leaves
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup fresh baby green limas
- 1 cup sliced fresh carrots

Cut chicken into serving pieces. Combine flour and seasonings and place in a paper bag. Drop chicken into bag and shake to coat each piece with the flour mixture. Place shortening in skillet and heat until hot. Add flour-coated chicken and fry until golden brown, about 20 to 25 minutes. Turn to brown all sides. Add water. Cover. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add vegetables. Cook until tender, about 10 to 12 minutes. Remove chicken and place in center of serving plate. Arrange vegetables on platter around chicken. Make gravy from the liquid in the pan. Season to taste with salt and ground black pepper.

Fruit-Stuffed Pork Chops

- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/4 cup finely cut celery
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onions
- 1/2 cup chopped raw apple
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup whole-bran cereal
- 6 port chops, 1 1/4 inches thick
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup apple juice or cider

Combine raisins, celery, green pepper, onions, apple, bread crumbs, and bran cereal; mix thoroughly. Slit the pork chops through the middle to form a pocket; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill pockets with stuffing and fasten opening with skewers or sew together with coarse thread. Roll chops in a mixture of flour and paprika. Brown on both sides in heated shortening. Pour apple juice over meat; cover tightly. Bake in hot 425-degree oven about 1 hour, or until tender. Serves 6.

Spiced Applesauce with Corn Fritters

- 2 cups canned applesauce
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- Few grains salt
- 2 cups cooked or canned corn
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter

Combine applesauce, brown sugar, butter or margarin, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Heat. Drain corn; mash with

potato masher. Add eggs, flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix well. Heat a little butter in skillet. Drop spoonfuls of batter in butter; fry turning to brown both sides, adding more butter as needed. Serve fritters with generous portions of warm spicy applesauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Curried Meat Balls

- 1 1/2 pounds ground beef
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 cup finely minced onion
- 1/2 teaspoon thyme
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups consommé
- 1/2 can tomato paste
- 1 1/2 tablespoons curry powder
- 2 tablespoons water

In a mixing bowl, place beef, corn flakes, crushed slightly, salt, pepper, onion, thyme. Blend these ingredients thoroughly, and shape the mixture into small balls, about 2 tablespoons to a ball. Sauté in butter or margarine until evenly browned. Blend in flour and add gradually consommé, tomato paste, and curry powder dissolved in hot water. Cover tightly, and simmer for one hour over very low heat. Serve with rice. Serves 6.

Fresh Vegetable Chow Mein

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup thin sliced mushrooms
- 1/2 cup sliced onions
- 1 medium green pepper in thin strips
- 1 cup thin celery strips
- 1/2 pound green string beans, cut lengthwise
- 4 carrots, cut julienne
- 2 cups chicken stock or bouillon
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon dark molasses
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 3 tablespoons water
- 2 tomatoes

Sauté unpeeled sliced mushrooms in margarine to delicate brown and remove. Add onions and pepper; cook 2 minutes. Add rest of vegetables except tomatoes, add also stock, soy sauce, molasses, and sautéed mushrooms and cook 30 minutes. Combine cornstarch and water, add and cook 10 minutes longer. Peel tomatoes, cut in wedges, place on top for the last 5 minutes of cooking. Serve very hot with rice and friend chinese noodles. Serves 6.

Pork Chop and Peas Skillet

- 4 pork chops, about 3/4-inch thick
- 1 medium-sized onion, sliced
- 1 1/2-pound can peas
- 1/4 teaspoon oregano
- 1/4 teaspoon rosemary
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped canned pimientos

Cook pork chops and onion over low heat until chops are browned on both sides. Drain peas; serve liquid. Add peas liquid, oregano, rosemary, salt, pepper, and pimientos to pork-chop mixture. Cover and cook over low heat 30 minutes, or until chops are done. Add peas; heat to serving temperature. Serves 6.

TALL

Fashion Catalog

Free



Tall? Get Catalog of smart new fashions. Prices no higher than regular misses' sizes.

Shirtwaist Dress of soft Rayon-and-Wool in charming floral print; feels like wool. Sizes 12 to 24—only \$6.98. Others \$3.49 up. Also coats, suits, lingerie, shoes, hose and sportswear.

Over Five-Seven Shop
TALL
 Over Five-Seven Shops, Dept. T-14
 465 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me Free Tall Girls Catalog (T-14)

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ Zone _____ State _____ P-50

TWO-TONE NYLON SEAT COVERS

For that **NEW LOOK** in your car

EASY TO INSTALL \$2.98 ppd.

DURABLE, WASHABLE, C.O.D.

Dresses up your car's interior. Washable, gives your upholstery long-lasting beauty & protection. To install, simply slip over seats. In navy blue, green, tan and white combinations.

\$2.98 for front split, or front or back solid. Set \$3.75

Add 25¢ postage or sent C.O.D. 10 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Write Cryder Sales Corp. Box 79, Dept. N-14, Whitestone 57, N. Y.

SWAP PHOTOS

Best possible reproductions of your favorite snapshot, portrait or negative.



30¢

\$1.00

65 for \$2.00

(Includes 25¢ for packing & mailing)

SO WELCOME TO GIVE AND TO GET

FULL WALLET SIZE 2 1/2" BY 3 1/2"
BEAUTIFUL—DOUBLEWEIGHT SILK PAPER...
Mail your original between cardboard...

GROSS COPY CO.

4704 S Troast
Kansas City 10, Mo.

Make the Most of Your Skills
Save MONEY—Make MONEY, too

SEND FOR
LEE WARDS
Great Needlework
CATALOGS
for entire year
FREE!

Like Crocheting, Embroidery, Flower Making, Knitting, making bag and doll materials, or holiday decorations?

Interested in saving money? Make the Most of Your Skills to make easy money with your hobby? Then mail coupon for FREE copies of LeeWards Catalogs—a full year's subscription. Over 6,000 items. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE CATALOGS

LeeWards, Dept. SR-44—615 Page Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Send Free Catalog and every new issue for a year.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



PRACTICAL NURSING

ADDITIONAL INCOME or CAREER. FREE SAMPLE LESSON SHOWS how easily you can qualify for career as Practical Nurse, Auxiliary Nurse, Infant Nurse, Nurse's Aide, Doctor's Office, Hospital work. Learn at home in your spare time. Students accepted to 65, men welcome, HIGH SCHOOL NOT REQUIRED. STATE AGE.

SPEED-SYSTEM School of Nursing
Suite 201-SR, 4 No. 8th St., St. Louis 1, Mo.

EXCHANGE WALLET-SIZED PHOTOS WITH SCHOOLMATES AND THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE

'SWAP-SHOTS'
30 for 98¢
65 for \$1.98
Include 27¢ for postage & handling

So welcome to give and get! Full wallet size 2½" by 3½" on finest quality portrait paper. Send any size snapshot or negative in black and white or color. Send for FREE MAILERS.
(Original returned unharmed.)

ENVOY PHOTO Dept. 9
BOX 121 • BATH BEACH STA. • BROOKLYN 14, N. Y.

SONGS
into DOLLARS!

NEW songwriters, poets share \$33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted, Appraised, into FREE from...
NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 285, Calif.

DRUNKENNESS

DO YOU WANT RELIEF? Permanent relief from Drunkenness. Break the Drinking Cycle QUICKLY... INEXPENSIVE... EASY! Use **ALCOREM**, the amazing liquid that promotes aversion (dislike) toward ALL intoxicating drinks. Not classed as a permanent "cure," but it IS a recognized method of withdrawal of alcohol. Interrupts drinking cycle and causes many to turn from liquor. May be taken in SECRET. A few drops of this wonderful **ALCOREM** eliminates desire for more alcohol. GUARANTEED Pure and Effective. Aversion treatment is recognized by Medical Authority. **ALCOREM** comes ready to use—simple instructions included—need not cause excessive time out from work or social duties. One happy **ALCOREM** user writes: "PLEASE SEND ME MORE WONDERFUL **ALCOREM** AT ONCE FOR A FRIEND WHO IS A HEAVY DRINKER. I BOUGHT FROM YOU BEFORE AND HAD WONDERFUL RESULTS." As an additional help we send...
FREE 21 PINKIES with order of **ALCOREM** Special Formula causes persons a digestive system. Also **FREE WEIGHT CHART** to guide reformed drinker to proper weight.
DO NOT DELAY ORDER **ALCOREM NOW** SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. We rush **ALCOREM, PINKIES, Weight Chart** in plain wrapper. Pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage. To **SAVE 9¢** in C.O.D. and postage, send \$8.95 with order.
MIDWEST HEALTH AID • DEPT. E-2
608 S. DEARBORN ST. • CHICAGO 5, ILL.

Pork Balls and Peas in Tomato Sauce

- 1 pound ground pork
- ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- ¼ cup milk
- 2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ teaspoon basil
- 1 1-pound can peas, drained

Combine pork, bread crumbs, onion, and milk; mix well. Shape into 1-inch balls. Cook over low heat until browned on all sides. Add tomato sauce, salt and pepper, and basil. Cover and cook over low heat 25 minutes, or until pork balls are done. Add peas and cook 5 minutes. Serves 4.

Cheese Soufflé, Paprika

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup all-purpose flour
- 1 ½ teaspoons paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 Dash cayenne
- 1 ½ cups milk
- 2 cups grated processed American cheese (about ½ pound)
- 6 eggs, separated

Melt butter or margarine; add flour paprika, salt, and cayenne and blend. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add cheese and cook, stirring frequently, until cheese is melted. Beat egg yolks; add a little of cheese mixture and blend. Add to remaining cheese mixture and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into cheese mixture. Pour into ungreased 2-quart casserole. Bake in slow 300-degree oven 1¼ hours. Serves 6.

Swedish Pot Roast

- 4 pounds pot roast
- 2 tablespoons bacon fat
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
- ¾ cup diced onion
- 1 peeled, sliced garlic clove
- 1 ½ cups sour cream
- 1 6-ounce package fine or medium noodles
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts hot water

Brown roast in hot fat in skillet or Dutch oven. Add seasonings, grated lemon rind, onion, and garlic. Pour sour cream over all. Cover. Simmer over low heat for 3½ to 4 hours, basting occasionally with gravy. Break noodles. Add to salted, boiling water. Cook uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender, 10 to 15 minutes. Drain. If desired, add to sauce, 20 minutes before serving to give them added flavor. Serve with roast. Serves 6.

Chicken Roast

- 1 4- to 6-pound roasted chicken
- Salt and pepper
- Butter
- 1 package stuffing mix
- ¼ teaspoon ground thyme
- ¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ cup butter or chicken fat
- 3 small onions
- 2 celery stalks, diced
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- Chicken broth

Thoroughly clean and wash the chicken, then rub it inside and out with cut lemon. Salt and pepper well, both inside and out, then rub all over with butter and be a little generous with the butter. Make the stuffing by mixing, in a big bowl, the stuffing mix, thyme, poultry seasoning, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter or chicken fat in a heavy large skillet and in it cook the onions and celery until the onions are limp and transparent—don't let them brown. Add the stuffing mixture and over a low heat toss to blend thoroughly. Add just enough chicken broth to make the stuffing as dry or as moist as you like it. Put the chicken in a roasting pan and roast at 350 degrees for about 2 hours, basting every 15 minutes with spoonfuls of sour cream. If, when the chicken is done, you want a thicker gravy, add about a tablespoon of flour to the juices in the pan, when the chicken has been removed.

Chicken Vienna, Sautéed

- 2 broiler-fryers (approx. 3 pounds each)
- Salt
- Pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Powdered bay leaf
- Thyme
- Lemon juice

Prepare chickens for frying. Season with mixture of salt, pepper, thyme, powdered bay leaf, and lemon juice. Dip in flour; then in beaten eggs. Dip in bread crumbs once only. Cook in a sautéing pan with sweet butter over a very hot fire, drain, sponge, and season. Dress them dry with a bunch of fresh parsley on top.

Shrimp Creole

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup minced green pepper
- 1 package onion-soup mix
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 Dash pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 3 cups tomatoes
- 1 pound shrimp, cleaned, cooked
- 2 to 3 cups hot cooked rice

Melt butter and sauté pepper 5 to 10 minutes. Remove from heat and add onion-soup mix, seasonings, and tomatoes. Simmer 15 minutes. Add shrimp and heat thoroughly. Serve over the hot rice. Serves 5 to 6.

Broilers in Herb Butter Sauce

- 1 broiler, cut in quarters
- 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1 can (3 or 4 ounces) mushrooms
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 1/16 teaspoon each, savory, rosemary, thyme, and marjoram, optional
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 cups hot cooked rice, optional

Sprinkle chicken on both sides with monosodium glutamate, then with salt, pepper, and paprika. Melt butter in skillet; brown chicken. Drain liquid from mushrooms; add to chicken with wine. Sprinkle with herbs and parsley. Add bay leaf; cover and simmer 45 minutes. Turn once during cooking; add small

amount of water if necessary. Add mushrooms - last 10 minutes cooking time. If desired, serve with hot cooked rice. Serves 4.

Creamy Lamb Stew

- 1½ pounds lean shoulder of lamb
- Salt and pepper
- Flour
- 3 medium onions
- 3 cups hot water
- 2 cups carrot strips
- 2 cups potato strips
- 1½ cups milk

Trim fat from the lamb and melt it in a frying pan. Sprinkle the lamb with 1 teaspoon of salt, a few grains of pepper, and 2 tablespoons of flour, and mix well. Fry in 2 to 3 tablespoons of the hot lamb fat until brown on all sides. Add the sliced onions and the hot water, cover and cook over low heat for 1 to 2 hours or until tender. Add the carrots, potatoes, and ½ teaspoon salt about 20 minutes before the end of the cooking time. Mix 3 tablespoons flour and a little of the milk to a smooth paste. Add the remaining milk gradually and pour into the stew. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add more salt and pepper if needed. Serve with hot biscuits. Serves 6.

Brunswick Stew

- 1 4-pound chicken
- Salt, pepper, and flour
- ¼ cup margarine
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 4 tomatoes, peeled and quartered
- 2½ cups water
- 1 bay leaf
- Dash of cayenne
- 1 package frozen lima beans
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Disjoint chicken into 8 to 10 pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; dredge in flour. Brown slowly in margarine. Remove chicken and brown the onion in drippings. Add chicken, tomatoes, water, bay leaf, and cayenne. Cover and simmer until chicken is nearly tender. Add corn and lima beans and continue simmering until tender. Season with Worcestershire sauce and additional salt and pepper. More water may be added if desired. Serves 6.

Chesapeake Oyster Loaf

- 1 loaf French bread
- 2 dozen oysters (fresh or frozen)
- ½ cup cream
- 1 tablespoon chopped celery
- Pepper and salt
- 2 drops Tabasco sauce

Cut the top crust of the French bread off and scoop out the inside. Butter just about ½ of the portion you have scooped out and toast it in the oven. Fry the drained oysters in butter until their edges curl, then add the cream, celery, pepper and salt, and the Tabasco sauce. Add the toasted bread, mix well, and fill the hollowed loaf with the mixture. Fit the top crust back on the bread and

bake 20 minutes at 400 degrees, basting frequently with the liquor from the oysters. Slice and serve hot. Serves 6.

Maryland Chicken and Crab Casserole

- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- ½ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 1 teaspoon turmeric (optional)
- 1 can chicken (6-ounce), in chunks
- 1 can mushrooms (3- or 4-ounce)
- 1 can crabmeat (6½-ounce)
- ½ teaspoon paprika

In a saucepan, blend together the soups, the milk, the onion, and turmeric. Heat slowly, stirring often to blend. Add the chicken chunks, the drained mushrooms, the drained and flaked crabmeat, and the paprika. Heat well, stirring carefully. Serve over freshly cooked rice or over hot biscuits. Serves 4 to 6.

Chateau Onion Pie

- 1½ cups fine soda cracker crumbs
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 2½ cups onions, sliced thin
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup milk
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ -pound package pasteurized processed cheese food, finely shredded

Combine cracker crumbs and melted butter and blend well. Press evenly in a deep 9-inch buttered pie plate. Fry onions in butter until lightly browned. Place on crumb crust. Scald milk; slowly add to eggs, while stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper, and pasteurized processed cheese food. Pour over onions. Bake in a slow 325-degree oven until a sharp knife inserted in the center comes out clean, about 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Barbecued Spareribs

- 3 pounds fresh spareribs
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon Tabasco
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 clove garlic
- ¼ cup water

Have butcher crack the bones in five-inch pieces to eat out of hand. Place in shallow pan, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast in hot 450-degree oven for 30 minutes. While the ribs are roasting, combine the remaining ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Spoon sauce over ribs, reduce temperature to moderate 350-degree, and roast one hour. Baste twice during last hour of roasting. Serve with remaining sauce. Serves 5 to 6. ● THE END



OF INTEREST TO WOMEN PW-Sept. '59
BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics. For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1699Q, Glendale, California.

\$500.00—OFTEN MORE for your child's photo. Advertisers pay thousands annually! Rush (one) picture. Promptly returned with judge's report! Free gifts. National Photo, Box 3035-P, North Hollywood, California.
\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Picture (All Ages), Hundreds used. Send small picture for approval. Free! Free! Free! (Send photo of child's parents' name. Spotlite, 8344 Beverly Pk., Hollywood California)

HOMEWORKERS: EARN MONEY sewing great treat for us. We supply materials; instructions. No Selling! Home-Sewing, Inc., Dept. 106, Box 2107, Cleveland 8, Ohio.
HOMEWORKERS: ASSEMBLE AND ENDOLE Great! Precut, moccasins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts Los Angeles 46-8, California.

DRESSES 24¢; SHOES 39¢; Men's Suits \$4.95; Trousers \$1.20. Better used clothing. Free Catalog. Warehouse, 164-A, East 104th Street, New York.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspapers. Write, Newscraft, PW-93-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.
\$500 FOR YOUR Child's Photo. Rush Photo For Approval Returned. Advertisers \$200.11. Sunset, Hollywood 28, Calif.

\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE. Sewing Babywear! No house selling. Free information. Send name to Gullies, Warsaw 1, Ind.
HOSIERY GUARANTEED AGAINST EVERYTHING. 75¢ pair. PLRAE 11532 Pacific Highway, Tacoma 99, Washington.
SEW OUR READY out aprons at home, spare time. Easy, profitable. Hanky Abrons, Caldwell 3, Ariz.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6588, Cleveland 11, Ohio.
EARN GOOD MONEY Mailing Circulars. Write, Leeway, Mountain View-5, Oklahoma.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED
I'LL SEND YOU sample newest advancement in hosiery since nylon. Patented, full-length. Stays up over-the-knee without supporters, without girdle! Nationally advertised pair \$1.45. Make money introducing to friends at \$1.00 pair. American Mills, Dept. 878, Indianapolis, Indiana.
EASIEST \$60 TO \$100 You'll Ever Make! Expanding new Southern Beauty Christmas Cards; \$1 Ceramic Gifts pay huge profits. Free 25th Anniversary personalized Album, samples on approval. Special Anniversary Free gift offer. Write Southern, 478 N. Hollywood, Dept. P-38, Memphis.

FASHION DEMONSTRATORS—\$20-\$40 profit evenings. No delivering or collecting. Beeline Style Shows are Party Plan sensation! Samples furnished Free. Beeline Fashions, Bensenville 101, Illinois.
EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-99, Chicago 32, Illinois.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. \$25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif. Dept. 1699H-1.
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES
COMPLETE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 62-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma information booklet free. American School, Dept. X674, Dravos at 89, Chicago 30, Illinois.
HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES
\$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamp Spare Time, Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Cooper, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

MAKE BIG MONEY invariably mending damaged garments at home. Details Free. Infomark 626 Broadway, Chicago 40.
EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langsons, Box 41107/PW, Los Angeles, 41, California.

LOANS BY MAIL \$100-\$500 For Any purpose. Employed men and women eligible. Confidential. 2 years to repay. Write for free loan application. American Loan Pkg. City National Bldg., Dept. CWM-99, Omaha 2, Nebraska.
BORROW BY MAIL: \$100-\$500 Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Bldg., Dept. 687, Omaha 2, Neb.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS
BIGGEST SPARE TIME PROFIT. Showing friends beautiful Evans Christmas, Allocation Cards. Easy Cards. 100% profit. Special kit sent on approval. Included Free: 32 sample personalized cards, 2 catalogs. Selling Guide. Write: New England Art Publishers, North Abington 922, Massachusetts.

STAMP COLLECTING
GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE—includes "Triangles"—Early United States—Animals—Commemorative—British Colonies—High Value Victorials, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all Free. Send \$5 for postage, Grav Stamp Co., Dept. PC, Toronto, Canada.

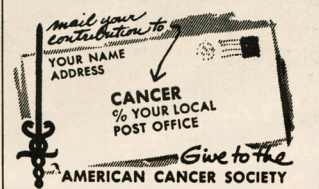
FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS
AMERICAN OVERSEAS JOBS: High Pay, Men, Women. Transportation Paid. Free Information. Write: Transworld, Dept. 18B, 200 West 34th St., New York 1.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
POEMS WANTED IMMEDIATELY For Musical Setting and Recording. Free Examination. Rust Poems, Songwriters, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tennessee.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS
FREE WRITERS' CATALOGUE giving manuscript markets. Write, Literary Agent Mend, 915 Broadway, N. Y. 10.

Read the Exciting Novelette— PUSHED AROUND FOR THE LAST TIME

Now I'd Get Even
 In the September issue of
CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS
 on sale everywhere August 11th



I COULDN'T STOP

Torturing HIM!

My poor husband. Living with me had become torture for him, I'd become such a nag. And the worst part of it was I just couldn't help myself! I felt so tired and worn-out — even an afternoon nap didn't help. When Phil came home from work, I was so nervous and irritable I jumped on every word he said.

I loved my husband dearly, but instead of being an understanding wife, I started arguments over nothing at all. I could see the strain telling on Phil. After all, no man likes a woman ruining his life!

"What's wrong?" he asked. "You're not acting like the girl I married. You're so tired and jumpy lately — it's just not normal. Maybe you ought to see the doctor!"

Sure enough, our doctor had the answer. After examining me, he explained that my condition was merely the result of a prolonged nutritional deficiency. He explained that a lack of vitamins and minerals was actually making me tired and cranky. All he recommended was a good nutritional formula to supplement my daily diet.

I started taking Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules, and it wasn't long before Phil and I noticed the wonderful difference. My tiredness disappeared, I wasn't nervous anymore — and thank goodness I stopped nagging. Phil and I are as happy as honeymooners again!

If you are otherwise normally healthy, but are suffering from vitamin-mineral deficiency, why not see if Vitasafe Capsules can help you? You don't risk a penny. Simply mail the coupon below for a trial 30-day supply!

25¢ just to cover shipping expenses of this

FREE 30 days supply High-Potency Capsules

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, VITAMINS AND MINERALS

Safe, Nutritional Formula Containing 29 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, Liver, 18 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D . . . five times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered — a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

Glutamic Acid, an important protein constituent derived from natural wheat gluten, is also included in Vitasafe Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

WHY YOU MAY NEED THESE SAFE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or another, absolutely indispensable for proper health . . . but some people actually need more than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. If you are a normally healthy person, but tire easily . . . if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains, with resulting improper eating habits . . . then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered" — because they contain the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity

of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states . . . pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

HOW AMAZING PLAN FLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free 30-day supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. By participating in the Vitasafe Plan now you are never under any obligation! When you have received your first 30-day trial supply, simply take one VITASAFE Capsule every day to prove that this formula can help you as it is helping so many others. But you

A VITASAFE PLAN FOR MEN

Men may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a man in your house, you will do him a favor by bringing this announcement to his attention. Just have him check the "Men's Plan" box in the coupon.

remain the sole judge. If you are not completely satisfied, and do not wish to receive any additional vitamins, simply let us know by writing us before the next monthly shipment — or you can use the handy instruction card we will provide — and no future shipments will be sent. Yes, you are under no purchase obligation ever; you may cancel future shipments at any time!

But if you are delighted — as so many people already are — if you don't do a thing and you will continue to receive fresh, additional shipments regularly every month — for just as long as you wish, automatically and on time — at the low Plan rate of only \$2.78 plus a few cents shipping for each full month supply. You take no risk whatsoever — you may drop out of this Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny, by simply notifying us of your decision a few days before your next monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous offer! Mail coupon NOW.

Mail Coupon TO VITASAFE CORPORATION, 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.

or when in New York visit the VITASAFE PHARMACY, 1860 Broadway at Columbus Circle. IN CANADA: 394 Symington Avenue, Toronto 5, Ontario

VITASAFE CORP. 1-D
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in this magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

Men's Plan Women's Plan

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for postage and postage.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____
This offer is limited to one trial supply per customer. If this generous trial. Only one trial supply under each plan per customer. Please adjust to local conditions.

YOUR FREE VALUABLE 30-DAY MONTHLY SUPPLY



WOMEN RECEIVE IN EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE:	
Choline	30 mg.
Inositol	30 mg.
Biotin	10 mg.
Calcium	10 mg.
Copper	10 mg.
Iron	10 mg.
Liver	10 mg.
Vitamin A	500 USP Units
Vitamin B ₁	100 USP Units
Vitamin B ₂	100 mg.
Vitamin B ₆	10 mg.
Vitamin C	100 mg.
Vitamin E	10 mg.
Vitamin K	10 mg.
Vitamin D	10 mg.
Vitamin P	10 mg.
Vitamin Q	10 mg.
Vitamin R	10 mg.
Vitamin S	10 mg.
Vitamin T	10 mg.
Vitamin U	10 mg.
Vitamin V	10 mg.
Vitamin W	10 mg.
Vitamin X	10 mg.
Vitamin Y	10 mg.
Vitamin Z	10 mg.
Vitamin AA	10 mg.
Vitamin BB	10 mg.
Vitamin CC	10 mg.
Vitamin DD	10 mg.
Vitamin EE	10 mg.
Vitamin FF	10 mg.
Vitamin GG	10 mg.
Vitamin HH	10 mg.
Vitamin II	10 mg.
Vitamin JJ	10 mg.
Vitamin KK	10 mg.
Vitamin LL	10 mg.
Vitamin MM	10 mg.
Vitamin NN	10 mg.
Vitamin OO	10 mg.
Vitamin PP	10 mg.
Vitamin QQ	10 mg.
Vitamin RR	10 mg.
Vitamin SS	10 mg.
Vitamin TT	10 mg.
Vitamin UU	10 mg.
Vitamin VV	10 mg.
Vitamin WW	10 mg.
Vitamin XX	10 mg.
Vitamin YY	10 mg.
Vitamin ZZ	10 mg.

We invite you to measure the richness of this formula with any other vitamins and mineral preparations. ALSO AVAILABLE, A VITASAFE PLAN FOR MEN. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

45 PCS. UNBREAKABLE *Service for 8* MELMAC DINNERWARE

Lifetime

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED



LOOK AT THESE FEATURES!

- ✦ Won't CRACK
- ✦ Won't BREAK
- ✦ Won't CHIP
- ✦ Won't FADE
- ✦ Won't STAIN

Amazing! The gay colors are guaranteed to stay bright. This dinnerware can be washed in BOILING water and ALL MECHANICAL DISHWASHERS.

LIST PRICE \$29.95

\$14.95

FREE! Beautiful Matching Creamer and Covered Sugar Bowl.



GUARANTEE

Any piece of this dinnerware that becomes broken, cracked, crazed or shows signs of defects during normal use in the home will be replaced. *Nireak Industries.*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SERVICE FOR 8—45 PIECES UNBREAKABLE DINNERWARE Includes:

- 8 Dinner Plates
- 8 Soup Plates
- 8 Salad Dishes
- 8 Cups
- 8 Saucers
- 1 Platter
- 1 Vegetable Bowl
- 1 Creamer
- 1 Sugar Bowl
- 1 Sugar Lid

A complete dinnerware service for 8 people in Nationally Advertised Lifetime Guaranteed MELMAC. Extra-heavyweight rainbow dinnerware fit for a queen! All pieces are in rainbow assortment of pastel colors—yellow, gray, coral, and turquoise. Permanent satin gloss finish and china-like textured. Even the hottest water used in a dishwasher won't harm this set.

NIRESK INDUSTRIES
2331 N. Washitaw Ave.
Chicago 47, Illinois

Dept. GS-6

Please send me the complete 45 pc. set of unbreakable Melmac Dinnerware on money back guarantee of \$14.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Enclosed find \$14.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Ship C.O.D.

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS



LOOK! *Thousands*

**Who Never Thought They Could-
NOW MAKING \$50 to \$500
in Spare Time...**



"FEATURE" \$1.00 CHRISTMAS ASS'T.
We'll send you spectacular new Christmas Ass't. 21 deluxe cards would cost \$2.50 if bought singly. It's the biggest value in America... a big money-maker!

**... Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors
with World-Famous Wallace Brown
CHRISTMAS CARDS**
**WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL
PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!***

Thousands, who never earned extra money before, now enjoy \$50 to \$500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! Everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. It's simple! We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. Yes, it's fun making extra money! Mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!



FREE **Samples of Popular-Priced
Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS**

Make MORE MONEY with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. Exclusive and original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell on sight. We ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-sellers.

ORGANIZATIONS:
Churches, clubs, etc., can now add hundreds of dollars to their treasuries with these fast sellers. Give your organization's name on the coupon for Fund-Raising Plan.

76 BIG MONEY MAKERS—Send Coupon Below

Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't, on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers . . . more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to make money at once! Just mail the coupon below TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY
Paste Coupon on postcard
or mail in envelope

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
11 East 26th St., Dept W-99
New York 10, New York

Send 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name _____

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 11 East 26th St., Dept. W-99
New York 10, New York