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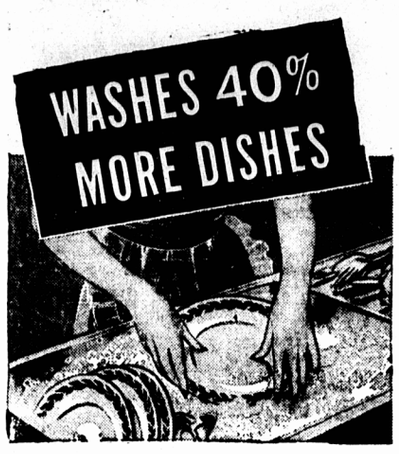
Completely NEW...with 2 great new benefits



see THE DIFFERENCE!

- See Dreft's amazing new suds in action! New Dreft goes 40% further... washes 40% more dishes! New, extra value!
- See how clean Dreft washes dishes! So clean they shine —even without wiping!
- See how grease vanishes. New Dreft cuts grease *better than any soap in the world.*

feel THE DIFFERENCE!

- Feel Dreft's amazing new beauty mildness! The mildest Dreft suds ever!
- Feel the dishwater! How *clean and "grease-free"!* New Dreft suds are different than any soap in the world!
- Feel! Even the sink is *clean!* No ring. No dirt. No scum.

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BEMA has changed everybody's ideas of molasses... discovered a new way to bring you its pure, delicious, natural flavour! Unlike any other brand you have tasted, BEMA Extra Fancy Barbados Molasses is canned right where it is made—in sunny Barbados. The sealed Bema container preserves all the appetizing goodness found only in *fresh* molasses.

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BEMA EXTRA FANCY *Barbados Molasses*

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW — by Fagoly & Shorten

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

"I know what you're going to say. The evil lies in the system, and individual effort is too puny to help much. No, No. You are wrong! No social worker worth her salt ever dares to keep her eyes on the woods. She must keep them fastened on each separate tree or she'll throw up her hands in despair of futility. It's somebody else's job to sweat over changing the system, while we keep our eyes and brains fastened on fresh milk for little Johnny and prenatal care for Mary, who hasn't time to wait for a new system or she'll die of the present one, meanwhile."

"Oh, Watson, give me some of your singleness of purpose. Of course it's our job to worry about Mary and little Johnny whose rickets and rheumatic hearts won't wait for a new system. I sometimes wonder if I care about little Johnny! It's myself I seem to care about most. I need to be happy. I don't seem quite able to be. Are you, Watson?"

"Only in the way women with half-lived lives ever are or can be, Sierra."

"I don't want a half-lived life, Watson, even if it's packed with service and grandeur, as yours is. I'm second-rate. I want —"

"You want what I, at twice your age, still want, Sierra. I've missed it. Don't you."

"The curious paradox, Watson, is that the way I'm constituted, the life I am living seems the life for me. I like my life. I love my life. It matters to me more than anything I can think of to find my compensations in the compensations of others — I love my life — except —"

"So do I mine. But have marriage and children, Sierra, before it is too late. Then build from that platform."

"I'll talk to my father about what you said about him and the annex."

"And to talk to yourself, Sierra, about what I've said about you and those important annexes to life known as marriage, husband, children."

It was dark outside the circle of lamplight in which Sierra remained seated after Watson's departure, and almost noiselessly the trim maid of all work, whom Kitty over-worked and then showered with castoff clothing, walked through it with a note addressed to Sierra in purple ink.

It was from her father's wife, messenger delivered, and written flowingly:

Dear Sierra. This is very advance notice, but your father and I want to be sure that you will be free to come to dinner two weeks from tonight. It is to be strictly en famille, that is, as en famille as it can be with Florence and Burl down in that ridiculous New Zealand. Suggest that you bring the Charlottenburg and Kitty instead. They amount to family, don't they? You are finally to make the acquaintance of your new "whatchamacallit", Oliver. Can you think of a better way to describe what relation you are to your stepmother's stepson? Anyway, I'll describe him as a nice boy who is sailing for New York tomorrow on the steamship Albania.

I am proud of my stepson and it seems absurd that you two have never met. But neither, as yet, has your father met his step-stepson, so it promises to be a double reunion. He is enormously anxious to meet his new "whatchamacallit." And oh, Sierra, I do hope you aren't going to mind this! I've decided to do over your old rooms for Oliver. As you probably know, he is to have a position in your father's Nassau Street offices. His French and Spanish are quite good and I feel sure he can develop a South American importance for the firm, if you know what I mean. Do, Sierra, put a red circle around the day and come in a little early and stay a little late.

Leonore.

P.S. That dreadful Turkish den (dust-catcher) which your father never uses, I am doing over into a darling little lace valentine of a boudoir. Assuming that you won't object to Oliver in your old rooms, the little boudoir, cozy as a nest egg, is always yours for all purposes.

It was only after what Leonore must have reasoned was the decent interlude that here was Plow, returning from London, and in Leonore's immensely casual manner already slated for a spot in her new husband's business.

In spite of herself a fierce protective impulse flowed through Sierra. She was learning from countless small instances that it was typical of Leonore, who did most things with the subtlety of satin, thus to introduce Oliver permanently into the scene. Apparently she had left the home to her father and his wife only to give leeway for the introduction of Oliver into her very room! this was false reasoning and Sierra knew it. She had left the house in Murray Hill because this marriage of her father's released her from it. Actually, in a way having Oliver there compensated for her defection. She preferred not to think of those rooms of hers, empty. There were sufficient empty rooms in her father's life. There was that untenanted section of him which had once housed Mamie. There were the empty rooms of Florence and, yes, of herself. Somehow they both had failed him.. There were the empty rooms of his spirit.

Ever since her judgments had become adult, she had thought of her father that way. A large edifice, only half tenanted; the corridors of his being draughty with nostalgia for what he had never known, most of the rooms empty of what they had once had. The vanished and incredible vividness of Mamie Trehane, of Silver Spoon, must have left drab vacancies. Leonore, with half her vividness could not people that emptiness, any more than Mamie, who had also failed.

Mixed in with all this inchote resentment Sierra wondered no little about Oliver. A framed photograph of him on her father's wife's dressing table provoked, by its very effeteness, something in her she did not begin to understand. The delicate face of bony surface, lips beneath a light colored mustache that were too rich and full and immature or the face, attentive looking eyes, and the thin indolent body of a man who could cross his legs sinuously and then wind one foot about the other ankle. The faint smile, the lean cheeks, the eyes long and not more than half open, resulted in the sensitivne look almost invariable to such face molding.

That face on the photograph on her father's wife's table was one to set pain in motion in women! Something of it stirred in Sierra on those not very frequent occasions when she found herself in Leonore's part of the house in Murray Hill. It would seem queer to think of Oliver occupying the room in which the strange years of a strange girl, growing up in a strange household had been spent. She shuddered and rose as Kitty's ridiculous dressing bell began to ring.

(CONTINUED)

Convent of the Sisters of St. Martha Opened at St. Theresa's

His Excellency, Most Reverend James Boyle, on September 22 officially opened the new school and convent at St. Theresa's where the Sisters of St. Martha, who have received specialized training as teachers, will give instruction in primary and senior courses of study.

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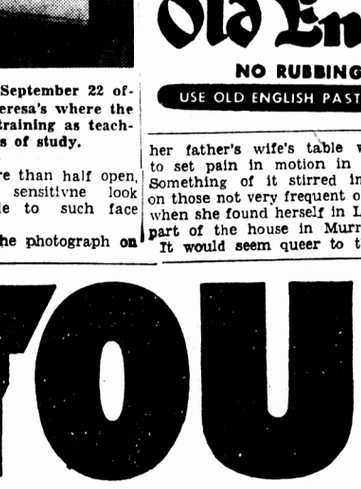

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