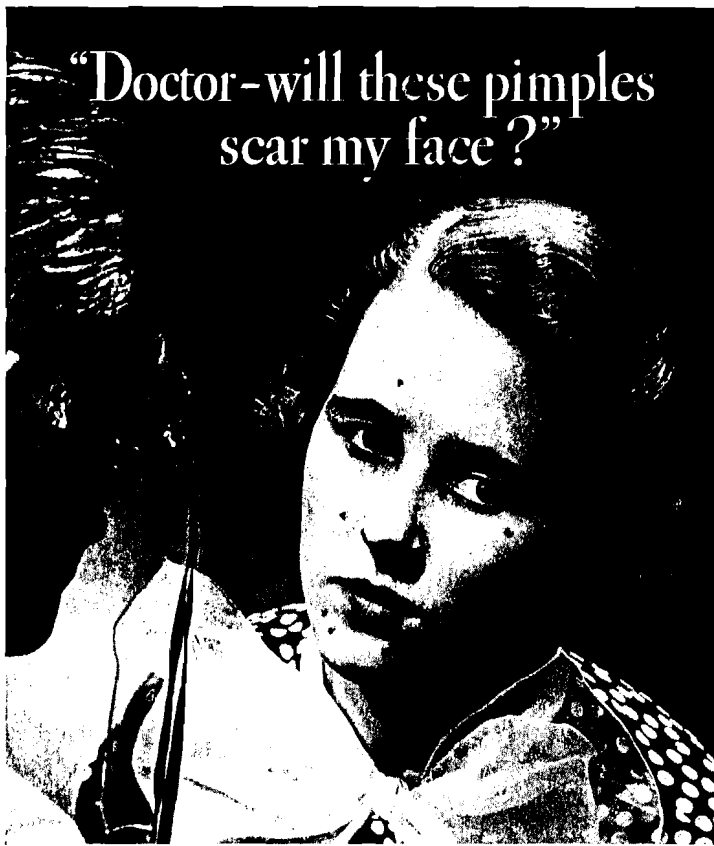


12/35  
 "Doctor—will these pimples scar my face?"



ADOLESCENT PIMPLES... wise mothers realize... may affect a girl's whole future happiness

JUST when her looks have become tremendously important to her; just when she feels she would rather die than be a wallflower—her skin begins to break out with unsightly pimples and eruptions.

Don't dismiss her troubles lightly!

One of the cruellest trials of adolescence—of boys as well as girls, between the ages of 13 and 25—is the behavior of their skin.

The whole glandular system is disturbed at this time. Irritating poisons, which especially affect the skin, are thrown into the blood.

What many parents do not realize is that these pimples often leave scars that last a lifetime.

WISE PARENTS will get after these pimple outbreaks and stop them in time; not only because of the risk to the youngster's skin, but also because a pimply, repulsive skin can give young people a permanent sense of inferiority.

One of the best correctives known, for pimples and ordinary skin eruptions, is fresh yeast. Many doctors consider it a specific for this trouble. Fresh yeast does two things: clears the blood of the poisons which actually

cause pimples; and acts directly on the skin itself, helping to heal pimples already formed and to prevent new ones from coming.

If your boy or your girl has any tendency toward pimples—start them eating Fleischmann's Yeast today. And see that they eat it regularly.

Fleischmann's Yeast should be eaten 3 times a day, before meals, until the skin has become entirely clear. In some cases, it will clear up pimples within a week or two. In bad cases, it sometimes takes a month or more. Start eating it today!

"I'VE BEEN BOTHERED with complexion troubles almost ever since I can remember. Usually, just when I wanted to go to a party—my skin would break out with ugly blotches and eruptions. They looked so horrid I hated to go.

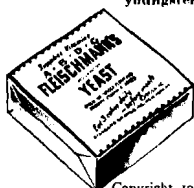
"Then an acquaintance urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast and I started taking it.

"Fleischmann's Yeast runs true to all the claims for it. After only two weeks, my complexion showed improvement—and now I haven't a single complexion worry."

Marie Kipp, Mt. Vernon, New York



Friends... parties... youthful happiness... depend so much on the clear, smooth skin that is your youngster's rightful heritage.



—clears the skin  
 by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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(Continued from Page 46)

saw her husband's face, white through the glass, pressed against the living-room window.

They dined in silence; Hal was not in a talkative mood, and Judy's head was crammed with a confusion of thoughts and scarcely formulated ideas. As they rose from the table, she smiled absently.

"I'm terribly tired—I think I'll take a book and read in bed. Good night."

"Good night," he said, and watched her climb the stairs.

Judy slipped into a negligee and arranged her pillows. She was too sleepy to think any more, too sleepy, really, to read. But she opened her book, and in less than ten minutes had closed her eyes, her head resting against the pillows, the book on her breast rising and falling with her even breathing.

WHEN she awoke, it was with a start and the drowsy surprise of one who has not meant to fall asleep. The lights were burning and the clock told her that it was after midnight. She yawned sleepily—and then sat straight up in bed, wide-awake and alert.

Judy Blake smelled smoke.

She jumped out of bed and ran to her door. Smoke, unmistakably! She sniffed again. There was not the slightest doubt of it—the house was on fire! And suddenly she began to shiver uncontrollably. She retreated into her room and closed the door, leaned against it—while the picture of Fay's laughing face, upturned to Hal's, the sound of her slightly lisping voice, were as real as though it were happening again.

She didn't know exactly why she was crying, yet tears coursed down her cheeks

and the lump in her throat was sharp, like a knife. Was it, then, as bad as that for Hal? She closed her eyes tightly. What could she do? If she had any pride at all, she couldn't rouse the servants, knowing what she knew! Let the house burn! She'd just sit here and wait until somebody called her.

She sat, crying silently. She didn't want the house to burn! She liked the house! She'd been—happy, here! Suddenly Judy clutched at the lace folds of her negligee. Hal's book! He couldn't very well save it himself, unless he wanted to be arrested for arson!

HER lips set tightly. Hal needn't admit it, if he didn't want to, but she had helped with that book! It had a fresh quality, a vigor that the other three had lacked. Oh, he hadn't been consciously writing it for her—and yet —

Resolutely Judy opened her door and tiptoed across the hall to the stairs that led to the third floor. Smoke was just beginning to seep upward. Clutching her absurdly inadequate negligee about her, she ascended on bare, pink feet. The door to his workroom was open, and she groped for the lights.

"Well?" challenged her husband.

Judy stared at him. His face was flushed, eyes heavy with sleep, and he was in his pajamas, barefooted like herself, standing beside his desk.

"Oh," she said flatly. "I just thought—somehow I didn't think you'd have the nerve to save it yourself."

The manuscript clutched by her arm, he crossed to her and shouldered with his hand. "Just you mean—I wouldn't have the nerve," he demanded. "What do you mean?" His fingers pressed into her shoulder.

Tears trembled on Judy's eyes. "Oh—it doesn't matter. I just thought."

Footsteps were scurrying below. "Miss Judy! Mr. Harlow is here!"

Judy pulled herself from the floor, grasped and ran down the stairs into Mrs. Jarvis' outstretching arms. She buried her face against the bosom of the housekeeper's wrapper.

"There, lamby, it's all right. You're all trembling! Peter's here. It's more smoke than fire."

"Well, I declare, Mr. Harlow's your writings! If you don't mind, it's all out—it wasn't the hot-water heater in the kitchen. Mr. Morley said, before she died."

"Hot-water heater!" Judy's face was a tear-drenched face.

"Hot-water heater!" Judy said calmly. "And you two scared out of your senses!" Judy from her. "There's a good girl."

SONG FOR A HEARTBEAT

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

You put your hand on my heart;  
 You smiled to feel it beat  
 So clamorously fast  
 Because your mouth was sweet.

And now that on my lips  
 Your kisses never fall,  
 You'd smile to feel my heart. . . .  
 It does not beat at all.

Typewritten paper floor like falling leaves. Hal Morley's arm around the slim body of Judy was pressing now against the gray flannel instead of a soft bo-

"I THOUGHT—just thought—"

"And I thought—"

"Why, Judy Blake, head, in surprise, a voice. "Why, Judy, and distressed and was close to her. Judy to save my silly book."

"It isn't silly!" Judy said again. "I'm all right. I ended herself, stirring up the old memories. He held her more firmly in his wonder.

"Why—you little Morley huskily, and her.

"Oh-h-h!" said Judy. "But I don't want to go to him."

Mrs. Jarvis approached bearing a tray with glasses of milk and cream. "Do you want them, Miss Judy?" she asked. "Please," said Judy. "I laugh that was half exultant, he held her arms and, holding her, looked down the unconscious back of Mrs. Jarvis."