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MCCALL'S

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The Story of
MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN
begins in this issue

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Those afternoons with Ruth came to him now, a poignant memory

STAIRS of SAND

*Souls are welded in the crucible
of the desert*

By Zane Grey

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

UNHAPPINESS has pursued Ruth from her birth. In the prime of her fresh youth and beauty she is wedded to a man she detests. Her only salvation lies in Adam Wansfell, whom men call the "Desert Wanderer." But fate wills it that this man whom she has grown to love is the brother of her husband. He remains near her, yet hiding his presence from his brother and from all men until one day when Ruth is found missing. Stone, an old lover of Ruth's, has also disappeared with a sum of her husband's money. The finger of suspicion points out that she and Stone have eloped as they had before.

MERRYVALE located the Indian in the saloon. Hindfoot, as they called him locally, was one of the many tragic derelicts of the desert, ruined by contact with the whites. He understood English, though he could speak only a little; he was capable in many ways, but so addicted to drink that he could not get work. When the saloon was open, from morning until late at night, Hindfoot could be counted upon to be there.

His dark sombre eyes gleamed from a gold coin in his palm to Merryvale's face.

"Come, follow me, but keep far behind," whispered Merryvale, and went out. He did not want to run the risk of being seen making for the desert with Hindfoot. There appeared small chance of that, however, for all of Lost Lake was in the freighting-post.

Merryvale went north along the road. When he had reached some smoke trees on the outskirts of the post, he turned and waited for the Indian.

"Huh! What you want?" queried Hindfoot.

"We go all round post," replied Merryvale, getting up. "Look for tracks made last night."

"What kind tracks?"

"Any kind."

"Come?" asked the Indian, pointing north, and then turning to the south with brown hand outstretched, he went on: "Go?"

"Shore, hoss an' wheel tracks," rejoined Merryvale, eagerly. "Then I want to know if any man or woman

tracks came in last night or did any tracks leave?"

"Me savvy," said the Indian, and stepping back into the road he put his toe against a narrow wheel track, identical with that which Merryvale had trailed on the other side of the post.

"Come an' go last night. Me see um," continued Hindfoot cautiously, his sombre gaze hard on his listener.

Merryvale, with hand that shook, gave the Indian another gold coin.

"Tell me—who?" demanded Merryvale.

Hindfoot covered his right eye, hiding it with one hand, while with his other hand he pointed to his uncovered eye.

"One-eye man come."

Merryvale's frame leaped as if it had been galvanized.

"Collishaw!"

"Four hoss. Wagon come. Me see um." He held up two fingers. "Mex an' one-eye man. No stop post. Stop far away. Long time. Go fast!"

"Hindfoot, you're an Indian," said Merryvale, wiping his wet face. "Whew! . . . Did you see these men get out, or meet anybody?"

"No. All dark there."

"Did you hear a woman scream?" went on Merry-

vale, breathing with great difficulty.

"No. All seems quiet everywhere."

"Didn't you see Larey at all then?"

"No. He drink like fish long time."

before that, then go way soon falling all over trail."

"All right, Hindfoot. Now we'll look for tracks. You go far round. Meet me Indian Jim's. I go this side."

They separated. Merryvale had chosen the upper half of Lost Lake to circle, and he strode off with searching eyes bent on the ground. In some sandy patches and likewise on hard-packed gravel, tracks would have been difficult to find. On the other hand, there were stretches of adobe clay which would have betrayed the imprint of the lightest foot. Merryvale did not sight any fresh tracks. Back of Ruth's yard he crossed his own and Adam's footprints made several days previous. From that point down and round to Indian Jim's there was no sign to be detected.

Hindfoot was waiting for Merryvale, though that fact would not have been evident to anyone else.

"No see more tracks," said the Indian.

"Where me get hoss to ride?" asked Merryvale, his mind leaping on to the next issue.

"Jim got mule."

"Saddle?"

"Injun saddle. Heap good."

"Hindfoot, go get Jim's mule an' saddle. Fetch over there," said Merryvale, pointing to his shack through the palo verdes.

"Huh!" replied the Indian.

Upon arriving at the shed, the shade of which was markedly welcome, Merryvale threw off his coat, and searched among his effects for his canteen, and finding it he sat down to rest and wait. His mind was full, though no longer whirling. It was imperative that he get to Adam that day, in time for them to return to Lost Lake and catch the stage in the morning. Adam, once in possession of all Merryvale had heard and seen and thought in connection with Ruth's disappearance, would act with the eagle-like swiftness for which he was famed. Merryvale did not know just what direction this action would take, beyond getting to Yuma

with all possible speed, but he began to feel the old revelry in peril and mystery that the desert had bred in him.

Hindfoot arrived with the mule, a dilapidated antediluvian beast that Merryvale eyed askance. He despatched the Indian to fill his canteen at the post watering-trough, while he lengthened the stirrups. Soon, then, he was mounted, and riding in a detour through the trees, to avoid being seen.

Heat and glare and silence, the great openness without life, the silver sand, the red outcropping ledges, the copper sky—these closed in upon Merryvale, gradually to color his thought, and to alienate him from all that was in contrast to them.

Five miles or more up the slow heave of desert there was a break in the monotony. It was the mouth of a canyon. Merryvale entered and rode along a winding ditch of sand, where water ran in times of flood. He had come into the region of rock. The walls grew higher until they towered above, stained and seamed.

The canyon forked in an amphitheatre of ruined cliffs, of vast sections of wall, and slopes of weathered sandstone. Merryvale found Adam's trail well defined now, leading up the left fork. This was a dismal crack between two overhanging precipices. It might have been a gateway to an inferno.

Farther on there was a widening of the canyon, lighter, with less frightfully leaning rims and balancing crags and split shafts. Riding round a corner Merryvale came suddenly upon one of those amazing surprises to which the desert wilfully treats its faithful adherents upon rare occasions. The great walls formed an oval bowl, gold in line, with magnificent blank faces, sheering down to a beautiful floor of lucent sand and amber rock fringed by green growths. The glittering sun struck white light from a pool of water, set in solid rock.

As Merryvale rode into this paradise, guiding the mule toward the shady side, Adam suddenly stepped from behind a huge rock, gun in hand.

"You've bad news. I knew that when I first saw you."

"Pard, it couldn't be no worse. Ruth is gone again!"

In one stride Adam reached Merryvale, to lay those talon-like hands upon him.

"Yes, Adam. *Gone!* Gone again with Stone or—"

"*No!*" Adam's voice, high, ringing like a sonorous bell, clapped in echo from wall to wall.

Whereupon Merryvale poured out the story of Ruth's disappearance, confining himself sternly to what he had heard and seen and done.

"She never accompanied Stone—willingly," replied Adam, with such tremendous weight that Merryvale felt his slow sluggish blood quicken.

"It does seem impossible—now I see you, Adam," he said. "I hope to Gawd, I wasn't traitor to Ruth."

"You were, unfortunately . . . But you named my brother only in connection with his attack on Dabb—the lost money—and Stone?"

"Wal, you yelled for facts only," replied Merryvale, conscious of an obstacle that had strangely arisen to his opportunity to set the destroying angels loose upon Guerd Larey. Ruth's face—her look—her whisper! Merryvale could not voice what his sagacity had evolved.

"I'd rather it would be Ruth's dishonor than Guerd's crime," Adam wrung out.

Merryvale sprang up as if lashed by a whip. "Gawd Almighty! What're you sayin', Adam?—That girl, still good, fightin' the devil that was born in her an' the beasts of men who want her body! I'd die for her an' sell my soul to save her honor . . . Adam, you are mad."

"No, not yet," said Adam, lifting a face like ice. "I would love her the same—even more. I could save her . . . But if Guerd laid his lustful hand on her—so help me God . . . I'd tear out his heart!"

The great horny desert-talon hands gripped the air with appalling intensity as if feeling for Guerd's heart.

"An' that'd be good!" choked Merryvale, overcome by passion. He walked away, and paced under the wall until he had gained a semblance to composure.

"Merryvale, time is flying," spoke up Adam, gravely, as he approached.

"Wal, I was thinkin' of that," responded Merryvale. "How soon can we get to Yuma?"

"Down stage due today," replied Merryvale. "It leaves in the mawnin'."

"You go on that stage," said Adam, swiftly. "I'll pack my burros and leave here before dark. By sunup tomorrow I'll be at Bitter Seeps. I'll wait there. If my brother Guerd is on that stage you throw a paper or a bottle or anything out upon the road. If he's not I'll stop the stage and go with you."

"So far, so good. Suppose Guerd's on the stage?" queried Merryvale.

"Would he recognize me?" asked Adam, a spasm of agony crossing his face. "Do you remember the boy who came to Picacho—eighteen years ago? . . . It seems a lifetime. Have I not changed terribly? Who would know in Wansfell the boy Adam Larey? . . . Merryvale, would he know me?"

"Never in the world!" ejaculated Merryvale, shrilly.



He uttered a sharp cry and tried to swerve aside

"You could face him for an hour an' he'd not see anythin' familiar in you. Adam, pard, you forget the trans-formin' power of the desert."

"But I could not trust myself," went on Adam, his tragic supplicating gaze on Merryvale. "I will never confront Guerd—or let him confront me—unless it is to be the end!"

Mournful words! Merryvale suffered anew in the trail of his friend. Adam shook his frame like a rousing lion.

"Enough. If Guerd's on the stage, I will walk to Yuma," he decided. "Hide my packs and leave the burros at Bitter Seeps. Travel by night. Get to Yuma only twelve hours behind you. Meet you at Augustine's. You know his place. I befriended him. He owes me much. Augustine can find Ruth for us—no matter where they hide her, he'll be able to find her for us."

"Wal, pard, I'm on my way, pronto," replied Merryvale.

IT was after dark when Merryvale rode into Lost Lake, unaware of fatigue or hunger. After returning the mule, Merryvale hurried up to see Hunt, whom he found at supper, and who bade him sit and eat. Then Hunt plied him with queries.

"Wal, Ruth will probably be sittin' heah at your table again in less than a week," replied Merryvale, answering all questions at once.

"If I could be sure of that, I'd be relieved of a burden," returned Hunt, grateful, yet full of doubt.

"You can be shore, providin' Ruth is alive. No one can tell what's in store on this desert."

"Larey came up to see me," announced Hunt. "You don't say? Surprises me. What did he want?"

exclaimed Merryvale, powerfully interested.

"I was astonished myself," went on Hunt. "He seemed to have forgotten the scurvy way he'd treated me. He asked many questions about Ruth. He was curious, bitter, but evidently had gotten over his fury."

"Humph! How'd you know Larey was furious?" asked Merryvale, bluntly.

"I met Mrs. Dorn. You know what a gossip she is. Well, she had been to the post. According to her story Larey nearly tore the place down. He was like a madman. Indoors and outdoors he raved and cursed. The Indians ran away. The Mexicans were afraid of him, too."

"Ahuh, I savvy. Shoutin' it out to the skies, hey? His wife run off again with Stone?"

"Yes. Mrs. Dorn said as much. But here with me he was composed. He said Stone wasn't much to blame. A beautiful woman played hell with a man. Last he told me he'd go north on the stage to meet Collishaw at Salton Springs—that he would require Collishaw in Yuma, where he must hurry to catch Stone and Ruth. He would fetch Ruth back, and this time make her live with him."

"Wal, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" burst out Merryvale.

"It's clear enough to me," went on Hunt. "And if Ruth would only care enough for Larey to go back to him and make a decent man of him, it'd remove our burdens."

"It shore would, Mr. Hunt," returned Merryvale, with sarcasm.

"The up stage arrived early this afternoon and left very soon afterward," said Hunt. "I suppose Larey in his hurry was responsible for this unusual proceeding."

"The down stage in yet?" asked Merryvale, ponderingly, forgetting the cup of coffee he held.

"I haven't heard it. But it's overdue."

"Wal, I'll go see," said Merryvale, rising. "Don't worry too much, Mr. Hunt, it mightn't turn out so bad. Goodnight."

Merryvale strode out into the darkness, down the winding path, out toward the dim yellow lights of the post, reiterating one muttered exclamation. "What next? What next?"

Larey's move, at first flash, perplexed Merryvale. If Collishaw had already gone on to Yuma, Larey certainly was aware of it; and if so why did Larey go north to meet him? If Stone had been party to some underhand game of abducting Ruth, why would Larey trust him for longer than seemed necessary? Could it be possible that Larey was not in the secret? Merryvale did not credit this supposition. He would have staked anything on his belief that he saw Larey under his mask. It must be that Larey in his extremity, or under powerful suggestion from Collishaw, had resorted to more finesse, more cunning.

In front of the saloon, where the yellow light flared, Merryvale encountered the stage driver with whom he had previously scraped acquaintance.

"Come an' have a drink," invited Merryvale.

"Don't care if I do," responded the driver with alacrity.

"How about a seat to Yuma in the mawnin'?" asked Merryvale, over his glass in the bar.

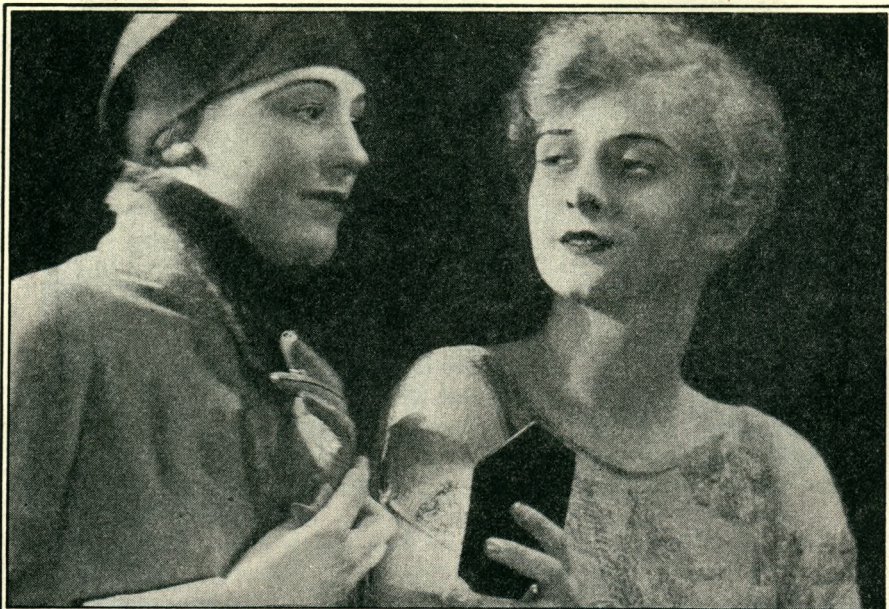
"Plenty room, old timer. Only three aboard this trip down."

"Good. An' bein' a desert man who loves the open I'd like to set with you up on top. How about it?"

"You're welcome. You'll have fifteen hours of open, all right, 'specially if it's blowin'. I'm starting early—at six. Be sure you're ready on time." [Turn to page 100]

3 Nights' Sleep this New Drugless Way

Often Erases 10 years from the Face of the
Woman Past 30, Say Authorities



Because it is not a drug and because it brings ALL-DAY ENERGY by replenishing your wasted tissues while you sleep, 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep.

Please Accept 3-Day Test

of This Unique Swiss Food-Drink, Doctors the World Over Are Endorsing

In sleep for women there is new youth; wasted tissues renewed. 8 hours of natural sleep, for even one night, will often take the care and age lines away. Every beauty specialist knows this. Every doctor will tell you so. Every woman past 25 should know it.

You can have it now; natural sleep almost instantly you go to bed; without drugs. Please accept a 3-day test. Note the difference in your eyes, your skin, in the way you feel and look the next day.

Not a Medicine

This new way induces sleep without drugs or soporifics. It is as little a drug as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. Women are flocking to its use.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Largely on medical advice, its use has spread over some 52 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

You take it at bedtime. Soon you fall asleep. Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person. All day vivacity, a new interest in life are yours. The lines of fatigue are banished.

That is because this new way does another far more important thing than induce sleep. Being a scientific food-concentrate, it re-supplies your system

during the night with the energy you have lost the previous, active day, and rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep-producing drugs. Remember, it's a food—not a medicine. Instead of drugging the nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep by correcting the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced by authorities.

It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "malt" or "chocolate" preparations which may look or taste like Ovaltine.

Because of its scientific dietetic value, doctors endorse it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, digestive disturbance, run-down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers and the aged.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance. Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.



Over 20,000 doctors endorse this unique way to healthful sleep.

MAIL for 3-DAY SUPPLY

Send for 3-day test now. When it arrives drink a cup of hot Ovaltine for the next three nights just before retiring. Note how quickly you go to sleep, how refreshed when you awaken, how much younger you look and feel.



OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-8
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(Print name and address clearly)

Name

Address

City State

(One package to a person)

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 32]

"All the same to me. Have a good trip down?"

"Fair, only fair."

"Wal, reckon I'd better turn in. See you in the mawnin'."

In the morning the stage-coach, with its six fresh horses champing their bits, stood in front of the post.

Day climbed to the driver's seat beside Merryvale, and untied the reins and Merryvale's ride to Yuma had begun.

The stage rolled on down the winding desert road.

In the distance the green heightened and thickened. Then a palm tree lifted its graceful head. A patch of darker green gave relief to the eye. The road wound along a deepening wash, where desert growths multiplied and flourished. Merryvale sighted a small adobe house, squatting under *palo verdes*.

From behind this house a tall man stepped, to gaze toward the stage. Merryvale's heart gave a great leap. Wansfell!

Day brought the six horses gradually to a stop opposite the adobe house, in front of which Wansfell stood waiting, with a small bundle tied in a red scarf.

The stage door closed upon Wansfell, the horses took to their eager trot and the trip to Yuma began.

The miles slipped by under the rolling stage. It progressed through the last of Lost Lake basin and began to climb. The horses slowed and sweat, the driver dozed on his seat, the sun burned hotly.

The silver sea of sand, the vast rising, heaving billows barred the way to the south. Ruth Virey's stairs of sand! Merryvale caught the symbol; and all his old deep mystic fear of the desert mocked at his hope for Ruth. Who could surmount that sliding stairway? Up and up, toiling, dragging, panting, fighting, only to find it false! His afternoons with Ruth came to him now a poignant memory.

Twilight and dusk! The coach rolled on, round bends, and always between walls of dusty arrow-weed. And at last night fell, so black that Merryvale's tired eyes could not see a rod ahead. The weary horses plodded on.

The last turn of the road! Merryvale saw the lights of Yuma.

MERRYVALE had to lengthen his stride to keep up with Adam down the wide dark main street of Yuma.

Presently, in silence, he led Merryvale down the street, towards the less pretentious section, where the lights grew fewer. At length he entered a narrow areaway that led into a *patio*, dark, smelling of smoke and *mescal*, where figures moved like shadows.

A robust black-browed Mexican stared with sloe eyes at Adam, got up and threw away his cigarette. His swarthy face suddenly beamed, and he leaped at Adam.

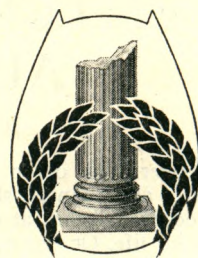
"Santa Maria! It is my *grande senor*," he said, embracing Adam. Merryvale did not need to be told that somewhere and sometime this Mexican had run across Wansfell, the Wanderer.

"Si, Augustine," returned Adam, pushing the man back to wring his hand. "My pard Merryvale—we're starved, thirsty—and in trouble."

Without wasting words Adam told him the particulars of Ruth's disappearance from Lost Lake, according to Merryvale's information and deductions.

"Senor Collishaw is in Yuma. I saw him today," said Augustine.

[Continued on page 102]



BEING UNSELFISH



IN time of sorrow the selfish way is to think only of our own great loss, our own sadness, our own broken hearts.

The unselfish way is to be grateful for having been privileged to share such a life as that just closed, and to make sure we fulfill every obligation to that cherished memory.

And when we consider such an occasion from this calmer and more sensible view-point, we realize that our greatest obligation is to provide the most absolute and positive protection possible for the precious remains.

It will be a constant comfort through all of the trying hours to come to be able to know that we did not slight this obligation, that we provided the Clark Grave Vault, so generally used today by leading families.

Designed according to an immutable law of Nature, this vault never has failed to protect during all of the quarter of a century it has been in use. This positive, permanent protection is due to its construction of Armco Ingot Iron, or Keystone copper steel, 12 gauge thickness and of special quality with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udylyte process, exclusive on this vault). Being made of metal it is not porous.

Science knows no greater protection than is found in the Clark Grave Vault.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave-Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Although teeth are white

STILL..

Pyorrhea strikes

4 out of 5



FEW people realize that Pyorrhea attacks even when teeth are clean and snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan's for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects

them against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. As you may know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 100]

"Let me describe Stone to you," returned Adam, and gave minute particulars of Stone's appearance.

"No," said the Mexican, decidedly. "Senor, be seated. Eat and drink. I will go see."

He bowed with ceremonious assurance and left the room. Adam and Merryvale turned in silence to appease their hunger and thirst.

A long hour passed by, and time wore on toward a second. But at length quick steps on the stones! Augustine entered, blowing cigarette smoke, his dark face heated, his eyes like black daggers.

"Senor Adam, Collishaw's driver is Manuel Gomez, distant kin of mine. We are long acquainted."

"That is well. But tell me, Augustine," replied Adam, leaning forward. "She is here," he replied, and flicked the ashes from his cigarette.

Collishaw, according to Gomez, had left Lost Lake to travel north, but when night fell he had turned back and waited till late. Then he had gone on past the post to stop by the water-trough. Here Collishaw left the wagon and went off into the darkness. He came back with another man, and they were carrying a woman wrapped in a blanket. They got in the wagon, where Collishaw held the woman.

They drove all night. No one slept. At dawn they turned off into a canyon, well back from the road.

When night came they resumed their journey, and reached Yuma long after midnight, halting at the edge of the town. The younger man lifted the woman out of the wagon. Then Collishaw took her away from him. They cursed each other and disappeared in the darkness.

"Senor, that is all," concluded Augustine, dropping his burnt-out cigarette.

"You think Collishaw took her to the Del Toro?"

"If he wanted her for himself—no. If for some one else—yes."

"How can we find out?"

"Senor, it is hardly possible tonight," returned the Mexican, spreading wide his hands.

"Senors, come, you must sleep," said their host, rising after a long silence.

In the morning Merryvale was awakened by a call from the door of his room. "Come pard, the day's broken, we have work to do."

After breakfast Adam gave Merryvale some money. "We look worse than scarecrows, and old clothes can't hang on forever. Buy what you need. Get a gun—a forty-five like mine, and some shells. Also razors, towels, soap and things we need so much."

"Fine. But how about the risk of bein' seen?" returned Merryvale.

"No one but Collishaw or Stone would know you. See them first and dodge."

"Wal, I'll go pronto."

The idleness of the night before was making him nervous, so, after buying a gun and clothes for himself and Ruth, and after paying a Mexican boy to bring his bundles to Augustine's, he walked by the Del Toro, across the intersecting street, and down, to turn back again. Viewed by daylight Sanchez's place looked its reputation.

Merryvale proceeded down the side street, so as to get a view of the rear of the building. A wide alley separated

this from a high vine-covered wall running along the back of the other half of the square. Down this side street there were but few pedestrians. Merryvale ventured to cross and enter the alley where he discovered that Sanchez's house had two wings overlooking a courtyard. A stairway led up to a doubled-decked porch. What easy means of entrance and egress from the rear!

With stealthy glance to and fro, Merryvale ascertained that no one appeared to be noticing him. Then he mounted the stairway. When he reached the first landing he faced a long corridor, blank painted wall on one side, with doors of rooms widely separated on the other. Behind Merryvale the corridor ended at a second stairway leading up.

Walking naturally he ascended this flight of steps which were of wood and very badly worn, and from the top looked down another corridor, identical with the one below, except that the ceiling was lower.

Stepping to the first door he knocked with bold, yet trembling hand. No answer.

Merryvale heard voices of women, laughing. He located the room and knocked. The sounds within ceased and the door was not opened. Merryvale kept on round the porch, looking everywhere, until he came opposite to the first door.

With trembling hand he rapped: "Ruth! Ruth!" he called, as loud as he dared.

He caught a low cry, soft footsteps, a guarded knock from the inside.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"It's Merryvale."

"Oh, thank God. . . . Is Adam with you?"

"He's heah in Yuma. We come to get you. Who fetched you heah?"

"Collishaw and Stone," Ruth replied, in tense whisper.

"What about Larey?"

"All his plot. But don't tell Adam."

"Never mind now, I must go after Adam. Keep up courage, lass. We'll come pronto."

He wheeled and hurried into the street and back to Augustine's!

Merryvale burst into the patio and raced on, to reach their quarters breathless and triumphant.

Adam's two great hands closed on Merryvale's shoulders, like a vise.

"Pard! you know? How? Where?"

"Don't waste time makin' me explain now," returned Merryvale. "I've talked with Ruth. She's locked in. . . . It's the Del Toro, as shore you've guessed."

They left hurriedly and Adam's swinging stride, with which Merryvale kept pace with difficulty, soon brought them to the Del Toro.

Sanchez's saloon was roaring. Merryvale edged out of the middle of the sidewalk, and reaching the stairway he drew Adam in. They went up the second flight and turned in the corridor which was dark except at the farther end.

The porch, too, was deserted. Merryvale no longer looked fearfully in any direction. He saw only the door he wanted.

"Heah we—are—Adam," he said, drawing a deep breath.

He rapped. A moment of intense sus-

[Continued on page 103]





New Vigor

from this stimulating bath

NOWADAYS it is a natural thing for all of us to feel "used-up" at times—we live, work and play fairly hard.

But we don't have to stay "used-up": there's one effective way, most wholesome and agreeable, to bring back our energy and vigor.

There's no secret about it: a hot Soda bath will work wonders in restoring tired nerves and weary muscles.

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STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 102]

pense followed. Adam's breathing was deep and labored.

"Ruth! Ruth!" called Merryvale, in low eager voice.

A dead silence greeted them.

"Get back," ordered Adam, and he drew back and lunged with tremendous force. The door cracked loud, broke from lock and hinges, and fell in with a crash.

Merryvale followed Adam into the room. It was empty. A small adjoining closet, dark and full of rubbish, showed no sign of Ruth.

"She's been taken away from heah," said Merryvale bitterly, getting back his wits and rising under the crushing blow. "Last word Ruth said was for me to hurry—that—" Here Merryvale caught himself and bit his tongue. He had nearly betrayed Ruth's fear of Guerd Larey's coming. "She was awful afraid of Collishaw," went on Merryvale. "She was *all right*, she said, but bad bruised from fightin' against this heah Collishaw—"

Merryvale's hurried speech died in his throat. Adam had turned white to the lips. With giant strides he crossed the threshold, out upon the porch. Merryvale plunged after him, into the house again, and down the stairs. Adam made directly for the swinging doors of the Del Toro saloon.

IN that day the Del Toro was the largest, if not the worst, drinking and gambling hall in the Southwest.

Merryvale entered close upon the heels of Wansfell.

Adam stalked down the center of the hall and halted where he could see everyone to the greatest advantage.

Merryvale, himself, searching with sharp eyes for the two men they wanted, scrutinized everyone within range.

"Heah comes Collishaw!" he said, suddenly, with bated breath.

"Sanchez with him, but I don't know the other," returned Adam, and his relaxed posture changed strangely.

Sanchez opened a door leading into a gambling room, and went in, with Collishaw at his heels. The third man reached for the door, to close it, when Adam, with a swing of his long arm, sent him staggering back. Adam entered the room, while Merryvale, quick witted and swift, followed, closing the door behind him.

The Texan suddenly espied Adam. He stared. His jaw dropped. His one eye, light and hard, expressed astonishment that, as Adam advanced, gathered a darkening suspicion.

Adam took a long step, instantly bridging the distance between him and Collishaw. The amazing swiftness of it caused Collishaw to jerk up stiff. The ruddiness faded from his face.

"I want Ruth!" Adam shot the words too low for Sanchez and the gamblers to hear.

The cool nerve of the Texan betrayed another shock of surprise.

"Who are you?" he burst out, as if involuntarily.

"Where's the girl? Quick!" flashed Adam, lower and fiercer.

"So it was you broke in her room!" rasped out Collishaw, and he lurched for his gun.

Swift as light Adam's hand pressed his gun into Collishaw's prominent paunch.

"Draw!" hissed Adam, pushing hard on his gun.

"You've—got the—drop!" hoarsely stuttered Collishaw.

"Bah! You need two eyes to deal with a man," went on Adam, in studied contempt. "You hideous one-eyed

[Continued on page 104]

BEAUTY is health's reflection

Sallow, muddy skin often comes from a condition that may easily be prevented.



That lovely freshness that is youth, how glorious and yet how fragile! What folly to sacrifice it on the altar of careless habits!

BEAUTY is more than skin deep. It lies much deeper. It is the reflection of inner health, a state of loveliness that no cosmetic can counterfeit.

Constipation is one of the greatest enemies of beauty. Physicians say it causes a multitude of ills that impair bodily efficiency and destroy the loveliness that is woman's right.

One of the chief causes of constipation is lack of bulk in the diet. In most cases constipation can be avoided by eating regularly the bulk food the body needs.

**Ordinary cases of constipation brought about by too little bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

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Millions of men and women have found Post's Bran Flakes the ideal bulk food. Its flavor is so delicious that it does not tire the palate. And normal persons find that eating it every day guards them against constipation.

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Constipation must not be neglected! Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don't expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

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Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"



Shampooing this way gives hair Unusual Beauty

In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, silky and radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it!—see how lovely; how beautiful your hair will look.

BEAUTIFUL hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

STAIRS OF SAND

[Continued from page 103]

brute! Why, they'd laugh at you in Texas."

Collishaw's face turned a livid hue; his big head wagged so that it dislodged his hat; huge beads of sweat popped out on his brow.

"Who put out that eye for you?" continued Adam, leaning closer, in suppressed cold passion that was terrible.

Collishaw's frame seemed to expand with slow quivering pressure from within.

"Look at me! Look at Wansfell—the Wanderer! Look close!"

That one eye, evil, with all of hell burning in its depths, glittered on the verge of appalling recognition.

"Look close at Wansfell! . . . At me!—I put out that eye for you!—I am Adam Larey!"

"HELLSFIRE!" screamed Collishaw.

His stiffness broke. With hate-driven speed he snatched out his weapon. As it gleamed blue in the light Adam's gun bellowed with muffled report at Collishaw's abdomen.

Later when they had gained Augustine's quarters, Adam briefly explained to his Mexican friend the probability of Stone's having taken Ruth from the Del Toro. Thereupon Augustine, tense and excited, argued that Stone could not have ventured far with the girl in daylight, that he must have left the Del Toro by the back stairways, and had hidden her somewhere in the adjoining block, which was wholly a Mexican quarter.

"Senor, come," urged Augustine, and

rushed out, turning from the patio into a narrow passage that led into a side street. Here he strode quickly with Adam on one side and Merryvale on the other.

They reached the section the Mexican was bent upon searching. Most of the houses opened on the street, and natives were sitting in the doorways and out in front. Augustine questioned this one and that, proceeded swiftly from house to house, crossed the road and went down the other side. Adam and Merryvale kept pace with him, standing back when he questioned some one or knocked at an open door.

That block and the next were canvassed by the indefatigable Mexican without producing a clue. But he kept on into a narrower and less pretentious street, where only an occasional dim light shone. Augustine turned into an archway while Adam and Merryvale waited in the shadow.

Merryvale, giving away to gloom, leaned against a stone wall. He heard soft padding footfalls and imagined Augustine was returning. A dark form slipped into the dim flare of a light above the archway and entered a door nearby.

Adam leaped through the door like a tiger at this man. He uttered a low sharp cry and tried to swerve aside. But Adam's long arm swept out and the heavy hand spun him around like a top. Next instant that hand clutched his shirt, at the neck, and swung him hard against the wall.

[Continued in JUNE McCall's]

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 29]

briefly.

"What do you mean?"

"Watch your step," Lucille repeated, powdering her little sharp face. "Listen, Emmy Milburn, it never does a girl any good to make eyes at her boss."

"Don't you talk like that to me!"

Emmy interrupted her, "I haven't made eyes at Mr. Harbison!"

"Oh, yes you have." Lucille calmly contradicted her, "maybe you don't realize it, but you do it every time he comes into our office."

But Emmy slammed the door of the dressing room behind her and marched out with cheeks burning with indignation . . .

It was only ten minutes to one when she stepped into his big luxurious office. She was wearing the new hat.

"I ought to take the hat off," she had told herself in the dressing room, "but it's so becoming . . ."

Harbison was sitting at his desk on her return. As soon as she sat down with her pad on her knee he got up and began to walk up and down dictating, with his hands clasped behind his back.

In twenty minutes he finished, and Emmy went out to her own desk to typewrite the letters. When she took them back for him to sign, he had his hat and cane on the desk before him.

"I'll walk down to the corner with you, Miss Milburn," he said, picking up his pen, "and we'll drop these into the mail-chute on our way."

"Look here," he said when they reached the street, "it's almost two o'clock. But you've had your lunch, haven't you?"

Emmy shook her head in its new hat. "No," she said, "I bought this hat this noon, and I didn't have time

for a bite."

"My car's up here in a garage on Thirteenth Street," he said, "if you haven't anything to do this afternoon we could go and get it, and find some place to lunch out in the country. This certainly is no day to spend in town, is it?"

"No!" said Emmy, breathlessly. She felt as if all the sunshine of the sunny day was pouring itself into her.

His car was a huge black roadster, shining with nickel trimmings. Emmy seldom rode in automobiles, and her eyes shone as never before when she and Wells Harbison rolled out of the cool twilight of the garage into the sunshine.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, "which way—east or west?"

"Anywhere!" Emmy laughed recklessly.

"That's the proper holiday spirit," said Harbison, laughing back at her with a gaiety that matched her own.

THE great car sped along the shore of the lake. She thought of the dozens of times she and Robb had bumped over this same road. And when Harbison swung the roadster between the gate-posts of a fashionable inn called the House of the Seven Gables she couldn't help thinking of the barbecue sandwiches and "hot dogs" she and Robb had bought along the road sometimes, and the lunch-box filled with Mrs. Milburn's hard-boiled eggs and bread-and-butter.

The dining room was dark and low-ceilinged. A wood fire crackled in the grate near their little table. The windows were hung with printed linen curtains of old rose and powder-blue. Outside bright banners of sunset

[Continued on page 123]

five years, and now it's gone." He spread out his hands to show how empty they were . . . Everything gone . . .

It was Grandmother Pentland who answered him. "What are you planning to do now that you haven't any salary?"

Mrs. Milburn's hands were clenched at the edge of the table. "Please don't talk to him now, Mother!" she begged, "he's not—quite himself." It was the nearest she had ever come to admitting the truth about her husband.

Grandmother Pentland gave no sign of hearing.

"I should think you'd come to your senses pretty soon, Charlie Milburn!" she rapped out at him, "here you are, facing old age without a job! In fact you won't have any old age if you keep on doing what you are doing!"

"And what am I doing Madame Pentland?" he asked, very dignified and waiting for her answer with a great show of politeness.

It came. She told him what nobody ever before had told him about himself. She told him what he was sure nobody ever had known about him.

"You're drinking yourself into the grave. That's what you're doing!" she said deliberately, her voice quavering.

Mr. Milburn pushed back his chair and looked at his wife. "You heard what she said to me Rosy?" he asked pathetically.

"Yes, and I've something more to say to you," Grandmother Pentland went on. And she told him all the things that she had been thinking about him for twenty-six years—that he had ruined the life of her daughter, Rosy, that he had spoiled the lives of his three children and that he had completely wrecked himself.

"But you're not going to spoil my life, Charlie Milburn!" she said. "You're not going to disgrace me by staggering up Prospect Street at ten o'clock Sunday morning with a string of fish in your hand! You're not going to have an army of bill-collectors coming to my house, let me tell you . . . I don't want you ever to set foot on my door-step again, so long as I live." She was in a towering rage.

Mr. Milburn stood up. Once more he spread his hands to express emptiness of everything.

"We should never have come here, Charlie," his wife told him. "You said it was a mistake, and it was. Oh, my dear—" She went to him, and put her arms around him as if to shield him from everything that could hurt him. "We should have stayed in our own little house."

But he pushed her gently away from him, picked up his hat and put it on at a swaggering angle. Swaying a little, he walked out of the house.

Grandmother Pentland broke the silence. "Please remember one thing, Rosy," she said, "I didn't ask you to come here. I knew it would never work out, but I let you come anyway, because of Emmy. And this is the result!"

She went upstairs and locked herself into her sitting room.

"Where will we go now, Mother?" Dan asked cheerfully.

Mrs. Milburn's blue eyes looked unnaturally big. "Robb's bought the yellow house," she said, "I suppose we can rent it from him."

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE

[Continued from page 126]

Dan grinned. "Gosh, I'll be glad to get back," he said, "this place is a regular vault."

His mother gave him a disapproving look. Then she gave a long deep sigh. "I wonder where your father's gone?"

The day wore on. Mrs. Milburn sat upstairs in the sewing room reading her *St. Thomas à Kempis*, and listening whenever the telephone rang.

Grandmother's old card-playing friends came to have supper with her. Finch served them with cold chicken and fruit salad in the card-room. He laid supper for Mrs. Milburn and Dan and Emmy on the dining room table, but only Dan ate.

At eight no word had come from Mr. Milburn. Emmy and her mother sat together in the sewing room, pretending to look over the Sunday newspapers.

"Mother," Emmy began, "you understand I'm not going back to Flower Street with you, don't you?"

But her mother only looked up at the clock with anxious eyes. "I'm so worried."

"All right," thought Emmy, "I've told her anyway."

She thought of the little apartment overlooking Gordon Park, of herself and Wells Harbison sitting there

. . . She would have him in for little dinners. She caught her breath on a quick sigh of happiness.

Mrs. Milburn suddenly sat bolt upright in her chair. Her red and roughened hands gripped the arms of it. "Emmy—listen!" Her eyes were wide with fear.

Emmy listened, but all she could hear was the sound of an automobile coming to a stop in the street outside.

Through the one opened window of the room there came the sound of men's voices. And floating into the house with that sound came a sense of disaster. Emmy felt it just as if it had been a cold wind. Downstairs the doorbell rang—a long alarming peal.

Afterwards she never remembered just what happened. Somehow they got down the stairs to the lower hall.

The front door stood open to the whispering Spring night. The rooms that opened on either side were brightly lighted.

And like figures moving through a nightmare, Finch and young Dan and a strange man came up the front steps carrying Emmy's father!

The door of the card-room opened, and Grandmother Pentland stepped out into the hall. Behind her came her three cronies, horror and curiosity in their fading eyes.

Grandmother Pentland came forward, her eyes on the motionless figure on the leather-covered seat under the stairs.

"Charlie Milburn!" she gasped, "he's been hurt, hasn't he?"

It was the stranger who answered her. "My automobile struck him down here at the corner. He got off a street car and walked around behind it—straight into my car."

Mrs. Milburn walked jerkily over to the leather seat and sank down on her knees, looking at her husband's white face.

"Charlie—" she said softly. With her apron she wiped off some mud that had caked on his forehead. Then she laid her cheek down against his breast and Emmy knew she was trying to feel the beating of his heart.

Then she turned her head and looked up into Grandmother Pentland's face with eyes that were quite dry. "You did this," she said in a flat voice, "you sent him out of the house when you knew he wasn't able to take care of himself. You never liked him and didn't want him. We should have stayed at home," and at last she began to cry. "Charlie—Charlie," she sobbed, "you've never gone away from me. You've never left me before."

Some one came into the hall. Emmy saw it was the doctor. He bent over Mr. Milburn. His hands went over the checked waistcoat, the bright tie, the mud-stained shirt with its broad blue stripes. Then he straightened up and shook his head.

Mrs. Milburn looked up with eyes that were gray as grief itself. "He's dead," she said mournfully to herself, "he's dead—he's gone—" And she walked past them all, staring blindly ahead of her as she went.

Not until then did Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Derby and Miss Bunts make up their minds that there was nothing more to stay for.

They got their wraps and walked out of the hushed house as they might out of a theater after a very depressing, but nevertheless excellent third act.

[Concluded in
JUNE McCALL'S]

CONTENTS

MAY · 1928

COVER DESIGN, PAINTED FOR McCALL'S
BY NEYSA McMEIN

FICTION

LIVE BAIT	13
ETHEL M. DELL	
IN A CLEARING	16
WALTER D. EDMONDS	
TARGET	22
STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY	
BITTER HERITAGE II	24
MARGARET PEDLER	
IN THE COOL OF THE DAY	26
KATHERINE NEWLIN BURT	
THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE IV	28
BEATRICE BURTON MORGAN	
STAIRS OF SAND III	31
ZANE GREY	

ARTICLES

FOR RENT—25,000 CHURCHES	4
JOHN CLOVER MONSMA	
TOWARD THE DOG DAYS	8
DOROTHY PARKER	
GETTING RE-ACQUAINTED WITH MOTHER	15
JOHN K. WINKLER	
MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN I	18
KATE HELM	
ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE	21
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW	
WOMAN—AND A DECADENT JURY SYSTEM	30
THE HON. MABEL WILLEBRANDT	
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD	33
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, STARK YOUNG, DEEMS TAYLOR, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D., HELEN TAFT MANNING.	
LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER IV	36
JEANNETTE PORTER MEEHAN	
THE LIBRARY IN OUR LITTLE TOWN	39
ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK	
SPRING FIXINGS FOR THE HOME WORKSHOP	40
ANNE PIERCE	
THE POST BOX	42
EMILY POST	
MAKING GOOD BOYS BAD	44
ALIDA E. DE LEEUW	
NEW YORK HAS A TOY ORCHESTRA	46
LUCY JEANNE PRICE	

FOLLOWING THE VACATION TRAIL ..	49
MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.	
THE HAZARDS TAKEN OUT OF CAKE- MAKING	50
SARAH FIELD SPLINT	
QUICK SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS	54
LAURA A. KIRKMAN	
DO YOU WASTE WHAT YOU SPEND ON VEGETABLES?	56
E. V. MC COLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS	
TIRED OF YOUR TYPE?	59
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE	
CONTAGIOUS DISEASES—THE BOGEY OF CHILD HEALTH	60
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.	
ADVENTURES IN HOME BUILDING	64
RHYS NORTH	
THE RUGS FOR YOUR HOUSE	69
HELEN HARFORD BALDWIN	
HOW TO MAKE A DRAPED DRESSING- TABLE	70
MADELINE CANTON	
LIVES AND LETTERS	150
MARGARET SEVERANCE	

POETRY

FOR DECORATION DAY	7
MARGARET E. SANGSTER	

FASHIONS

EMBROIDERY	127
FASHION TALKS, ANNE RITTEN- HOUSE	128
HERE ARE THE TELL-TALE FINGER- PRINTS OF THE MASTERS	128
PARIS THROWS STANDARDIZATION OF COLORS TO THE WINDS	129
VIVACIOUS FROCKS REPLACE SEDATE SEVERE ONES	130
SILK AND COTTON RACE AND BOTH WIN	131
ROMANTICISM CASTS GLAMOUR OVER NEW CLOTHES	132
FROCKS OMIT SLEEVES FOR SPORTS COMFORT	133
MUST WE CARE FOR OUR ARMS?	134
THE FASCINATING DIVERSITY OF SKIRTS GROWS APACE	135
THE STRAIGHT LINE IS NOT ALWAYS THE DEMURE LINE	136
THE NECKLINE SUDDENLY DETER- MINES TO CHANGE	137
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS	138
LADIES' UNDERWEAR AND NEGLIGES	142
THE ALLURE OF THE NEW SMOCK- ING	144