

THEY WEAR RIGHT!

POLL-PARROT SHOES are PRE-TESTED by real boys and girls for your youngster!

It's been going on for 20 years—this pre-testing of Poll-Parrots by selected groups of boys and girls. Because of it your child gets shoes that protect and guard growing feet. Such *fit* advantages as straight-tread lasts, age-conforming arches. Such *wear* advantages as extra reinforcements in all vital parts. Insist on Poll-Parrots.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo.



Style 8135



Style 8190



Get Poll-Parrots for Baby, Too!
From baby's important first-steps through those casual campus mocs — be sure your youngster has the foot protection of pre-tested Poll-Parrot Shoes.

SEE WHAT PRE-TESTING GIVES YOU!			
	ROOM FOR GROWTH	STURDY LEATHER COUNTERS	EXTRA REINFORCEMENTS AT ALL VITAL PARTS

For nearest Poll-Parrot dealer see Classified Phone Directory or write us.

Poll Parrot

Pre-Tested Shoes for Boys and Girls

ALSO STAR ★ BRAND SHOES AT LOWER PRICES!

Anything for a F

It was a great piece of luck for Tim

to have lunch with a famous artist . . .

A Short Short Story

IF TIM had known Floyd Bentham a little better, he'd have known that Floyd never helped anyone but himself.

But Tim was young, eager to make good, and desperately in need of money. He had to put his faith in someone; so he was quick to believe Floyd's loud, too-easy promise.

"Always glad to do what I can for a fellow artist!" Floyd had boomed over the phone this morning. "Bring along some of your stuff, fella. We'll take a look at it, and see that you meet the right people."

Now, in the warm, smoke-thick fog of Vincelo's restaurant, Tim glanced down at his black leather portfolio. The stuff was good, and he knew it. If Floyd Bentham kept his promise — Tim crossed his fingers — he and Maizie would be out of the woods.

Tim thought of the things he'd do to repay Bentham, and the things he could do for Maizie. Maizie . . . through the smoke haze Tim could see her face as it had looked this morning, in the gray light of dawn when she'd brought his coffee in a thick blue cup, and put it beside his drawing board.

"Turn out your light, Tim," she'd said softly. "It's day again. You've worked clear through another night."

He'd stood up, his eyes smarting, his back aching with weariness. And on a sudden impulse, he'd caught her against him — tighter, tighter. "Some day," he'd managed, "some day, Baby, I'm going to make this up to you. All of it!"

THROUGH the palm-fringed window of Vincelo's, he saw a cab pull up. He drew a hard, deep breath, and caught up his portfolio.

Floyd had a portfolio, too. He burst into the dim foyer, mopping his forehead with a large blue handkerchief. "Just finished these sketches," he told Tim, slapping the black leather case. "That's what held me up. Remind me to show them to you, fella, before I have to run."

"I know your work," Tim said. "Pop always said you were one of the best commercial artists in the field. He always used to talk about the time he bought your first sketch, when he was an art director on 'Sentinel' magazine, and you were just beginning —"

"By golly," Floyd exclaimed, seating himself on the leather banquette, "I'd forgotten all about that! That was a damned good sketch, by the way. One of the best that magazine ever bought, and I don't mind saying so myself!"

TIM propped his portfolio against the table and eased himself into the opposite chair. The warm, good smells of spaghetti and sharp cheese and Chianti wine twined in the smoky air and filled Tim's nostrils.

At several nearby tables he noticed other artists, with their sheafs of sketches and their tape-tied black portfolios — chatting with art directors, showing sketches. Vincelo's was a famous gathering place for the great and the near-great in the field of commercial art.

"This is good of you, Mr. Bentham," Tim



Tim had worked on the portrait all night. Now, at last, it was ready to show

managed, "to give me a start this way, and offer to introduce me." He gave a short, hollow laugh. "I really need it now, too. My wife's going to have a baby."

"Well, congratulations!" Floyd sang out, "Nothing like a family. Speaking of families," he confided, "don't forget to ask me to show you this fireside thing I did. The lighting effect damn near licked me. But wait 'til you get a look at it!"

"Garçon!" Floyd commanded suddenly, snapping his fingers aloft at their sad-faced waiter. "Say, Tony," he said, as Tony shuffled to the table, "the young man here, and I, would like some of that really good stuff you've